My Country 'Tis of Thee

1. My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing; land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride, from every mountain-side let freedom ring!

2. From the mountain to the sea, From St. Louis to New York, I see a bright and radiant land, A land where自由 reigns.

3. From the ocean to the sea, From the Alleghenies to the sea, We see the land of the freed, The land of the pilgrims' pride.

4. My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing; land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride, from every mountain-side let freedom ring!
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