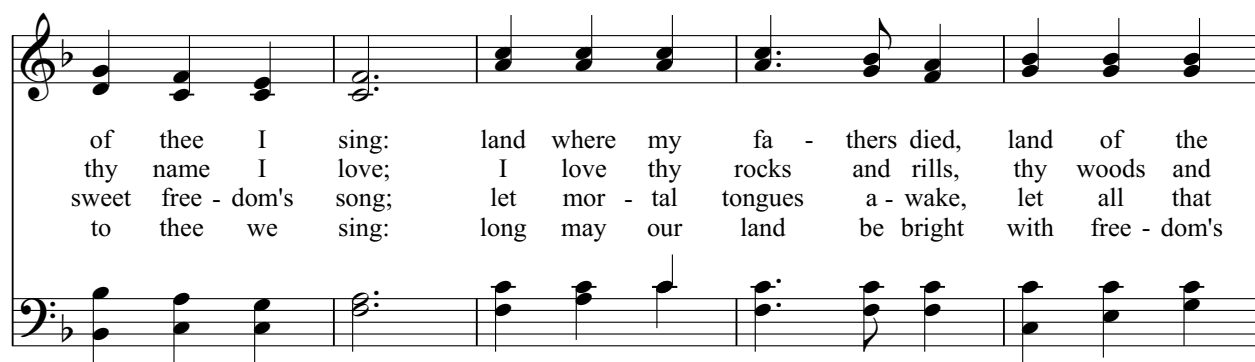


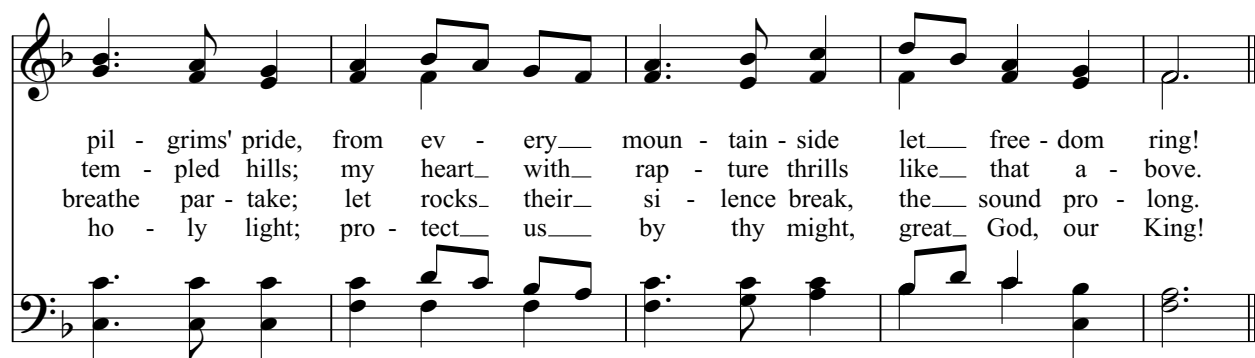
My Country, 'Tis of Thee



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, land of the
thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and
sweet free - dom's song; let mor - tal tongues a - wake, let all that
to thee we sing: long may our land be bright with free - dom's



pil - grims' pride, from ev - ery moun - tain - side let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; my heart with rap - ture thrills like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; let rocks their si - lence break, the sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; pro - tect us by thy might, great God, our King!

Text: Samuel F. Smith (1808-1895)
Tune: *Thesaurus Musicus*, 1744



664 66 64
AMERICA
www.hymnary.org/text/my_country_tis_of_thee_sweet_land