My Country, ‘Tis of Thee

Words: S. F. Smith
Music: Henry Carey

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
   Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride;
   From every mountain side 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
   To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light;
   Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty,
   Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light;
   Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!