Lift Every Voice and Sing

1 Lift every voice and sing till earth and heaven ring,
   ring with the harmonies of liberty;
   let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

2 Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
   felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
   come to the place for which our people sighed?

3 God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
   thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
   keep us forever in the path, we pray.

Irregular

Text: James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938), alt.
Tune: J. Rosamond Johnson (1873-1954)

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Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met thee,

Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slain;
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget us;

Facing the rising sun of our new day beetered,
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at thee;
Shadowed beneath thy hand, may we forever

Gun, let us march on till victory is won.
Last where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.
Stand, true to our God, true to our native land.