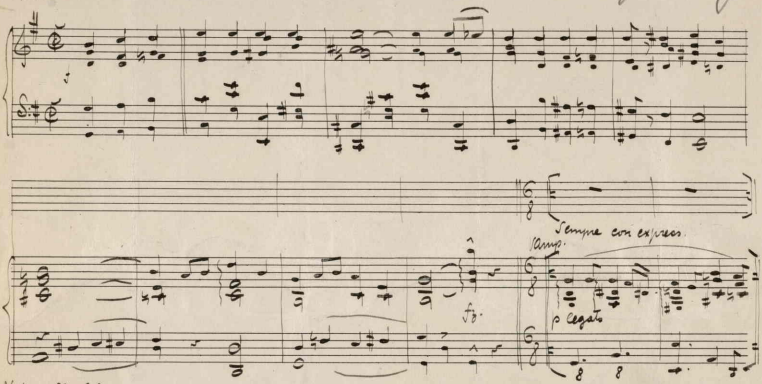
FEB 14 1918 ©CLE415857

Words by
Lew Brown & Al. "Harrington"

I'm over here - You're over there

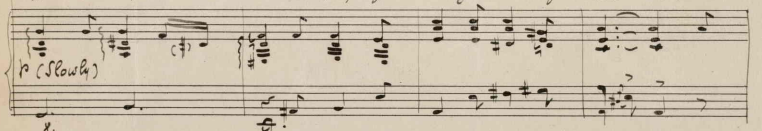
Music by
Jack Egan

Moderato



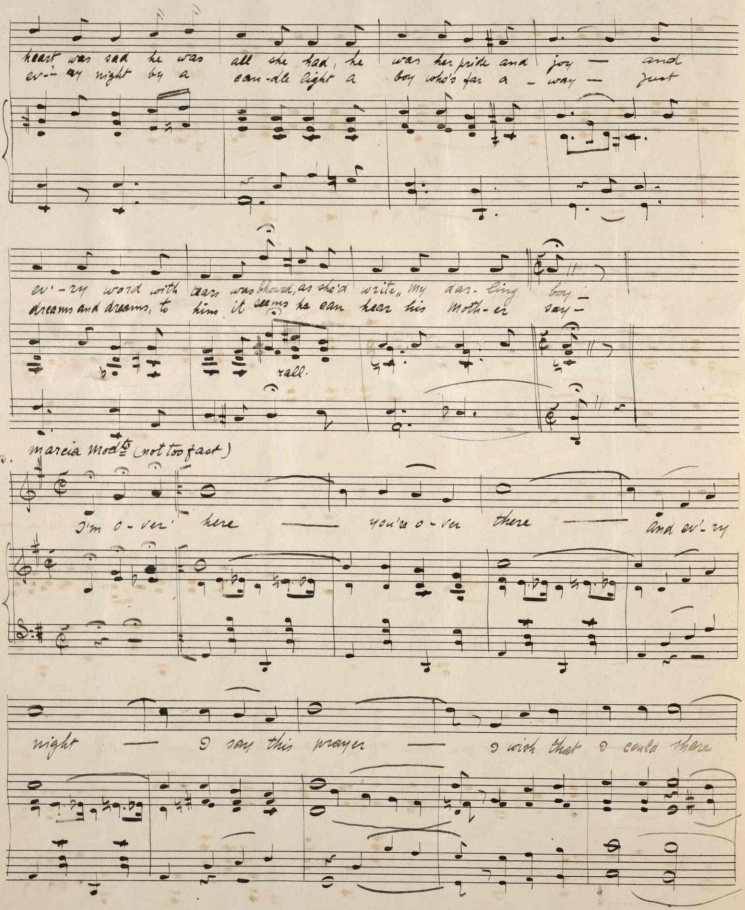
Voice (Slowly)

