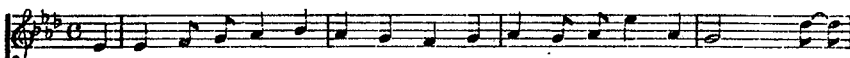


Oklahoma.

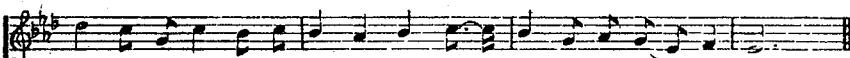
(A TOAST.)

HARRIET PARKER CAMDEN.

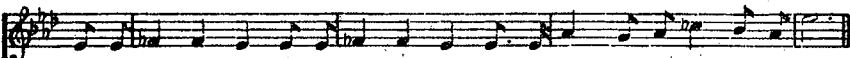
HARRIET PARKER CAMDEN, by permission.
Arr. by J. W. SCROGGS.



1. I give you a land of sun and flow'rs, And sum-mer a whole year long: I
2. A land where the fields of gold-en grain, Like waves on a sun-lit sea, Bend



give you a land where the gold-en hours Roll by to the mocking bird's song:
low to the breezes that sweep the plain With a wel-come to you and me:



Where the cot-ton blooms 'neath the southern sun Where the vintage hangs thick on the vine:
Where the corn grows high 'neath the smiling sky Where the quail whistles low in the grass:



Oklahoma.—Concluded.



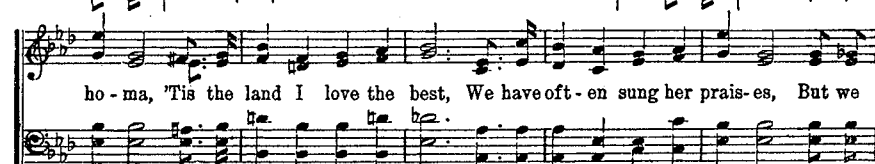
A land whose sto-ry has just be-gun, This won-der-ful land of mine.
And fruit trees greet with a bur-den sweet, And per-fume the winds that pass.



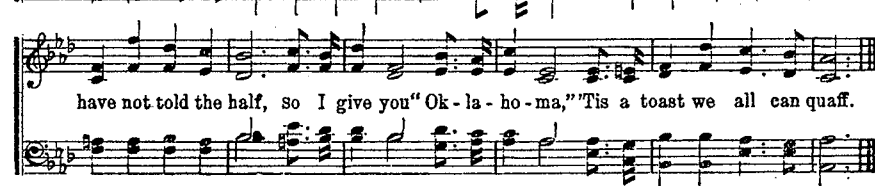
CHORUS.



Ok-la-ho-ma, Ok-la-ho-ma, Fairest daughter of the West, Ok-la-ho-ma, Ok-la-



ho-ma, 'Tis the land I love the best, We have oft-en sung her prais-es, But we



have not told the half, So I give you "Ok-la-ho-ma," 'Tis a toast we all can quaff.

