



AMERICA

S. F. SMITH


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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 - tainside 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!

