

## Lift Every Voice and Sing

James Weldon Johnson, 1931, alt.

1 Lift ev-ery voice and sing, till earth and heav - en ring, ring with the  
2 Ston-y the road we trod, bit-ter the chas-tening rod, felt in the  
3 God of our wea - ry years, God of our si - lent tears, God who has

har - mo - nies of lib - er - ty; Let our re - joic - ing  
days when hope un - born had died; Yet with a stead - y  
brought us thus far on the way; God, who by your

rise, high as the lis - tening skies, let it re - sound loud as the  
beat, have not our wea - ry feet, come to the place for which our  
might, led us in - to the light, keep us for - ev - er in the

roll - ing sea. Sing a song full of the  
peo - ple sighed? We have come o - ver a  
path, we pray. Lest our feet stray from the

James Weldon Johnson was the first African-American to  
pass the bar examination in the state of Florida, and served as  
consul in Venezuela and Nicaragua. He collaborated with  
composer brother, John Rosamond Johnson, to write  
salway operettas and edit song collections. John appeared in  
Deville, directed London musicals, and headed the Music  
and Settlement in New York.

Tune: LIFT EVERY VOICE. In-  
J. Rosamond Johnson, 1931

faith that the harsh past has taught us, Sing a song full of the  
way that with tears has been wa - tered, We have come, tread - ing our  
plac - es, our God, where we met you, Lest our hearts, drunk with the

hope that the pres - ent has brought us; Fac - ing the  
path through the blood of the slaugh - tered, Out from the  
wine of the world, for - get you; Shad - owed be -

ris - ing sun of our new day be - gun, let us march  
gloom - y past, till now we stand at last where the white  
neath your hand, may we for - ev - er stand, true to our

on till vic - to - ry is won.  
gleam of our bright star is cast.  
God, true to our na - tive land.