

Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, . . He's

gentle, he is kind, I shall never, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

America

National Hymn

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. Our Fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's 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.
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.