

# My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord. — Psalm 33:12

AMERICA

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4 Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - 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 lib - er - ty,

3

To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

1 Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 2 Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 3 Sweet free-dom's song. Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that  
 4 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

1 Pil - grims' pride. From ev - ery moun - tain-side Let free - dom ring!  
 2 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 3 breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 4 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!