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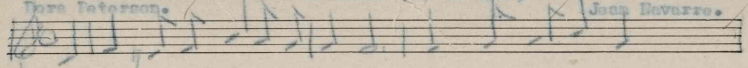
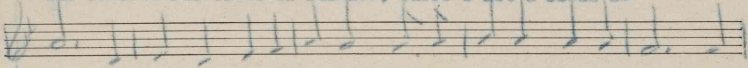
"I'VE LOOKED AND LOOKED FOR YOU, MY SAILOR BOY IN BLUE."

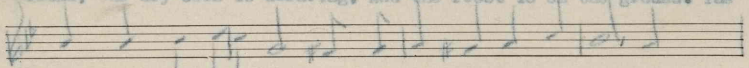
Dora Peterson. Jean Navarre.



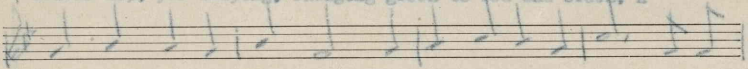
The beau-ti-ful In-di-an sum-mer, There's not a cloud a-



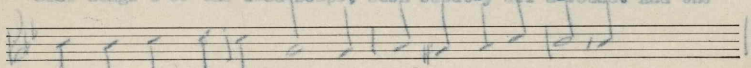
round; The dry corn is a-waving, And the frost is on the ground. The



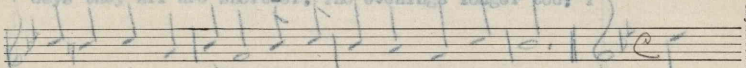
leaves all, yes a-dying, Changing green to red and brown; A



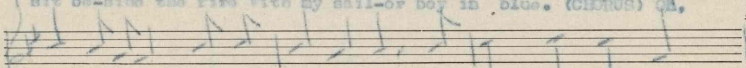
haze hangs o'er the land-scape, Such beaut-y all a-round. And the



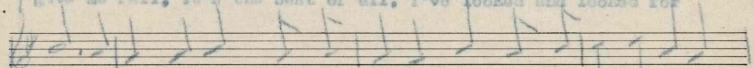
days they all are short-er, The evenings longer too; I



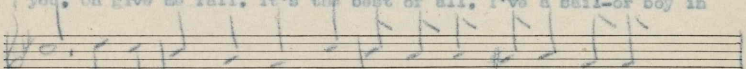
sit be-side the fire With my sail-or boy in blue. (CHORUS) Oh,



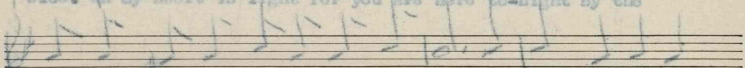
give me fall, it's the best of all, I've looked and looked for



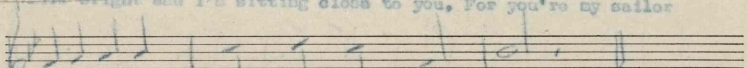
you. Oh give me fall, it's the best of all, I've a sail-or boy in



blue. Oh my heart is light for you are here to-night By the



fire bright and I'm sitting close to you, For you're my sailor



boy. And I've looked and looked for you."

(2)

Don't you know I don't want you to go
And sail on the waters blue;
There is no other girl in the world
That would be so true to you.
Now do not go to sleep,
For you're not on the deep;
I'm talking, yes, to you,
My sailor boy in blue.
For there is no harm,
So do not be alarmed;
My thoughts are all of you,
My sailor boy in blue.

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