

Nebraska

Poem by HENRY M. HOPEWELL

Music by ABBIE NORTON JAMISON

1. There's a
2. O the

Rall.

land with its sweet-scent-ed mead - ows, Where the hills and the val - leys are
land that is roll - ing and fer - tile, Where the grains and the grass - es are

green, Where the east and the west meet in splen - dor, In the
grown, And the land with its rich - es and glo - ry Is Ne-

vale of a beau - ti - ful scene. 'Tis Ne - bras - ka, the home of de -
 bras - ka, Ne - bras - ka, my own. 'Tis Ne - bras - ka whose em - blem shines

vo - tion, Fair Ne - bras - ka where - ev - er I roam; I shall
 bright - ly In the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner so true, And whose

cher - ish and love thee for - ev - er, O Ne - bras - ka, Ne - bras - ka, my
 pa - tri - ots stand for de - vo - tion To the Flag of the Red, White and

home. There's a land where the cli - mate is fair - est, Where the
 Blue. O the birds of Ne - bras - ka sing sweet - est, For they

sky is the clear - est of blue, Where the glow of the sun - set is
sing of the land of the blest, And they sing of the grains and the

gold - en, And the beau - ty en - chant - ing to view. 'Tis Ne -
mead - ows Of Ne - bras - ka, the gem of the west. Fair Ne -

bras - ka, the home of con - tent - ment; 'Tis Ne - bras - ka, the great - est and best: O the
bras - ka, the home of de - vo - tion; Fair Ne - bras - ka where - ev - er I roam, I shall

land I shall cher - ish for - ev - er Is Ne - bras - ka, the gem of the west.
cher - ish and love thee for - ev - er, O Ne - bras - ka, Ne - bras - ka, my home.