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Somewhere Back There

THE MOTHER SONG SUPREME

POEM BY
CLIFF DAVIS

MUSIC BY
SAM. BROBST

LIBERTY MUSIC CO.
EMPIRE BUILDING
PITTSBURG, PA

M1646
.B

Somewhere - Back There.

Words by
CLIFF DAVIS

Music by
SAM BROBST

Andante Moderato.

f *fz*

There is a spot some-where back there Some-where back o'er the sea, A place I love so ten-der-ly A
In child-hood days what they con-vey Bright days of joy and mirth, All har-mon-y and sym-pa-thy And

mf

ren-dez-vous for me; And there is one who's wait-ing, Wait-ing so pa-tient-ly, And
love the best on earth; 'Twas at her knee she taught me, Those lit-tle prayers to say, And

there is where I'm go-ing, At home with her to be, For there nev-er was an-oth-er, Neith-er
they are not for-got-ten, Nay ev-en to this day, Here a-gain I say no oth-er, Neith-er

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fath - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Who can hold my heart-strings clos-er, Than my old moth - er.
fath - er, sis - ter, broth - er, E'er can hold my heart-strings clos-er, Than my old moth - er.

rit.

Chorus.

mf

My own my dear old moth - er You're in my mind al - way, And

nev - er for a mo - ment, Will my mem'- ry from you stray; *ora* You

Chimes

are my saint - ed i - dol Your prayers they fol - low me, Where e'er I

be, on land or sea, My dear old moth - er.

rit. *ad lib*

rit. *dim.*

F.J.LAWSON CO.N.Y.

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

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I'm Proud To Serve The Land That Gave Me Birth.

Words by
CLIFF DAVIS.

Music by
SAM BROBST

Chorus.

I'm proud that I can serve my na - tive coun - try, The land that gave me lib - er - ty and birth, I'm proud that I can strike a blow for free - dom, Which now shall reign up - on the earth; We'll tear a - way those cru - el chains of bon - dage That ev'- ry na - tion may be free. Our

mf

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