



## LYRICS for **Strange Country** album



Steve Messer

Steve Camp

Peter York

Rod Boreham

# Strange Country

If every picture tells a story, then what you have here is not so much just another album containing some very enjoyable original music, but an audible 'picture book' full of stories and events which are distinctly Australian - yet touch on themes that are universal.

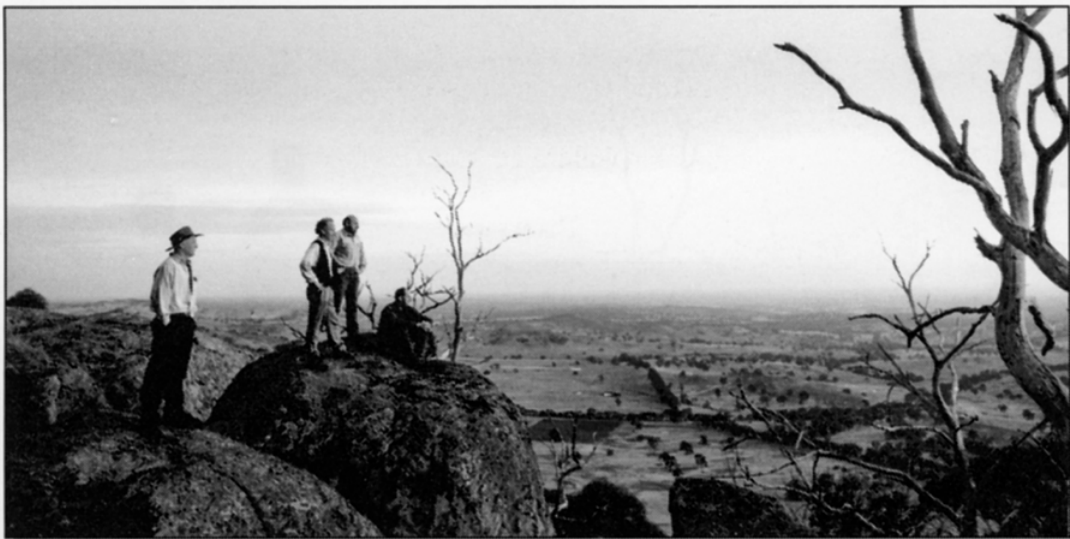
Steve has the enviable ability of being able to take every day occurrences - such as the behind the scenes politics involved in selecting the local cricket team - and bringing them to life in a way with which everyone can identify.

All you need is a little imagination and you can almost smell the fumes at Wally's service station and hear the silence as a small country town closes down to allow the community to lay to rest one of its valued citizens in *Lay Him Down Easy*.

It may be a 'Strange Country' but it is also a beautiful and fascinating one and Steve and the band have given us an 'audible snapshot' of it which I'm sure you will enjoy revisiting for many years to come.

Bruce O'Hara  
Country Music Radio Network  
2TM Tamworth.

This album is dedicated to  
the Kube family and to Laurence and Sharon Deverall.



Steve Messer, Peter York, Rod Boreham & Steve Camp at Mt. Alexander, Central Victoria.  
Photo by Richard Gibbs.

# STEVE MESSER

## Strange Country

### Musicians:

**Rod Boreham:** Electric Bass  
**Phil Bosua:** Drums  
**Steve Camp:** Acoustic & High Strung Guitars & Harmony Vocals  
**Pete Cavanagh:** Didgeridoo  
**Phil Gaudion:** Drums  
**Tom Hanssen:** Piano & Accordion  
**Lionel Holt:** Fiddle  
**Steve Messer:** Acoustic & Electric Mandolins, Harmonica, Acoustic Slide Guitar, Dobro & Lead Vocals  
**Lance Peele:** Backing Vocals  
**Darryl Thompson:** Acoustic & Electric Guitars, Electric Bass, Piano & Organ  
**David Williams:** Electric & Double Bass  
**Peter York:** Acoustic & Electric Guitars, Electric Bass, Harmonium & Harmony Vocals  
**Willemina York:** Recorder

