

And When they Dance Roy Abbott

I play in a band, I've played all around,
From Perth in the west to old Melbourne Town,
But one thing delights me each time I look down
It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

Chorus

And when they dance
their dresses spin round,
They travel so light that they
scarce touch the ground,
And the smiles on their faces
would win any crowd
The lasses who dance 'til the morning.

I've played for the gentry I've played for them all,
From the old bush hut to the debutante's ball,
But one thing unites them the great and the small
It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

Chorus

And when the dance ends and they all
leave the floor
Their legs are so weary tired and sore
But who are the ones that keep yellin' for more?
It's the lasses who dance till the morning.

Chorus

So, long may I travel and far may I roam
Around this big country we call our home
Playing for people that I'll never know
And the lasses who dance till the morning.

Chorus

Catalpa Brendan Woods

A noble whale ship and commander
Called the Catalpa, they say
Came out to 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**

Seven long years had they served here
And seven long more had to stay
For defending their country Old Ireland
For that they were banished away

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Now they've landed safe in America
And there will be able to cry
Hoist up the green flag and shamrock
Hurrah for old Ireland we'll die

Chorus