

OVER THERE

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run;
Hear them calling you and me;
Evry son of liberty.
Hurry right a way, no de-lay, go to day,
Make your dad-dy glad, to have had a such a lad,
Tell your sweet-heart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.

Over there,----over there
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming
The drums rum-tumming ev'ry where

So prepare,---say a pray'r,-----
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be o-ver, we're coming o-ver
And we won't come back till it's over—over there.