

SM 1362

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# Lithograph Land.

Words by  
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by  
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

There  
The  
is a land that's near at hand, To which we long to fly My  
cloudso'er head are some-times red, The grass is of - ten pink, There  
own sweet-heart and I 'Tis there we'd live and die This  
green flam - in - goes drink From lakes as black as ink Se -  
mys - tic strand is dai - ly scanned By count - less scores of eyes 'Neath  
rene - ly browse the pur - ple cows That on - ly there one sees While

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Lithograph Land.

or - ange tint - ed skies — It's sky blue for - ests rise — To  
 a ver - mil - lion breeze — Blows through the yel - low trees — We'd

Slowly.

find and dwell with-in it our am - bi - tion most in - tense is, 'Tis the  
 hap - py be for - ev - er in the ma - ny hues ex - ten - ses Of the

*Colla Voco.*

land of high art post-ers which we see up - on the fenc - es — In  
 land of high art post-ers which we see up - on the fenc - es —

Refrain.

Lith - o - graph Land! In Lith - o - graph Land! Could we but find the

*p-f*  
*tempo.*

*gva Basso.*

Lithograph Land.

way — We'd mar-ried be by the dark brown sea, Some lem-on col-ored

*emphasize.*  
day, would we! In Lith - o - graph Land! In Lith - o - graph Land! Tis a

*gva Basso.*

beau-ti-ful place to spoon — As you i - dly stray in the pur-ple ray, Of the

*gva Basso.*

rain - bow col - ored moon. In moon. —

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