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 morning 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.

1.
Along 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 fathers sighed!
We have come too far that with tears has been washed,
We have come, threading our path through the blood
Of the slaughtered,
Cut 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.
Keep us forever in the path we pray.
Let our feet stray from this place our God
where we met Thee,
Let our hearts drink with the wine of the
world, we forget Thee;
Shaded and beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our Native Land.