

## 337 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of  
 2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the  
 3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from  
 4 Our \*fa - thers' God, to thee, au - thor of

lib - er - ty, of thee I sing: land where my  
 no - ble free, thy name I love; I love thy  
 all the trees sweet free - dom's song. Let mor - tal  
 lib - er - ty, to thee we sing. Long may our

\*fa - thers died, land of the pil - grims' pride,  
 rocks and rills, thy woods and tem - pled hills;  
 tongues a - wake; let all that breathe par - take;  
 land be bright with free - dom's ho - ly light;

from ev - ery moun - tain - side let free - dom ring.  
 my heart with rap - ture thrills like that a - bove.  
 let rocks their si - lence break, the sound pro - long.  
 pro - tect us by thy might, great God, our King.

\*Or "parents"

This now-familiar patriotic song was written by a Baptist minister and received its first public performance at an Independence Day celebration by the Boston Sabbath School Union in 1831. It was written to replace a German patriotic text sung to the same tune.