

My Country 'Tis of Thee

Words by Samuel Smith 1832/Music by Thesaurus Musicus, 1744

D	A7	D Bm G	D Bm Em D A7
<p>My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I</p>			
D / A7	/ D A7	D Bm G	D A7 Bm Em D A7

D	A7		
<p>sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,</p>			
D	/ / /	/ A7 D	A7 / / / D A7

D	G	D	G D A7 D
<p>From ev - 'ry moun - tain-side, Let free - dom ring!</p>			
D G D A7 D	/ A7 D	G / D A7	D

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.

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.

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.