

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

lib - er - 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
 lib - er - ty, to thee we sing; long may our

fa - thers died, land of the pil - grim's 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 freed - om 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.

Words: Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895) Music: *America*, from *Thesaurus Musicus*, 1745