

## America The Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed 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 of freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

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!  
God shed his grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

## This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California to the New York Island  
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters  
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
And saw above me that endless skyway  
I saw below me the golden valley  
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California to the New York Island  
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters  
This land was made for you and me.

There was a big high wall there that tried to stop me  
A sign was painted said: 'Private Property'  
But on the back side it didn't say nothing  
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California to the New York Island  
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters  
This land was made for you and me.

## My Country 'Tis Of Thee

My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From ev'ry mountainside  
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.