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 for 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 love
   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!

Oh beautiful for halcyon skies
   For amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties
   Above the enameled plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
Till souls wax fair as earth and air
   And music-hearted sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
   Across the wilderness!
America! America!
    God shed His grace on thee,
Till paths be wrought through wilds of thought
    By pilgrims foot and knee!

    Oh beautiful for glory-tale
    Of liberating strife,
When once and twice for man's avail
    Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
    God shed His grace on thee,
Till selfish gain no longer strain
    The banner of the free!

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,
Till nobler men keep once again
    Thy whiter jubilee!

by Katherine Lee Bates; (1859-1929) Inspired by a trip to Pikes Peak in 1893, Katherine Lee Bates wrote the poem America the Beautiful. Her poem first appeared in print on July 4, 1895 in The Congregationalist, a weekly journal. Ms. Bates revised the lyrics in 1904 and again in 1913.