

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

4
 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

8
 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;

*Or "parents"

Glory to God 337

TEXT: Samuel Francis Smith, 1831

MUSIC (AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4): *Harmonia Anglicana*, c. 1744

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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.