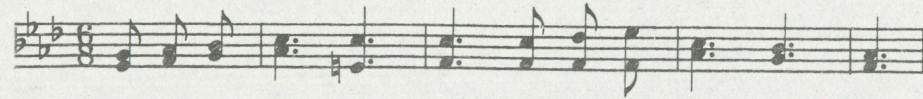


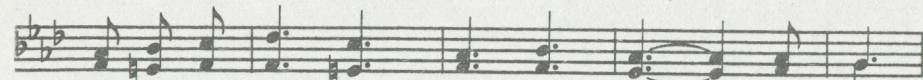
# ft Every Voice and Sing

Weldon Johnson, 1871 - 1938

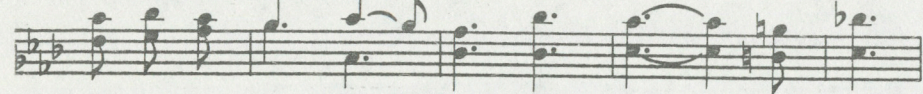
J. Rosamond Johnson, 1873 - 1954



1. Lift ev - 'ry voice and sing, till earth and heav - en ring,
2. Ston - y the road we trod, bit - ter the chast - 'ning rod,
3. God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent tears,



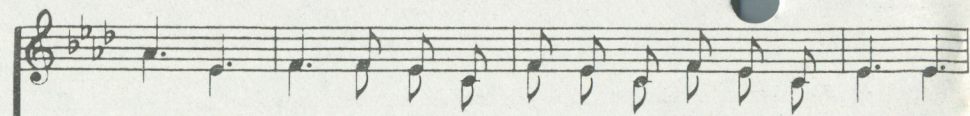
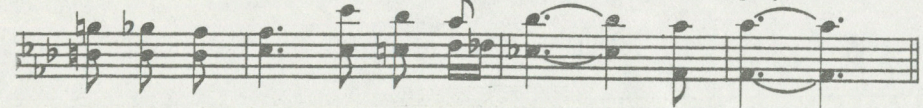
Ring with the har - mo - nies of lib - er - ty;  
Felt in the days when hope un - born had died;  
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;



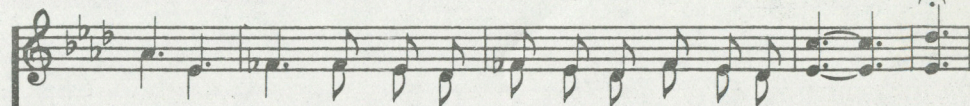
Let our re - joic - ing rise, high as the lis - t'ning skies,  
Yet with a stead - y beat, have not our wea - ry feet;  
Thou who hast by thy might, led us in - to the light,



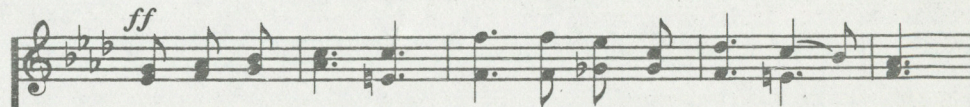
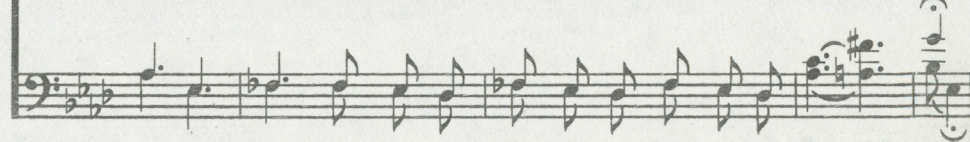
Let it re - sound loud as the roll - ing sea.  
Come to the place for which our fa - thers sighed?  
Keep us for - ev - er in the path, we pray.



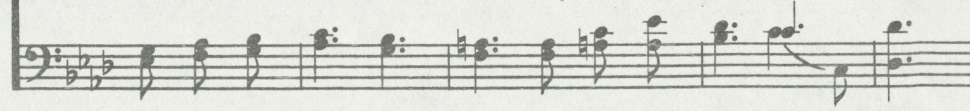
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,  
We have come o - ver a way that with tears has been wa - tered,  
Lest our feet stray from the plac - es, our God, where we met Thee,



Sing a song full of the hope that the pres - ent has brought us;  
We have come, tread - ing our path thro' the blood of the slaugh - tered,  
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we for - get Thee;



Fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new day be - gun,  
Out from the gloom - y past, till now we stand at last  
Shad - owed be - neath Thy hand, May we for - ev - er stand,



Let us march on till vic - to - ry is won.  
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.  
True to our God, true to our na - tive land.

