Take me back to dear old Blighty

**SONG**

Written and Composed by
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Moderato

Till Ready

Jack Dunn, son of a gun o-ver in France to-day,
Bill Spry start ed to fly up in an ae-ro-plane,
Jock Lee, hav-ing his tea, says to his pal Mac Fayne,
One day Mick-y O’Shea stood in a trench some-where.
Keeps fit doing his bit up to his eyes in clay.
In France taking a chance wish'd he was down again.
Look, chum, apple and plum! it's apple and plum again!
So brave having a shave and trying to part his hair.

Each night after a fight to pass the time along,
Poor Bill feeling so ill yell'd out to Pilot Brown,
Same stuff isn't it rough? fed up with it I am,
Mick yells dodging the shells and lumps of dynamite.

He's got a little gramophone that plays this song:
"Steady a bit, yer fool! we're turning upside down!"
Oh! for a pot of Aunt Eliza's raspberry jam!
Talk of the Crystal Palace on a Firework night!
CHORUS 2d time $f$
Not too fast

Take me back to dear old Bligh-ty,

Put me on the train for Lon-don town,

Take me o-ver there, drop me an-y-where,

Liv-er-pool, Leeds or Birm-ing-ham, well I don't care!
I should love to see my best girl,

Cuddling up again we soon should be,

Tiddle-tyiddle-ty igh-ty, hurry me home to Blighty,

Blighty is the place for me.