One, Two, Three, Boys
Over The Top We Go

Words and Music by
Chas. K. Harris
One, Two, Three, Boys,
(Over The Top We Go)

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CHAS. K. HARRIS

Tempo di Marcia

Piano

What care we when bullets are a-whistling o'er our heads,
Nothing ever worries us and nothing ever will.

What care we for shrapnel or for shell;
They have tried their gases and their
Nothing is too hard for us to try,
We go singing into battle.

great big 'Berth-as,' too,
Now you watch us make those fellows yell.
'cause we know we're right
And we're over here to do or die.

Chorus.

Now, all together,
don't mind the weather;
One, two, three, boys and
Over the top we go,
Show them we're ready,
Keep cool and steady,
Think of only how they treat you if they beat you.

Show them no quarter,
don't think you oughta,
Hold tight, just fight, America's watching you.
Think of Belgium, fight and show her, Think of France and all we owe her.

One, two, three, boys, over the top we go.