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## My Country, 'Tis of Thee

America. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832

Attributed to HENRY CAREY, 1740

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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## Gentle Peace, From Heaven Descended

Rathbun. 8.7.8.7.

Unknown

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851

1. Gen - tle Peace, from heaven de - scend - ed, We would live be - neath Thy law;  
 2. Thou hast thrown a smile of beau - ty O'er the mead - ow, hill, and grove;  
 3. Stay Thou with us, still re - plen - ish Fields with fruit, our - selves with love;