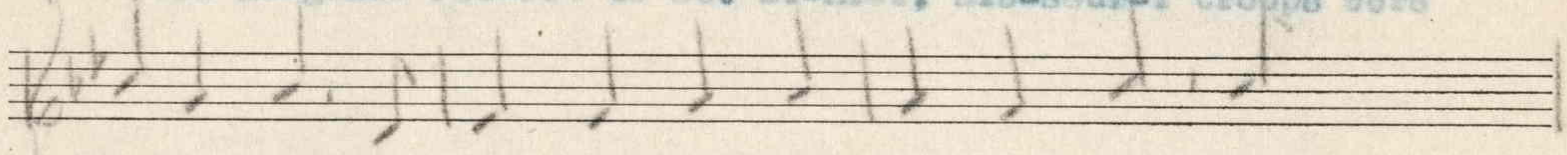
AUG 27 1919 ©CIE458305

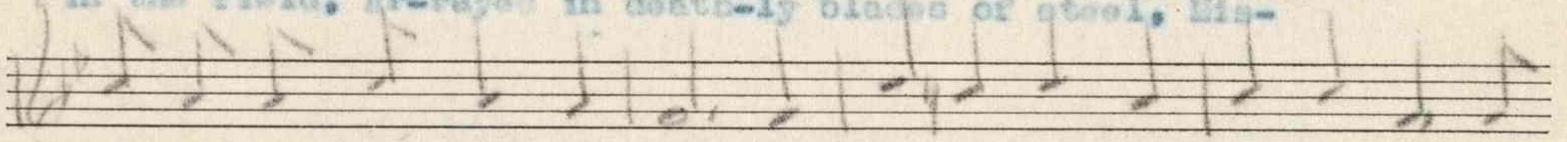
MISSOURILAND, MISSOURILAND.

Robert L. Gideon. Louis Lamont.

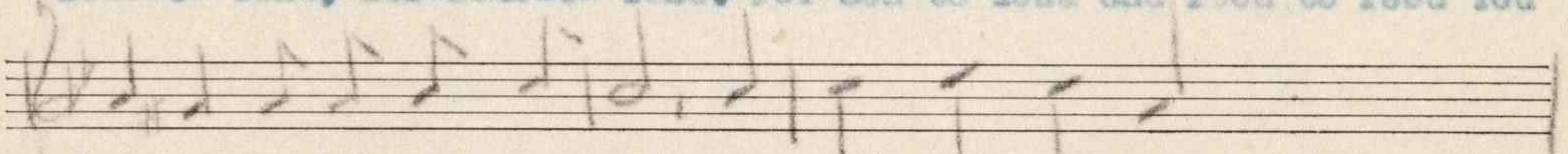
From Ar-gonne For-est to St. Mi-hiel, Mis-sour-i troops were



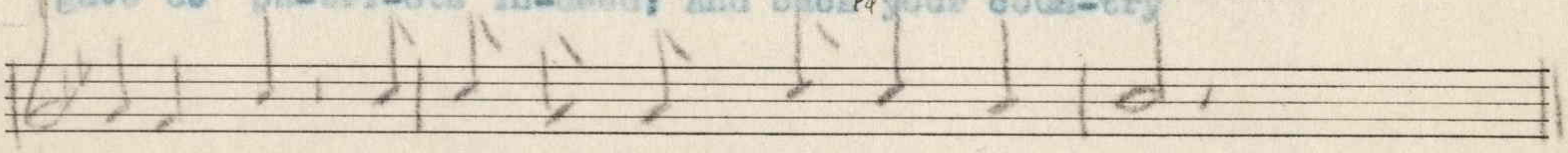
in the field, Ar-rayed in death-ly blades of steel, Mis-



sour-i- land, Mis-sour-i- land. For men to lead and food to feed You



gave us pa-tri-ots in-deed; And back your coun-try



in her need, Mis-sour-i - land, Mis- sour-i - land.

(2)

Remember Pershing is your son,
And Crowder too is also one;
And how the war their genius won,
Missouriland, Missouriland.
All hail to thee, my native state
For backing Lincoln strong and great;
And helping seal the S uthern fate,
Missouriland, Missouriland.

(3)

I love to see your rugged hills,
I love to see your sparkling rills;
And hear the birds sweet music thrill,
Missouriland, Missouriland.
All hail to thee, my native state,
Missouriland, so strong and great;
Renowned and famed from early date,
Missouriland, Missouriland.

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