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THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME DEAR IN THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.

Words & Music
by
W. H. KANOUSE

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INTRO.
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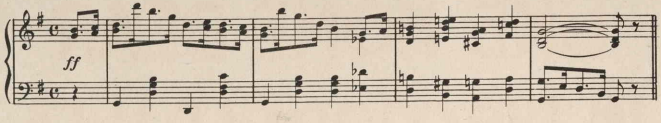
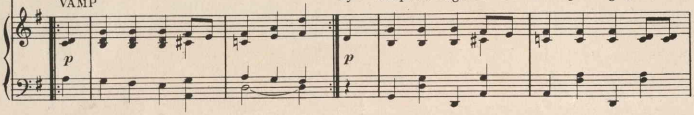


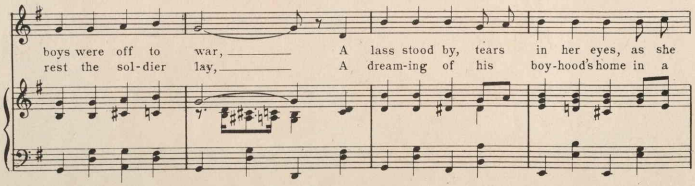
VOICE

The tramp of feet on the vil - lage street, for the
By camp-fire bright in the moon's pale light, at

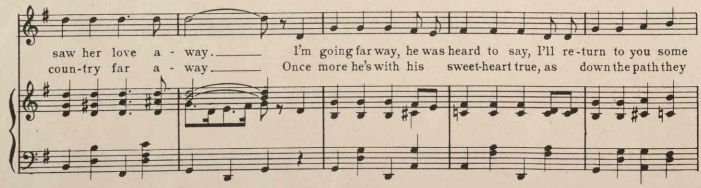
VAMP



boys were off to war, A lass stood by, tears in her eyes, as she
rest the sol-dier lay, A dream-ing of his boy-hood's home in a



saw her love a - way. I'm going far way, he was heard to say, I'll re-turn to you some
coun-try far a - way. Once more he's with his sweet-heart true, as down the path they



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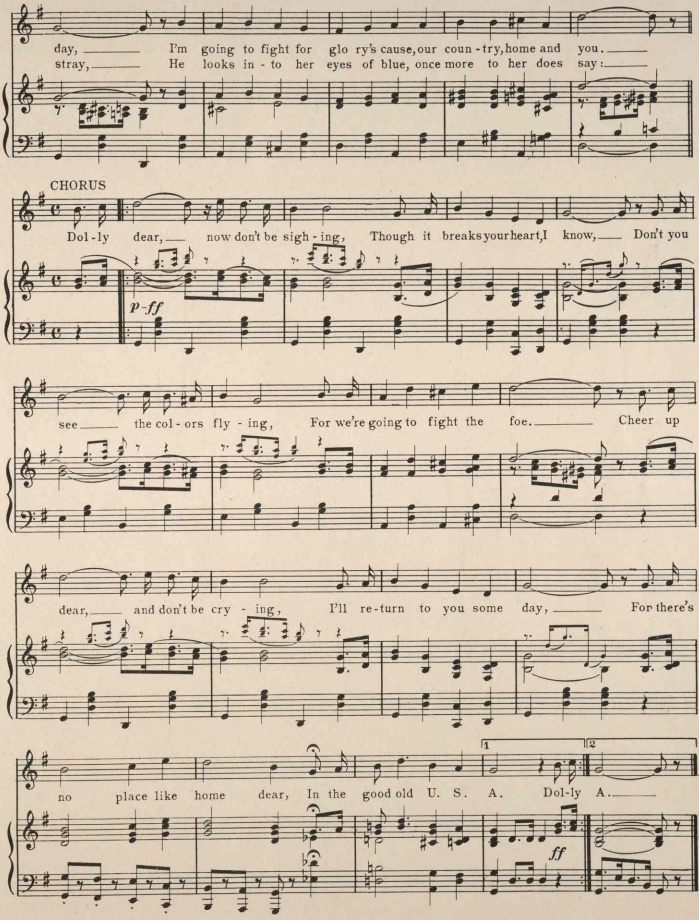
day, I'm going to fight for glo ry's cause, our coun - try, home and you.
stray, He looks in - to her eyes of blue, once more to her does say:
CHORUS
Dol - ly dear, now don't be sigh - ing, Though it breaks your heart, I know, Don't you
p - ff
see the col - ors fly - ing, For we're going to fight the foe. Cheer up
dear, and don't be cry - ing, I'll re - turn to you some day, For there's
no place like home dear, In the good old U. S. A. Dol-ly A.
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2
ff

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