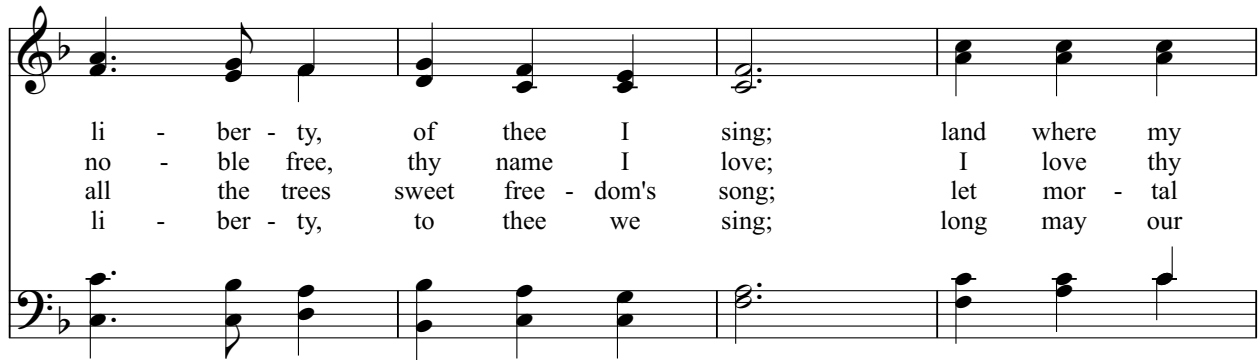


America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)



1. My coun - try' tis of thee, sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, au - thor of



li - ber - ty, of thee I sing; land where my
no - ble free, thy name I love; I love thy
all the trees sweet free - dom's song; let mor - tal
li - ber - ty, to thee we sing; long may our



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;



from ev - ery 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.

Text: Samuel F. Smith, 1832
Tune: *Thesaurus Musicus*, 1744



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www.hymnary.org/text/my_country_tis_of_thee_sweet_land