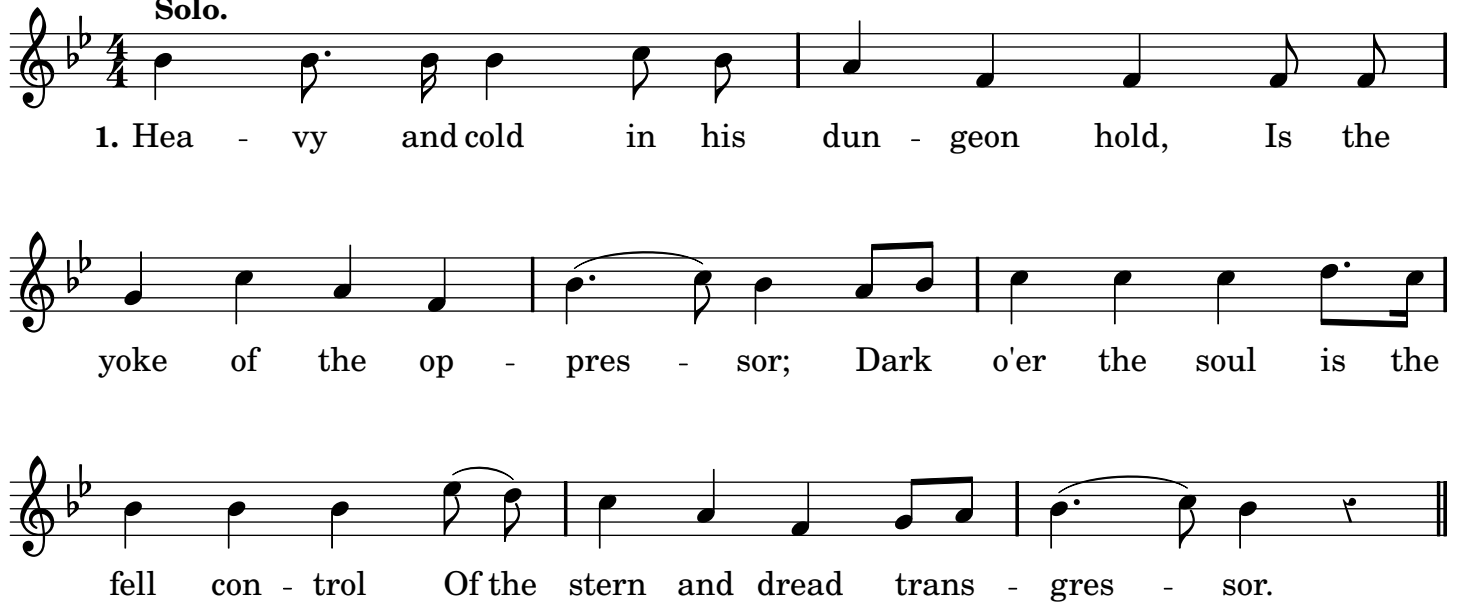


# BROTHERS BE BRAVE FOR THE PINING SLAVE.

Air--"Sparkling and Bright."

**Solo.**



1. Hea - vy and cold in his dun - geon hold, Is the  
yoke of the op - pres - sor; Dark o'er the soul is the  
fell con - trol Of the stern and dread trans - gres - sor.

**Chorus.**



Oh then come all to bring the thrall Up  
from his deep de - spair - - ing, And  
out of the jaw of the ban - dit's law, Re -  
take the prey he's tear - - ing: O

then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep de -

spair - ing, And out of the jaw of the

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