National Hymn
Written for celebration of Lincoln's birthday, Jan. 7th, 1860.

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,
As it resounds loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the years past have 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.
Along the road we trod,
Bitter the chastening rod,
Till in these days when hope unborn had died;
Yet, with a steady heart,
Dare not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed!
We have come on 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,
There who hast brought us thus far on the way;
There who hast by thy might
Led us into this light.

Keep us forever in the path we pray.
Let our feet stay from the places our God
while we seek thee,
Let, our hearts drink with the wine of the world, we forget thee;
Thou artround beneath thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our Native Land.