Hello America, Hello

Moderato

Words and Music by GEO. FAIRMAN

At a wireless telephone. A Yankee boy sat
What's the trouble wireless man. Why should I wait in
all alone. In a foreign land where he took his stand. Far away from home.
Amsterdam. For an hour or two on account of you? Tell me if you can.

"What's the matter, Operator?"
"Just a minute Mister Yankee,
I heard him say, Please hold the line, "Can't you see I'm
in an awful hurry, Why this delay. Hello hello, "Go ahead there's your party,"
get you back your party, Just take your time. Hello hello, Go ahead they are waiting,"

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Hello America, Hello, I thought I'd phone and let you know that I'm returning, To the land that gave me birth, To the greatest place on earth.

And the folks at home that I left alone, Way down in Dixie, What Ho, America, What (Gee but it's fine just to hear your voice upon the line)

Ho! Just tell the sweetest girl I know.

(What do you want to let her know?)

That some day, When the sun is sinking in the West,... I'll say to the land that I love the best,... Hello America, Hello!