

Over There

Composer: George M Cohan



[C] Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
[Dm] Take it on the run, on the run, on the run.
[G7] Hear them calling, [C7] you and [C] me,
[D7] Every son of [G7] liberty.
[C] Hurry right away, no delay, go today,
[Dm] Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad.
[G7] Tell your sweetheart [C7] not to [C] pine,
To be [D7] proud her boy's in [G7] line.

Over [C] there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there
That the [F] Yanks are [G7] coming, the [C] Yanks are coming,
The [G7] drums rum-[F]tutting
Ev'ry-[G7]where.

So pre-[C]pare, say a pray'r, send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over, we're coming [G7] over,
And we [C] won't come [F] back till it's [G7] over
[G7] Over [C] there.

[C] Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
[Dm] Johnnie show the Hun, who's a son of a gun.
[G7] Hoist the flag and [C7] let her [C] fly,
[D7] Yankee Doodle do or [G7] die.
[C] Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit.
[Dm] Yankee to the ranks, from the towns and the tanks.
[G7] Make your mother [C7] proud of [C] you,
[D7] And the old Red, White and [G7] Blue.

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The [G7] drums rum-[F]tutting
Ev'ry-[G7]where.

So pre-[C]pare, say a pray'r,
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We'll be over, we're coming [G7] over,
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[G7] Over [C] there