

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Text: Samuel F. Smith

Music: "Thesaurus Musicus," © 1745

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev-'ry mountain side 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.

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!