

# HERE'S TO THE BOYS OF THE U.S.A.

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WORDS BY  
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MUSIC BY  
**HARRY VERONA**

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## Here's to the Boys of the U. S. A.

Lyric by  
FREDERICK H. GREEN

Music by  
HARRY VERONA

**Marcia**

The sol - dier boys of Un - cle Sam, De - fenders of our lib - er - ty,  
Our boys have won the vic - to - ry, We're proud of all our gal - lant men!

Went brave - ly forth from South and North To lead the world to vic - to - ry.  
Tho' some that fell mid shot and shell, We may not ev - er see a - gain.

They left their na - tive Yank - ee - land De - termined all to win the day. And  
But to the sol - diers who've re - turned, As well as those who're still a - way. We

now the Hun can un - der - stand, The reas - on we're so proud to say!  
give the thanks they've brave - ly earned, As glad - ly we u - nite and say!

CHORUS

Here's to the boys of the U. S. A. The sol-diers of a might - y land!

They march or ride with a smashing stride That no foe - man can with -

stand! The Blue and the Gray are in Kha-ki to - day, As they stand side by

side in the fray, So here's to those u - ni - ted To make sure all wrongs are

righted, The boys of the U. S. A. A. A.

# GOOD HOME SONGS, TRY THEM OVER

## There's a Little Town in Ireland

CHORUS

Words and Music by  
GREEN and STARCK

There's a lit - tle town in Ire - land The place where  
we were born There's a lit - tle town in Ire - land  
Where we first saw the morn How dear it

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## Pick Me Up and Hold Me Tight

CHORUS

FREDERICK H. GREEN

Pick me up and hold me tight; Don't you  
leave my side; Play that you're a  
tax - i - cab, And take me for - a ride.

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## I'm Coming Back to Good Old U.S.A.

Words by  
FREDERICK H. GREEN

Music by  
F. HENRI KLIKKMANN

CHORUS

Good-bye sweet-heart, We'll not be long a-part; Tho' the  
stars and stripes may call me far a - way.  
Don't grieve nor fear, But just re-mem-ber, dear, I'm com-ing

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## The Indian Maiden

Words by  
FREDERICK H. GREEN

Music by  
GLENN W. ASHLEY

CHORUS

By the blue and wind-ing riv - er, 'Mid the daf-fo-dils in  
bloom, Where the song-thrush sings his mel-o - dy As  
sweet-ly as be - fore. Trip-pling light - ly o'er the  
Here at last sweet peace-ful

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