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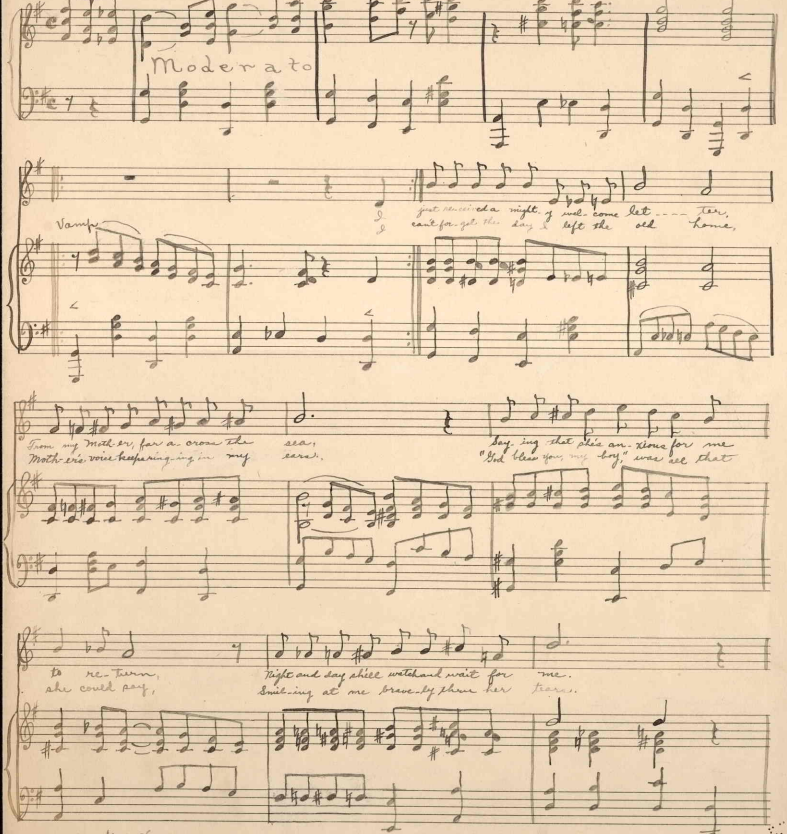
DEC 21 1918

Words and music by Lillian Poole Fournier.

I'm Going Home Tonight to Michigan,
"Where I was Born."



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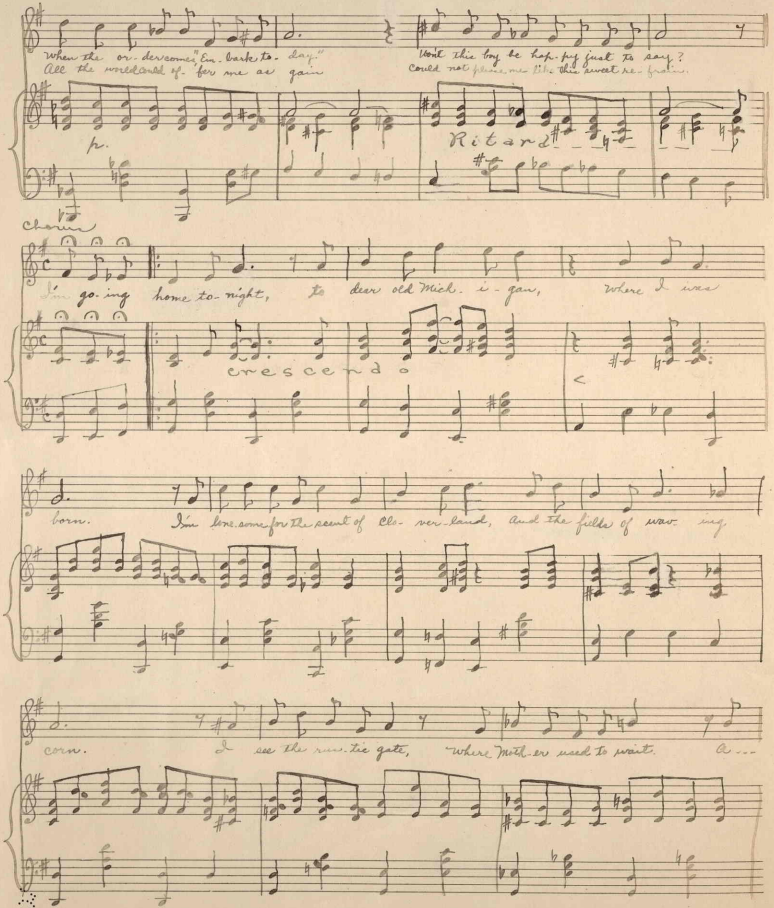


When the or-der comes "Em-bark to-day."
All the world could of-fer me as gain
Won't this boy be hap-py just to say?
Could not please me like this sweet re-frain.

p.

Ritard

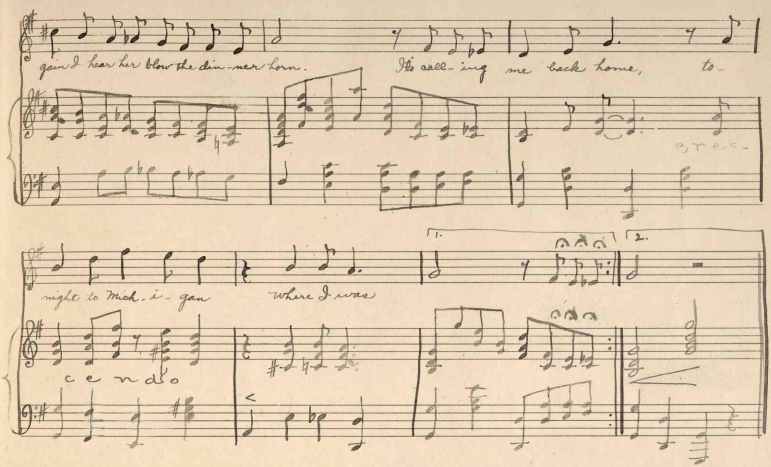
Chorus

I'm go-ing home to-night, to dear old Mich-i-gan, where I was

crescendo

born. I'm lone-some for the scent of Clo-ver-land, and the fields of wav-ing

corn. I see the rus-tic gate, where Moth-er used to wait. A...


gain'd hear her blow the din-ner horn.
It's call-ing me back home, to-
night to Mich-i-gan
where I was
cendo
1.
2.