

'In the year of thirty-nine'  
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 lonely day  
Sailed across the milky seas  
Never 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 your letters in the sand  
For the day I'll take your hand  
In the land that our grand-children knew

'In the year of thirty-nine'  
Came a ship 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 darlin' we'll away  
But my love this cannot be  
Oh so many years have gone  
Though I'm older than a year  
Your mothers eyes from your eyes cry to me

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Though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
Write your letters in the sand  
For the day I'll take your hand  
In the land that our grand-children knew

Don't you hear my call  
Though you're many years away  
Don't you hear me calling you  
All your letters in the sand  
Cannot heal me like your hand  
For my life still ahead pity me