1. Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring. Ring with the harmonies of liberty; Let our rejoicing rise, high as the listening skies, Let it resound loud as the rolling sea. Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us, Sing a

2. Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod. Felt in the weary feet, Come to the place for which our fathers sighed? We have come over a way that with tears has been watered, We have

3. God of our weary years, God of our silent tears, Thou Who hast brought us this far on the way; Thou Who hast by Thy might, led us in—days when hope unborn had died; Yet with a steady beat, have not our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee. Lest our

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hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee. Shaded become, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered; Out from the song full of the hope that the present has brought us; Facing the gloomy past, till now we stand at last Where the white gleam of our bright rising sun of our new day begun, Let us march on till victory is won. Star is cast.

-ry is won.

star is cast.

native land.