

## Children "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 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!

Our glorious land today,  
'Neath education's sway,  
Soars upward still.  
Its halls of learning fair,  
Whose bounties all may share,  
Behold them ev'rywhere,  
On vale and hill!

Thy safeguard, liberty,  
The school shall ever be

Our nation's pride!  
No tyrant hand shall smite,  
While with encircling might  
All there are taught the Right  
With Truth allied.

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