

## Respect

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enbued in the heart, soul, and sound of the Mighty Marching Broncos.

Respect (so simple, yet so important) was a key element missing in the initial requests to have the hymn played. "I carry a very deep loyalty to the people I work for, the people I play for, and to the band. I don't want anyone to get the impression that they have to bow down to me because I'm more than willing to work with anyone. However, I do expect to be respectful. I don't feel this is an unusual or demanding request." In fact, it's no less a request than any person would expect to offer or receive.

At this point, Mr. Woods' actions spoke volumes of his conviction to his belief. It was agreed to start a new tradition at FSU that will, one hopes be passed on to other universities. At our next home game (2 Oct 94) student leaders, along with Cheer-Phi, will lead the audience in singing "Lift Every Voice And Sing", a hymn adapted by African-Americans as our national anthem. Yet a hymn whose message, powerful and true, reaches beyond the boundaries of culture and race, helping all who listen and understand its meaning to bridge and cross the timeless abyss of social indifference.

As I left from our meeting, I couldn't help but feel that a very great empassé had now been passed; that a smoldering fire had been suddenly and quickly doused. The circumstances that led up to this happening aren't important; what counts is the outcome. An outcome from which we, as a community, will all benefit.

Mr. Woods, thank you.

## LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

By James Weldon Johnson

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING  
TIL 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 SONG FULL OF THE HOPE  
THAT THE PRESENT HAS BROUGHT US.  
FACING THE RISING SUN  
OF OUR NEW DAY BEGUN;  
LET US MARCH ON  
TIL VICTORY IS WON.

STONY THE ROAD WE TROD;  
BITTER THE CHASTENING ROD.  
FELT IN THE DAYS  
WHEN HOPE, UNBORN, HAD DIED;  
YET, WITH A STEADY BEAT  
HATH NOT OUR WEARY FEET  
COME TO THE PLACE FORE WHICH OUR FATHERS SIGHED.

LEST OUR FEET STRAY FROM THE PLACES OUR GOD,  
WHERE WE MET THEE.  
LEST OUR HEARTS, DRUNK WITH THE WINE OF THE WORLD,  
WE FORGET THEE.  
OUT OF THE GLOOMY PAST  
TIL NOW WE STAND, AT LAST,  
WHERE THE WHITE GLEAM  
OF OUR BRIGHT STAR IS CAST.

GOD OF OUR WEARY YEARS,  
GOD OF OUR SILENT TEARS,  
THOU WHO HAS BROUGHT US THUS FAR ON THE WAY  
THOU WHO HAS BY THY MIGHT,  
LED US INTO THE LIGHT,  
KEEP US FOREVER IN THE PATH WE PRAY.

WE HAVE COME OVER AWAY THAT WITH TEARS  
HAVE BEEN WATERED.  
WE HAVE COME TREADING OUR PATH  
THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE SLAUGHTERED.  
SHADOWED BENEATH THY HAND,  
MAY WE FOREVER STAND,  
TRUE TO OUR GOD, TRUE TO OUR NATIVE LAND.

We will print the lyrics to "Lift Every Voice And Sing" in this and every subsequent issue of The Broncos' Voice. It is the hope that our student body and community will learn the words and join our student leaders and Cheer-Phi in singing the hymn during the half time of our home football games. It is our desire to start a new tradition that will spread throughout the CIAA.