

BeBe Winans

"America"

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My country, tears of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I see.
Land where my fathers die
Land of the pilgrims pray
From every mountain sight,
Let pray unweal.

Our father's guard to thee,
Author of liberty
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light
Protect us by thy mind,
Great God, our king.

Grand birds fly of our sons
Our authors and our fires
Keep we still pure.
Our starting fed us through
The hope of all the world
In peace and lie in pearl
God holds a cure.

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