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# Love to My Home in America

By  
PAUL C. JORDAN

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# Love To My Home In America

PAUL C. JORDAN

**Moderato**

*mp*

My home is in a spot in sweet A - mer - i - ca, Where birds are sing - ing, where sweet mus - ic  
 My love will al - ways be for dear A - mer - i - ca, Where this earth's sweet - est ros - es ev - er

*p*

reigns, Through grace I can see the sweet pic - ture, And the  
 bloomed, And when we leave our trans - ports gang - plank You will

loving smiles she gave me at the train. Those days will al - ways live in my mem - o - ry, When a  
 hear that we are here some - where in France. And till we see our home in A - mer - i - ca, Tho' it's

kiss my lov - ing Jane pressed on my brow, As I left her to go far a - way, And  
 sure - ly ver - y far a - cross the sea, Yet it sure - ly is true, my dear, The

I can feel those sweet lips e-ven now,  
fac-es of our loved ones we can see

As they pressed me when in sweet tones she said good-bye.  
From the lights of the camp-fires at home up to here.

## CHORUS

My home, oh, my home in sweet A-mer-i-ca, Where the li-lies of the val-ley are in

*mp*

bloom, Where my joys of this life were a-bun-dant, And where sweet

voic-es would min-gle in tune; Now a heart-bro-ken moth-er or, a

sweet-heart A-waits the com-ing of their loved one who's gone.

*rall.*

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