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<td>1899-1904</td>
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<td>James Weldon Johnson and Grace Nail Johnson papers</td>
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National hymn
Written for celebration of Lincoln's birthday, Jan. 7th, 1866.

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 a new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

2.
along the road we trod,
Rattle the chastening rod
Tell in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet, with a steady beat,
Does not our weary feet
Come to this place for which our fathers sighed!
We have come a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, trudging our path through the blood
Of the slaughtered,
Out from this gloomy past,
Till 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,
Those who have brought us thus far on the way;
Those who have led by Thy might;
Led us into the light.
Help us journey in the path we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places our God,
When we seek 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.