

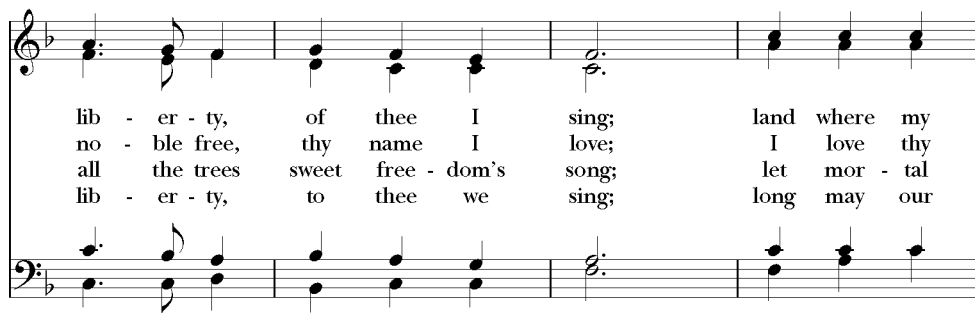
OPENING HYMN 717

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

AMERICA



1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of
 2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the
 3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from
 4 Our fa - thers' God, to thee, au - thor of



lib - er - ty, of thee I sing; land where my
 no - ble free, thy name I love; I love thy
 all the trees sweet free - dom's song; let mor - tal
 lib - er - ty, to thee we sing; long may our



fa - thers died, land of the pil - grim's pride,
 rocks and rills, thy woods and tem - pled hills;
 tongues a - wake, let all that breathe par - take,
 land be bright with free - dom's ho - ly light;



from ev - ery moun - tain - side let freed - om ring.
 my heart with rap - ture thrills like that a - bove.
 let rocks their si - lence break, the sound pro - long.
 pro - tect us by thy might, great God, our King.

Words: Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895) Music: *America*, from *Thesaurus Musicus*, 1745

1 Seek ye first the kingdom of God
and its righteousness,
and all these things shall be added unto you;
Alleluia, alleluia. *Refrain*

2 Ask and it shall be given unto you,
seek, and ye shall find,
knock, and the door shall be opened unto you;
Alleluia, alleluia. *Refrain*

Refrain

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Allelu, alleluia!

Words: St. 1, Matthew 6:33; adapt. Karen Lafferty (20th cent.), St. 2, Matthew 7:7

Stanza 2 is not part of the hymn as originally written

Music: Seek Ye First, Karen Lafferty (20th Cent.)

1 A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, that
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
 3 The Lord has prom - ised good to me, his
 4 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
 *5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

1 saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but
 2 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
 3 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and
 4 have al - rea - dy come; 'tis grace that brought me
 5 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

1 now am found, was blind but now I see.
 2 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
 3 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.
 4 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
 5 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

The melody may be sung in canon at distances of either two or three beats.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807), alt.; st. 5, John Rees (19th cent.) Music: *New Britain*, from *Virginia Harmony*, 1831; adapt. att. Edwin Othello Excell (1851-1921); harm. Austin Cole Lovelace (b. 1919) Copyright ©1974 by Abingdon Press. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

1 O beau - ti - ful for spa - ci - ous skies, for am - ber waves of grain,
 2 O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved in lib - er - at - ing strife,
 3 O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream that sees be - yond the years

for pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties a - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 who more than self their coun - try loved, and mer - cy more than life!
 thine al - a - bas - ter ci - ties gleam, un - dimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - ery flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,

and crown thy good with bro - ther - hood from sea to shin - ing sea.
 con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, thy lib - er - ty in law.
 and crown thy good with bro - ther - hood from sea to shin - ing sea.

Words: Katherine Lee Bates (1859-1929), alt. Music: *Materna*, Samuel Augustus Ward (1848-1903)