

R

# TAKE ME BACK TO NO-MAN'S-LAND

Brian Hooker.

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ff. *p.*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The piece begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and includes a piano (p.) section towards the end.

mp.

Somewhere in France from a gray am-bu-lance they were hauling a bloody Bless-

Musical notation for the first vocal line, including a piano (mp.) dynamic marking and the lyrics: "Somewhere in France from a gray am-bu-lance they were hauling a bloody Bless-".

-ed, - - - When a guy came a-long who was no-ble and strong in the

Musical notation for the second vocal line, including the lyrics: "-ed, - - - When a guy came a-long who was no-ble and strong in the".

faith of the V.V. C. A. - - - He Ticked the skins of his

*ben marcato #*

Musical notation for the third vocal line, including the lyrics: "faith of the V.V. C. A. - - - He Ticked the skins of his". It features a *ben marcato #* dynamic marking.

NY No. 10

M1646

.H

fa-vo-rite since and ex - panded his beau-ti-ful soul, - - Till the

soldier exclaimed with a show-er of tears that were whol-ly be-yond his con-

*colla voce*

**REFRAIN**

- trol: - - - "Take me back to No-Man's- Land, - It's

*f*

there I long to be - - - When re-li-gion is

*mp.*

*ped* \*

not in-di-gen-ous, Why in the world do you wish it on me? - -

Ped. \*

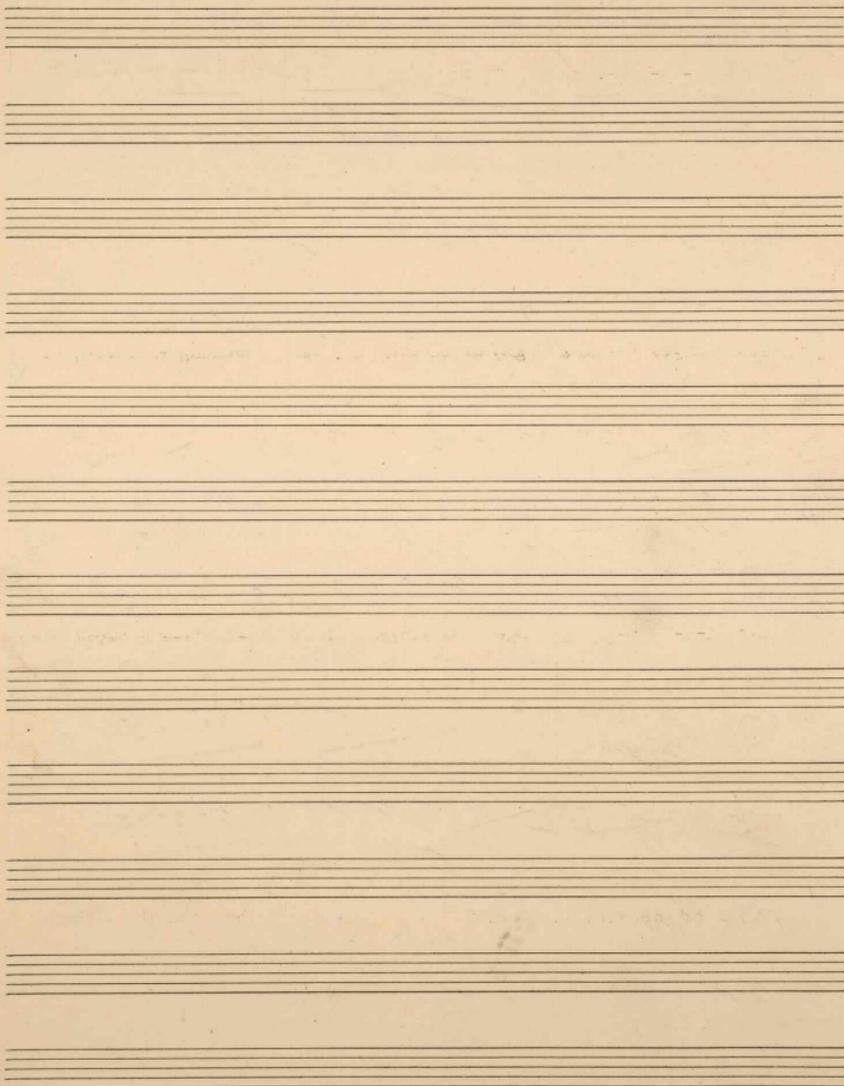
Leave me to the soothing gas, the kindly shot and

shell - - Take me back to No-Man's- Land, For

*f. allargando*

this is simply hell!

rall. p.



TAKE ME BACK TO NO-MAN'S-LAND

-----o-----o-----o-----

( war song with reverse English )

by Brian Hooker.

1.

Somewhere in France, from a gray ambulance  
They were hauling a bloody Blessé,  
When a guy came along who was noble and strong  
In the faith of the Y. M. C. A. --  
He tickled the skins of his favorite sins,  
And expanded his beautiful soul,  
Till the soldier exclaimed with a shower of tears  
That were wholly beyond his control:

(REFRAIN)

Take me back to No-Man's-Land,

it's there I long to be;

When religion is  
Not indigenous,  
Why in the world does he wish it on me?--  
Leave me to the soothing gas,  
the kindly shot and shell,  
Take me back to No-Man's Land,  
for this is simply hell!

By and by, he woke up in a hospital cot  
On the shores of a far distant land,  
And he gazed on the Lady who sat by his side  
And was tenderly holding his hand;  
By her face he was sure she was perfect-ly pure,  
While her form, though mature, was re-fined.  
And a look of surprise filled her innocent eyes,  
As the Hero got this off his mind:

(REFRAIN)

Take me back to No-Man's-Land,  
it's there I long to stay;  
Here in Blighty,  
With... Aphrodite,  
I hear duty calling, and I must obey.  
Leave me to the soothing gas,  
The kindly shot and shell--  
Take me back to No-Man's-Land,  
For this is simply hell!

When at last he was cured, and escaped from the Skirt,  
 b They sent him home over the sea,  
 To the Home of the Brave, where the Senators rave  
 In the Land of the Freaks and the Free.  
 There he beat it full soon for the nearest saloon,  
 But the nearest saloon wasn't there;  
 And the doughboy remarked, as he sank in a swoon:  
 "Magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!"

## (REFRAIN)

Take me back to No-Man's-Land,  
 and let me drown my woe--  
 On condition  
 Of Prohibition,  
 The Star-Spangled-Banner stuff somehow don't go;  
 Leave me to the soothing gas,  
 the kindly shot and shell--  
 Take me back to No-Man's-Land,  
 for this is simply hell!