BROTHERS BE BRAVE FOR THE PINING SLAVE.

Air--"Sparkling and Bright."

Solo.

1. Heav'ry and cold in his dungeon hold, Is the yoke of the oppressor; Dark o'er the soul is the fell control Of the stern and dread transgressor.

Chorus.

Oh then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep despairing, And out of the jaw of the bandit's law, Re-

take the prey he's tearing: O
then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep deep

spair - ing, And out of the jaw of the

ban - dit's law, Re - take the prey he's tear - ing.