

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
The sweetest sight ever seen.
And the night followed day
And the story tellers say
That the score brave souls inside
For many a lonley day sailed across the milky seas
Ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried.
Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
Write letters in the sand
For the day I take you hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew.
In the year of '39 came a ship in from the blue
The Volunteers came home that day
And their bring good news of a world so newly born
Tough their hearts so heavily weigh
For the earth is old and grey, to anew home we'll away
But my love cannot be
For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year
Your mother's eyes in your eyes cry to me.
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 ahead
Pity Me.