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KSDAR

Patriotic Songbook

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America—My Country 'Tis of Thee
Lyrics by Samuel Francis Smith

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountainside
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee, Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

2

The American's Creed

40

To o - bey its laws, to re - spect ___ its flag, and ___ to de - fend it a - gainst all

45

en - e - mies. It's still the Creed of A - mer ___ i - cans to - day.



The American's Creed

Adapted to the Chorus of "You're A Grand Old Flag"

Words by William Tyler Page

Music by George M. Cohan
Adapted and Arranged by Julie Crawford

I be - lieve in the Un - i - ted

States of Am - er - i - ca as a gov - ern - ment of the people by the peo - ple for the peo - ple

whose just pow - ers are de - rived from the con - sent of the gov - erned; a de - mo - cra - cy in a

Re - pub - lic a sov - reign na - tion of ma - ny sov - reign States; a per - fect

Un - ion, one and in - sep - 'ra - ble; Es - tab - lished up - on those

prin - ci - ples of free - dom, e - qual - i - ty, jus - tice and hu - man - i - ty for which A -

mer - i - can pa - tri - ots sac - ri - ficed their lives and for - tunes. I be - lieve it is my

du - ty to - my coun - try to love it; to sup - port its Con - sti - tu - tion;

America The Beautiful

Music by Samuel A. Ward/Lyrics by Katherine Lee Bates

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 loved; 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!



God Bless America

Irving Berlin

Verse:

While the storm clouds gather far across the sea,
Let us swear allegiance to a land that's free.
Let us all be grateful for a land so fair,
As we raise our voices in a solemn prayer.

Chorus:

God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above

From the mountains to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam
God bless America, my home sweet home
God bless America, my home sweet home.

This Land Is Your Land

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

Chorus: This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway;
I saw below me that golden valley;
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding;
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus

"God Bless The USA"

by Lee Greenwood

If tomorrow all the things were gone I'd worked for all my life
And I had to start again with just my children and my wife
I'd thank my lucky stars to be livin' here today
'Cause the flag still stands for freedom and they can't take that away

And I'm proud to be an American where at least I know I'm free
And I won't forget the men who died, who gave that right to me
And I'd gladly stand up next to you and defend her still today
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God bless the USA

From the lakes of Minnesota, to the hills of Tennessee
Across the plains of Texas, from sea to shining sea
From Detroit down to Houston and New York to LA
Well, there's pride in every American heart
And it's time we stand and say

That I'm proud to be an American where at least I know I'm free
And I won't forget the men who died, who gave that right to me
And I'd gladly stand up next to you and defend her still today
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God bless the USA

And I'm proud to be an American where at least I know I'm free
And I won't forget the men who died, who gave that right to me
And I'd gladly stand up next to you and defend her still today
'Cause there ain't no doubt I love this land
God bless the USA

Home on the Range

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus: Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range,
For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear cry,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks,
That graze on the mountain slopes high.

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand,
Flows leisurely down in the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along,
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Then I would not exchange my home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Yankee Doodle

Traditional Song

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

Chorus:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up
Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step
and with the girls be handy!

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus

And there was Captain Washington
And gentle folks about him
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without them.

Chorus

You're A Grand Old Flag

George M. Cohan

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.

The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

