

America

(My Country 'Tis of Thee)

Words by Samuel Francis Smith

Music: Traditional



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of li - ber - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the no - ble free,

5



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

10



pil - grim's pride, From ev - ry moun - tain - side, Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture fills Like that a - bove!

America the Beautiful

Samuel A. Ward

Oh beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, for am - ber waves of grain, for
Oh beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years, Thine

6 pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties, a - bove the fruit - ed plain. A - mer - i - ca, A -
al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!

11 mer - i - ca, God shed His grace on Thee, and crown thy good with

15 bro - ther - hood, from sea to shi - ning sea.

Star Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith



O— say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, what so proud - ly we
hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing? Whose broad stripes and bright
stars, through the per - i - lous fight, o'er the ram - parts we watched, were so
gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that—
star spang - led ban - ner— yet— wave o'er the land— of the free, and the home of the brave.