

9 America, the Beautiful

The boundary lines have fallen in pleasant places; I have a delightful inheritance. Psalm 16:6



1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
 A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
 Who more than self their coun-try loved And mer-cy more than life!
 Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!



A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-ery flaw,
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,



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



Unison

4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That

sees be-yond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears! A-mer-i-ca! A-

mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And

crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

Optional choral ending
ff Sing harmony

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca!