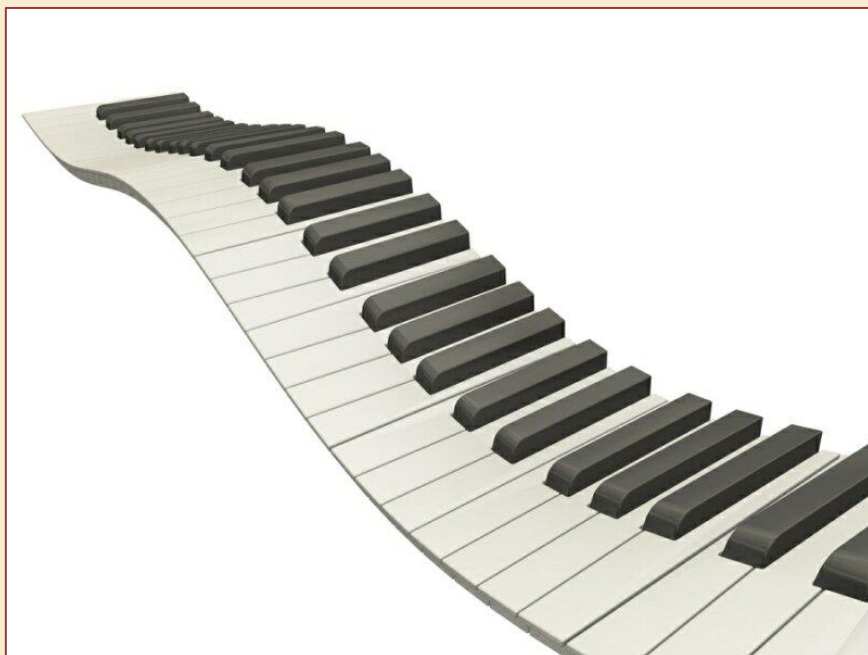


LYRICS (Unpublished)

This section comprises song lyrics that have possibly never been published in sheet music form. Some may have been published, either in whole or as extracts, in newspapers or magazine, however. Others are held in manuscript collections at various libraries, archives or performing arts museums.



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"Dear Australy"

Sara Nelson

Dear Australy! although thy face
Is bright with beauty' every hue;
The heart is saddened but anew,
And would thy glowing charms efface.
Like Peri winging through the spheres,
And joying in eternal day;
Yet, banished still, the wanderer's tears
Shall flow for all that life endears,
So many thousand miles away.

Oh ! blame me not that still I yearn
For scenes my infancy has known -
For friends whose love was all my own;
That to my native hearth I turn.
The gorgeous sheen of thy blue sky
Thy honest hearts none can gainsay.
No scene, fair land, can with thee vie,
Except that home for which I sigh,
So many thousand miles away.

Written expressly for the Nelson Family's musical entertainment *Quite Colonial* (1853).
Published in the *Launceston Examiner* 15 Oct. (1853), 4.

"Woolloomooloo"

Lance Lenton

I happened to be born on a cold and frosty morn,
In the famous suburb known as Woolloomooloo;
For it was in Riley street where the folks first heard me bleat.
For at the time I had nothing else to do.

Oh, my name is McCarty
And I'm a rorty party
A larrikin so hearty
That's a fact, oh strike me blue

I'm a perfect daisy
Won't work because I'm lazy
Gone way along the boozing throng
That loaf round Woolloomooloo
When I grew up a lad, I went straight to the bad,
I soon became a most accomplished thief;
But the Government was kind, and they didn't seem to mind,
In Darlinghurst they granted me relief...

After spending years in gaol, I began to quail,
I resolved to live upon a different lay;
Soon I enlisted in the ranks of the Salvation cranks,
You can bet I made the bloomin' business pay.

"Hallelujah!" I yell out, for I know my way about,
I kid the mugs that I'm converted too;
All the lassies, too, I mash and I'm never out of cash,
For I spank the drum all over Woolloomooloo"

(ctd. Edgar Waters 211).

As sung by [Will Whitburn](#) from ca. 1885.

