ANTHEM PRAYER FOR THE PREBORN CHILD (To the tune of "America, the Beautiful") By Father Clifford Stevens

O beautiful, our spacious skies, Our amber waves of grain; Our purple-mountain majesties Above the fruited plain. America! America! A blot is on Thy name. We kill our preborn innocent No guilt, no tears, no shame!

When this our nation first was formed We asked on bended knee, Your gracious Providence to aid Our plan for liberty. Yet from Your Laws we now depart, We heed no more your will; The tiniest and helpless ones, Before they're born, we kill.

And yet we pray imploringly
For help against the foe,
Deliverance from army's might,
From the avenging blow.
Yet we amass these senseless crimes
That rise before Your face:
Killed in their sleep, these little ones,
Our national disgrace.

In days of old, Your people's sins Were punished by Your hand; You sent them into exile, or You ravaged all their land. And this for sins far less than ours, Your punishment was swift. You laid them low until they saw Their land was all Your gift.

So where does our salvation lie, What was Your word of old? "Repent, repent, turn back to Me, Come back into My fold. Revere My word and keep My law, Fall to the ground and pray; Then ask forgiveness for your sin That it be wiped away.

"And though your sins be scarlet,
And red scarlet sure they be,
I'll lift you up and heal your wounds,
Preserve your liberty!"
America! America!
God shed His grace on Thee,
But turn now from your evil ways
For all the world to see.

O beautiful, our spacious skies,
Our amber waves of grain,
And beautiful those preborn ones
No more to die in pain.
We lift our eyes to Heaven's thrown,
We pray on bended knee;
"Preserve us, Lord, and bless our land,
Blot out our misery."