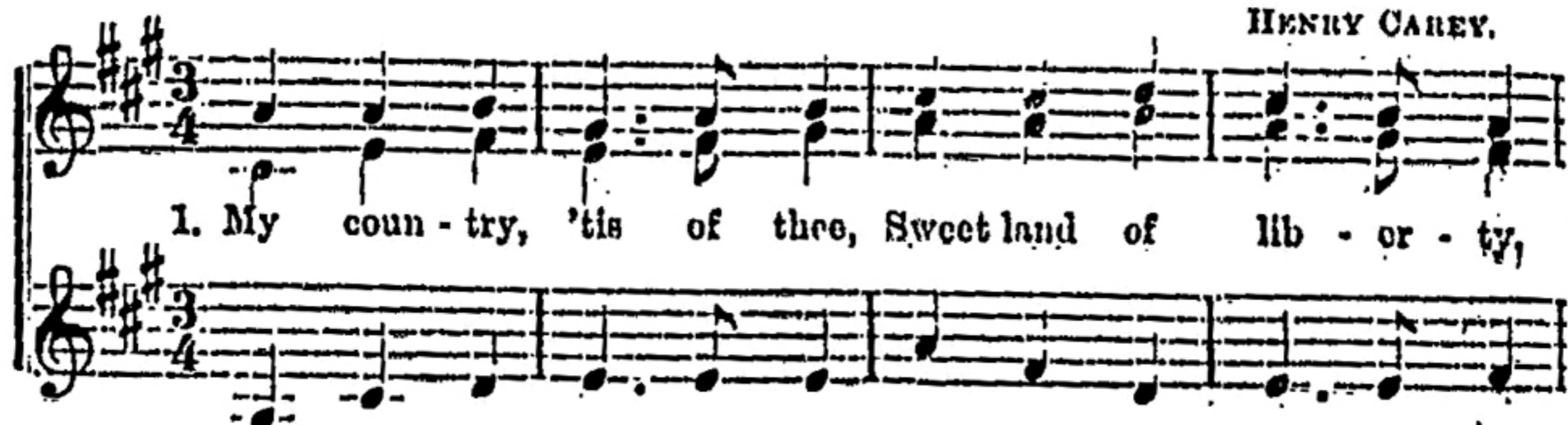
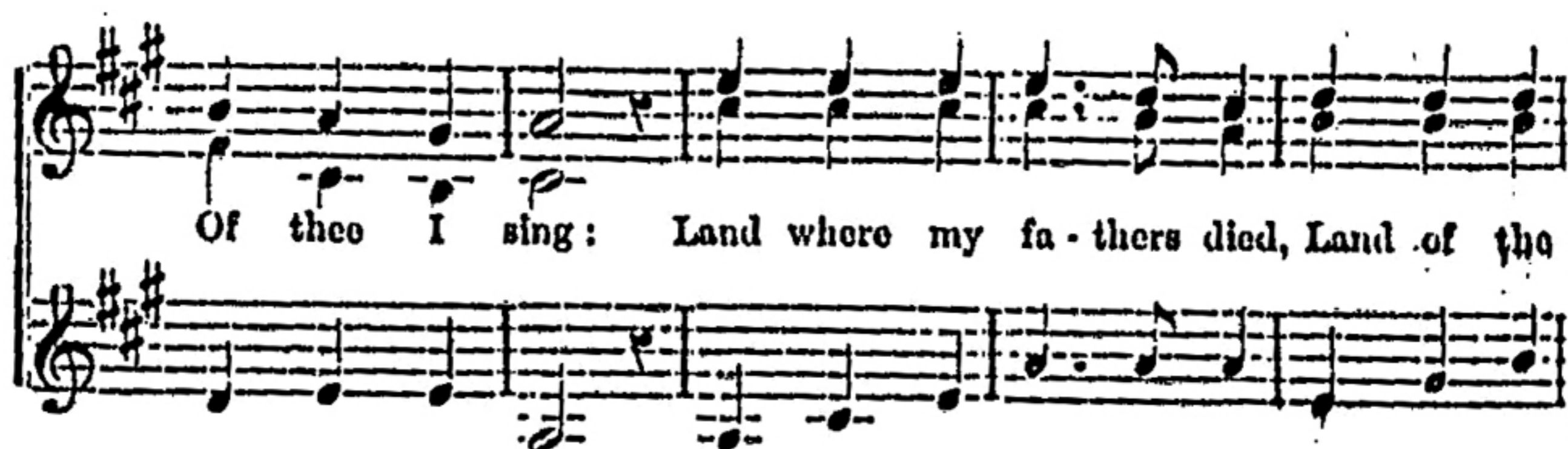


## MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - or - ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the



pilgrims' pride, From eve - ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

2. 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.

3. 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!

4. 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!