



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 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.