### Thanks to -

The TLC Eldership and community  
John Bosua, Caz Oates, Will Campbell- technical assistance  
Michael Livett - piano tuning  
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Pete and Steph Connell for believing enough to pay in advance  
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Steve Grace, Geoff Bentley and Young Australian Ministries  
Kelvin & Yolande Oswin, Bruce and Pam O'Hara  
The families of all those involved for their support and patience.  
Special thanks to Jenny, Jessica, Andrew Sally and Thomas for their part in getting this album finished  
and to Peter York, Russell Evans and Steve Camp without whom it wouldn't have been. Thanks to all  
the musicians for their creativity and commitment to this project.

All songs © 1998 Steve Messer

**Produced by Peter York, Steve Messer and Steve Camp**

**Recorded by Russell Evans**

**Mixed by David Carr**

**at TLC/Rangemaster Studios, Bayswater, Victoria**

**Mastered by David Briggs at the Production Workshop**

**Cover photography by Richard Gibbs**

**Cover design and layout Peter York**

**Additional photography by Alan Preston and Steve Messer**

**Reference material for Ebenezer Mission:**

**"The Bell Sounds Pleasantly: The Story of Ebenezer Mission 1859-1902"**

**Susan Robertson, Luther Rose Publications, Doncaster, Victoria, 1992.**

# **Strange Country**

## **album lyrics booklet**

### **permission to use and distribute songs which are presented on “Strange Country” album**

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To reproduce songs or music for financial gain, we ask website visitors to make contact with the artist associated with the songs to gain their permission and to negotiate any royalties that may be due.

Contact us on the following email and we will put you in touch with the artist.

**[songs.of.faith.hope.and.love@gmail.com](mailto:songs.of.faith.hope.and.love@gmail.com)**

Thankyou for respecting the artist's creativity.

### **All words and music by Steve Messer © 1998**

- 01** Nan Kube's Reply (3.55)
- 02** Wally Petrol Boss (3.30)
- 03** Take Care of Your Heart (4.00)
- 04** Well I Love You (5.03)
- 05** Jackanandy Rag (2.44)
- 06** Postcard from Brussels (2.59)
- 07** Do We Put Our Best Team In? (5.20)
- 08** If He Never Had To Know (4.59)
- 09** Lay Him Down Easy (4.20)
- 10** The Ballad of Corporal Deverall (6.20)
- 11** Avenue of Trees (6.54)
- 12** Ebenezer Mission (11.17)
- 13** For the Last Time (4.24)



## 01 NAN KUBE'S REPLY

© Steve Messer 1998

*The Kube family befriended me when I began my teaching career in Victoria's Wimmera region. This song is based on stories Nan told me about looking out for the needs of the swagmen who came to the family farm in the days of the Great Depression.*

Stray footsteps on the verandah  
Weary gait from hobnailed miles  
And track dust fills dry creek beds  
Of a face that rarely smiles  
It's hard times have made him travel  
Seeking kindness on the road  
And the swag with all he owns in  
Is the light part of his load

He'd walked in from Jeparit  
He'd got there just on dark  
And turned down Kube's track  
When he saw the swagmen's mark  
Nan was getting dinner  
She invited him to stay  
And said she'd do his mending  
Before he was on his way

