America, the Beautiful
Katharine Lee Bates  Samuel A. Ward

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

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! A-
more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A-
al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears! A-

mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee, And
mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con-
mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal May God thy gold re - fine Till
mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee And

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

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Landeck, Beatrice, Elizabeth Crook, Harold C. Youngberg, and Otto Luening. Making Music Your
America

Samuel Francis Smith  Henry Carey

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

Fil-grims' pride, From every mountain-side Let freedom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
breathe per-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!