
My Country Tis of Thee

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 ev'ry mountainside, let
freedom, ring.

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.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring
from all the trees, sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake, let all that
breath partake. Let rocks their silence
break, the sound prolong.