

Paul Robeson (Born To Be Free)

Black 47

You can wreck my name, vilify me, stretch me on the rack
But I won't bow down to any man, be he white or be he black
Take away my passport, refuse to let me travel
But I will not get down on my knees,
You're never gonna make me grovel
There's a lot more to democracy than havin' a vote
I'm the equal here of any man, free my people, let them go
These chains around my body are never gonna hold me
And I refuse to be a slave in my own country
The great are only great 'cause we're down on our knees
Rise up, my brothers and sisters, we were born to be free
Born to be free You can call me a traitor but I love my country
And I will not sell out it because of your hypocrisy
I refuse to hide behind the Fifth, I've no fear of honesty
You always know exactly where I am, so why don't you just
Come on over here and get me
You can tap my phone but there's one thing you will never hear
'Cause the drumbeat of freedom wasn't meant for your slaves' ears
I'll never turn my back on my comrades and my friends
The poor and the dispossessed, the women and the men
The great are only great 'cause we're down on our knees
Rise up, my brothers and sisters, we were born to be free
Born to be free I stand here struggling for the rights of my people to be full citizens in this country and they are
not! Close your halls to stop me singin'
Close your minds to stop me speakin'
Close your kitchens to stop me eatin'
Close your hotels to stop me sleepin'
But I'll never turn my back on my comrades and my friends
The poor and the dispossessed, the women and the men
The great are only great 'cause we're down on our knees
Rise up, my brothers and sisters, we were born to be free
Born to be free These chains around my body are never gonna hold me
And I refuse to be a slave in my own country
The great are only great 'cause we're down on our knees
Rise up, my brothers and sisters, we were born to be free
Born to be free I am born and bred in this America of ours. I want to love it, but we must have the courage
to shout at the top of our voices about our injustices, and we must lay the blame right where
it has belonged for over three hundred years of slavery and misery - right here on our own doorstep. My father
was a slave, and my people died to build this country, and I'm going to stay here and

have a part of it just like you! And no facist-minded people will drive me from it--is that clear?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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