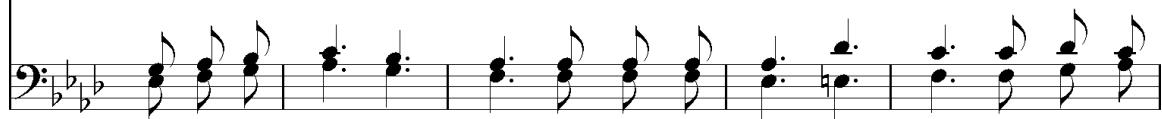


The Hymnal 1982 - #599 Lift every voice and sing

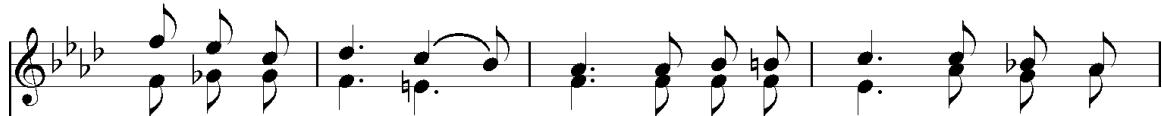
*Introduction*



1 Lift ev-ery voice and sing till earth and hea - ven ring, ring with the  
2 Ston-y the road we trod, bit - ter the chas-tening rod, felt in the  
3 God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent tears, thou who hast



har - mon - ies of lib - er - ty. Let our re - joic - ing rise  
days when hope un - born had died; yet, with a stead - y beat,  
brought us thus far on the way; thou who hast by thy might



high as the lis - tening skies; let it re - sound loud as the  
have not our wea - ry feet come to the place for which our  
led us in - to the light; keep us for ev - er in the



roll - ing sea. Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has  
 par - ents sighed? We have come o - ver a way that with tears has been  
 path, we pray. Lest our feet stray from the pla - ces, our God, where we

taught us; sing a song full of the hope that the pres - ent has  
 wa - tered; we have come, tread - ing our path through the blood of the  
 met thee; lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we for -

brought us; fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new  
 slaug - tered, out from the gloom - y past, till now we  
 get thee; sha-dowed be - neath thy hand may we for

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

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## 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 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, till victory is won.

2 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 parents sighed?  
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered;  
we have come, treading our path through the blood of the  
    slaughtered,  
out from the gloomy past,  
till now we stand at last  
    where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

3 God of our weary years,  
God of our silent tears,  
    thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;  
thou who hast by thy might  
led us into the light;  
    keep us for ever 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;  
shadowed beneath thy hand  
may we for ever stand,  
    true to our God, true to our native land.

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