**“My Country ‘Tis of Thee”**

**by Samuel Francis Smith, 1831**

**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.**

**Our father's 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!**

“My Country ‘Tis of Thee”
by W.E.B. DuBois

My country tis of thee,
Late land of slavery,
         Of thee I sing.
Land where my father’s pride
Slept where my mother died,
From every mountain side
         Let freedom ring!

My native country thee
Land of the slave set free,
         Thy fame I love.
I love thy rocks and rills
And o’er thy hate which chills,
My heart with purpose thrills,
         To *rise* above.

Let laments swell the breeze
And wring from all the trees
          Sweet freedom’s song.
Let laggard tongues awake,
Let all who hear partake,
Let Southern silence quake,
         The sound prolong.

Our fathers’ God to thee
Author of Liberty,
         To thee we sing
Soon may our land be bright,
With Freedom’s happy light
Protect us by Thy might,
         Great God our King.