

"Over the Top"

LYRIC BY
MARIAN PHELPS
MUSIC BY
MAXWELL GOLDMAN



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VOICE

From the trenches bold-ly ring-ing sounds a
To the col-ors proudly leap-ing, with a

bat-tle cry to-day, 'Tis the call to free-dom springing from the ranks of U. S. A.
will to win or die, You can see their brown ranks sweeping, don't you hear their bat-tle cry.

"O-ver the top" and all the way, "o-ver the top," in-to the fray,
"O-ver the top" and all the way, "o-ver the top," in-to the fray,

Out of the trench-es, ev-ery one, in-to the lines of the cru-el Hun.
Out of the trench-es, on they go in-to the lines of the charg-ing foe.

CHORUS

"O - ver the top" to vic - - to - ry, "O - ver the top" For

Lib - er - ty, Fol - low the flag ye French - men all, I - tal - ians and

con spirito

Bri - tons will an - swer the call, O - ver the top's our bat - tle cry,

For fut - ure peace we'll win or die Our Sam - mies o - ver there have
Our brave boys o - ver there will

rather slow

gone to do their share So "o - ver the top" boys! "o - ver the top." top!

Tempo

You'll Want These Songs!

A VISION OF HAWAII—An Hawaiian Love Song

This song is written in Waltz time, and has that Hawaiian swing so desired by most of us. It is so pleasing—so sweet—so satisfying, and the words are blended with the music in such a manner, that you will sit at the piano many times during an evening and play it—and play it again. The way the music is arranged makes you think you hear a Ukelele and a Steel Guitar playing at one time.

Far, far a way in Hawaii's fair land of dreams where the pale moon is
gleam ing, beam ing down where all lov ers stray, I am long ing for

p dolce

YOU'RE THE FAIREST FLOWER IN THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD

This song is so out of the ordinary—so totally different—so tuneful—so original, that you will thank the publishers after playing it the first time. Try these few lines and then go to your nearest dealer and buy a copy. IT IS ONE OF OUR GREATEST HITS AND DESTINED TO BE OUR BIGGEST SELLER. The Title Page is *very plain, but artistic.*

fair - er to me than the Li - ly, Your lips are more red than the Rose
The gold of your hair, is sure ly more rare, Than the yel - low - est Jon - quil that

BUCK & LOWNY

"PUBLISHERS OF MUSIC THAT SELLS"

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