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COMES THE BOYS FROM OVER THERE.

Vernless L. Glean. Jean Navarre.

We hear cries fill the air at the ear-ly dawn of Spring; We send our boys ov-er there To fight for what free-dom brings. We see fight-ing all a- round, And bombs thar-ing up the ground; We hear triumphs fill the air For the boys from ov-er There.

CHORUS.

There's shrills fly-ing thru the air When the break-ing dawn is nigh; And glearing it's gleam is seen On the dark and break-ing sky. Here and there a dead one lies With their spirits in the skies; We hear death's mis-er-y sound And dead ly-ing all a- round, While the living are challenged there Throwing bombs thru the air.

Clayton F. Summy Co., Music Tablet.

(2)

There are bombs in the air,
When the twilight sultry beams;
Then their warlike voice retreats,
And they their captured redeems.
"Then oh, then! our task is done",
Shouts the pure and bravest one;
May our hearts be cheered while there,
Comes the boys from over there.

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