

George M. Cohan's "Over There" (World War I ballad)

Verse 1

Johnny,^[5] 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](#)"^[6] you're a son-of-a-gun.
Hoist the flag and let her fly
[Yankee Doodle](#)^[7] do or die.
Pack your little [kit](#), show your grit, do your bit.
Yankee^[8] to the ranks from the towns and the tanks.^[9]
Make your Mother proud of you
And the old [red-white-and-blue](#)^[10]

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.

