

'Coming Home to Blighty' (A Song)

We are coming home to Blighty in the morning,
Yes, coming home for ever and a day,
Once again we'll see the climbing rose adorning,
The dear homes where we would stay;
Soon we'll hear the bullfinch piping from the branches,
And the nightingale a-trilling on the spray,
Far away from guns and trenches, bombs and lances,
We will greet the Empire's "day."

Chorus:-

We are coming home to Blighty,
With the heroes and the mighty,
Those grand men who taught the Boche
 His manners, scorning.
All the low-down tricks atrocious
Of an enemy ferocious,
We are coming home to Blighty in the morning.

We are coming home to Blighty in the morning,
With knapsacks packed and rifles at the trail,
For the War-lord and his skunks have got their warning,
 Than their case accepts no bail.
From the thunder of the guns, the ceaseless shelling,
From the madness of the nations now at bay,
We shall meet you, we shall greet you smiling, telling,
Of the hard won British day.

Chorus:-

We are coming home to Blighty,
With the heroes and the mighty,
Those grand men who taught the Boche
 His manners, scorning.
All the low-down tricks atrocious
Of an enemy ferocious,
We are coming home to Blighty in the morning.

We are coming home to Blighty on the morrow,
With muffled drums and pipes a-wailing low,
For those lads that lie asleep in lonely furrow,
Ploughed by share of Freedom's foe;
Even now we hear the battle's dying thunder,
The sullen passing of the beaten Hun,
For the power that rent the strands of life asunder,
Lies beside its last lone gun.

Chorus:-

We are coming home to Blighty,
With the heroes and the mighty,
Those grand men who taught the Boche
 His manners, scorning.
All the low-down tricks atrocious
Of an enemy ferocious,

We are coming home to Blighty in the morning.

A.J. Freeland
Kibworth, Leicestershire.

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