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There's a Transport in the Harbor that Brought Me Back to You

By

ZELLA MOSHER

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There's A Transport In The Harbor That Brought Me Back To You

ZELLA MOSHER

Moderato

mp

I sailed a-way from a U. S. pier On a bright sum-mer day in June; The
I went hik-ing thru the marshes; I stood tar-get for an-gry Huns; I
I dreamt we sat be-neath the pines, Ling'ring for a lov-ing kiss; —

p

trans-port rocked, I had no fear, So I whistled a Yan-kee tune. I
cleared No Man's Land of Boch-es, And they left be-hind ma-chine guns. I
Real-ly it seemed in old-en times, Which granted me a mo-ment's bliss. I

fed the fishes a time or two; They say I was aw-ful-ly sick. I
bunked in the lone-ly dug-outs, I ate of my ra-tions so rare, As
woke and found you far from me; Then I soft-ly whispered a pray'r —

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turned my eyes to skies of blue, And vowed the Huns I'd eas - i - ly lick.
do all the brave Yan - kee scouts To hide from bombs burst-ing in air.
For my Yan - kee girl o'er the sea, And my hap - py home o - ver there.

rit.

CHORUS.

There's a trans - port in the har - bor That brought me back to

mp

you From the shell - torn trench - es o - ver there. 'Mid the

rat - tle roar of can - non My tho'ts were all of you, And the

lock of dear old moth - er's hair.

rit.

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