

AMERICA

(My Country 'Tis Of Thee)

My country 'tis of thee,
sweet land of liberty,
of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
land of the pilgrims' pride,
from ev'ry mountainside,
let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
land of the noble free,
thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
thy woods and templed hills.
My heart with rapture thrills
like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
and ring from all the trees
sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake.
Let all that breathe partake.
Let rocks their silence break,
the sound prolong.

Land where my fathers died,
land of the pilgrim's pride,
from ev'ry mountainside,
let freedom ring!

America!

