OVER THERE.

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By GEORGE M. COHAN.

Moderato Allegro.

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
Take it on the run, on the run, on the

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
Johnny show the Hun you're a son of a

run Hear them calling you and me Ev'ry son of lib-er-ty

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

Hur-ry right a-way no de-lay go to-day Make your daddy glad to have had such a
Pack your lit-tle kit show your grit do your bit Yan-kees to the ranks from the towns and the

lad Tanks Tell your sweet-heart not to pine To be proud her boy's in line.

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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-ming ev'rywhere—So prepare—say a pray'r—Send the word, send the word to beware—We'll be over we're coming over And we won't come back till it's over over there. Over there.
TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Cotton Pickin' Time In Alabam

Words by HAROLD COOL
Music by ARTHUR J. DALY

Not Fast

CHORUS
When those southern bands begin to play, You'll see those darkies run ning down the quay, Say Hear comes old Mose and Mam my hold in' on to little Sam my Act in' like they're two years old to day, Just you watch them com ing down the line, How that good old southern moon will shine, And

"All Acts Agree on this Hit"

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