1. 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.

2. Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod, fell 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?

3. God of our weary years, God of our silent tears, thou who hast brought us thus far on the way; thou who hast by thy might led us into the light, keep us forever in the path, we pray.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us; we have come o'er a way that with tears has been watered; sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us; we have come, treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered, lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget thee;
fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new day be - out from the gloom - y past, till now we stand at shad - owed be - neath thy hand, may we for - ev - er

fac - ing the ris - ing sun of our new day be - out from the gloom - y past, till now we stand at shad - owed be - neath thy hand, may we for - ev - er
gun, let us march on till vic - to - ry is won.
last where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.
stand, true to our God, true to our na - tive land.