

23.

## The Lakes of Pontchartrain

Traditional arr. Paul Brady  
1863

'Twas on one bright March morning  
I bid New Orleans adieu.  
And I took the road to Jackson town,  
my fortune to renew,  
I cursed all foreign money,  
no credit could I gain,  
Which filled my heart with longing for  
the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board a railroad car,  
beneath the morning sun,  
I road the roads till evening,  
and I laid me down again,  
All strangers there no friends to me,  
till a dark girl towards me came,  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,  
by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl,  
my money here's no good,  
But if it weren't for the alligators,  
I'd sleep out in the wood".  
"You're welcome here kind stranger,  
our house is very plain.  
But we never turn a stranger out,  
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house,  
and treated me quite well,  
The hair upon her shoulder  
in jet black ringlets fell.  
To try and paint her beauty,  
I'm sure 'twould be in vain,  
So handsome was my Creole girl,  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me,  
she said it could never be,  
For she had got another,  
and he was far at sea.  
She said that she would wait for him  
and true she would remain.  
Till he returned for his Creole girl,  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well my Creole girl,  
I never will see you no more,  
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness  
in the cottage by the shore.  
And at each social gathering  
a flowing glass I'll raise,  
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,  
And the lakes of Pontchartrain.

24.

### Holdin' You in my Holden

Music by Don Bennett; Words by Norma Hall  
1956

Holdin' you in my Holden  
Life is simply divine  
All the world is fair,  
I'm a millionaire  
On the road ahead  
there's a happy sign.

Holdin' you in my Holden  
You were meant to be mine  
We will have a wedding,  
no regretting,  
baby ain't that fine.  
Now we can't expect  
all sunny weather,  
Troubles come, my dear  
But as long as we two  
travel together,  
We'll take them all in top gear.

Holdin' you in my Holden  
Life is simply sublime  
I'll be holdin' you all life through  
when you're mine, all mine.

25.

### I met her Monday on Thursday Island

Words and Music by Franc W Hough  
1953

I spent a week in the Pacific  
love was not terrific  
It was just the bunk,  
So I packed my trunk  
and headed for home.  
Some time in Kosciusko  
love was just the bust-oh!  
It just passed me by,  
Then I decided once more to roam.

*Chorus:*

*I met her Monday on Thursday Island  
She gave me a look and she said 'Now don't go 'way'  
So I hung around till Tuesday  
on Thursday Island,  
On Wednesday I kissed her  
and planned our wedding day.  
Thursday came and went like a rocket in ascent  
And Friday soon passed by,  
I was getting ready to call her my steady  
When Saturday winked her eye.  
Now we've got a date on Sunday  
on Thursday Island  
With a guy and a book who will take a look and say  
'Will you love and cherish each other ev'ry day'.*

26.

## When I Return to You (After the War is Over)

Words by Edmond Samuels and Mel G Lawton  
Music by George Trevare  
1942

Harbour lights will be shining,  
Sky signs lighting the way.  
Brightness will light the heavens,  
turning night into day.  
Streets will be thronged with lovers,  
good times we'll have once more.  
Our hearts filled with the treasures,  
gathered from memory's store.

After the war is over,  
We will live and love again.  
All the harbour lights will glitter,  
Like the sunshine after the rain.

After the war is over,  
in a land where skies are blue,  
ev'ry light will be shining, dear,  
when I return to you.

After the war is over,  
We will live and love again.  
All the harbour lights will glitter,  
Like the sunshine after the rain.

27.

## There's a Boy Coming Home on Leave

Jimmy Kennedy  
1940

In a big department store  
There's a girl whose heart sings a song.  
She's had word to say  
He's on his way and now it won't be long.

There's a boy coming home on leave,  
There's a girl wants him home on leave,  
She'll meet him right at the station,  
And will she tell the nation,  
There's a boy coming home on leave  
And his heart won't be on his sleeve.  
They'll have a grand celebration  
When he comes home on leave.

(Boy) I'm the boy that's come home on leave,  
There's a girl wants him home on leave.

(Girl) I'm the girl wants him home on leave,  
Now that we've met at the station  
Shall we tell all the nation.

(Boy) I'm the boy that's come home on leave,  
And my heart isn't on my sleeve.

(Girl) We'll have a grand celebration,  
Now that you're home on leave.

(Both) And as they meet he'll tell her how he's missed her,  
That's after he's kissed her,  
And then they'll talk about that wedding morning,  
They'll plan a honeymoon,  
The Army can't wait till June.

There's a boy coming home on leave,  
He'll enjoy coming home on leave,  
They'll make it ten days of Heaven,  
When he comes home on leave.

