

Songs

The Lass from Yackandandah

Words from The Melbourne Punch 1857, the setting is 'The Girl I Left Behind Me'.

Let — po - ets sing of Eng - lish girls, their beaut - y and their can - dour;
Give — me a sweet - er nymph than all, the lass of Yack - an - dan - dah.
When dress'd in all her Sun - day best, no Mel - bourne belle looks grand - er;
In sheen - y Sab - bath sat - in shines the lass of Yack - an - dan - dah.

Her spotless name hath never known one touch or taint of slander,
Though barmaid at the 'Harrow' is the lass of Yackandandah.
I'd like to see the man who'd dare with calumny to brand her,
He'd find he'd got his match in her, the lass of Yackandandah.

Her tongue subdues us, one and all, we dare not reprimand her;
Each brawling sot is mute before the lass of Yackandandah.
The lazy landlord long has ceased the effort to command her;
And in the 'Harrow' reigns supreme the lass of Yackandandah.

She draws a cork with such an air, no mortal can withstand her;
She turns a tap, and turns our heads, the lass of Yackandandah.
When she's behind the bar, I stand and stare, like any gander;
Whereat, she calls me silly goose, the lass of Yackandandah.

For her dear sake a goose I'd be, a bunyip, salamander,
Or anything, in short, to win the lass of Yackandandah.
I wish I were Belshazzar, or the Emp'ror Alexander,
My crown I'd lay at her dear feet, the lass of Yackandandah.

My wages all in drinking healths to her, I weekly squander,
Yet cannot drown my passion for the lass of Yackandandah.
Her coldness is enough to raise an angel's bile or dander,
She'll be the death of me I know, the lass of Yackandandah.