Hail Korea I
by Joan Winer (age 11)

Korea, lift your head up!
Try not to be so scorn
Though your cities are all trampled
And your people are forlorn.

For a brighter day is dawning
And the sun is breaking through
Hold fast upon your string of hope
And God will rescue you.

No longer will the clouded eyes
Of freedom lovers weep
Nor will the hill to victory
Seems so very steep.

No longer will the cannons shout
Their echoes through the land
Nor will your people suffer.
At the tyrants bold command.

No longer will the red flag fly
Over poverty and grief
Your people need not live in fear
Scon God will bring relief.

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