(Boy) Now that I'm home  
I'll tell you how I've missed you,  
That's after I've kissed you,  
And now let's talk about that wedding morning,  
Let's plan the honeymoon,  
the Army can't wait till June,  
That is why I've come home on leave,  
I'm so glad you've come home on leave,  
We'll make it ten days of Heaven,  
Now that I'm home on leave.

28.

## Foggy Dew

Irish – traditional  
c.1931

Oh, a wan cloud was drawn o'er the dim weeping dawn  
As to Shannon's side I return'd at last  
And the heart in my breast for the girl I lov'd best  
Was beating, ah, beating, loud and fast!  
While the doubts and the fears of the long aching years  
Seem'd mingling their voices with the moaning flood  
Till full in my path, like a wild water wrath  
My true love's shadow lamenting stood.

But the sudden sun kiss'd the cold, cruel mist  
Into dancing show'rs of diamond dew  
And the dark flowing stream laugh'd back to his beam  
And the lark soared aloft in the blue  
While no phantom of night but a form of delight  
Ran with arms outspread to her darling boy  
And the girl I love best on my wild throbbing breast  
Hid her thousand treasures with cry of joy.

And the girl I love best on my wild throbbing breast  
Hid her thousand treasures with cry of joy.

29.

## I've Lost My Heart In Maori-Land

Written and Composed by Alf J Lawrance  
1917

In New Zealand far away,  
down where the tree ferns bend and sway  
Dwelt a Maori maiden.  
By her whare door she sat,  
mending a big chief's Maori mat  
But with sadness laden.  
Until there came from lands afar  
One who called her Guiding Star  
She called him her 'Pakeha'  
(The Maori word for 'white man')  
Her poi poi dance and native song  
Made this lover linger long  
Till Huriana heard him say

### *Chorus*

*I've lost my heart in Maori-Land  
To you my queen  
I would win your hand  
I've tried to go away from you  
But you're so quaint and original  
In all you say and do  
Those flashing eyes, that raven hair,  
Just fills my heart with feelings rare  
And when I see your body twist and whirl  
While those tiny little poi pois whirl  
And your voice above the music's swirl  
Oh you fascinating Maori girl  
You've made a wonderful slave of me  
With your Maori melody.*

In a Maori war canoe  
down the river they go these two  
When the long day closes,  
"Let me kiss your lips" said he  
"We never kiss like that" said she  
"You and I rub noses".  
He learnt the Maori way to woo  
Married her in Omaru  
Had some 'tamariki' too  
(The Maori word for children)  
And so the story's ended,  
but where the Kiwi's used to strut  
This Maori legend never dies

### *Chorus*

30.

### When the Wattle Blooms Again

Music by Nellie Kolle; Words by M R Hunter  
c.1916

On a sunny summers day,  
'Ere a great ship sailed away,  
From Australia to a far-off foreign shore  
A sailor boy in blue,  
Bade his lass a fond adieu,  
And he bravely murmur'd  
tho' his heart was sore

*When the wattle blooms again,  
in your sunny land Elaine,  
filling all the air  
with fragrance rich and rare  
I'll come sailing swiftly home  
never more away to roam,  
When the wattle blooms again  
my sweet Elaine.*

So the good ship sailed away,  
But there never came a day,  
When the boy returned,  
the Wattle bloomed in vain  
For the ship was lost at sea,  
And his sweetheart knew  
that she would never hear again  
that old refrain

*When the wattle blooms again,  
in your sunny land Elaine,  
filling all the air  
with fragrance rich and rare  
I'll come sailing swiftly home  
never more away to roam,  
When the wattle blooms again  
my sweet Elaine.*

31.

### Soon I will be Home

Music by Edward H Tyrrell; Words by J C Lauder  
c.1916

When twilight shadows are falling  
around my cabin door  
and the sea birds all are calling  
on me to you once more  
My heart is stirred within me  
I know you are true  
I'm growing weary to be with you  
only you.

*It's a great big ship now steering,  
and soon I will be home.  
Do not weary,  
but be cheering,  
no more from you I'll roam.  
We will anchor both together  
entwine our hearts in one.  
We will sail in ev'ry weather  
until life's journey's done.*

The breezes now blowing my way  
they seem to say to me  
gently speed on and do not stay  
I'm longing now for thee  
It's then my soul cries out loud  
for you only you  
The stars and ev'ry white cloud says  
you're very true

*It's a great big ship now steering,  
and soon I will be home.  
Do not weary,  
but be cheering,  
no more from you I'll roam.  
We will anchor both together  
entwine our hearts in one.  
We will sail in ev'ry weather  
until life's journey's done.*

32.

