

America (Sweet Freedom's Song)

Words after Samuel F. Smith

Music from Henry Purcell

♩ = 60

1 2

mf
My coun try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of
Let mu sic swell the breeze, And ring from

T 3 3 0 1 0 2 2 3
A 2 4 0 2 2 2 2 2
B 0 4 0 2 2 4 4 2

3 4 5 6

li ber ty, of thee I sing I love thy
all the trees Sweet Free dom's song; Let mo rtal

2 5 3 0 3 2 3 5 5 5
3 4 4 2 2 2 2 3 3 3
4 4 4 2 2 2 2 4 4 4
4 4 4 2 2 2 0 4 4 4

7 8 9

rocks and rills, thy woods and that rol ling hills
tongues a wake; Let all that breathe par take;

5 3 2 3 3 3 3 2 0
2 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
4 4 4 2 2 2 2 2 2

10 11 12 13

My heart with rap si ture fills, let free dom ring.
Let rocks their their lence break, The sound pro long.

2 3 2 2 3 5 7 7 5 3
3 2 2 3 2 3 8 8 7 6 3
2 2 2 2 2 2 7 7 5 5 2
4 2 4 4 4 4 9 7 5 5 0