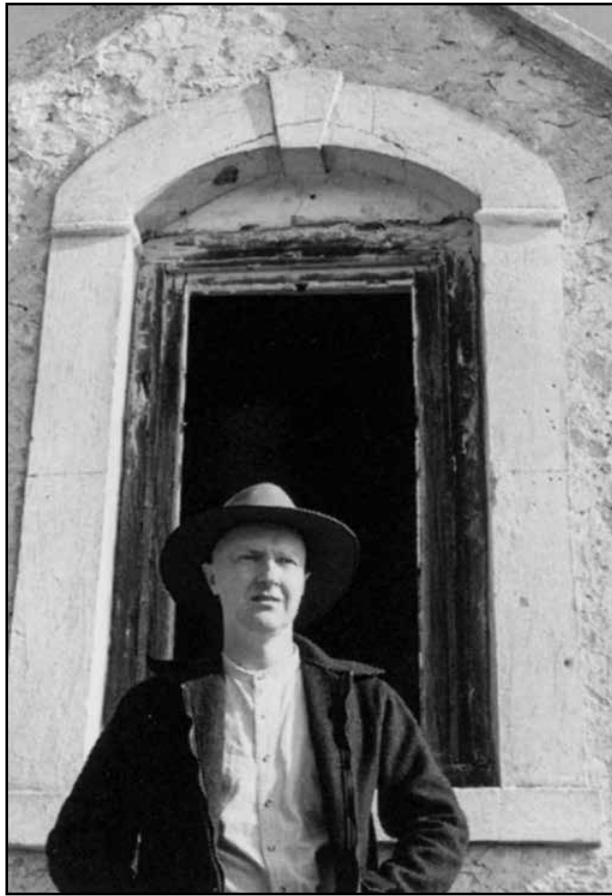
### CHORUS

Barely enough was never too little  
When a poor man was passing by  
"He's somebody's son" was all she'd say  
When the neighbours asked her "Why?"  
"Jesus gave sight to the blind  
Strong legs to the lame  
I can't do that but I can show  
Some kindness in his name"

It was quite a distance back now  
To where his pants began to go  
They were way past being decent  
With little left to sew  
Pa was just in from the cowshed  
He was headed for his chair  
When Nan said "Get your strides off Dad  
This bloke needs that pair!"

### CHORUS

It was kindness put two bob in a bag  
Something to eat on the way  
And a Bible verse that she wrote by hand  
To tell him how to be saved



Steve Messer at Ebenezer Mission

*Continued next page*

He was not the first to stop there  
He wouldn't be the last  
Because kindness like the Kubes'  
Sent stories traveling fast  
And every man who left there  
Had a full swag on his back  
And Nan's prayers always followed him  
As he headed down the track

#### LAST CHORUS

Barely enough was never too little  
When a poor man was passing by  
"He's somebody's son" was all she'd say  
When the neighbours asked her "Why?"  
"Jesus gave sight to the blind  
Strong legs to the lame  
I can't do that but I can show  
Some kindness in his name  
Jesus gave sight to the blind  
Strong legs to the lame  
I can't do that but I can show  
Some kindness in his name"

Phil Bosua: Drums  
Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar,  
& Harmony Vocals  
Steve Messer: Harmonica, Mandolin,  
& Lead Vocals  
Darryl Thompson: Electric Guitar  
David Williams: Electric Bass  
Peter York: Harmony Vocals



Steve Messer



## 02 WALLY, PETROL BOSS

© Steve Messer 1998

*Wally took a perfectionist approach to the under-acknowledged artform of filling a car, not stopping until the petrol was visible. Laddie's bark announced each customer and the commencement of the next performance.*

Up on the hill at the edge of town  
(We called it a hill 'cause there're so few around)  
Jenny's Roadhouse truckstop and café  
I could fill for less elsewhere  
But you can't put a price on what I got there  
Wally and his watchdog made my day

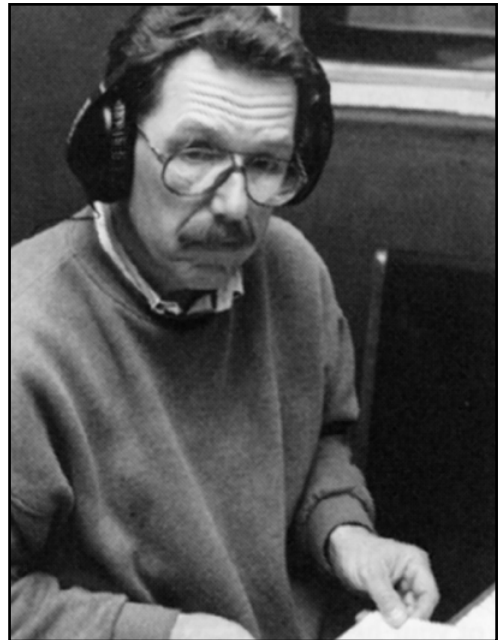
Wally spoke with an accent  
I understood about ten per cent  
He had gravestone teeth and his hair was way past grey  
And Laddie was the dog that followed him around  
He had a doomsday bark what a terrifying sound  
But Wally translated what Laddie really meant to say

