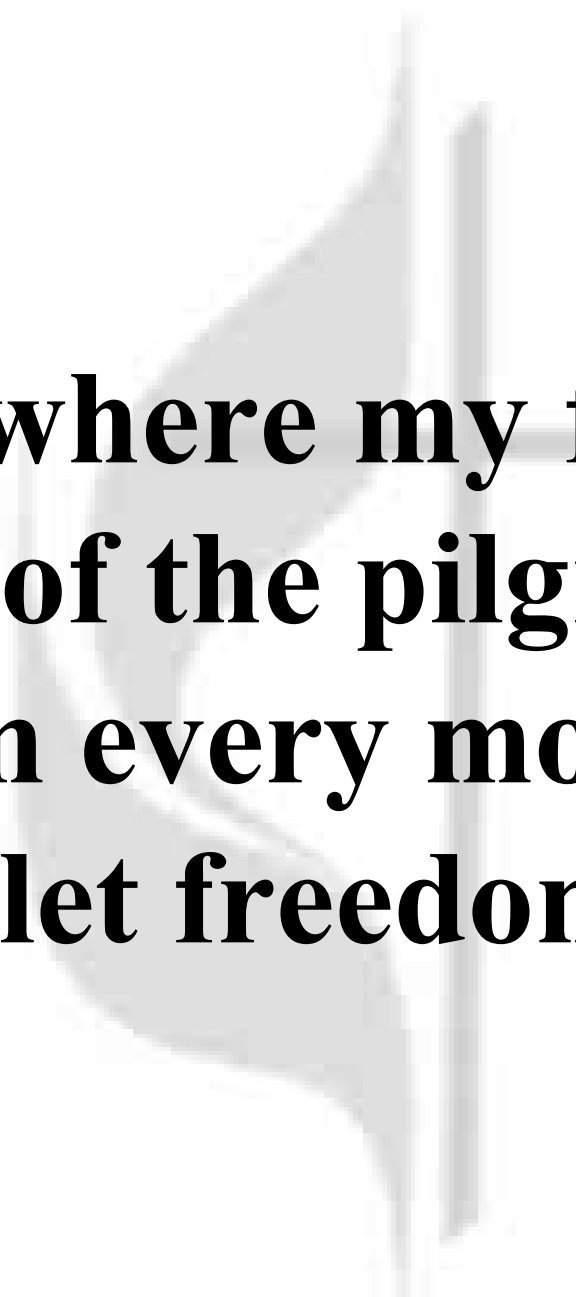


America

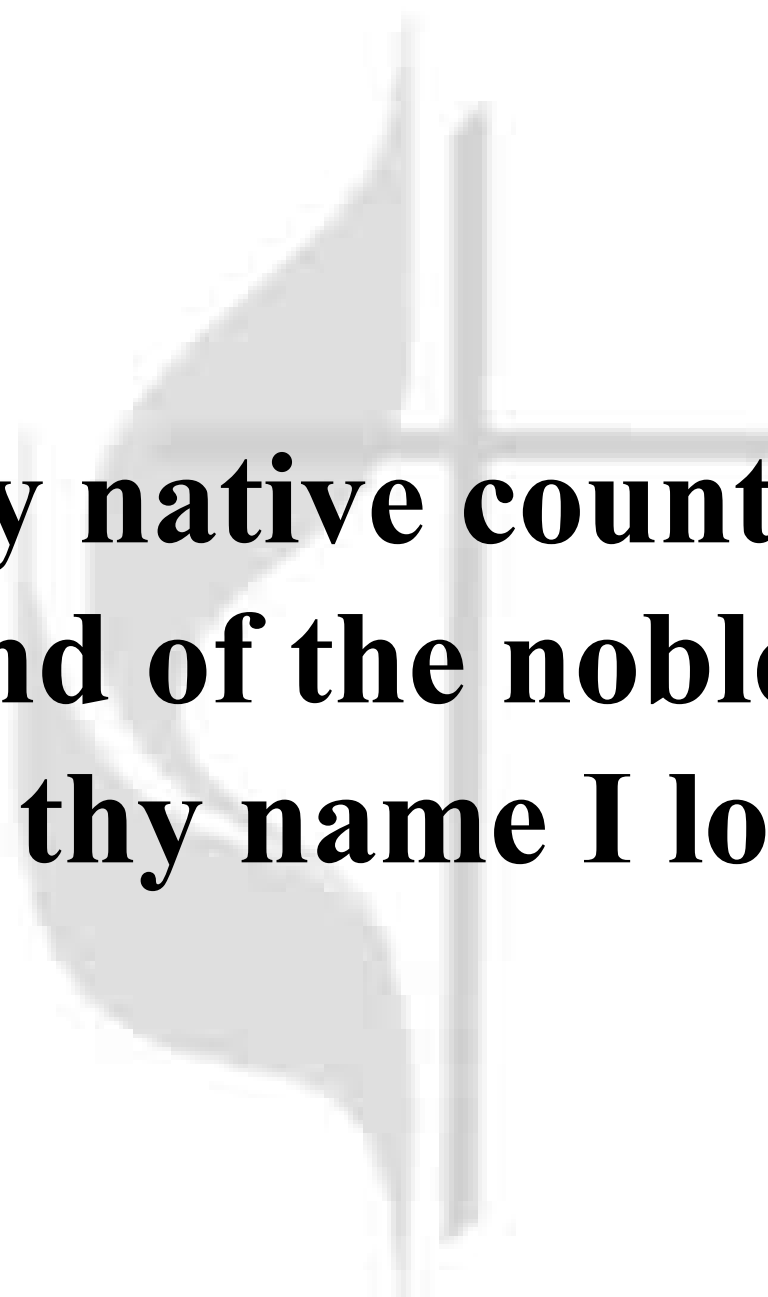
(My Country 'Tis of Thee)

