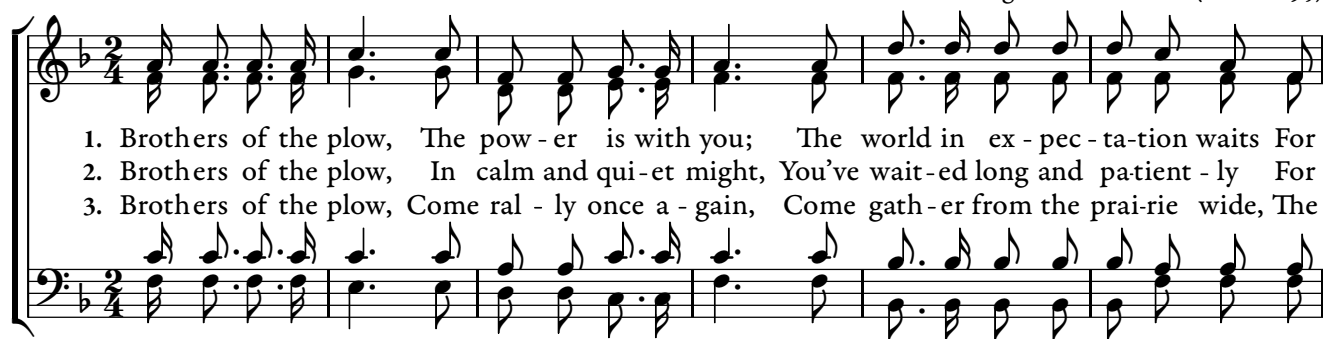


# THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD

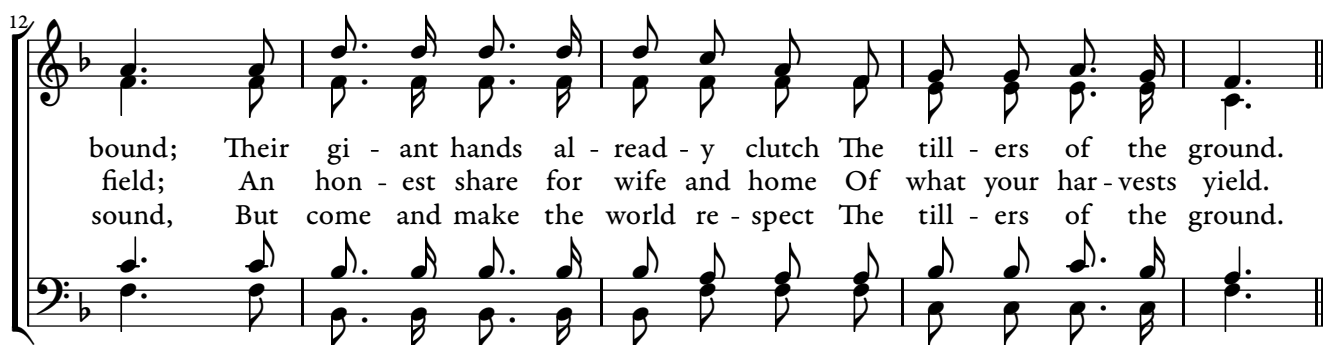
George Frederick Root (1820-1895)



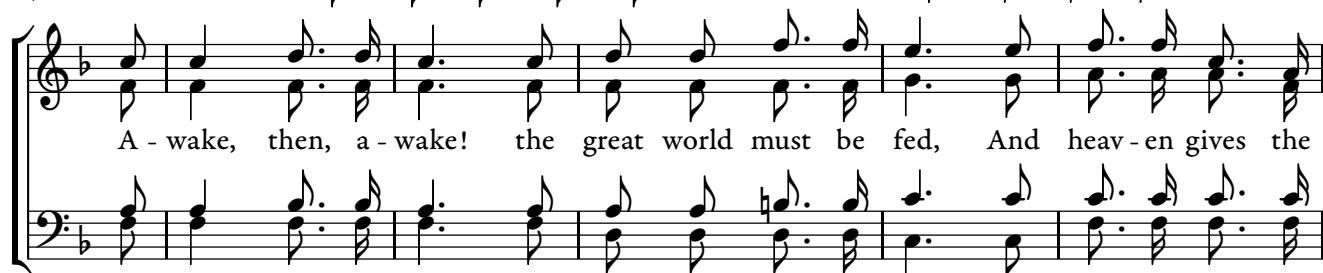
1. Brothers of the plow, The pow-er is with you; The world in ex-pec-ta-tion waits For  
 2. Brothers of the plow, In calm and qui-et night, You've wait-ed long and pa-tient-ly For  
 3. Brothers of the plow, Come ral-ly once a-gain, Come gath-er from the prai-rie wide, The



