1. Oh, beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. Oh, beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. Oh, beau-ti-ful for her-oes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. Oh, beau-ti-ful for pa-tri-ot 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 of 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-ry 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-ry gain di-vine.
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

Text: Katharine Lee Bates, 1859–1929
Music: Samuel A. Ward, 1848–1903