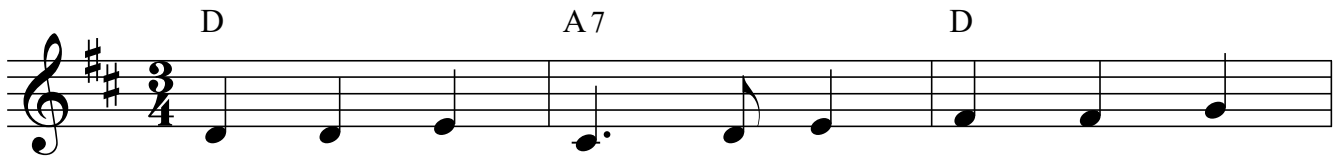


# America

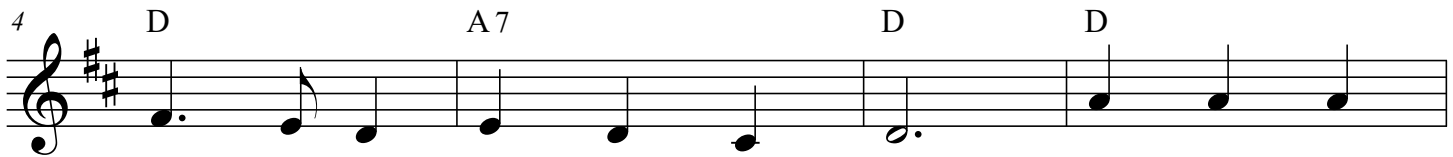
My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Samuel Francis Smith

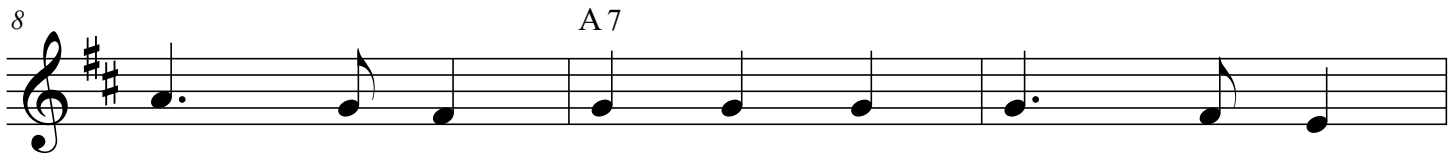
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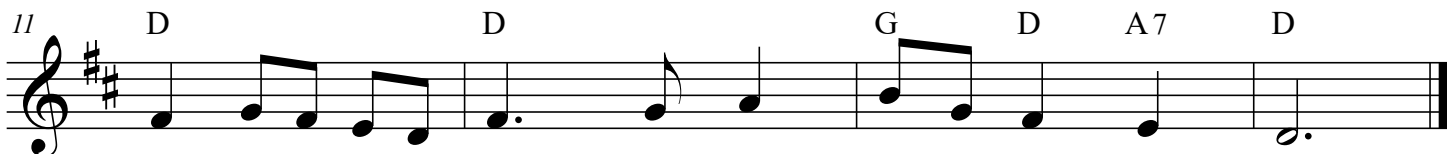
1. My coun - try, 'tis of Thee, Sweet Land of  
2. My na - tive coun - try, Thee, Land of the  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from  
4. Our fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - thor of



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  
lib - er - 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 - '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!