### I'm Going Back to My Girl in Melbourne

Written and Composed by Paul Pelham and W H Wallis  
c.1916

The fighting was finished, the war was over,  
Vict'ry had been nobly won,  
Coming home across the foam  
Were many happy-hearted British sons.  
An Englishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, and a Pat,  
Together had been fighting side by side,  
And as they neared the coast, they gave a parting toast,  
It came to Paddy's turn, and he replied

*You're going back to your girl in London,  
You're going back to your girl in Wales,  
You're going back to your girl in Scotland,  
To show that true love never fails.  
I'm going back to my girl in Melbourne,  
That's where you will find me,  
With my dear old mother with her silv'ry hair –  
She's the girl I left behind me!*

Said Sandy, "The lassie I'm going to marry  
Is my Bonnie Scotch Bluebell,"  
Taffy said, "I'm going to wed  
My lovely Rhondda queen I love so well."  
Up spoke an English soldier and said, "My London girl  
Is true to me whatever may befall."  
Said Pat, "With girls you're blest, you've each one got the best,  
But I've got one that's better than them all."

*You're going back to your girl in London,  
You're going back to your girl in Wales,  
You're going back to your girl in Scotland,  
To show that true love never fails.  
I'm going back to my girl in Melbourne,  
That's where you will find me,  
With my dear old mother with her silv'ry hair –  
She's the girl I left behind me!*

33.

### Here's adieu to all judges and juries

Lesley Nelson-Burns

Here's adieu to all judges and juries,  
Justice and Old Bailey too;  
Seven years you've transported my true love,  
Seven years he's transported I know.

How hard is the place of confinement  
That keeps me from my heart's delight!  
Cold irons and chains all bound round me,  
And a plank for my pillow at night.

If I'd got the wings of an eagle,  
I would lend you my wings for to fly,  
I'd fly to the arms of my Polly love,  
And in her soft bosom I'd lie.

And if ever I return from the ocean,  
Stores of riches I'll bring to my dear;  
And it's all for the sake of my Polly love  
I will cross the salt seas without fear.

34.

## Holy Ground

Brian Hicks

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah,  
a thousand times adieu.  
We are bound away from the Holy Ground  
and the girls we love so true.  
We'll sail the salt seas over  
and we'll return once more.  
And still I live in hope to see  
the Holy Ground once more.

*You're the girl that I adore,  
And still I live in hope to see  
the Holy Ground once more.*

Now when we're out a-sailing  
and you are far behind.  
Fine letters will I write to you  
with the secrets of my mind.  
The secrets of my mind, my girl,  
you're the girl that I adore,  
And still I live in hope to see  
the Holy Ground once more.

*You're the girl that I adore,  
And still I live in hope to see  
the Holy Ground once more.*

Oh now the storm is raging  
and we are far from shore.  
The poor old ship she's sinking fast  
and the riggings they are tore.  
The night is dark and dreary,  
we can scarcely see the moon.  
But still I live in hope to see  
the Holy Ground once more.

*You're the girl that I adore,  
And still I live in hope to see  
the Holy Ground once more.*

It's now the storm is over  
and we are safe on shore.  
We'll drink a toast to the Holy Ground  
and the girls that we adore.  
We'll drink strong ale and porter  
and we'll make the taproom roar.  
And when our money is all spent  
we'll go to sea once more.

*You're the girl that I adore,  
And still I live in hope to see  
the Holy Ground once more.*

35.

## Wait for the Wagon

Words by R. Bishop Buckley and George P. Knauff  
Music by Lesley Nelson-Burns or Barry Taylor

Will you come with me my Phyllis dear  
To yon blue mountain free?  
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,  
Come rove along with me.  
It's every Sunday morning  
When I am by your side,  
We'll jump into the wagon  
And we'll all take a ride.

*Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon  
Wait for the Wagon  
And we'll all take a ride.*

Where the river runs like silver  
And the birds they sing so sweet  
I have a cabin, Phyllis,  
And something good to eat;  
Come listen to my story,  
It will relieve my heart;  
So jump into the wagon,  
And off we will start.

*Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon  
Wait for the Wagon  
And we'll all take a ride.*

Together, on life's journey,  
We'll travel till we stop,  
And if we have no trouble,  
We'll reach the happy top;  
Then come with me, sweet Phyllis,  
My dear, my lovely bride,  
We'll jump into the wagon,  
And all take a ride.

*Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon  
Wait for the Wagon  
And we'll all take a ride.*

