

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

8

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.

11

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!