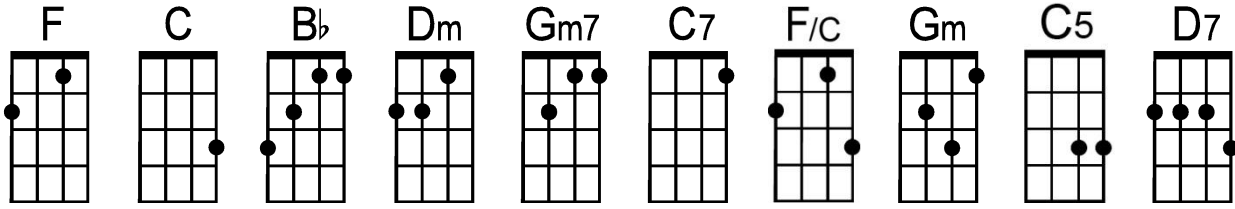


# My Country 'Tis of Thee (America)

American lyrics by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1831)



F . . | C . . | F . Gm7\ | F . Dm\ |  
My coun—try tis— of thee sweet land of li— ber—ty

Gm7\ F\ C7\ | F . . |  
Of thee I sing—

F/c . . | . . C7\ F\ | Gm . . | C7 . F\ C\ |  
Land where my fath—ers died Land of the Pil—grims pride

F\ Gm7 . | F . D7\ | Gm7 F\ C/g\ | F . . |  
From ev—er—y—y moun—tain side Le—et free—dom ring—

F . . | C . . | F . Gm7\ | F . Dm\ |  
My na—tive coun—try thee Land of the no—ble free

Gm7\ F\ C7\ | F . . |  
Thy name I love—

F/c . . | . . C7\ F\ | Gm . . | C7 . F\ C\ |  
I love thy rocks— and rills Thy woods and tem—pled hills

F\ Gm7 . | F . D7\ | Gm7 F\ C/g\ | F . . |  
My hea—eart wi—ith rap—ture thrills Li—ike that a—bove—

F . . | C . . | F . Gm7\ | F . Dm\ |  
Thy sil—ver Ea—stern strands Thy Gol—den Gate— that stands

Gm7\ F\ C7\ | F . . |  
Front—ing the West—

F/c . . | . . C7\ F\ | Gm . . | C7 . F\ C\ |  
Thy flower—y South—land fair Thy North's sweet cry—stal air

F\ Gm7 . | F . D7\ | Gm7 F\ C/g\ | F . . |  
O la—and be—e—yond— com—pare We—e love thee be—st

F . . | C . . | F . Gm7\ | F . Dm\ |  
Let mu—sic swell— the breeze and ring from all— the trees

Gm7\ F\ C7\ | F . . |  
The sound pro—long—

F/c . . | . . C7\ F\ | Gm . . | C7 . F\ C\ |  
Let mor—tal tongues a—wake Let all that breathe—par—take

F\ Gm7 . | F . D7\ -Hold- | Gm7\ F\ C/g\ | F\ |  
Let sto—nes the—eir si—lence break— in sweet free—dom's— song