

# AMERICA.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their sl - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond rec - ol -  
 { The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved

CHO.—The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered

FINE.  
 lec - tion presents them to view! }  
 spot which my in - fan - cy knew: } The wide - spread - ing pond, and the mill that stood  
 buck - et that hung in the well.

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my

D. C. for Chorus.  
 fa - ther, the dal - ry - house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.