America, I Love You.

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE

Music by
ARCHIE GOTTLER.

Amid fields of clover, 'Twas just a little
From all sorts of places, They welcomed all the

A hundred years ago,
To settle on their shore,

handful of strangers, They faced many dangers To
didn't care which one, The poor or the rich one They

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make their country grow
It's
still had room for more
To

now quite a na­tion Of wond­rous pop­u­la­tion, And
give them pro­tec­tion By pop­u­lar elec­tion, A

free from ev­ry king,
It's
set of laws they chose,
They're

your land it's my land, A great do or die land, And
your laws and my laws, For your cause and my cause That's

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that's just why I sing.
why this country rose.

Chorus.

A - mer - i ca, I love you,
You're like a

sweetheart of mine,
From ocean to ocean, For

you my devotion, Is touching each bound'ry line,
Just like a little baby

Climbing it's mother's knee,

America, I love you, And there's a hundred million other's like me.

America I Love You