Take Me Back To Yankee Land.

MARCH SONG

Words by
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Music by
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Tempo di Marcia

An American heiress like many do, craved for a foreign

Count. She longed for a peer, but none being here, she

heart A brave Yankee lad, with a smile so glad, but

married a no account, Like all such connections

from whom she now must part, As they bade good-bye her
lack-ing perfections her il-lus-ion were smashed right a-way, 
For-lorn and for-sak-en her 
heart gave a sigh, she re-called hap-py days passed a-way, 
She longed thro' and thro' for old 
heart be-gan break-ing, through each long day she would pray.
Red White and Blue a sweet-heart of the U. S. A.

CHORUS
Lively

Take me back to Yan-kee land, 
Back to the home of the 

brave Where the A-mer-i-can man, is real-ly a man.

T. Me B. To Y. Land 2
If I could but see
I take me back to Yankee Land.

Where the people are common but equally they stand
I'm tired of debts and old castles.

Tired of all pomp and displays so grand
If I could but see My Land of the Free, Oh!

Oh! take me back to Yankee Land.