My country, 'tis of Thee Lyrics

by Samuel F. Smith - 1832

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 mountain side

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 h eart 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.

Our glorious Land to-day,

'Neath Education's sway,

Soars upward still.

Its hills of learning fair,

Whose bounties all may share,

behold them everywhere

On vale and hill!

Thy safeguard, Liberty,

The school shall ever be,

Our Nation's pride!

No tyrant hand shall smite,

While with encircling might

All here are taught the Right

With Truth allied.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will

The stars of progress still

Our course do sway;

In unity sublime

To broader heights we climb,

Triumphant over Time,

God speeds our way!

Grand birthright of our sires,

Our altars and our fires

Keep we still pure!

 Our starry flag unfurled,
The hope of all the world,

In peace and light impearled,

 God hold secure!