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Everybody's Going Across

Words by Aurora Borges

Music by Arthie Bowers

Tempo di Marcia

Voice

Ev'-ry-body's going a-cross so joy-ful-ly. Soldiers, Red Cross
Ev'-ry-bodys go-ing but those left be-hind, They will do their

nur-ses. O'er the bri-ny sea, Clerks and sailors all so true, Doc-tors, Pat-ors,
bit by giv-ing up their dimes, And when we get o'er the sea, fight-ing there for

rit

Lawy-ers too, And the true hard working man, He's do-ing his share all he can.
Vic-to-ry, We'll go for as he who dare, For Yan-kee sons, They know no fear.

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Cto f

An-y rage, an-y bones, an-y old tin cans, Will help our-

mf-f

a tempo

boys in "no-man's-land" Ev-'ry bit that you can spare, Will bring Vic-'try "over there" And-

make the Kai-ser rue the day. Un-cle Sam will have no boss, That's why he's

sending them a-cross, He is sending, and sending his sons a-cross. An-y cross.

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