

Sing for the Fallen

ANZAC DAY

25th April 2026

~ LYRICS BOOKLET ~

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IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

(By John McCormack)

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly
Farewell Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there.

(x2)

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PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG

(By George Henry Powell)

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile
While you've a lucifer to light your fag
Smile, boys, that's the style!
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worthwhile
So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile!

//

THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

(By Jack O'Hagan)

There's a track winding back to an o-old fashioned shack
Along the road to Gundagai
Where the blue gums are growin' and the Murrumbidgee's flowin'
Beneath the sunny sky
There my mother and daddy are waitin' for me
And the pals of my childhood once more I shall see
Then no more will I roam when I'm headin' straight for home
Along the road to Gundagai!

THE CATALPA

(By James O'Neill)

1. A noble whale ship and commander
called the Catalpa, they say
She sailed into Western Australia
And took six poor Fenians away

[CHORUS]:

***So come all you screw warders and jailers
Remember Perth regatta day
Take care of the rest of your Fenians
Or the Yankees will steal them away!***

2. You kept them in Western Australia
'Til their hair it began to turn grey
When a Yank from the States of America
Came out here and stole them away

3. Now all the Perth boats were a-racing
And making short tacks for the spot
But the Yankee she tacked into Fremantle
And took the best prize of the lot

[CHORUS]

4. The Georgette armed with bold warriors
went out the poor Yanks to arrest
but she hoisted her star-spangled banner
saying you'll not board me I guess

5. So remember those six Fenians colonial
and sing o'er these few verses with skill
and remember the Yankee that stole them
and the home that they left on the hill

[CHORUS]

THE FOGGY DEW

(by Father Charles O'Neill)

1. As down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I
There armed lines of marching men
In squadrons passed me by
No pipe did hum, no battle drum
did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus Bells o'er the Liffey swells
Rang out in the foggy dew.

2. Right proudly high in Dublin town
Hung they out a flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath that Irish sky
Than at Sulva or Sud-El-Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurrying through
While Brittain's Huns with their long range guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

3. Their bravest fell and the requiem bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide in the
Springing of the year
While the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew.

*

Instruments only:

Irish Resistance Set (arranged By Elise Rosenberg)

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JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YE

(by Joseph B. Geoghegan)

1. When goin' the road to sweet Athy,
hurroo, hurroo!
When goin' the road to sweet Athy,
hurroo, hurroo!
When goin' the road to sweet Athy
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry:
"Johnny I hardly knew ye."

[CHORUS]:

**With your drums and guns and guns
and drums, hurroo, hurroo!**
**With your drums and guns and guns
and drums, hurroo, hurroo!**
**With your drums and guns and guns
and drums**
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh darling dear, ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

2. Where are the eyes that looked so
mild, **hurroo, hurroo!**
Where are the eyes that looked so mild,
hurroo, hurroo!
Where are the eyes that looked so mild
When my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did ye run from me and the child?
Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

[CHORUS]

3. Where are the legs with which you run,
hurroo, hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run,
hurroo, hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run
When first you went to carry a gun?
Indeed your dancing days are done
Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

[CHORUS]

4. Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg,
hurroo, hurroo!
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg,
hurroo, hurroo!
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
Ye're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless
egg
Ye'll have to be left with a bowl to beg
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

[CHORUS]

5. And I'm happy for to see ye home,
hurroo, hurroo!
Yes I'm happy for to see ye home,
hurroo, hurroo!
Oh I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Ceylon
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

[CHORUS]

~ End of SET A~

FIELDS OF GLORY

(by The High Kings)

1. I was born in a country where people admire
Their great war heroes and how they aspire
To stand upon mountains and always be winners
And never give less than their all

2. I once met an old man who told me great stories
Of legends of old who fought hard for the glory
Of lifting their guns in that moment of triumph
These memories kept me enthralled

[CHORUS]:

***On the fields, the fields of glory
On the fields where boys become men
On the fields, the fields of glory
And the rich man wins, wins in the end.***

3. Supporting their country with true sense of place
Are the handfuls of people with pride on their faces
They come from the townlands, the parish, the village
Their banners they proudly unfurl.

