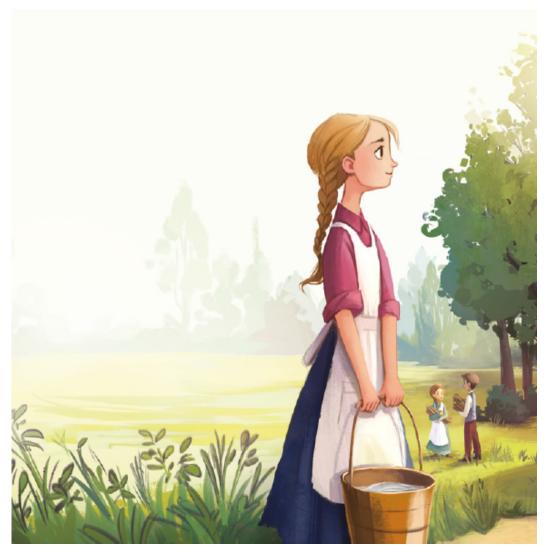
My country, 'tis of thee



Sweet land of liberty Of thee I sing

Land where my fathers died



Land of the pilgrims' pride

From ev'ry 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!