

## 339 Lift Every Voice and Sing

1 Lift ev - ery voice and sing till earth and heav - en  
 2 Ston - y the road we trod, bit - ter the chas - tening  
 3 God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent

ring, ring with the har - mo - nies of lib - er -  
 rod, felt in the days when hope un - born had the  
 tears, thou who hast brought us thus far on the

ty. Let our re - joic - ing rise high as the lis - tening  
 died. Yet, with a stead - y beat, have not our wea - ry  
 way; thou who hast by thy might led us in - to the

skies; let it re - sound loud as the roll - ing sea.  
 feet come to the place for which our par - ents sighed?  
 light, keep us for - ev - er in the path, we pray.

Initially a poem for a school assembly at which Booker T. Washington spoke on Lincoln's birthday in 1900, this text and tune have gained national recognition and devotion, not only within the African American community, but also among all who seek liberation from oppression.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us;  
 We have come o - ver a way that with tears has been wa - tered;  
 Lest our feet stray from the plac - es, our God, where we met thee;

sing a song full of the hope that the pres - ent has brought  
 we have come, tread - ing our path through the blood of the slaugh -  
 lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we for - get

us. Fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new day be -  
 tered, out from the gloom - y past, till now we stand at  
 thee; shad - owed be - neath thy hand may we for - ev - er

gun, let us march on, till vic - to - ry is won.  
 last where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.  
 stand, true to our God, true to our na - tive land.