

# HAIL, WISCONSIN!

## A March Song

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Music by B. H. POUCHER

**March tempo**

You may sing a - bout your old Ken - tuck - y  
 You may sing a - bout your Cal - i - forn - ia

moon - light, — Or your home in Ten - nes - see —  
 ros - es, — Or your Dix - ie land so fair —

— Your In - di - an - a home down on the Wa - bash — Or where -  
 — The cot - ton blos - soms down in old Vir - gin - ia — And your

ev - er it may be \_\_\_\_\_ But the place for  
long - ing to be there \_\_\_\_\_ But the place to

which my heart is year - ing \_\_\_\_\_ And the place I long to  
which my thoughts are turn - ing \_\_\_\_\_ And the on - ly place to

see \_\_\_\_\_ Is my dear old Bad - ger home \_\_\_\_\_  
be \_\_\_\_\_ Is my dear old Bad - ger home \_\_\_\_\_

state, Wis - con - sin's the place for me \_\_\_\_\_  
state, Wis - con - sin, all hail to thee \_\_\_\_\_

*rit*

## CHORUS

*a tempo*

It has the beau - ty, \_\_\_\_\_ and it has all na - ture's charms

*a tempo*

Sweet scen - ted mead - ows and great fer - tile

farms, Vir - gin for - ests where all wild things

dwell, In leaf - y bow - er and shad - ow - y dell

With wild flow-ers bloom - ing in val - leys

green Limp flow - ing brook - lets and mur - mur - ing streams,

Your riv - ers flow - ing, and lakes so

blue Old Wis - con - sin, hail to you!

*rit*