

America

Lee Greenwood

My country tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrim's 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 thrills
Thy woods and temple hills
My heart with raptured thrills, like that above Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's psalm Let mortale tongues awake
Let all that breathe partake
Let rocks bear silent wake
The sound roll on
Our father's guide 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.

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