

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!