



## My Country, 'Tis of Thee

In 1831, Samuel Francis Smith penned the now-familiar hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," as a tribute to the United States of America. Twelve years later, abolitionist A.G. Duncan rewrote the words to the classic to challenge America's enslavement of African descendants. Pastor Robinson recently shared parts of Duncan's version from the pulpit.

As we recognize the July 4<sup>th</sup> holiday this month and reflect on the history of our nation, let us consider the contrasting lyrics of the two versions:

### My Country, 'Tis of Thee

By Samuel Francis Smith

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From ev'ry mountainside  
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God our King.  
*Source: www.lyricsondemand.com*

### My Country! 'Tis of thee

By A.G. Duncan

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Stronghold of slavery,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Where men man's rights deride,  
From every mountainside,  
Thy deeds shall ring.

My native country! thee,  
Where all men are born free,  
If white their skin:  
I love thy hills and dales,  
Thy mounts and pleasant vales,  
But hate thy negro sales,  
As foulest sin.

Let wailing swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
The black man's wrong;  
Let every tongue awake,  
Let bond and free partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God! To thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Soon may our land be bright,  
With holy freedom's right,  
Protect us by they might,  
Great God, our King.  
*Source: www.teachushistory.org*