

Fifty Nifty United States

Fifty nifty United States from thirteen original colonies;
Fifty nifty stars in the flag that billows so beautifully in the breeze.
Each individual state contributes a quality that is great.
Each individual state deserves a bow, we salute them now.

Fifty nifty United States from thirteen original colonies.
Shout 'em, scout 'em, tell all about 'em.
One by one till we've given a day to every state in the U.S.A.

Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut

Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana,

Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts,
Michigan.

Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada;

New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York,

North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania,

Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas;

Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

North, south, east, west, in our calm, objective opinion, Idaho is the best of
the
Fifty nifty United States from thirteen original colonies.
Shout 'em, scout 'em, tell all about 'em, one by one till we've given a day to
Every state in the good old U.S.A.

Shenandoah

1. Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, no more to hear you,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross a tide of misery.

2. Oh, Shenandoah, we'll miss your waters,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, remember us, your sons and daughters,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross a tide of misery.

3. Oh, Shenandoah, we're bound to wander,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, no more to wander,
Away, we're bound away,

Oh, Susanna

1. I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see;
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS

Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

2. I had a dream the other night when everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna a-coming down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye.
Says I, "I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry."

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

1. O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain,
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.

2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness.
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control, thy liberty in law.

3. O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life.
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness and every gain divine.

4. O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.