

# America (my Country 'tis Of Thee)

**Bebe Winans**

My country, tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers die  
Land of the pilgrims pride  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring.  
Our father's guard to thee,  
Author of liberty  
To thee we sing.

Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light  
Protect us by thy mind,  
Great God, our king.  
Grand birds fly of our sons  
Our authors and our fires  
Keep we still pure.  
Our starting fed us through  
The hope of all the world  
In peace and lie in pearl  
God holds a cure.

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