

# How Beautiful



How beau - ti - ful, our spa - cious skies, our  
 In - di - gen - ous and im - mi - grant, our  
 How beau - ti - ful, sin - cere la - ment, the  
 How beau - ti - ful, two con - ti - nents, and



am - ber waves of grain; our pur - ple moun - tains  
 daugh - ters and our sons: O may we nev - er  
 wis - dom born of tears, the cour - age called for  
 is - lands in the sea that dream of peace, non -



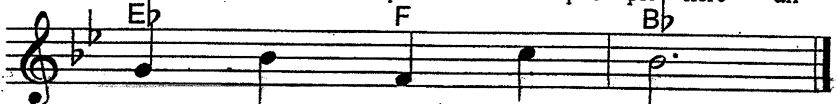
as they rise a - bove the fruit - ful plain. A -  
 rest con - tent till all are tru - ly one. A -  
 to re - pent the blood - shed through the years. A -  
 vi - o - lence, all peo - ple liv - ing free. A -



mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God's gra - cious gifts a -  
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God grant that we may  
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God grant that we may  
 mer - i - cas! A - mer - i - cas! God grant that we may



bound, and more and more we're grate - ful for life's  
 be a sis - ter - hood and broth - er - hood from  
 be a na - tion blessed with none op - pressed, true  
 be a hem - i - sphere where peo - ple here all



boun - ty all a - round.  
 sea to shin - ing sea.  
 land of li - ber - ty.  
 live in har - mo - ny.