



America

(My Country 'tis of Thee)

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Words: Samuel Francis Smith.

Arr: Gilbert DeBenedetti

Stately

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the

10 pil - grims' pride, From e - v'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!

Chords: C, G, C, Am, Dm, G7, C, Dm, G7, C

Fingerings: 2, 1, 3, 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 3, 1, 2, 3, 2, 3, 2, 1, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1, 2

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America

(My Country 'tis of Thee)

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 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 father's 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.

Fifth verse added to celebrate
Washington's Centennial

5. Our joyful hearts today,
Their grateful tribute pay,
Happy and free,
After our toils and fears,
After our blood and tears,
Strong with our hundred years,
O God, to Thee.

Additional Verses by Henry Van Dyke

6. We love thine inland seas,
Thy groves and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,--
All thy domains.

7. Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy North's sweet, crystal air:
O Land beyond compare,
We love thee best!

We the People

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