

# My Country 'Tis of Thee

S. F. Smith

Arr. S Boucké

## Maestoso



My coun - try 'tis of thee, sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the bo - ble free,  
Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees  
Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



of thee I sing. land where my fa - thers died,  
thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills,  
sweet free - don's song. let mor - tal tongues a - wake,  
to thee we sing. long may our land be bright



land of the pil - grims' pride, from ev - ery\_\_\_\_  
thy woods and tem - pled hills, my heart\_\_\_\_ with\_\_\_\_  
let all that breathe par - take, let rocks\_\_\_\_ their\_\_\_\_  
with free - dom's ho - ly light, pro - tect\_\_\_\_ us\_\_\_\_



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!