

America

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Samuel Francis Smith, lyrics

British National Anthem, tune

Piano

C G7 C F

My coun - try, 'tis of Thee, Sweet Land of
My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the

4 C G7 C

Li - ber - ty Of thee I sing; Land where my
no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

8 G7

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills,

11 C F C G7 C F C G7 C

From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let Free - dom ring.
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

V. 3: [C] Let music [G7] swell the breeze,
[C] And ring [F] from [C] all the trees
[G7] Sweet freedom's [C] song.
[C] Let mortal tongues awake;
[G7] Let all that breathe partake;
[C] Let [F] rocks their [C] si[G7]lence [C] break,
[F] The [C] sound [G7] pro[C]long.

V. 4: [C] Our father's [G] God to, Thee,
[C] Author [F] of [C] liberty,
[G7] To thee we [C] sing.
[C] Long may our land be bright
[G7] With freedom's holy light;
[C] Pro[F]tect us [C] by [G7] Thy [C] might,
[F] Great [C] God, [G7] our [C] King!

