

28 July 1997

World War I Songs as I recall them from 1917 and 1918

Over There:

Johnny get your gun,
Get your gun,
Get your gun.
Take it on the run,
On the run,
On the run.
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be mighty proud
Her boy ɸs in line.

Over there,
Over there.
Send the word,
Send the word.
Over there,
Over there.
That the Yanks are coming, (Yankies)
The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum tumming everywhere.

So prepare,
Say a prayer,
Send the word,
Send the word
Over there
We ɸll be over,
We ɸre coming over
And we won ɸt be back
ɛTil it ɸs over, over there.
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Keep the homefires burning
Though your hearts are yearning
And the boys are over there.

They dream of home.
There ɸs a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining.
Turn the dark cloud inside out
ɛTill the boys come home.

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There 's a long, long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams.
Though the nightingales are singing
And the white moon beams.

There 's a long, long night awaiting
Until all my dreams come true
Till the day that I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

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How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they 've seen Pariee?
How you gonna keep 'em away from Broadway
Jazzing around, painting the town?
How you gonna keep 'em away from harm?
That 's a mystery.

Imagine Reuben when he meets his Paw.
He'll kiss his cheek and holler,
Oola-la!
How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they 've seen Pariee?

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Sister Suzie sewing shirts for soldiers
Oh, where are those saucy shirts
That sister Suzie sewed?
The soldiers send epistles saying
They'd rather sleep on thistles
Than sleep on those there saucy shirts
That sister Suzie sewed.

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There 's a rose that grows
In no man 's land
And it 's wonderful to see
Though it 's sprayed with tears.
It will live for years

In my garden of memories.
It ƒs the one red rose
The soldier knows.
It ƒs the work of the Master ƒs hand.

Through the war ƒs great curse
Stands a Red Cross nurse.
She ƒs the rose of no man ƒs land.

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I ƒve heard the prayers of Mothers,
Some of them old and gray.
I ƒve heard the prayers of others
For those who went away.

Oft ƒ-times a prayer will teach one
The meaning of good-bye.
I ƒve heard the prayers of each one
But this one made me cry.

Just a baby ƒs prayer at twilight
When lights are low.
Poor baby ƒs years
Are filled with tears.

There ƒs a Mother there at twilight
Whose proud to know,
Her precious little tot
Is Dad ƒs for-get-me not.

After saying goodnight, Mama
She climbs upstairs
In all awares
And says her prayers.

Oh, kindly tell my Daddy
That he must take care.
That ƒs a baby ƒs prayer at twilight
For her Daddy over there.

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Good-bye Broadway,
Hello France.
We ƒre ten million strong.

Good good-bye sweetheart, wives and mothers.
It wont take us long.
Dont you worry while we ƒre there.
It ƒs for you we ƒre fighting for
So good-bye Broadway,
Hello France.
We ƒve come to help you win this war.