### CHORUS

"Wally petrol boss"  
And he'd shuffle from the office  
And I'd smile because  
He'd round the total down  
It helped to justify my trips  
Elsewhere they say  
"Have a nice day!"  
Not Wally he did things his way  
He'd fill my tank up full and say....  
"Take a look boss no drips!"

I watch people everywhere I go  
Some take life fast some take life slow  
Some make it an artform day to day  
Some make things happen some watch the show  
Some like to drive and some get towed  
Some just paint by numbers and stay that way  
CHORUS

One day he was gone I don't know where he went  
I never said goodbye to that dear old gent  
So I filled up in town where it was less to pay  
But if you ever meet a man who rounds the prices down  
With a big old dog following him around  
Won't you tell him I said thankyou and g'day  
CHORUS



Tom Hanssen

Rod Boreham: Electric Bass  
Phil Bosua: Drums  
Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar & Harmony Vocals  
Tom Hanssen: Piano & Accordion  
Steve Messer: Mandolin & Lead Vocals

### 03 TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEART

© Steve Messer 1998

*Real love requires a balance of caution and daring. An excess of either will lead to trouble and our hearts are fragile.*

Wherever you go wherever you stay  
You can live with your feelings or keep them at bay  
Take care of your heart  
But always leave room for love

Don't grow too hard don't grow too cold  
Don't let the world squeeze you into its mould  
Take care of your heart  
But always leave room for love

#### CHORUS

Leave room for love  
Don't be afraid  
To grow with the changes that will need to be made  
With faith in the kindness you can be certain of  
Take care of your heart  
But always leave room for love

Don't be too busy don't live too fast  
Don't waste time on things that don't last  
Take care of your heart  
But always leave room for love

You can walk in the loneliness of uncertainty  
Or you can walk in the truth that will set your heart free  
Take care of your heart  
But always leave room for love

#### LAST CHORUS

Leave room for love  
Don't be afraid  
To grow with the changes that will need to be made  
With faith in the kindness you can be certain of  
Take care of your heart  
But always leave room for love

Rod Boreham: Electric Bass  
Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar & Harmony Vocals  
Phil Gaudion: Drums  
Steve Messer: Acoustic Slide Guitars & Lead Vocals  
Darryl Thompson: Piano



#### 04 WELL I LOVE YOU

© Steve Messer 1998

*My eldest daughter Jess asked me why I'd never written a song about my kids like Peter York had about his. I set to righting this wrong straight away. The second verse came on the way home from Canada in 1995.*

Up late again tonight I must be coming down with a song  
Words come like clouds drifting gently insisting that I sing along  
Was it something that Jess said as she made her way to bed  
That made me make my coffee up so strong  
Turning my back on the time trying to turn those clouds to rhymes  
Wondering why it's taken me so long

#### CHORUS

Well I love you  
I can't find a clever way to say it oh but I do  
And I pray to God that he will help me to be  
All you need me to be to you

Jesus leads me on music seems to follow me around  
And friends as old as yesterday have made me welcome here to play  
These stories that I've found  
There's an ocean and some hours between this home and ours  
While you're sleeping I'm a day behind  
From my wide sun prairie afternoon to your rain cold Drouin midnight June's  
No distance when you're always on my mind

#### CHORUS

Well I love you  
I can't find a clever way to say it oh but I do  
And I pray to God that he will help me to be  
All you need me to be to you

