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# TO THE BOYS OVER THERE



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Words by  
Wm. ZSCHUNKE

Music by  
LEO FRIEDMAN

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*Marcia Mod<sup>to</sup>*

*f*

Some-where in France our Sam-mies have been train-ing with great-est skill Some have  
 We've heard a - bout Ca - na - di - ans and they fought like mad - men too But now  
 Just re - mem - ber all you Yan - kees the sto - ry is re - peat - ed Our flag  
 The Sam-mies have had their taste of the most fa - mous of French wine But be -

gone in - to the first line trench-es known as Dead Man's Hill The  
 the Sam-mies have got their chance they'll show you what they can do The  
 is the on - ly one that nev - er has been de - feat - ed Tramp,  
 fore ver - y long you'll see them eat - ing a - long the Rhine Then

French, I - tal - ians and Eng - lish have tried their skill and pranks But the  
 Ger - mans and the Sam - mies are stand - ing face to face But the  
 Tramp, Tramp, see our brave Sam - mies as they go march - ing a - long See how  
 Kai - ser Bill will say Sam - mies I take off my hat to you You no -

Ger - mans will hand out their mus - kets when they see the Yanks,  
 ar - my of Red, White and Blue will sure - ly win the race.  
 cheer - ing, shout - ing and hap - py they greet you with a song.  
 ble sons of Free - dom you hon - or the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS

Three cheers for Gen - ral Per - shing the he - ro of the band The

first A - mer - i - can of - fi - cer sent to "No Man's Land" With

great - est strength and vig - or he stud - ies the bat - tle - field When

once he gains ground A - mer - i - can men will nev - er yield.

