America, the Beautiful

Katherine Lee Bates

Eb

O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of
O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern im-pas-sioned
O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In li-ber-a-ting
O beau-ti-ful for pat-riot dream That sees be-yond the

grain, For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-
stress, A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-
strife, Who more than self their coun-try loved, And
years, Thine al-a-bas-ter ci-ties gleam, Un-

bove the frui-ted plain! A-mer-i-ca! A-
cross the wil-der-ness! A-mer-i-ca! A-
dimmed by hu-man tears! A-mer-i-ca! A-

mer-i-ca! God Shed His grace on thee, And
mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-ry flaw, Con-
mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till
mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And

crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy li-ber-ty in law!
all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-ry gain di-vine!
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea-to shin-ing sea!

©MichaelKravchuk.com