

America

Samuel Francis Smith (1808 – 1895)

My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
Our fath - ers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

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Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers 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

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Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry 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.