WORDS: Samuel F. Smith, 1832

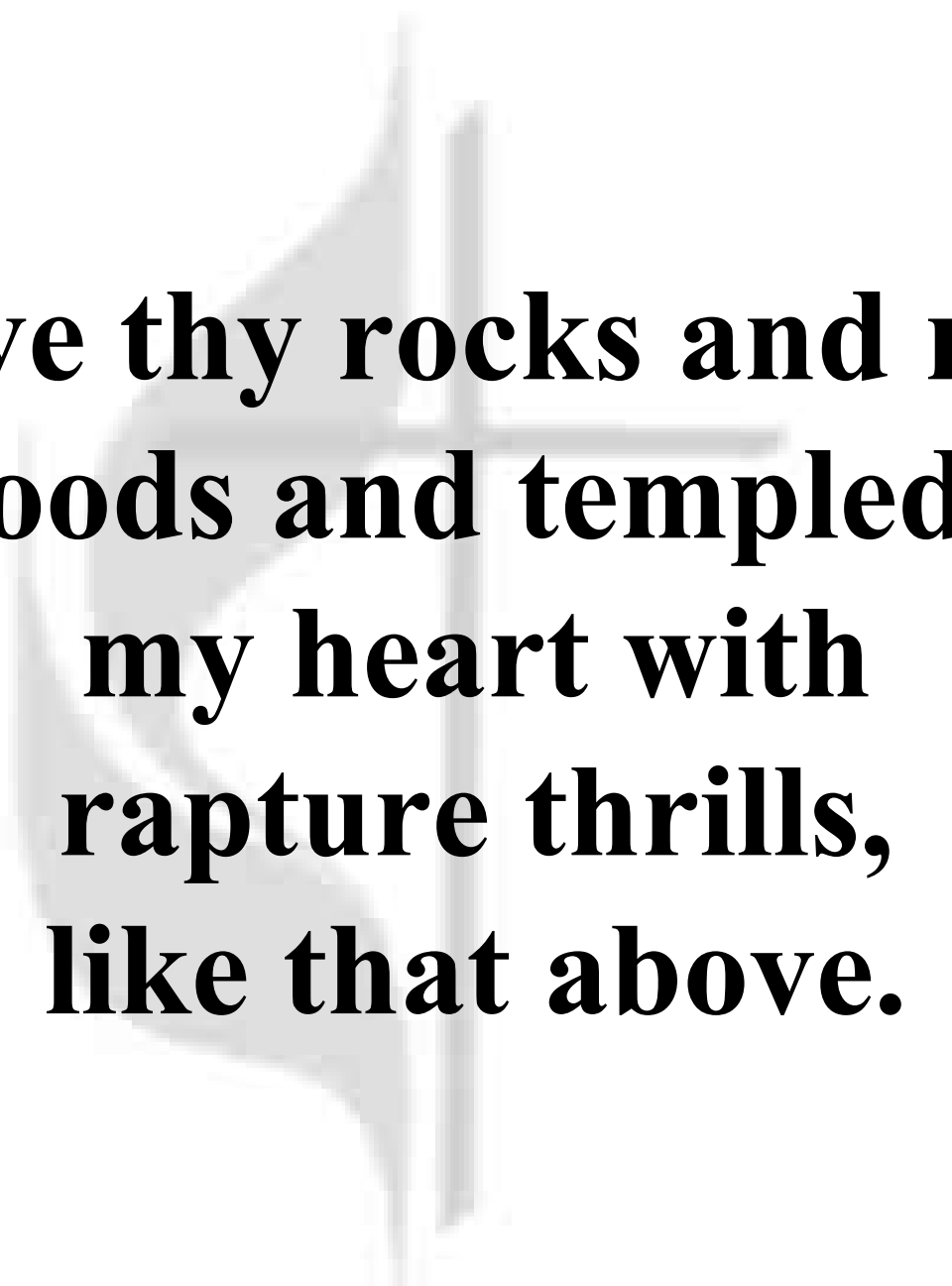
**1. My country, 'tis of thee,
sweet land of liberty,
of thee I sing;**



