

Handwritten musical notation on ten staves, consisting of blank five-line staves.

# IN DEAR OLD CALIFORNIA ✓

SONG

POEM AND COPYRIGHT BY JOHN L. FRESHOUR, R. 3, HEALDSBURG, CALIF

MUSIC BY

RAYMOND A. BROWNE  
SUITE 1115  
1482 BROADWAY, N. Y.

*molto*

*Piano*

*leg*

*cho*

"In Dear Old California" By JOHN L. Freshour.

Hesth the redwoods, tall and grand; in the golden sunset Land;  
Strolls a maiden with her lover bold and true;  
She's a blithe and winsome girl; with guish eyes and gold brown curls;  
He's a gallant lad in uniform of blue.  
Spending sweet and blissful hours, mid the forest fields and flowers;  
In the land the lassie always loved the best;  
Standing by a poppy field she says, with a happy thrill:  
"We've a lovely land of sunshine in the West".

2

"From our poppy fields, so fair; breathing perfume laden air;  
Native sons and Daughters rally, bright and gay;  
Where our bold Red, white, and Blue, and our dashing "Dixie", too;  
California's bands, forever, proudly play.  
With our Grizzly bear before us we march to the mighty chorus,  
Of the Union songs we always loved so well;  
With our Sister States we stand for the dear old Yankee Land;  
Hetch the Starry Flag of Freedom here to dwell.

3

When the foreign despots fume; and the cannons loudly boom;  
and our battle fleet steers boldly for the sea;  
You will see the Native Sons; standing by Old Uncle's guns;  
With their brothers from across the Mis-sip-pee;  
You will find that we're no slackers; with old Uncle Sam to back us;  
When a tyrant dares assail the boys in blue;  
From the East to setting sun, all the Yankees are as one--  
To Old Glory and our President we're true.

over.

4  
Then come out, O Sweetheart, true; neath the sunny skies, so blue;  
And we'll ramble through the golden meadows free;  
With those merry eyes so bright, twinkling like the stars at night.  
Little sweetheart, you are just the girl for me.  
I will stroll with you, forever, down the paths beside the river,  
Through the forests where we've ever loved to roam;  
Here beneath this stately pine, in the land of fruit and wine;  
Is a dandy place to build our future home.

C•H•O•R•U•S.  
In dear old California, the land of the Golden West;  
With good reason she can hold her head so high;  
Dear old land of birds and bees;  
Land of flow'rs and giant trees;  
Land of gardens by the seas;  
Smiling ever neath a bright and sunny sky.

A series of ten blank musical staves, each consisting of five horizontal lines, arranged vertically on a single sheet of aged, yellowish paper. The staves are evenly spaced and occupy most of the page's vertical space.