

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!