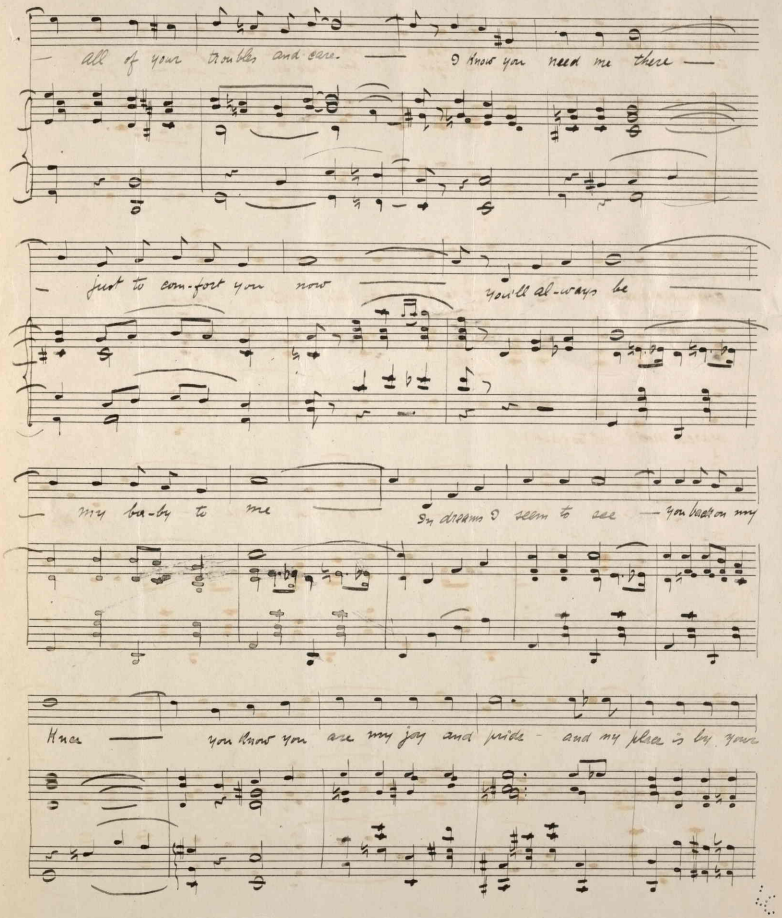
All a - lone in a lit - tle home, a moth - er old and gray — would
Ev' - ry day she would watch and pray for some good word of cheer — Her

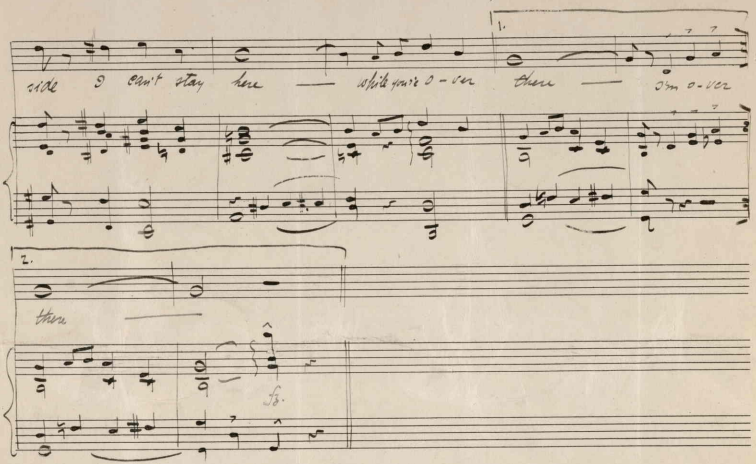


sit and write to her boy each night who was man - y miles a - way — Her
heart was sad but the hope she had al - ways arose a - way each fear — And

Copyright MCMXVIII BROADWAY MUSIC CORPORATION 145 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK


heart was sad he was all she had, he was her pride and joy — and
ev-'ry night by a can-dle light a boy who's far a - way — just
ev'-ry word with tears was blurred, as she'd write, my dar-ling boy —
dreams and dreams, to him it seems he can hear his moth-er say —
rall.
Chor. marcia mod^o (not too fast)
I'm o-ver' here — you're o-ver there — and ev-'ry
night — I say this prayer — I wish that I could there


all of your troubles and care.
I know you need me there
just to com-fort you now
you'll al-ways be
my ba-by to me
In dreams I seem to see
you beside me
Once
you know you are my joy and pride
and my place is by your


1.
ride I can't stay here — while you're o - ver there — I'm o - ver
2.
there
fz.

425589