

G. Keith.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His  
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, I will  
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall  
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I will not de -

ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said, To you who for  
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My  
not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy  
sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!"

Samuel Francis Smith.

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 mor - tal  
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 pil - grims' 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 si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

In February, 1833, as the Rev. Samuel F. Smith was glancing through some children's music books written in German, he ran across some music which he later found to be "God Save the King." He was much impressed and noticed that the words were very patriotic, but without endeavoring to translate or imitate them, he was led on the impulse of the moment to write the hymn, America. To his surprise on the succeeding 4th of July, Mr. Lowell Mason, a choir conductor to whom he had given a copy, first publicly introduced it at a Sunday School patriotic celebration at the Park Street Church, Boston. Edward Everett Hale, then a little boy who had spent all of his 4th of July money on root beer and ginger snaps, stopped at the church on his way home and so was present at the first singing of the hymn, which is national enough to be called "America."—From special report, Library of Congress.