In the year of '39, assembled here the volunteers, in the days when lands were few.

Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn, sweet-est sight ever seen.

And the night followed day, and the story-tellers say, that the score brave souls in-side

For many a lonely day sailed a-cross the milky seas, ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried.

Refrain
Don't you hear my call, though you're many years a-way
Don't you hear me calling you?
Write your letters in the sand for the day I take your hand
In the land, that our grand-children knew.

In the year of '39, came a ship in from the blue, the volunteers came home that day
And they bring good news of a world so newly born, though their hearts so heavily weigh
For the earth is old and grey, little darl-ing we'll away, but my love, this cannot be
For so many years have gone, though I'm older but a year,
your mother's eyes, from your eyes, cry to me.

Refrain

Refrain 2:
Don't you hear my call, though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you?
All the letters in the sand, cannot heal me like your hand,
For my life, still a-head, pity me.

Outro: