

America

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



land of the pil - grims' pride, from ev - ery —
thy woods and tem - pled hills; my heart — with —
let all that breathe par - take; let rocks — their —
with free - dom's ho - ly light; pro - tect — us —



moun - tain - side let — free - dom ring!
rap - ture thrills, like — that a - bove.
si - lence break, the — sound pro - long.
by thy might, great — God, our King.