4. An anthem of hope is the song they are singing
The battle drums sound and the war is beginning
The roar of the crowd echoes up to the heavens
It sends out a clarion call!

[CHORUS]

5. I'm dreaming of Ireland in fine summer weather
A crowd of young lads playing football together
All hoping that someday the call they will answer
To fight for the place they were born

[CHORUS]

I'm dreaming of Ireland in fine summer weather
A crowd of young lads playing football together
The roar of the crowd echoes up to the heavens
It sends out a clarion call ...

I WAS ONLY 19

(by John Schumann of *Redgum*)

1. Mum and Dad, and Denny saw the passing out parade at Puckapunyal
It was a long march from cadets
The 6th Battalion was the next to tour, and it was me who drew the card
We did Canungra and Shoalwater before we left

And Townsville lined the footpaths as we marched down to the quay
This clipping from the paper shows us young and strong and clean
And there's me in me slouch hat with me SLR and greens

God help me, I was only 19

2. From Vung Tau riding Chinooks to the dust at Nui Dat
I'd been in and out of choppers now for months
And we made our tents a home, VB, and pin-ups on the lockers
And an Asian orange sunset through the scrub

*And can you tell me, doctor, why I still can't get to sleep
And nighttime's just a jungle, dark and a barking M16
And what's this rash that comes and goes
Can you tell me what it means?*

God help me, I was only 19

3. A four-week operation, when each step could mean your last one on two legs
It was a war within yourself
But you wouldn't let your mates down 'til they had you dusted off
So you closed your eyes and thought about something else

And then someone yelled out "Contact!" and the bloke behind me swore
We hooked in there for hours, then it got all muddy raw
And Frankie kicked a mine the day that mankind kicked the moon

God help me, he was going home in June...

4. And I can still see Frankie drinking tinnies in the Grand Hotel
On a 36-hour rec leave in Vung Tau
And I can still hear Frankie lying, screaming in the jungle
'Til the morphine came and killed the bloody row

And the Anzac legends didn't mention mud and blood and tears
And the stories that my father told me never seemed quite real
I caught some pieces in my back that I didn't even feel

God help me, I was only 19

*And can you tell me, doctor, why I still can't get to sleep
And why the Channel 7 chopper chills me to my feet
And what's this rash that comes and goes
Can you tell me what it means?*

God help me, I was only 19

THE CROW ON THE CRADLE

(by Sydney Carter, with amended lyrics by Jackson Browne)

1. The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn
Now is the time for a child to be born
He'll laugh at the moon and cry for the sun
And if it's a boy he'll carry a gun

Sang the crow on the cradle

2. And if it should be that this baby's a girl
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
And a bomber above her wherever she goes

Sang the crow on the cradle

3. The crow on the cradle, the black and the white
Somebody's baby is born for a fight
The crow on the cradle, the white and the black
Somebody's baby is not coming back

Sang the crow on the cradle

4. Bring me my gun and I'll shoot that bird dead
That's what your mother and father once said
The crow on the cradle, what can we do?
Ah, this is a thing that I'll leave up to you

Sang the crow on the cradle

Sang the crow on the cradle

~

Instruments only:

The Summer Before the War (guitar solo)

To War! / O'Neill's March

SCARBOROUGH FAIR/CANTICLE

(Traditional/Simon & Garfunkel)

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without no seams nor needlework
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the salt water and the sea strand
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
And gather it all in a bunch of heather
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine.

*On the side of a hill in the deep forest green
Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground
Blankets and bedclothes, the child of the
mountain
Sleeps unaware of a clarion call*

*On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves
Washes the grave with silvery tears
A soldier cleans and polishes a gun*

*War bellows blazing in scarlet battalions
Generals order their soldiers to kill
And to fight for a cause they've long ago
forgotten*

~ END OF SET B ~

Instruments only:

Brian Boru's March / The Battle of Aughrim



THE IOLAIRE

(by Skipinnish)

1. Eilean Froaich, I yearn to see you
Sing to me the Island Ocean
Through the cries of war I hear you
Far to the west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war

2. Island men I hear them calling
Sing to me the Island Ocean
Killed in vain, I see them falling
Oh take me west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war

3. Four brutal years were unforgiving
Sing to me the Island Ocean
By grace of God I yet was living
And sailing west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war

