

LYRICS (Published)

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"She's Only Seventeen"

[The following is an extract from one of Ted Tutty's most popular songs. It was published in the May 1916 issue of the *Theatre*, page 52.]

I love a girl
A dear little girl
And she's only seventeen;

I love a girl
The same little girl -
And she's only seventeen!

I love her dearly -
I don't want her self.
I'd do anything
For her little self;
I'd lay down my life for her.
But I want it myself -
And she's only seventeen
Only seventeen
Only seventeen

She said, "I'll love you all my life.
Indeed you are my dream" -
And she's only seventeen
I love a girl
And she's only seventeen
I'm sorry to say
That I married this girl -
When she was only seventeen.

"For Auld Lang Syne! - Australia Will Be There"

(Skipper Francis)

There has been a lot of argument
Going on they say
As to whether dear old England
Should have gone into the fray
But right-thinking people
All wanted her to fight
For when there's shady business
Britannia puts it right.

Rally 'round the banner of your country
Take the field with brothers o'er the foam
On land or sea
Where'er you be
Keep your eye on Germany
But England, home and beauty
Have no cause to fear
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
No, no, no! Australian will be there.

You've heard about the Emden
That was cruising all around
It was sinking British shipping
Where'er it could be found
Till one fine summer morning
Australia's answer came
The good ship Sydney hove in sight
And put the foe to shame

When old John Bull is threatened
By foes on land or sea
His colonial sons are ready
And at his side will be
From Africa, India and Canada
Come men to do or die
And motherland is glad to hear
Australia's battle-cry

Theatre Magazine (Sydney) June 1917, 47.

A Welshman by birth, Skipper Francis immigrated to Australia in 1913 due to ill-health. He was contracted by the Fullers that year and appeared on their circuit constantly past 1917. The song was first performed in 1916.

"I've Been So Busy Knitting"

(Wish Wynne)

Young Miss Smith was affected with
A desire to knit all day
She would sit in the chair and knit
Till the dark wool turned to grey
Once a gentleman came to call
But her hands were both quite full
She looked so nice that he kissed her twice
But she never lost her wool
And when her mother said, "Miss
How can you behave like this?"

She answered, "I've been so very busy knitting
making socks and mufflers for soldiers thin and fat
And if anybody kissed me, I've been so busy knitting
That I never noticed a little thing like that.

She got wed to a man called Ted
And she knitted all his socks
They had two little children
Who ran around in knitted frocks
One day someone asked her
How her delightful children were
She looked dazed and upon him gazed
With an empty vacant stare.

She answered, "I've been so very busy knitting
making socks and mufflers for soldiers thin and fat
If I've a son and daughter, well I've been so busy knitting
That I never noticed two little things like that.

One day she told her husband
He was exceedingly unkind
Off she ran with a soldier man
Down to Coogee where they dined
later on when the case was heard
Her defence was "heaven forbid!
I don't know any soldier
O, sir I only wish I did
Then the judge said "Well miss,
Who was that soldier with you?"

She answered, "I've been so very busy knitting
making socks and mufflers for soldiers thin and fat
If the man is not my husband, well I've been so busy knitting
That I never noticed a little thing like that.

"Clogs and Shawl"

(Art Slavin)

[The following is an extract from Art Slavin's parody of the one-time popular Lancashire song, "Clogs and Shawl."]

She wore clogs and a shawl,
Only clogs and a shawl;
If that's all she wore,
She looked fine I'm sure;
If she took off her shawl,
She'd have clogs on - that's all;
'Twould make me feel dizzy,
If I look at Lizzy;
In only her clogs and shawl.

Theatre Magazine (Sydney) Feb. 1919, n. pag.

"Bert Hinkler"

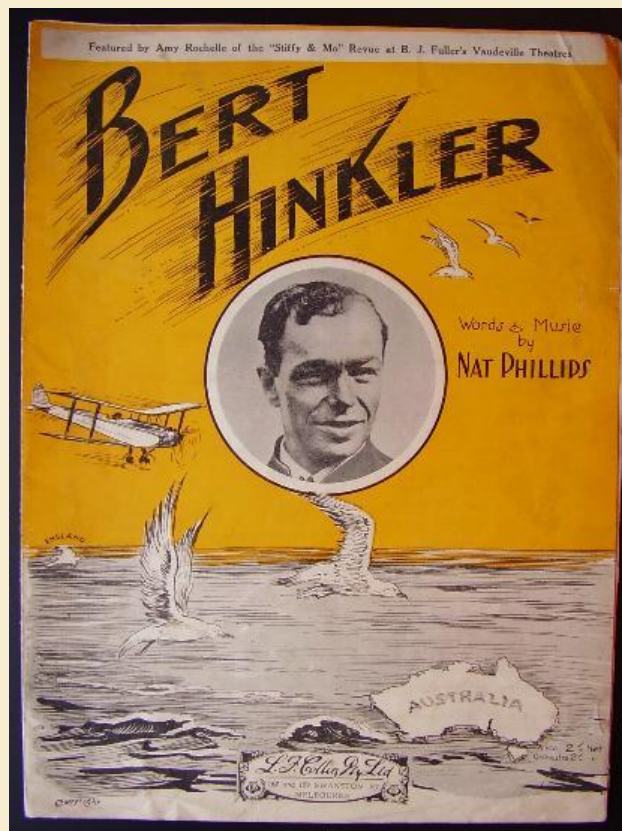
(Words and Music by Nat Phillips)

[A copy of the following song, published by L.F. Collin (Melbourne) is held in the Nat Phillips Collection, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G - Box 10; Folder 1]

I want everyone to join in with me
To greet our hero from over the sea
I feel proud I'm an Aussie when I hear his name
And I bet ev'ry one of you are feeling just the same.

Hinkler, Hinkler that name gives you a thrill
He's no tinkler, a flier with a will
In his tiny little bus he left England without any fuss
Then one morning from out of the sky
We saw Hinkler flying high
He's mother's boy but he's our pride and joy
Bert Hinkler we are proud of you.

This little flier from Queensland's sunny clime
Told all the world that he'd be here on time
His one thought was Mother whom he'd long'd to see
So let's all get together and sing his praises with me.



Nat Phillips Collection (UQFL 9).
(Courtesy of the Fryer Library, University of Queensland)

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