

*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!*



*Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

For the brave
who have
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the
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