

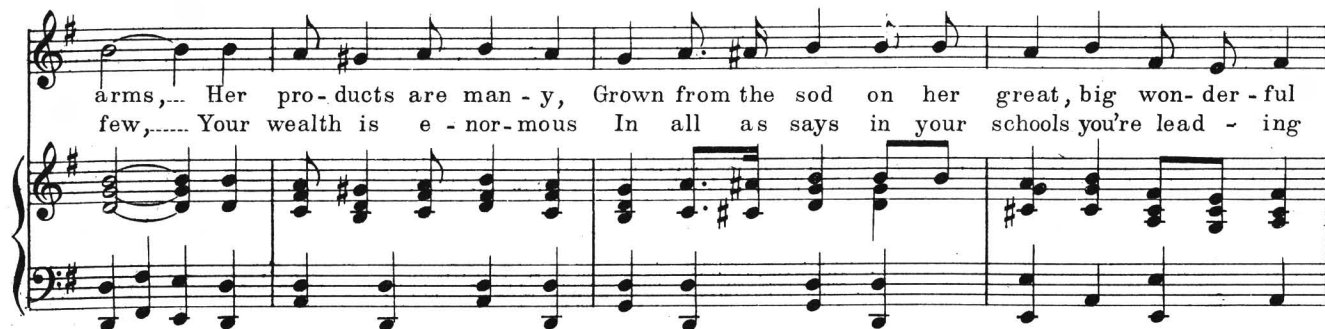
NEBRASKA

By Wm. Da VEE

INTRO.



Ne - bras - ka, the land of the gold - en rod, Wel comes you with o - pen
A lead - er you are in man - y ways, You're be - hind on - ly a



arms, Her pro - ducts are man - y, Grown from the sod on her great, big won - der - ful
few, Your wealth is e - nor - mous In all as says in your schools you're lead - ing



farms, Her peo - ple are con - tent - ed and care not to roam both in
too, Your cit - ies are man - y your Me - tro - po - lis is one



cit - y and coun - try as well, Most an - y one is luck - y to
of the great - est in the land, In stock re - cepts you're sec - ond, ele -

call it..... home Her..... pro - ducts thro' - out the wide world sell..... Oh, you
va - tors most bust It's an hon - or to be of your great clan.....

CHORUS

dear old home state Ne - bras - ka, Your the fair - est in the land,

Cat - tle, corn, hay, wheat and po - ta - toes, and there's pot - ash in your sand,..... No

mat - ter where we may trav - el, No mat - ter where we may roam,..... We are

al - ways glad to get back To Ne - bras - ka, our old home.....