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The Land Of The Free
Lorimer and Chorus

Music by
ROBERT HOOD BOWERS

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH

Marcia

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Our mothers all hate titles and you never see our

1. As they do
2. Very true

1. As they do
2. Very true

Rome and says "We've got this beat a mile at home." heard, and as for graft, we do not know the word.
girls buy dead broke dukes and id - i - ot - ic ears.

CHORUS (shouted) LORIMER Refrain

1:3. Lorimer! Speech! Thank you! For you
2:3. Oh you
3: Oh you

The Land of the Free 4
Can't beat the land of freedom
That our

Ever you roam
For compared to all these

Dear land of liberty
No one ever in a

Rich men their taxes pay
We've no ticket spee-

Places our old U.S.A. is aces,
There is no place like

Hurry and our motto is "don't worry"
There is no place like

Migration and no food adulteration
There is no place like

Home sweet home
'Tis there every man is

Home to me
To one man who steals a

Home, I say
Our custom house treats you
Like brothers they all behave
We say "Naughty boy, behave"

The poor man never is the goat and no one ever
While he who steals a loaf of bread to jail for twenty

They do not scatter on the docks your lingerie and
Sells his vote in the Land of the free and the home of the

Yes, pants and socks in the Land of the free and the home of the

One, brave. For you brave.
Two, brave. Oh you brave.
Oh you brave.