

1. America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

Several nations have used this splendid dignified tune, either as a national anthem, or as a composition of the utmost importance. Parts of the melody have been traced back as far as Dr. John Bull (1563-1628), but the composer of the melody in its final form is still unknown, though many continue to credit it to Henry Carey, an Englishman (1690-1743). The words were written in 1832 by Reverend S. F. Smith, an American clergymen. The song was first sung publicly at a children's celebration of American independence in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, of that year. Numerous other verses have been written to this melody. Two of the best are the ones below by Henry Van Dyke.

S.F. Smith

Henry Carey (?)

mf Andante con moto

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

5 *f*

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

10 *ff*

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom 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!

5. We love thine inland seas,
Thy groves and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,--
All thy domains.

6. Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy North's sweet, crystal air:
O Land beyond compare,
We love thee best!

Transcribed By Jennifer Lee



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AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
I and where my fathers die,
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 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 I sing
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.