OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE.

Words by
ANDREW K. ALLISON.

Music by
EDNA WILLIAMS.

Marcia.

Voice.

See that train on the track, See that smoke from the stack? I'm going on a long long ride.

Hear that old engine bell, Hear that conductor yell, At last we're at the "Great Divide"

To that chain of mountains in the See that range of mountains almost

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Golden West
That they call the Great Divide.
touch the sky
My girl's on the other side.

"All aboard" they shout, at last we're going out, I'm
There's my old horse I see, he's waiting there for me, Now

anxious to get there you see,
For on the other side,
up the valley we will go,
Oh, what's that on the trail,

Of the Great Divide, Someone's waiting there for me,
In the moon-light pale, It's my sweet-heart there I know.
Chorus.

I've got a little gal­lant wait­ing for me.

Over the Great Di­vide.

mount­ain high, There we said "Good-Bye" As the sun­set faded in the

West­ern sky. And when that "choo choo" stops I'll
have a long ride, until I've reached her side

Beyond the mountains in the

"wild and wooly," Over the Great Divide.

I've got a vide.