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# "Flying;" — 1

## or, Aviation song.

words & music by Gertrude Brick

How you're heart it thrills & stirrs when you're little engine purrs and you.
We are pi-lots of the skies to be our na-tion's eyes. and we.

find you're up when all things look like blurrs 'tis a glorious oc-cu-pa-tion
hope our planes will fill the air like flies for o-ver there they're dy-ing

when you know a na-tion, is look-ing now to a-vi-a tion.
brok-on hearts are cry-ing — that's the rea-son that we're fly-ing. —

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Made in Germany for
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No. 2.

we han conquered ev-ery for on land and sea. now we're go-ing up where ever-
pack-ing all our trou-bles in our old Knap-sack. thinking of the hap-py days then

thing is free The Ace is high - and by and by there'll be no
we'll come back. thro the bound-less blue of heaven so true. to home and

Kings + queens but you and I
you — when we are through - and we'll be

Cho.

Fly-ing Fly-ing fly-ing

-way up in the air - seems like heaven's a-round you ev-ery where.

leaving all the world be-hind Oh! what joy it is to find something to do and

Dare when we're sail-ing o'er the Rhine boys wont it be just fine?

We'll play a game that's fair but if the Bochers want the earth, they'll

pay us what its worth, so we're going to keep on fly-ing till we're there.

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