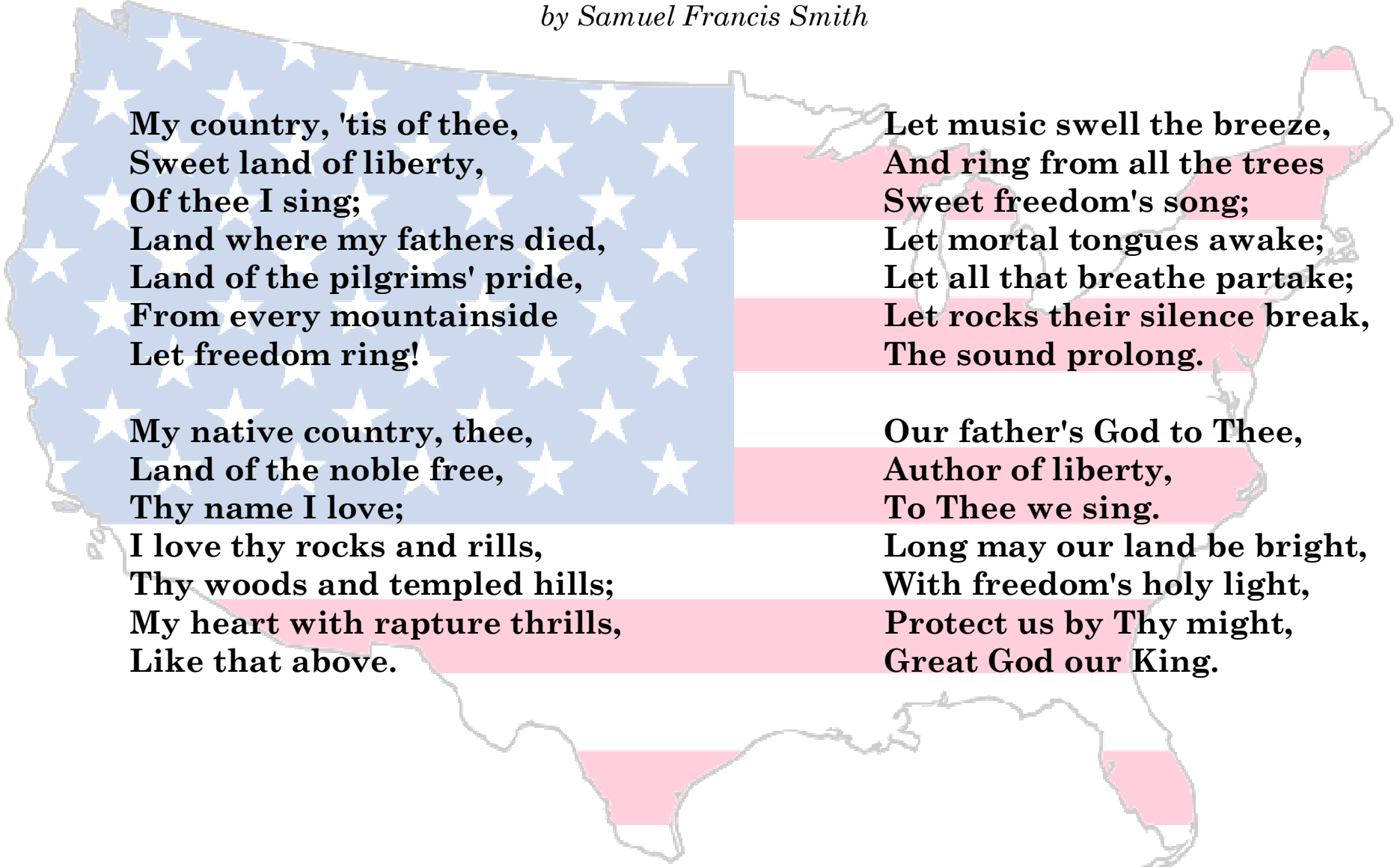


# AMERICA

*by Samuel Francis Smith*



My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' 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 father's 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.