

Verse 1 only
a cappella

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

With dignity ♩ = 76-92

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,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers 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

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!

Text: Samuel F. Smith, 1808-1895

Music: From *Thesaurus Musicus*, London, 1744