

Florrie Forde**"Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty"**

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Jack Dunn, son of a gun, over in France today,
Keeps fit doing his bit up to his eyes in clay.
Each night after a fight to pass the time along,
He's got a little gramophone that plays this song:

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,
WHOA!!!

Tiddley iddley ighty,
Hurry me home to Blighty,
Blighty is the place for me!

Bill Spry, started to fly, up in an aeroplane,
In France, taking a chance, wish'd he was down again.
Poor Bill, feeling so ill, yell'd out to Pilot Brown:
"Steady a bit, yer fool! we're turning upside down!"

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Jack Lee, having his tea, says to his pal MacFayne,
"Look, chum, apple and plum! it's apple and plum
again!"

Same stuff, isn't it rough? fed up with it I am!
Oh! for a pot of Aunt Eliza's raspb'ry jam!"

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