

Cuckoo/Mr. Moon

'Twas on a summer's evening
We walked the forest through.
When suddenly we heard it:
The sweet and low cuckoo.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo-koo-koo-koo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo-koo-koo-koo!

Mr. Moon, Mr. Moon,
You're out too soon.
The sun is still in the sky.
Go back to bed,
And cover up your head.
And wait 'till the day goes by!

Taps

Day is done.
Gone the sun
From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky.
All is well.
Safely rest.
God is nigh.

Linger

Mm-mm, I want to linger
Mm-mm, a little longer,
Mm-mm, a little longer here with you.

Mm-mm, it's such a perfect night.
Mm-mm, it doesn't seem quite right
Mm-mm, that this should be my last with you.

Mm-mm, and come September,
Mm-mm, we'll all remember
Mm-mm, our camping days and friendships true.

Mm-mm, and as the years go by,
Mm-mm, I'll think of you and sigh.
Mm-mm This is goodnight and not goodbye.

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a Coolabah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy
boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"

"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy
boiled.
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Along came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed it with glee.
And he said as he stuffed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me!"

"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me!"
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me!"

(Waltzing Matilda, con't)

Up rode the Squatter, riding on his Thoroughbred.
Up came the troopers, one, two, three.
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Up jumped the swagman, and jumped into the billabong.
"You'll never catch me alive," said he.
And his voice may be heard, when you pass by that
billabong,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"

"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"
And his voice may be heard, when you pass by that
billabong,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"