APR 21 1919

MY HEARTS IN THE U.S.A.

Words by
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Music by
Bernice L. Hardy.

Home-Lights twin-kle thru the
I have been where O-cean

shad-ows from the fields of gold-en hue, — crim-son
surg-es foam and tum-ble in their glee, — I have

sun-set spreads a glow the west-ern sky, — where a
been where rug-ged moun-tains pierce the sky, — Breathed the

wealth of land-scapes sink-ing In-to night from out the
balm-y spuc-y brees-es from be yond the dis-tant

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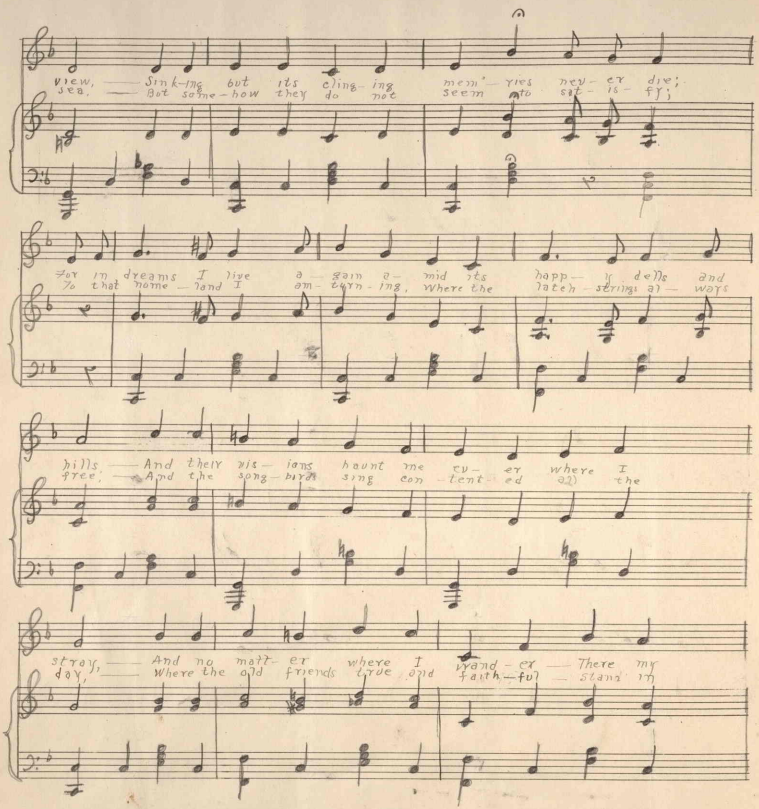
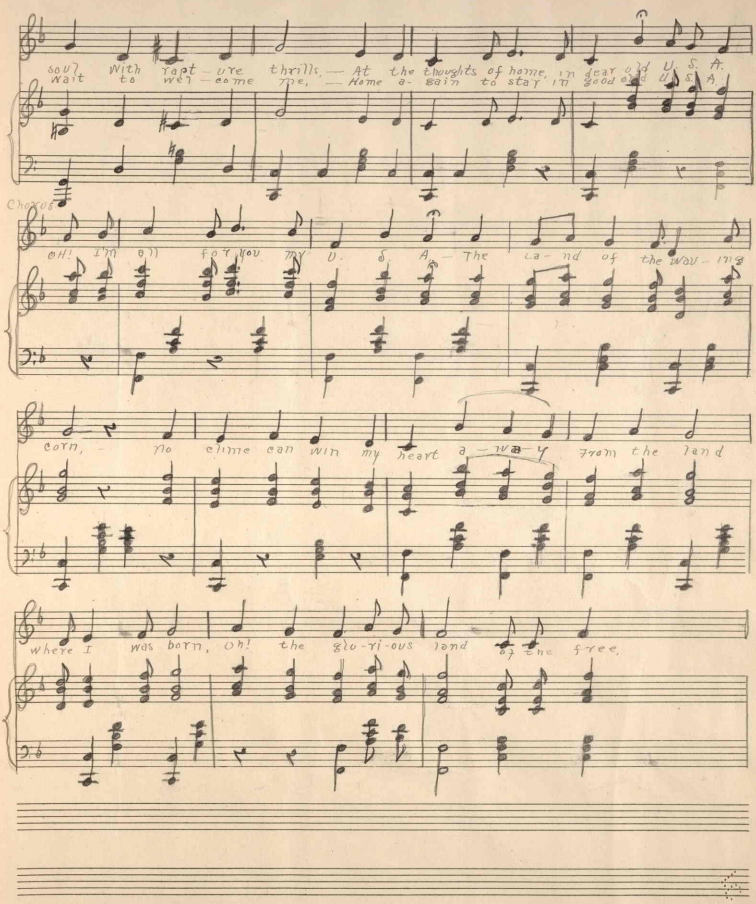
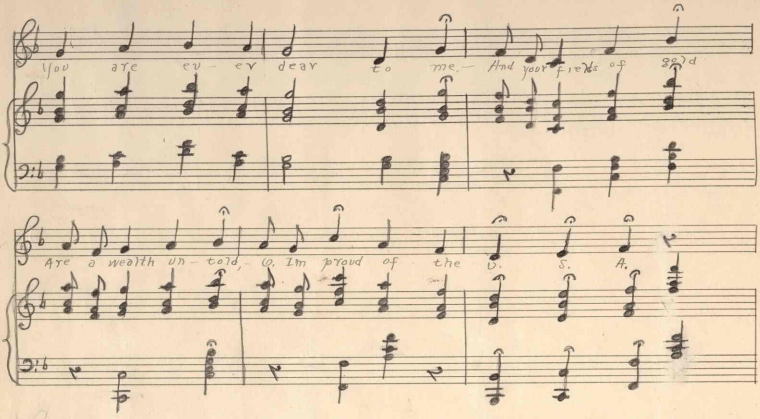
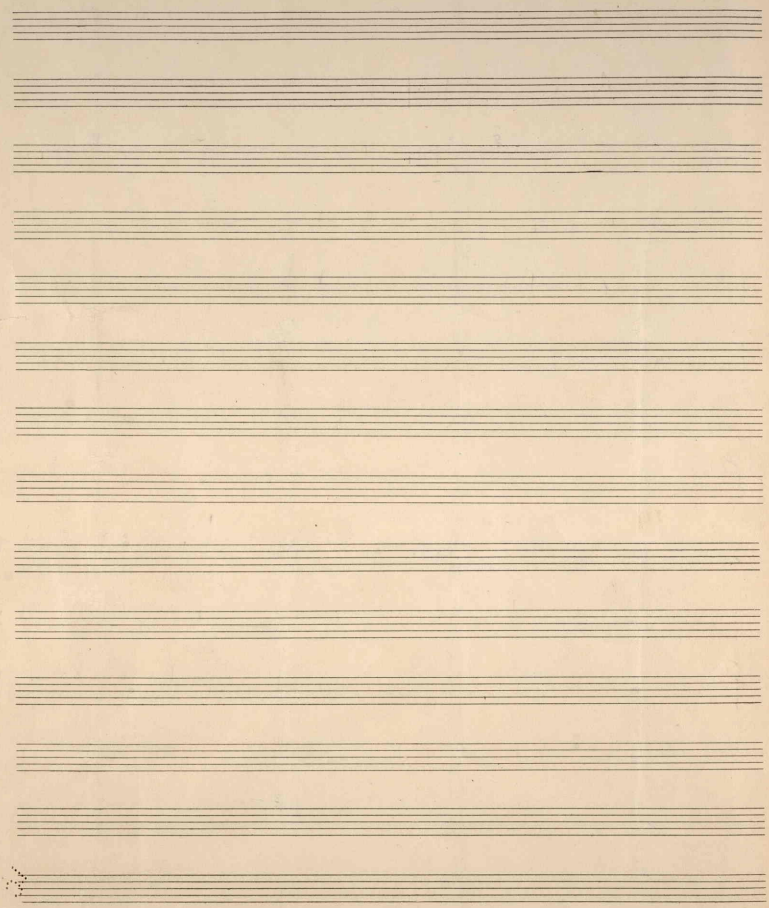

view, Sink-ing but its cling-ing mem'-ries nev-er dive;
sea, But some-how they do not seem ate sat-is-fy;
For in dreams I live a-gain a-mid its happ-y dells and
To that home-land I am turn-ing, where the lateh-strings al-ways
hills And their vis-ions haunt me ev-er where I
free, And the song-birds sing con-tent-ed all the
stray, And no mat-ter where I wand-er There my
day, Where the old friends true and faith-ful Stand in


soul With rapt - ure thrills, — At the thoughts of home, in dear old U. S. A.
wait to wel - come me, — Home a - gain to stay in good old U. S. A.
Chorus
Oh! I'm all for you my U. S. A. — The land of the wav - ing
corn, No clime can win my heart a - way from the land
where I was born, Oh! the glo - ri - ous land of the free.



You are ev - er dear to me. - And your fields of gold

Are a wealth un - told, O, I'm proud of the U. S. A.



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