

## 799 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!

TEXT: Katharine Lee Bates

MUSIC: Samuel A. Ward; Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Camp Kirkland

MATERNA  
C.M.D.

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