


# America - #119

My Country 'Tis Of Thee


Henry Carey, 1745

D A7 D Bm G D Bm Em D A7 D




v1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing.  
v2 My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love.  
v3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free-dom's song.  
v4 Our fa - thers' God, to thee; Au - thor of li - ber - ty, To Thee we sing.

7 A7 D G



Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride; from ev - ery  
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with  
Let mor tal tongues a - wake. Let all that breathe par - take; Let rocks their  
Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us

12 D G D A7 D



moun - tain - side, Let free - dom ring!  
rap - ture thrills. Like that a - bove.  
si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
by Thy might, Great God, our King.