

"TAKE US HOME."

(Tune --Strip Polka.)

There's a country down under
Where the boys long to go,
To see wives and sweethearts that they all love so;
And a guy who is single, then can look for a wife
And help build a nation all his life.

CHORUS:

Take us home, take us home, cry the boys over here
Take us home, take us home, to a long glass of beer,
Take us home, take us home, you'll fill us with
good cheer,
But they won't --cos someone wants a fight!

There are large public houses, where there's booze
to be had,
And for nineteen and sixpence you will feel, not bad,
And a whisky and soda and a gin or two,
Will make you forget the things you do.

"B.I.T." and "T.R.G."

"HOME THOUGHTS."

...O...

Tonight the boys were yarning
Of things they'd done & seen,
And as they laughed and chatted,
Each vowed no more he'd roam.

Some of them come from the city,
Others had toiled on the land,
But all are impatiently waiting
For Tojo to make his last stand.

Over here on these tropical islands,
However happy they seem,
They'd rather be back in the city,
Or driving the same old team.

They are sure there's a welcome
waiting,
From sweethearts and wives left
behind,
The day they set foot on New Zealand,
I trust each will happiness find.

Yes, let Mother put on the kettle,
And Father build up the fire,
For it's of folks like you we are
thinking,
In the land of our heart's desire.

"Pro Bona Publico."

...O...

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