

R. V. Street
1st. Oct. 1972.
Egypt.

With feeling.

V.1 Good-bye Mother dear, the time has come to part; The call to arms is sounding now and

in my heart I know the cause is just, tho' the strife be long, But courage Mother dear - and

Tempo di Marcia

list-en to my song. Up from the South we come, we come, From the land of the "Long White Cloud" -

Mao-ri and Pa-ke-ha bronzed by the sun, Full of fight and just-ly proud -

Up from the South we come, we come From the land where men are free - To

fight for the right till the War is won; Oh God! Grant us Vic-tor-y .

V.2 We leave the hills and dales where the grass grows green,
We leave the capes and bays with their golden sheen
To fight in desert lands 'neath a burning sky
And live in sands of coarser grain, to do or die.

V.3 So now, Mother dear, God keep you safe and free
To live in peace while I am gone across the sea;
With thoughts of home and you, I feel the urge so strong
To do the thing I know is right - so hear again my song.