

# America



Samuel Francis Smith    Henry Carey



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,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died,  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,



Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry\_\_ moun - tain - side  
Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart\_\_ with\_ rap - ture thrills



Let\_\_ free - dom ring!  
Like\_\_ that a - bove.

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.
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!