#### INSTRUMENTAL

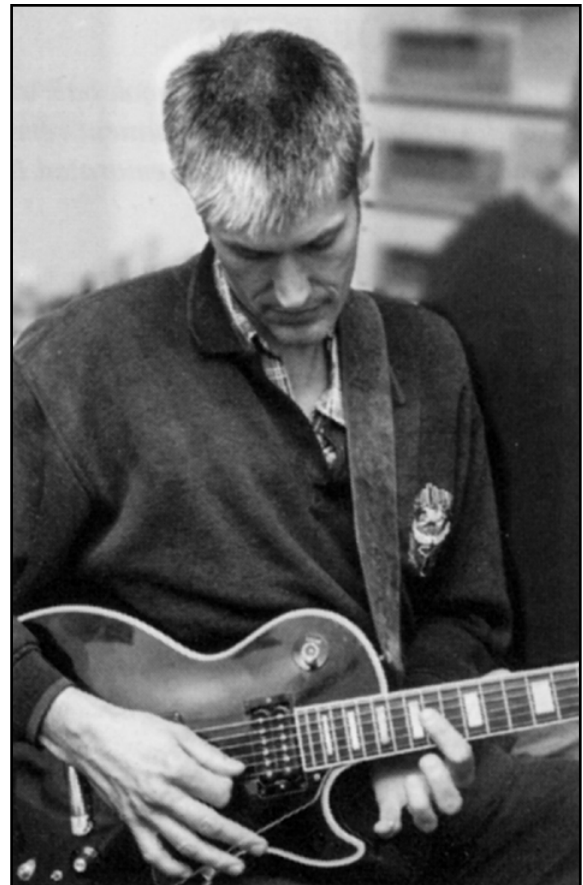
#### CHORUS

Well I love you  
I can't find a clever way to say it oh but I do  
And I pray to God that he will help me to be  
All you need me to be to you

#### LAST CHORUS

Well I love you  
I can't find a clever way to say it oh but I do  
And I pray to God that he will help you to be  
All you need to be for truth

Phil Bosua: Drums  
Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar, High Strung Guitar  
& Harmony Vocals  
Steve Messer: Mandolins, Acoustic Slide Guitar,  
Dobro & Lead Vocals  
David Williams: Double Bass



Darryl Thompson

## 05 JACKANANDY RAG

© Steve Messer 1998

Instrumental

*I named this tune for John and Andy Kube with whom I played in a group we called "The Okee Dokees" back in Wimmera days in the early 1980's.*

Phil Bosua: Drums

Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar

Tom Hanssen: Piano & Accordion

Steve Messer: Harmonica

Darryl Thompson: Finger Style Acoustic Guitar

David Williams: Double Bass

## 06 POSTCARD FROM BRUSSELS

© Steve Messer 1998

*My cousin Mark had a trip overseas for work.*

*Can't understand the words..? You try singing that fast with your tongue in your cheek!*

I've got a friend going overseas leaving on a 'plane  
I want a postcard from Brussels I want one from Barcelona Spain  
I want one from the Riviera and one written in mid air  
I want to see where that ratbag's going because I wish that I was there

And when he gets to London I want a souvenir from the Tower  
I want him to stay within earshot of Big Ben's chimes so he can think of me on the hour  
Think of me there in my little room doing my nine to five  
Stuck with a stack of paperwork wondering what's going on outside

I kind of hope his gondola sinks when he's on a Venetian canal  
Or that his clothes'll get lost and he'll be left with just toothbrush and towel  
Or maybe he'll come down with food poisoning in Rome  
So I'll be well wishing I was overseas and he'll be sick wishing he was home

He'll probably see Mona Lisa and wonder why she smiles  
He's sure to buy a bulky knit jumper hand made in the Scottish Isles  
No doubt he'll kiss the Blarney Stone and have dinner with the Queen  
Get to sign his name in her visitors' book while he tells her where he's been

