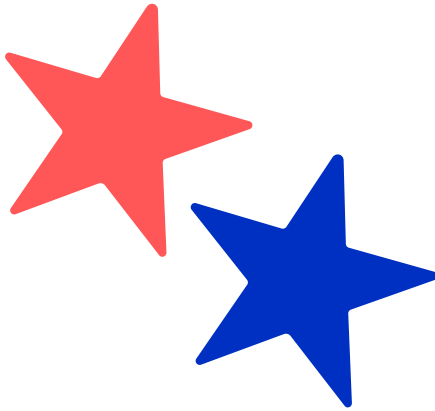


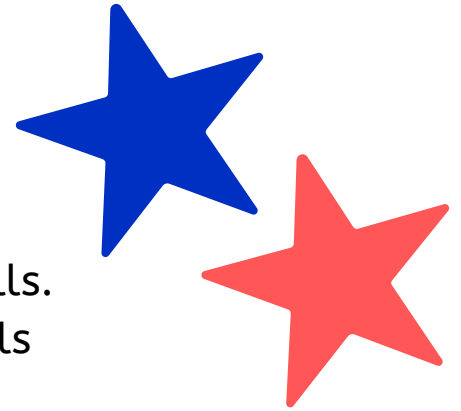
# *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*



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!



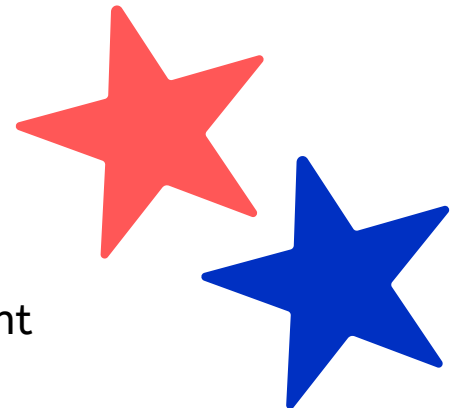
My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills.  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.



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!



# America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain.  
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain.

America, America, God shed His grace on thee.

And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to  
shining sea.

O beautiful for Pilgrim feet, whose stern impassioned  
stress.

A thoroughfare for freedom beat, across the  
wilderness America, America, God mend thine every  
flaw Confirm thy soul in self control, Thy liberty in law O  
beautiful for heroes proved, in liberating strife.

Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more  
than life.

America, America, May God they gold refine.

Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream, that sees beyond the years.  
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.

America, America, God shed His grace on thee.

And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to  
shining sea.

