OVER THERE.

By GEORGE M. COHAN.

Moderato Allegro.

John-nie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run

John-nie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
John-ny show the Hun you're a son of a run

Hear them calling you and me
Evr'ry son of liberty

Hoist the flag and let her fly
Yan-kee Dood-le do or die

Hur-ry right away no delay go today
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad

Pack your little kit show your grit do your bit
Yankees to the ranks from the towns and the tanks

Tell your sweetheart not to pine
To be proud her boy's in line.

Make your mother proud of you
And the old Red White and Blue.
Refrain.

Over there over there Send the word, send the word over there
That the Yanks are coming the Yanks are coming The drums rum-
tum-ning every where So prepare say a pray'r Send the
word, send the word to beware We'll be over we're coming o-
ver And we won't come back till it's over over there. Over there.