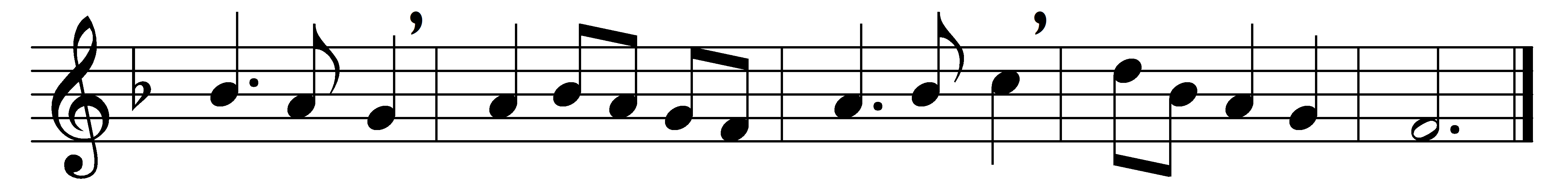
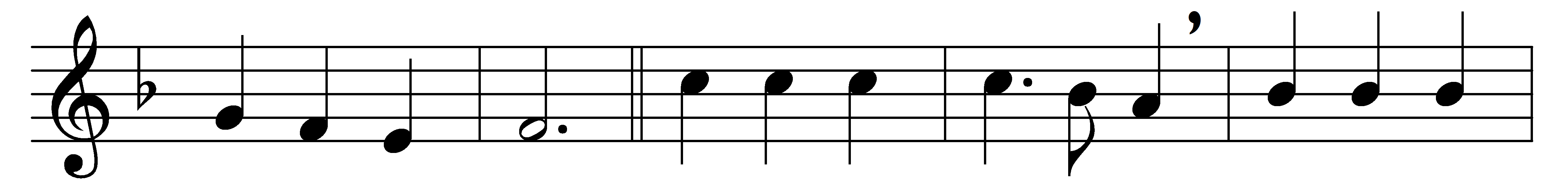
My country, ’tis of thee Hymnal 1982 no. 717 Melody: America 6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.



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 every 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 breathe partake,

let rocks their silence break,

the sound prolong.

Our fathers’ 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.

Words: Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895)

Music: *Thesaurus Musicus*, c. 1743