

# America The Beautiful

Words by  
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Music by  
SAMUEL A. WARD  
Arr by Captain Barry Drewes

## INSTRUCTIONS

*II<sup>nd</sup> Verse - The male chorus hums and the solo tenor sings the first 8 measures, or, for a different effect try the women's chorus in unison with the male chorus humming.*

*III<sup>rd</sup> Verse - All parts are hummed as the the three sections of recitation indicated on page 6 are recited. The tempo must be adjusted so that the last few words of the final reciter end with no music. Both choruses, in a strong forte, begin to sing the coda section as soon as the last reciter finishes and the music is built gradually to a double forte.*

1

Tenors I-II

A - mer-i - ca A - mer-i - ca. God shed His grace on thee. 1. 0

Basses I-II

5

T.

1. Beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies for am - ber waves of grain. - For  
2. 3. Hum

B.

9

T.

pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties a - bove the fruit - ed plain. - A -

B.

13

mer - i - ca A - mer - i - ca 1. God shed His grace on thee on thee And  
 2. May God thy gold re - fine re - fine Till

17

T. crown thy good with broth - er - hood from sea to shin - ing sea. 2. 3. (Fura)  
 all suc - cess be no - ble - ness and ev - 'ry gain di - vine.

B.

21

T. mer - i - ca A - mer - i - ca God shed His grace on thee, on thee, And  
 B. mer - i - ca A - mer - i - ca God shed His grace on thee, on thee,

25

T. crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing  
 B. crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing

28

T. sea, God shed His grace His grace on thee. *rall.*  
 B. sea God shed His grace on thee. *rall.*

## ***I AM THE NATION***

I was born on July 4, 1776, and the Declaration of Independence is my birth certificate. The bloodlines of the world run in my veins, for I offered freedom to the oppressed. I am many things and many people. I am the Nation. I am over 300 million living souls and the ghosts of those who have died for me.

I am Nathan Hale and Paul Revere. I stood at Lexington . . . and fired the shot heard round the world. I am Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry. I am Lee and Grant and Abe Lincoln.

I remember the Alamo, the *Maine*, and Pearl Harbor. When freedom called, I answered and stayed until it was over, over there. I left my heroic dead in Flanders Fields, on the rock of Corregidor, on the bloody hills of Korea, in the jungles of Viet Nam, the sands of Iraq and the mountains of Afghanistan.

I am the Brooklyn Bridge, the wheat fields of Kansas, and the granite hills of Vermont. I am the coalfields of the Virginias and Pennsylvania; the Golden Gate, and the Grand Canyon. I am Independence Hall, the Monitor and the Merrimac.

I am forest, field, mountain, and desert. I am the quiet villages and the cities that never sleep. I am the ballot dropped into the box, the roar of crowds, and the voice of a choir in a cathedral. You see the lights of Christmas in me, and hear the strains of Auld Lang Syne as the calendar turns.

Yes, I am the Nation, and these are the things that I am. I was conceived in freedom, and God willing, in freedom I will spend the rest of my days. May I possess always the integrity, the courage, and the strength to keep myself unshackled . . . to remain a citadel of freedom and a beacon of strength to the world.

This is my wish, my goal, my prayer – **244** years after my birth

Words extracted from *I AM THE NATION*, WRITTEN IN May, 1955, for the Norfolk and Western Railway by Mr. Otto Whitaker, 4512 Laurelwood Drive, Roanoke, Virginia 24018, and revised by Colonel Dougald MacMillan, USMA 1975.