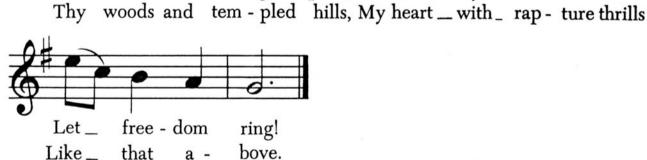
America



Samuel Francis Smith Henry Carey





that

Thy woods and

3. 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.

bove.

4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!