

My Country 'Tis of Thee

Words by Samuel Smith 1832/Music by Thesaurus Musicus, 1744

D A7 D Bm G D Bm Em D A7

My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I

D	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	1
A	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	2
D	0	0	1	0	1	2	2	3	2	1	0	1	0		

D A7

sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,

2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
3	5	5	5	5	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		
0	4	4	4	4	3	2	3	3	3	3	3	2	1		

D G D G D A7 D

From ev - 'ry moun - tain-side, Let free - dom ring!

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	0					
0	1	1	3	4	5	3	3	0	0	0					
2	3	2	1	0	2	3	4	5	3	2	1	0			

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.

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.

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.