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OVER HERE, OVER THERE.
Or
I LEFT HER OVER HERE FOR OVER THERE.

Harold P. Keating. M. DuFrerre.

She was my only love, my only, only girl, She kept me cheerful, she kept me glad That she was the only love I ever had. She told me stories of father and his brave deeds, And how he fell in the battle of sixty-three; We'd read of the war and for the allies she would pray, And often times my only love would say-

CHORUS.

"Over here the birds are singing, Over there the bullets flying; Over here 'most all are cheerful, Over there thousands dying. Over here we are full of joy, Over there you are needed, my boy; With a un-i-form neat and a heart full of beats, I left her over here for over there.

(2)

For her I long each day, for her I daily pray,
As I lie here wounded across the sea,
Her loving face, her loving smile I see.
And when I left her and with loving care caressed her,
As she kissed me too and "God-speed" she wished me,
With a record clean and true and a wound or two,
Oh, mother, I will soon be back with you.

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