

Lift Every Voice And Sing

Lift ev'ry voice and sing, 'til earth and heaven ring,
Ring with 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, have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way
That with tears have been watered;
We have come treading our path
Tro' the blood of the slaughtered;
Out from the stormy 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 hast by Thy might, led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path we pray.
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;
Shaded beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.