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# Over The Top, Yankee Boy

Dedicated to
Major W. C. Allen

Words and music by
George C. Bender

March tempo

1. Mark! you the Kais-er and his fiend-ish file, As they pro-fane and de-spoil and be-guile;
2. Fling wide the stand-ard the Huns hate to see, Where it can taunt them and hail vic-to-ry;

cresc.

Look at the em-blems they mock-ing-ly brand, The rub-bish of a vul-gar and a
Yours is the hon-or de-fend-er to be, Of lib-er-ty, pa-tern-i-ty and

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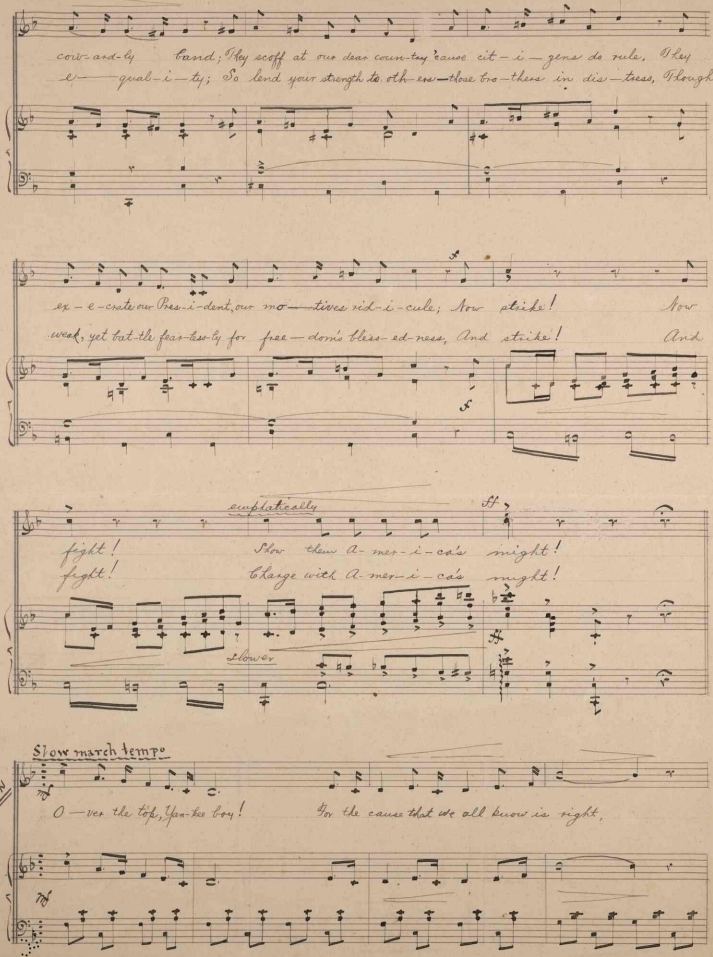


cow-ard-ly band; They scoff at our dear coun-try 'cause cit-i-zens do rule, They
e-qual-i-ty; So lend your strength to oth-ers—those bro-thers in dis-tress, Though

ex-e-crate our Pres-i-dent, our mo-tives rid-i-cule; Now strike! Now
weak, yet bat-tle fear-less-ly for free-dom's bless-ed-ness, And strike! And

*emphatically*

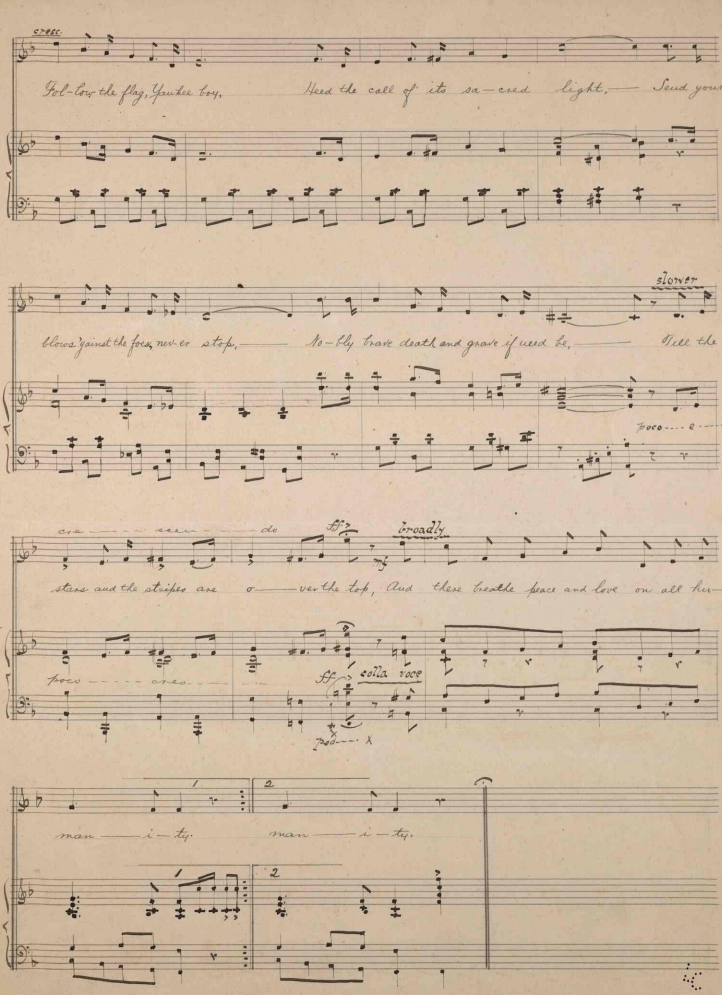
fight! Show them A-mer-i-ca's might!
fight! Charge with A-mer-i-ca's might!

*slower*

Slow march tempo

REFRAIN

O-ver the top, Yan-kee boy! For the cause that we all know is right,



cresc.

Fol-low the flag, Yankee boy, Heed the call of its sa-cred light, — Send your

slower

blows 'gainst the foes, nev-er stop, — No-bly brave death and grave if need be, — Tell the

poco ---- e ----

cre ---- scen ---- do

ff

broadly

mf

stars and the stripes are o — ver the top, And there breathe peace and love on all hu-

poco ---- cres ----

ff

colla voce

poco ---- x

man — i — ty. man — i — ty.