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National Hymn
Written for celebration of Lincoln's birthday, Jan. 7th, 1870.

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty,
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listenings skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dear past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us.
Facing the rising sun
Of other new days begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

2.
Along the road we trod,
Bitter the chastening rod
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady foot,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers bled!
We have come 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.

2.
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 the right.
Let us into the light;
Keep us forever in the path we may.
Let our feet stray from this place our God where we meet thee,
Let our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, forget thee;
Shed upon blessed thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.