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AUG 22 1918

"WE'RE THE BOYS!"

(Song)

WORDS, MUSIC, & COPYRIGHT BY GRACE TILDEN BURROWS, BARTOW. FLA

MUSIC ARR'D BY

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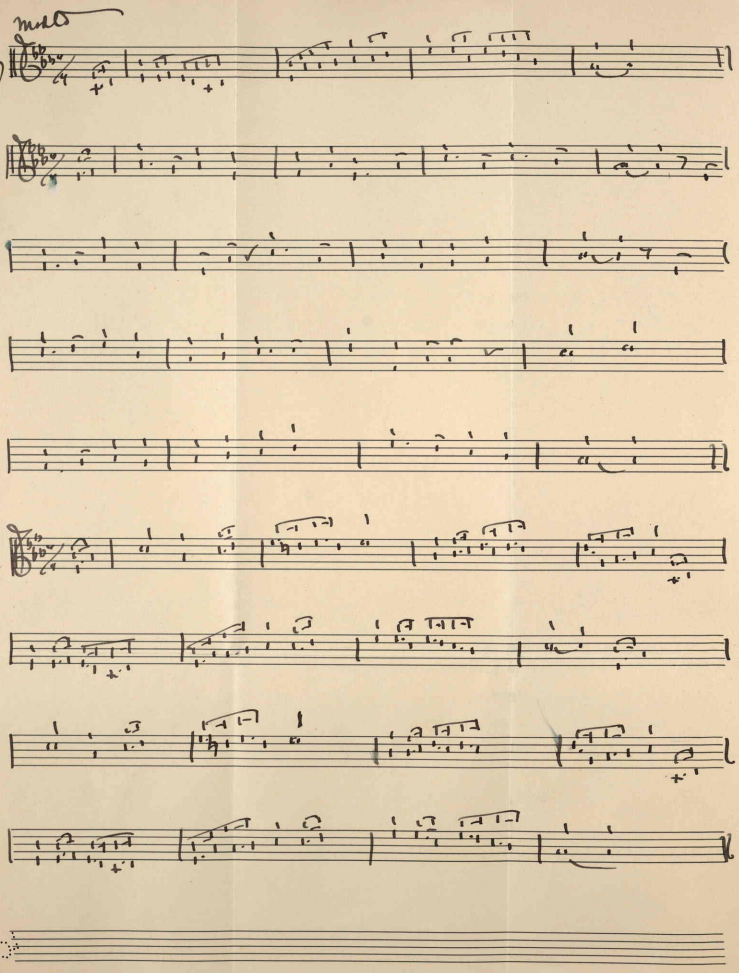

molto
Fiatoso
Trog
Cho

GRACE TILDEN BURROWS
BARTOW, FLORIDA

WE'RE THE BOYS

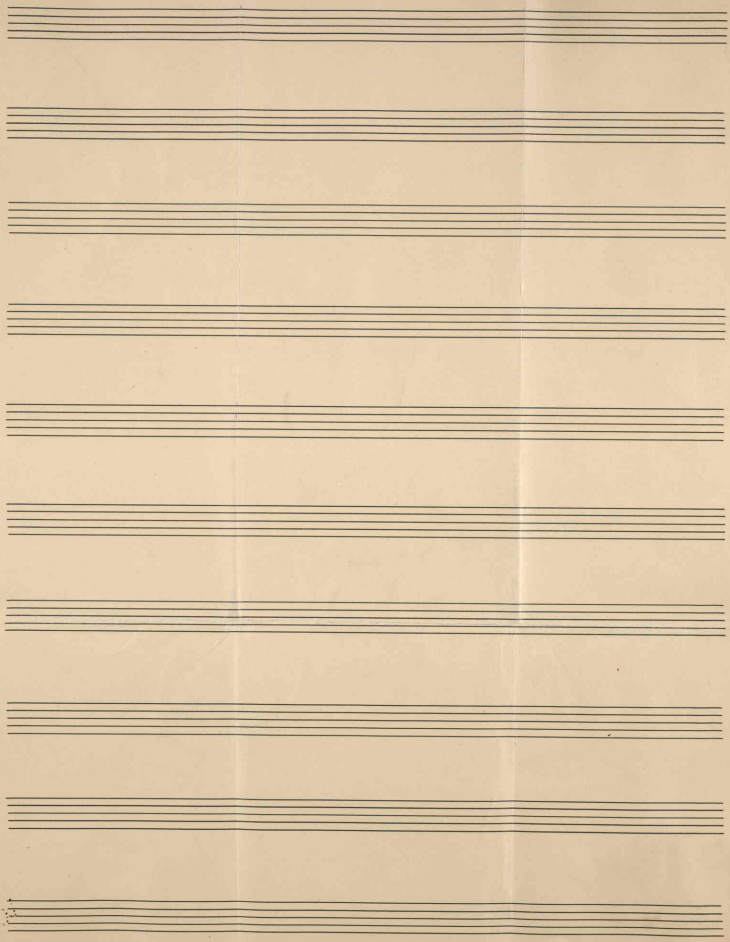
By Grace Tilden Burrows

We're the boys from good old U.S.A.
America the brave!
We're out to fight for God and right
Just see Old Glory wave.
She's caught a mighty Heav'n-sent breeze,
She flings her colors true.
We love her bars of red and white
Her stars in field of blue.

Over there, boys, there's work that must be done;
Follow the colors, ev'ry loyal mother's son.
She who loves you is waiting for your coming by-and-by
When the cause you are fighting for is won.

We're the sons of grand old Uncle Sam
We die to make men free.
We'll fight and win this holy war
On ev'ry land and sea.
We sail the heav'ns and search the skies,
We fling our colors true;
God bless the bars of red and white
The stars in field of blue.

Over there, boys, there's work that must be done &c.



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