

On America
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My country tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing
Land where my fathers died
Land of the pilgrim's pride
From every mountain side
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 fills
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