America - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

AMERICA.

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 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.