

## Lift Every Voice and Sing

*James Weldon Johnson, 1921; 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

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

Tune: LIFT EVERY VOICE Irr.  
*J. Rosamond Johnson, 1921*

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.

# Precious Lord, Take My Hand

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Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932; alt.

1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,  
2 When my way grows drear, pre-cious Lord, lin - ger near,  
3 When the shad - ows ap - pear and the night draws near,

I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;  
when my life is al - most gone,  
and the day is past and gone,

Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light:  
Hear me cry, hear my call, hold my hand, lest I fall:  
At the riv - er I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand:

*Refrain*

Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

Thomas A. Dorsey was known as "Georgia Tom" when he played piano for blues singer Ma Rainey. He started writing gospel songs after what he called "a definite spiritual change." This inspirational song, composed following the deaths of his wife, Nettie, and a newborn child, derives from the tune Maitland.

Tune: PRECIOUS LORD Irr. with refrain  
Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932

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