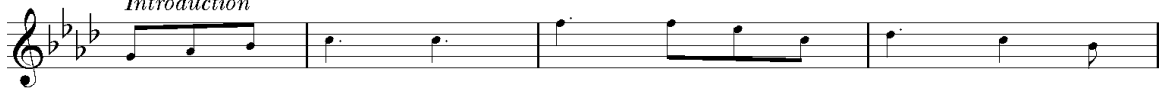


The Hymnal 1982 - #599 Lift every voice and sing

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
slaugh - 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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