

The Priests

"O Beautiful For Spacious Skies"

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O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!
God she'd His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

(America the beautiful.)
O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.

America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.

America! America! (America! America!)
The trumpets sound of the free, (Sound of the free,
America!)
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Yes, crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea, America.

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