4. The harbour lights, I see them gleaming
Sing to me the Island Ocean
Nearly home and I am dreaming
I'm in the west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war

5. The Beasts of Holm were dark and savage
Sing to me the Island Ocean
Their scythe of fate would blindly ravage
Far to the west and world away
From the futile fields of war

6. New Year of peace would dawn tomorrow
Sing to me the Island Ocean
From hope and joy to wrenching sorrow

***Far to the West and worlds away
From the futile fields of war***

7. My lovers kiss, her arms around me
Sing to me the Island Ocean
So near, but on the shore she found me
***Far to the west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war***

[CODA]:

*The morning tide brought home our boys
They lay among the scattered toys
Our tears of love and deep relief
Became the tears of tearing grief*

*Eilean Fraoich, Eilean Fraoich
Eilean Fraoich nam beann àrd
Far an d' fhuair mi m' àrach òg
Eilean Leòdhais mo ghràidh*

~

Instruments only:

Fate Song/Foggy Dew (reprise)

~

AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA

(by Eric Bogle)

[CHORUS 1]:

*And the band played Waltzing Matilda
When the ship pulled away from the quay
And amid all the tears, flag waving and cheers
We sailed off for Gallipoli.*

[CHORUS 2]:

*And the band played Waltzing Matilda
When we stopped to bury our slain
Well, we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then it started all over again*

[CHORUS 3]:

*Oh, no more, I'll go Waltzing Matilda
All around the green bush far and near
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me*

[CHORUS 4]:

*And the band played Waltzing Matilda
When they carried us down the gangway
Oh, nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared
Then they turned all their faces away*

[CHORUS 5]:

*And the band played Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer the call
But year after year, their numbers get fewer
Someday, no one will march there at all.*

MEN OF ERIN

(by Ian Byrne of *The Elders*)

***Fare thee well me boy as you wonder this night
Be not feared in the darkness my heart is your light
As you go brave Men of Erin
Faith and love by your side
I will dream of your peace in the night***

Please don't cry my Mother as you sit by the hearth
I will dance your memories with joy in my heart
I will go now and pray as I travel this land
And live by the lessons you gave.

***Fare thee well my boy as you wonder this night
Be not feared in the darkness my heart is your light
As you go brave Men of Erin
Faith and love by your side
I will dream of your peace in the night***

Please don't cry my Father as you sit by the hearth
I will dance your memories with joy in my heart
I will go now and pray as I travel this land
And live by the lessons you gave

***Fare thee well my boy as you wonder this night
Be not feared in the darkness my heart is your light
As you go brave Men of Erin
Faith and love by your side
I will dream of your peace in the night.***

Please don't cry my Children
As you stand by my Grave
I have danced your memories all of my days
I will go now and pray as I travel this land
And live by the lessons you gave
And live by the lessons you gave

I AM AUSTRALIAN

(by Bruce Woodley & Dobe Newton)

1. I came from the Dreamtime
From the dusty red-soil plains
I am the ancient heart
The keeper of the flames

I stood upon the rocky shore
I watched the tall ships come
For 40 thousand years, I've been
The first Australian

[CHORUS]:

***We are one, but we are many
And from all the lands on earth we
come
We'll share a dream and sing with one
voice
I am, you are, we are Australian.***

2. I came upon the prison ships
Bound down by iron chains
I've worked the land, endured the lash
And waited for the rains

I'm a settler, I'm a farmer's wife
On a dry and barren run
A convict and a free man
I became Australian

[CHORUS]

3. I'm the daughter of a digger
Who sought the mother load
The girl became a woman
On the long and dusty road

I'm a child of the Depression
I saw the good time come
I'm a bushy, I'm a battler
I am Australian

[CHORUS]

4. I'm a teller of stories
I'm a singer of songs
I am Albert Namatjira
And I paint the ghostly gums

I am Clancy on his horse
I'm Ned Kelly on the run
I'm the one who waltzed Matilda
I am Australian

[CHORUS]

5. I'm the hot wind from the desert
I'm the black soil of the plain
I'm the mountains and the valleys
I'm the drowned and flooding rains

I am the rock, I am the sky
The rivers when they run
The spirit of this great land
I am Australian

[CHORUS] x2