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 over in France today,
Bill Spry started to fly up in an aeroplane,
Jock Lee, having his tea, says to his pal Mac Gayne,
One day Mick-y O’Shea stood in a trench somewhere.

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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 gram-o-phone that plays this song.
"Steady a bit, yer fool! We're turning upside down!"
Oh! for a pot of Aunt Eliza's rasp-b'ry jam!
Talk of the Crystal Palace on a Fire-work night!

C-6913-4
CHORUS 2d time
Not too fast

Take me back to dear old Blighty,

Put me on the train for London town.

Take me over there, drop me anywhere.

Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham, well I don't care!
I should love to see my best girl,

Cuddling up again we soon should be,

Tiddle-yidge, hurry me home to Blighty,

Blighty is the place for me.