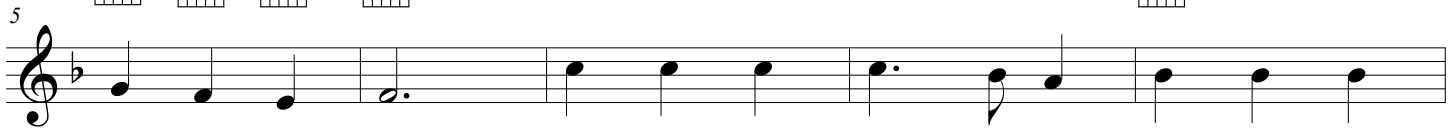


My Country 'Tis of Thee

Henry Carey



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,



Of thee I sing. Land where my fath - ers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and



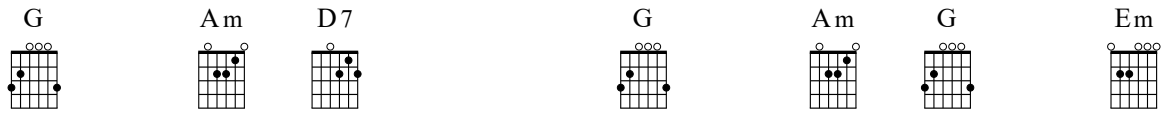
Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring!
 templ - ed hills; My heart with rap - ture fills Like that a - bove.

3. 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.

4. Our father's 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!

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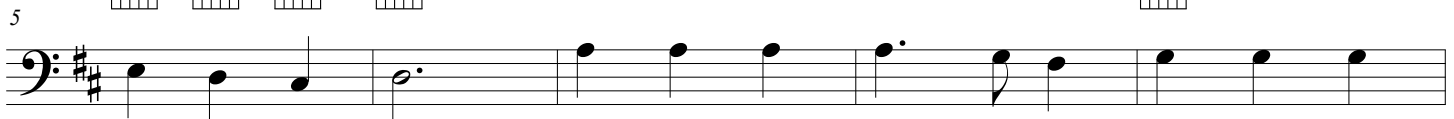
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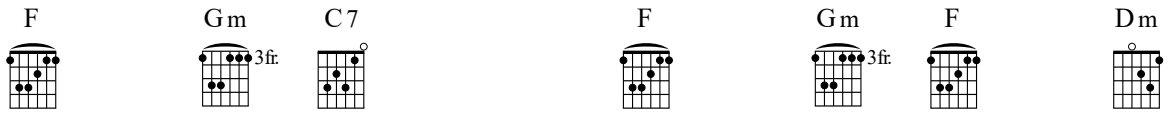
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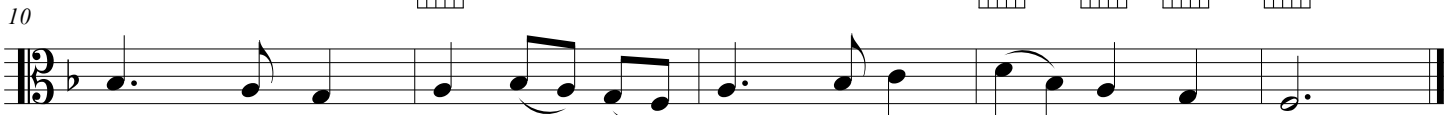
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Henry Carey

F Gm C7 F Gm F Dm

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Gm F C7 F C7

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F Bb F C7 F

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My Country 'Tis of Thee

Ukulele

Henry Carey

F Gm C7 F Gm F Dm




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Gm F C7 F C7




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