I can just see him arriving back home with a smile from ear to ear  
He'll probably talk with a plum in his throat while he tells me how he's filled in his year  
Well I'm so jealous of him that I'll tell him I don't want to know  
And when he has his slide-night I just don't think I'll go

Rod Boreham: Electric Bass

Phil Bosua: Drums

Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar

Steve Messer: Harmonica, Electric Mandolin & Vocals

Darryl Thompson: Electric Guitar Solo

Peter York: Electric Rhythm & Harmony Guitars

David Williams: Electric Bass (on coda)

## 07 DO WE PUT OUR BEST TEAM IN?

© Steve Messer 1998

*All characters in this song are purely fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental... What might happen if a cricket club had to choose between someone good and someone important.*

It's the week of the grand final and twelve came out to train  
On Tuesday night as usual and Thursday night again  
It's been years since we made it so we're quite geed up to win  
But all the talk at our selection was "Will we put our best team in?"

Now we're a chance we reckon we've played them twice this year  
One-all is the record and the game is being played here  
But we're stuck with a dilemma it's what to do with Jim?  
Do we name him as a starter or do we put our best team in?

### CHORUS

Well he threw his arm out somehow now he underarms them in  
When we hide him in the outfield catches seem to follow him  
And he drops them... and he can't bat and he cannot bowl at all  
But he's our rep' on the association and he supplies the ball

Did I say twelve at training? That's right of course I did  
We've had a new arrival a handsome, big-boned kid  
His dad's the town's new preacher a Presbyterian  
And the word from all who've seen him play is that this kid's worth a run

The old blokes stand with arms crossed behind the nets and shake their heads  
The new kid's smashed our fast man out of the ground behind the sheds  
When he bowled he moved the pill both ways he trained with vigour and with vim  
So can we afford to leave him out or do we risk offending Jim?

### CHORUS

If I tell you the result you won't need to know much more  
We named Jim at eleven and left the kid to score  
And it almost didn't matter two to win and nine men down  
But the catch flew straight to Jimmy and true to form it went to ground

Next morning at the service that the new kid's father ran  
His sermon was forgiveness for the foolish ways of man  
And just in case we missed the point that omission can be sin  
He asked the choir's conductor "Well do we have our best team in?"

### LAST CHORUS

Well he threw his arm out somehow now he underarms them in  
When we hide him in the outfield catches seem to follow him  
And he drops them and he can't bat and he cannot bowl at all  
But he's our rep' on the association and he supplies the ball  
But he's our rep' on the association and he supplies the ball

Phil Gaudion: Drums

Steve Camp: Backing Vocals

Steve Messer: Acoustic Slide Guitar, Mandolin & Lead Vocals

Lance Peele: Backing Vocals

Darryl Thompson: Electric Bass

Peter York: Harmonium & Backing Vocals

## 08 IF HE NEVER HAD TO KNOW

© Steve Nesser 1998

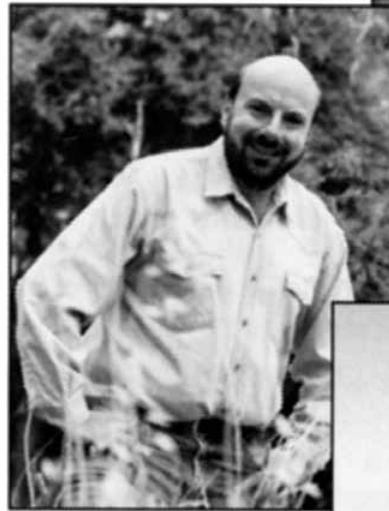
*This story is true; my son, Tom, did ask the question.*

The Big Top's up there's going to be a show  
Tom heard the news at kinder so now he wants to go  
"I'd like to but I don't think so we've got bills to pay  
Why don't we talk a walk there later on today?  
To see the caravans and cages lined up row by row"

We found the lions pacing dangerous and slow  
He liked the king-sized padlock keeping their cage closed  
When the man who'd come to feed them explained their appetite  
Tom asked "Do they eat people?" He said "Only if they are white"  
We walked on past the camels then we headed home

### INTRUMENTAL

The Big Top's down the circus hit the road  
They drove up the hill on Church Street the animals in tow  
They left a small boy with a question which he asked in bed that night  
His brow creased with confusion when he asked "Mum, am I white?"  
Wouldn't it be good if he never had to know?  
Wouldn't it be good if he never had to know?  
Wouldn't it be good if he never had to know?