**land where my fathers died,
land of the pilgrim's pride,
from every mountainside
let freedom ring!**



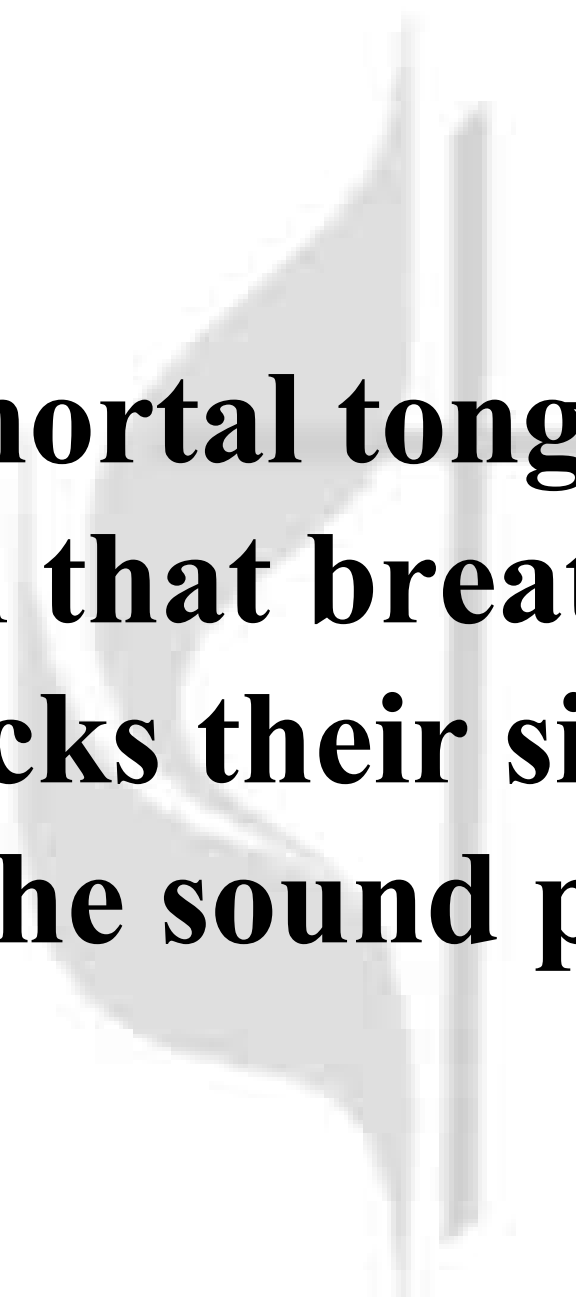
**2. My native country, thee,
land of the noble free,
thy name I love;**



**I love thy rocks and rills,
thy woods and templed hills;
my heart with
rapture thrills,
like that above.**



**3. 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.**



**4. 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.**