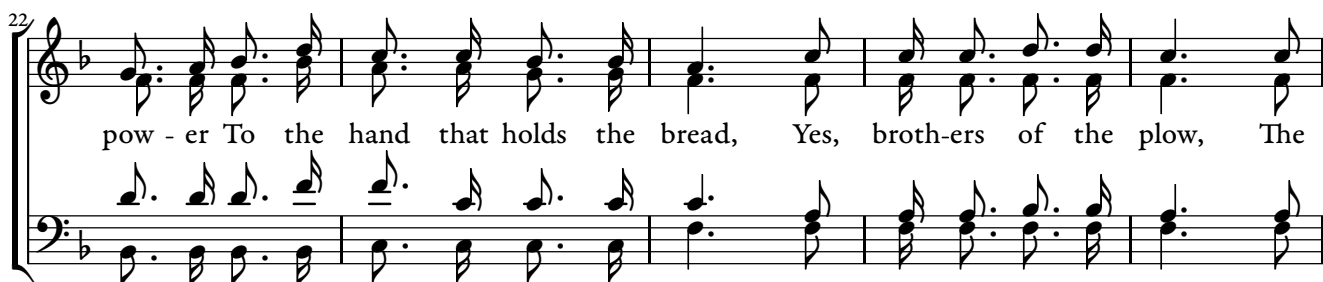
ac-tion prompt and true, Op-pres-sion stalks a-broad, Mo-nop-o-lies a-  
 what was yours by right; A fair re-ward for toil, A free and o-pen  
 hill-side and the plain; Not as in days of yore, With trump of bat-tle's



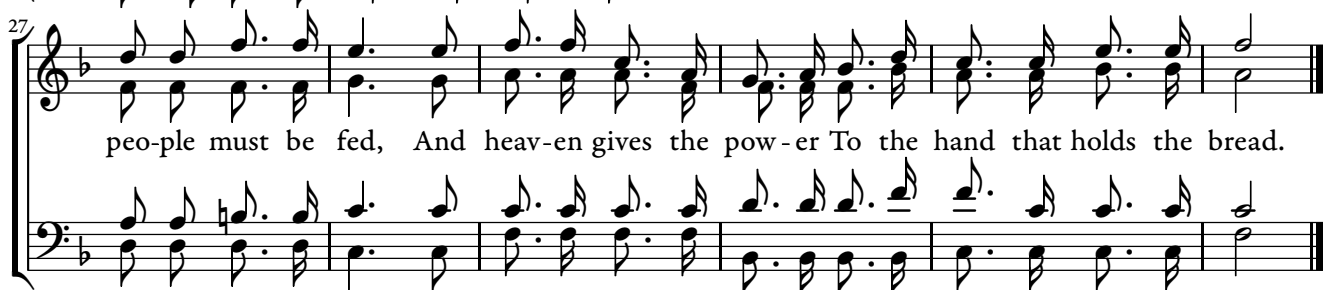
bound; Their gi-gant hands al-read-y clutch The till-ers of the ground.  
 field; An hon-est share for wife and home Of what your har-vests yield.  
 sound, But come and make the world re-spect The till-ers of the ground.



A-wake, then, a-wake! the great world must be fed, And heav-en gives the



pow-er To the hand that holds the bread, Yes, broth-ers of the plow, The



peo-ple must be fed, And heav-en gives the pow-er To the hand that holds the bread.