

"OVERTHERE"

BY GEORGE M. COHAN

THE ROARING TWENTIES

CHORUS

OVER THERE! OVER THERE!
SEND THE WORD, SEND
THE WORD, OVER THERE!
THAT THE YANKS ARE
COMING, THE YANKS ARE
COMING,
THE DRUMS RUM-TUMMING
EVERYWHERE!
SO PREPARE, SAY A PRAYER,
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!



VERSE 1

*Johnny, 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,
Every Son of Liberty!
Hurry right away, no delay, go
today.
Make your Daddy glad to have
had such a lad.
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.*

VERSE 2

*Johnny, get your gun, get your
gun, get your gun.
Johnny, show the "Hun" you're a
son-of-a-gun.
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Yankee Doodle do or die!
Pack your little kit, show your
grit, do your bit.
Yankees to the ranks from the
towns and the tanks.
Make your Mother proud of you
And the old red, white, and
blue!*