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MAY 29 1918

"OVER THE TOP"

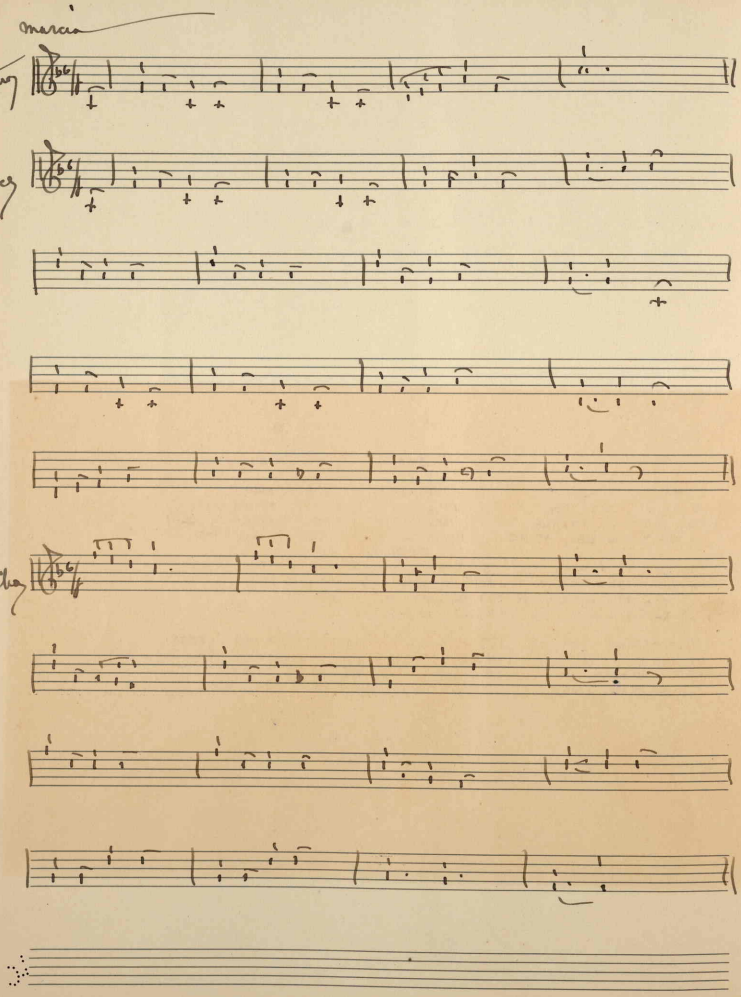
SONG

POEM © COPYRIGHT BY H. HUGHES JOHNSON = WETUMKA OKLA

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWNE,
790 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

M1646
.B



marcia

Fiatuz

Treg

Chez

"Over The Top!" By H. Hughes Johnson.

1

The comp'ny I belong to, in the trenches, here in France;
To find a bit of fault with them, I think there is no chance;
Their grade of mettle they do show; more courage gain, each day;
With eagerness they're waiting just to hear their Captain say:

CHORUS.

"Over the top! over the top! into No Man's Land!
Meet the enemy face to face; and fight him, hand to hand;
Carry on! yes, carry on! and eachone get your nam;
We'll fight our way to victory--through No Man's Land!"

2

If there's a streak of yellow in this bunch it does not show;
They always wear their fighting smile, there hearts are staunch I know;
They never seem to think or care, of danger that is near;
Their keen ears always listening this one command to hear:

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