

# America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)



1. My coun-try' tis of thee, sweet land of li - ber - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, au - thor of li - ber - ty,



of thee I sing; land where my fa - thers died,  
thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,  
sweet free-dom's song; let mor - tal tongues a - wake;  
to thee we sing; long may our land be bright



land of the pil - grims' pride, from ev - ery\_\_  
thy woods and tem - pled hills; my heart\_\_ with\_\_  
let all that breathe par - take; let rocks\_\_ their\_\_  
with free - dom's ho - ly light; pro - tect\_\_ us\_\_



moun - tain - side let\_\_ free - dom ring!  
rap - ture thrills, like\_\_ that a - bove.  
si - lence break, the\_\_ sound pro - long.  
by thy might, great\_\_ God, our King.