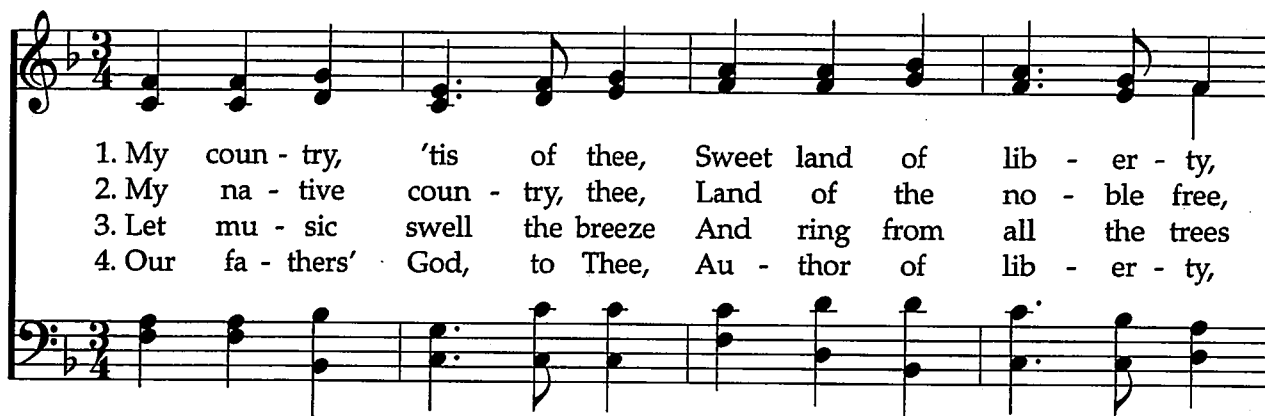


My Country, 'Tis of Thee 807

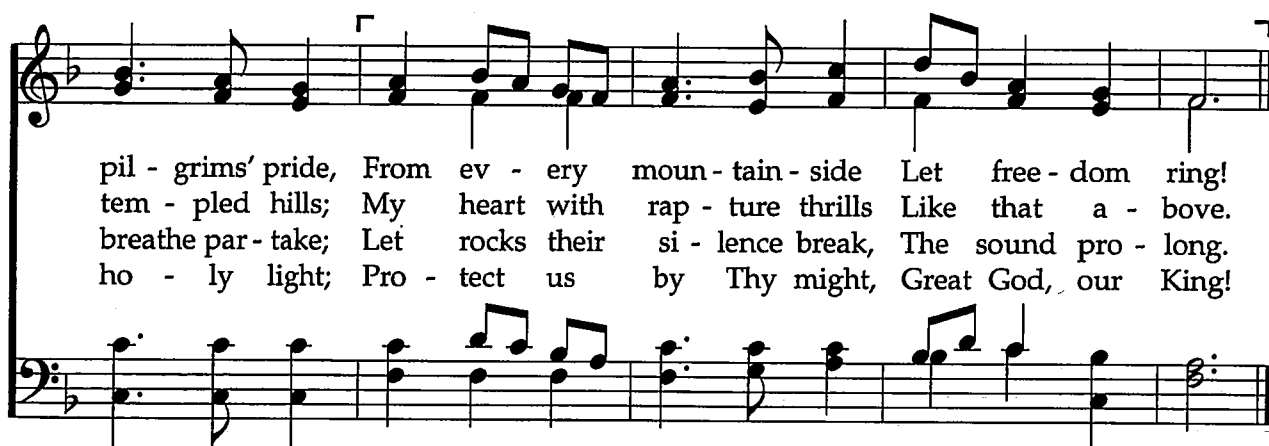
Righteousness exalts a nation, but sin is a disgrace to any people. Proverbs 14:34



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 - ery moun - tain - side 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!