

JAN 24 1918

"OUR NATIVE LAND"

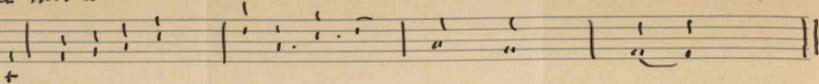
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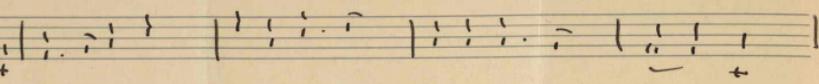
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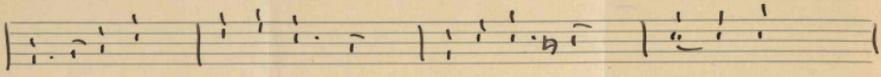
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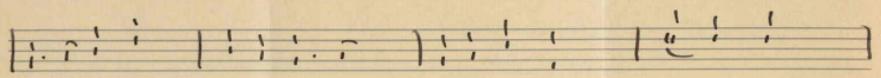
R. A. BROWNE,
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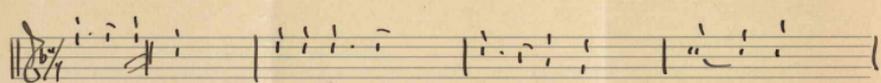
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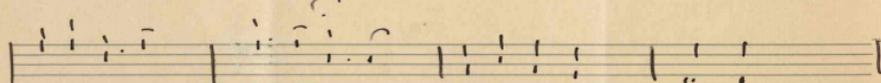
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guy $\frac{3}{4}$ 



"OUR NATIVE LAND" By Anna Davis.

Oh, Land of Freedom, loyalty, and Homes o'er prairies wide;
 Oh Land of sunshine and of rain, where beautiful rivers glide;
 Oh, Native Land--my happy home--that's ever dear to me;
 For East, or West, wher'er we roam, we always still love thee.

Beneath old Europe's sunny skies, beyond the crystal sea;
 In all the lands where we have roamed, there's none compared to thee;
 Oh, land of gallant men, so brave; of women kind and true;
 You dear old--grand--America, we sure are proud of you.

We'll all defend our country, dear, regardless of the cost;
 All of thy sons follow the Flag; thy daughters the red Cross;
 We'll stand by our own native land; our Nation, and our Home;
 We will preserve the heritage, our fathers handed down.

Oh, native land of liberty--without a king or crown;
 The Flag's dear stars like Heaven's stars, no nation shall pull down;
 But o'er this land, from shore to shore; our Flag shall always wave;
 Above a land of loyal hearts, and gallant men, so brave.

CHORUS.

Hail to Thee, America; the land that's ever blessed;
 With health, and wealth, and happiness; and all that we love best.

