

# America, I Love You

Words by  
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Music by  
ARCHIE GOTTLER

(Marcia)



A - mid fields of clov - er, 'Twas just a lit - tle o - ver A  
From all sorts of plac - es, They wel - comed all the rac - es To



hun - dred years a - go, \_\_\_\_\_ A hand - ful of strang - ers, They faced man - y  
set - tle on their shore; \_\_\_\_\_ They did - n't care which one, The poor or the



dan - gers To make their coun - try grow. \_\_\_\_\_ It's now quite a na - tion Of  
rich one, They still had room for more. \_\_\_\_\_ To give them pro - tec - tion By



wond - 'rous pop - u - la - tion, And free from ev - 'ry king, \_\_\_\_\_ It's your land, it's  
po - u - lar e - lec - tion, A set of laws they chose; \_\_\_\_\_ They're your laws and



my land, A great do or die land, And that's just why I sing. \_\_\_\_\_  
my laws, For your cause and my cause— That's why this coun - try rose. \_\_\_\_\_

## Chorus



A - mer - i - ca, I love you, You're like a sweet-heart of mine, \_\_\_\_\_ From



o-cean to o-cean, For you my de - vo-tion, Is touch-ing each bound-'ry line. \_\_\_\_\_ Just



like a lit-tle ba - by, Climb-ing its moth-er's knee, \_\_\_\_\_ A - mer - i - ca, I



love you, And there's a hun-dred mil-lion oth-ers like me. \_\_\_\_\_ A - me. \_\_\_\_\_