

# America

## My Country, Tis of Thee

My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal  
 Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of li-ber - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

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fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills.  
 tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;  
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light.

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From ev' - ry\_\_ moun - tain - side Let\_\_ free - dom ring!  
 My heart with\_\_ rap - ture thrills Like\_\_ that a - bove.  
 Let rocks their\_\_ si - lence break, The\_\_ sound pro - long.  
 Pro - tect\_\_ us\_\_ by thy might, Great\_\_ God, our King!