



Stand Up Qeerroo!

Qeerroo, son of mountains bold,
Your heart is fire, your spirit gold.
In valleys deep and forests wide,
You rise with truth as your only guide.

Not just a name—but a vow, a fight,
A dawn that breaks the longest night.
With ink or blood, you draw the line—
For freedom's sake, your soul will shine.

You march with songs the elders sang,
Of Gadaa strength and tyranny's pang.
With slings, with chants, with unbent will,
You climb each hill, defy each kill.

The world may blindfold truth with fear,
But **Qeerroo's voice** the people hear.
You speak for those whose lips are sealed,
You break the chains that fate concealed.

They call you rebel, traitor, foe,
Yet you are the seed the future sows.
In every prison, trench, or tear,
The dream of Oromia grows clear.

So rise, O Qeerroo, rise once more,
The struggle knocks at every door.
Your name shall echo history's call—
The youth who rose to free us all.

Injifannoo Ummata Oromoof!