

My Country 'Tis Of Thee

Billy Preston

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
For this I sing
Land where my fathers died
Land of the pilgrims' pride
From every mountainside
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 we sing
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light
Protect us by Thy might
Great God, our King