## O Beautiful for spaceous skies,

For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain
America America
Jod shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good
with brotherhood
From sea to shiring sea



Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro the perilous / ight, O er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Jave proof thro the night that our flag was still there.

O say, does that star spangled barner 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 disclosed Now it catches the gleam of the mornings first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. It is the star spangled barner O, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

## O Beautiful

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In the shore danly seen their mists of the day, there the free and the home of the brack

On the shore danly seen their the mists of the day, there the free haughty host in dread silence reposes.

That is that which the breeze, over the towering steep. As it stylly blow, had conceals, had disclosed.

You it catches the gleam of the mornings first bram, In full flory reflected now shives on the stream.

The star gargled borner 0, long may it was 0 or the land of the free and the home of the braw.