Lift Every Voice and Sing

James Weldon Johnson, 1899

John Rosamond Johnson

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 rise.

2. Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod. Felt in the days when hope un-born had died; Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet, Come to the way; Thou Who hast by Thy might, led us into the light, Keep us forward.

3. God of our weary years, God of our silent tears, Thou Who hast brought us thus far on the way; Mourned in thy blood, through the dark past, till now we stand at last Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast. Our God, true to our native land.

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