National Hymn.
Written for celebration of Lincoln's
birthday, Jan. 22a, 1865.

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 dead
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 til victory is won.

2.
Along the road we trod,
Rattle the chastising rod
Tell in this day when hope unborn had died;
Yet, with a steady beat,
Does not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed!
We have come a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, traveling our path through the blood
Of the slaughtered,
Out from this ghastly past
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;
Let us into the light.
Keep us forever in the path we pray.
Let our feet stray from this place our God,
While we seek Thee,
Let our hearts drink with the wine of the
world, we forget Thee;
Shade with the hand,
May our voices stand,
True to our God, true to our Native land.