

# America

Claude McKay (1889-1948)

Gary Bachlund

$\text{♩} = 66$

Al-though she

5  
feeds me bread of bit-ter-ness, and sinks in-to my throat her ti-ger's tooth,

9  
— steal - ing my breath of life, — I will con-

13  
fess I love this cul - tured hell that tests my — youth. —

17

Her vi-gor flows like tides in - to my blood, giv

21

- ing me strength e - rect a-gainst her hate. Her big-ness

25

sweeps my be - ing like a flood. Yet as a re - bel fronts a

29

king in — state — I stand with - in her walls... — I stand with-

33

in her walls — with-out a shred of ter - ror, — ma - lice,

37

not a word of — jeer. — not — a word of —

41

— jeer. — Dark-ly I gaze in - to the days a - head, and

45

see her might and gra - nite won - ders there, — be - neath the

49

touch of Time's un - err - ing hand like price-less trea - sures sink - ing

53

in the sand. Her vi - gor

56

flows like tides in - to my blood, ...flows like tides in - to my blood...

60

A - me - ri - ca.

circa 1' 55"