STEP ALONG WITH ME

SONG

Lyric by
LOUIS WESLYN

Music by
LEON ROSEBROOK

Allegro moderato

PACK UP YOUR TRAVELING BAG
And we'll salute the flag
Steam-ships are loaded down
Great crowds are leaving town

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As we go sailing away We love America best
Just like a gold-mining craze And folks who never would roam

But we are needing a rest From all the cranks that infest
Away from comforts of home Are sailing over the foam

I've just consulted the
Of our old friends we're be-

And while there is life there is hope
There's only a few of them left

Step Along With Me - 4
CHORUS

Come on along with me

Past the three mile limit out at sea

To Havana that's the place to be

No dry land for my land Let's seek that Cuban Island
"My country 'tis of thee"

That we sang in days of liberty

Absence makes us fonder
Don't remain a Ruben
Cuba beckons yonder
Pack up and

step along with me

Step Along With Me - 4