
OVER THE TOP



Words and Music by

LAURA W. COLGROVE



Published by
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'Twas our Yan-kee sol-diers fear-less
Sam my said I hate war but it

keen and gay, Come to get the Kais-er from the U. S. A.
must be done, We must save the na-tions from the Turk and Hun.

Trim and fit in kha-ki armed with sword and lance; Join-ing with the Al-lies on the
So our Yan-kee lad-dies bravely wad-ed in, Bound to fix that Monstroustring and

fields of France; No-ble blood drenched France, with wounds and fight-ing spent,
all its kin; Frightful bloodstained Huns, the beast in hu-man form,

Blessed the Yan-kee sol-diers, and to- geth- er they went.
 Got to be put off the earth or else re- form.

CHORUS

O- ver the top, right o- ver the top, Mak- ing de- moc- ra- cy

safe be- fore they stop, Soon they'll be in, lit- tle old Ber- lin,

Wav- ing Old- Glo- ry in lit- tle old Ber- lin.

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