"Soldier Boy"

Nat Phillips

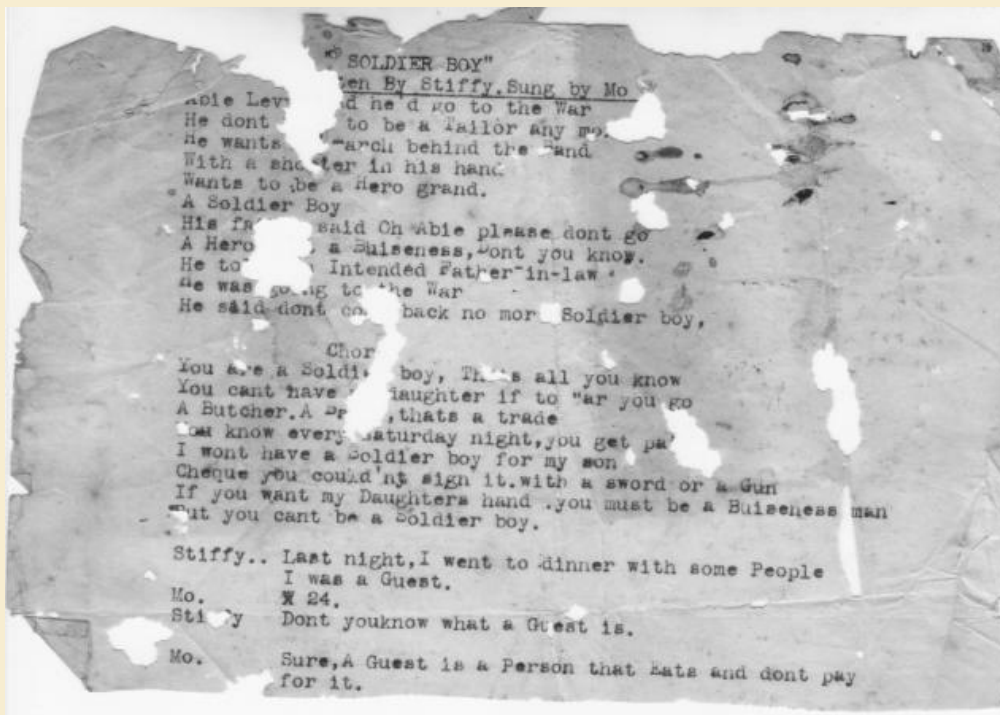
Written by Stiffy, Sung by Mo

[From the Nat Phillips Stiffy and Mo revusical, *In the Army* (1918), aka *Soldiers*]

Abie Levy [said] he'd go to the War
He don't [want] to be a Tailor any more
He wants [to] march behind the band
With a shooter in his hand
Wants to be a Hero grand
A Soldier Boy
His father said Oh Abie please don't go
A Hero [isn't] a business, Don't you know
He [told his] intended Father-in-law
He was going to the War
He said don't [come] back no more Soldier boy.

Chorus

You are a Soldier boy, That's all you know
A Butcher. A [Baker], that's a trade
You know every Saturday night you get paid
I won't have a Soldier boy for my son
Cheque you couldn't sign it with a sword or a gun
If you want my daughter's hand you must be a business man
But you can't be a Soldier boy



The above fragment from *In the Army* is held in the Nat Phillips Collection Archive, UQFL9. Fryer Library, The University of Queensland.

See [Nat Phillips Finding Aid Box 1; I.3.](#) (Edited by Clay Djubal, 2005).

"Hanah"

Nat Phillips

Everybody has a sweetheart that they love
And they talk about them like an angel from above
I've got a girl, she's not an angel from the sky
She can't be an angel for she is too fat to fly
I never take her for a walk, she is too fat to roam
For if she fell down in the street
I know she would roll home.

Chorus

Hanah, oy, oy, oyHanah
She makes music ion a grand pianer
Mit one finger plays a song
Every note she plays is wrong
All the neighbours have threatened to hang her
Hanahoy, oy, Hanah
They say there is no girl worse than her
She is a sunflower run to seed
Built for comfort not for speed
Hanahoy, oy, oy, Hanah

"Hanna" is held in the Nat Phillips Collection Archive, UQFL9. Fryer Library, The University of Queensland.
See [Nat Phillips Finding Aid](#) Box 3; SL.23. (Edited by Clay Djubal, 2005).

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