Rod Boreham



Peter York



Steve Camp

Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitars & Harmony Vocals  
Steve Messer: Mandolin & Lead Vocals  
David Williams: Double Bass  
Peter York: Harmonium

## 09 LAY HIM DOWN EASY

© Steve Messer 1998

*Pa Kube's funeral literally stopped the district. His life demonstrated the power of humble devotion to God.*

There's a cold wind blowing it seems only right  
Makes my coat seem thin and it might rain tonight  
I should hear tractors working farmers breaking ground  
But all I hear's the wind as I drive to town

The cold won't stop a working man  
But the rain tonight might delay his plans  
Those idle tractors haven't broken down  
They've just been left where they stopped half way through a round

I know what has called all the men away  
They're burying a decent man work's stopped early for the day

### CHORUS

So lay him down easy lay him down slow  
There are two hundred here today who are sad to see him go  
And as droughts breaks on the faces of the district's toughest men  
We all know that we will never see his like again

So they bear him from St Andrew's and drive him through the town  
Past the silos and the weighbridge, shire hall and showgrounds  
And I wonder do those mourners with their lights on understand  
That this humble pilgrim farmer has received a better land?

### CHORUS

The land he gave his days to has received him now  
And his loved ones turn to cope with life without him 'round  
We'll miss the quiet wisdom that he shared so generously  
Around the kitchen table when we called for morning tea

And he talked about his Master who he prayed to for the rain  
And he knew a grain of wheat must die to be made new again

### LAST CHORUS

So lay him down easy lay him down slow  
Two hundred here today are turning now for home  
And as rain falls on my face and joins the tears for my old friend  
I know that we will meet again

Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar (right channel) & Harmony Vocals

Steve Messer: Mandolin & Lead Vocals

Peter York: Acoustic Guitar (left channel) & Harmonium

## 10 THE BALLAD OF CORPORAL DEVERALL

© Steve Messer

*I met Laurence Deverall at Thorpdale, Victoria in 1994. On a previous visit to Australia he had been a part of the British military's nuclear testing at Maralinga in 1956; this is his story. I wrote it en-route to Canada and performed it first at the Atomic Survivors and Nuclear Test Veterans' Conference at the University of Lethbridge, Canada in 1995.*

Website reference to "Operation Buffalo":

**<https://aso.gov.au/titles/sponsored-films/operation-buffalo/notes/>**

It was nineteen and fifty six late in July  
When the ship pulled away from the quay  
Sent south for the summer we saluted and left  
At the bidding of Her Majesty  
To a flat desert outpost a wasteland for sure  
To ruin what would never need closure  
Somewhere to assess the success of her bombs  
Without risk of public exposure

Air Taskforce Buffalo that was the name  
That we used to refer to our mission  
Breakaway Marcoo and Kite did the same  
For the fruit of some scientist's vision  
England had need of the strength of our bones  
To ensure the continued survival  
Of the plans set in train when she first gained the Bomb  
That would keep her abreast of her rivals

So we called Maralinga our home for a while  
And all settled down to our duties  
And though the country was strange to one used to green hills  
We weren't unaware of its beauties  
For the Kite shot they had me serve up at the front  
We were told not to look at the lightning  
But I felt the heat on the back of my legs  
We didn't know enough for it to be frightening

The rest as they say is just history  
I returned to the land of my birth  
And for the next fourteen years there grew steadily  
This scourge from the ends of the earth  
So I started asking "Who is to blame  
For my suffering amputation?"  
And the answer I got time and again  
"There's no adequate explanation"

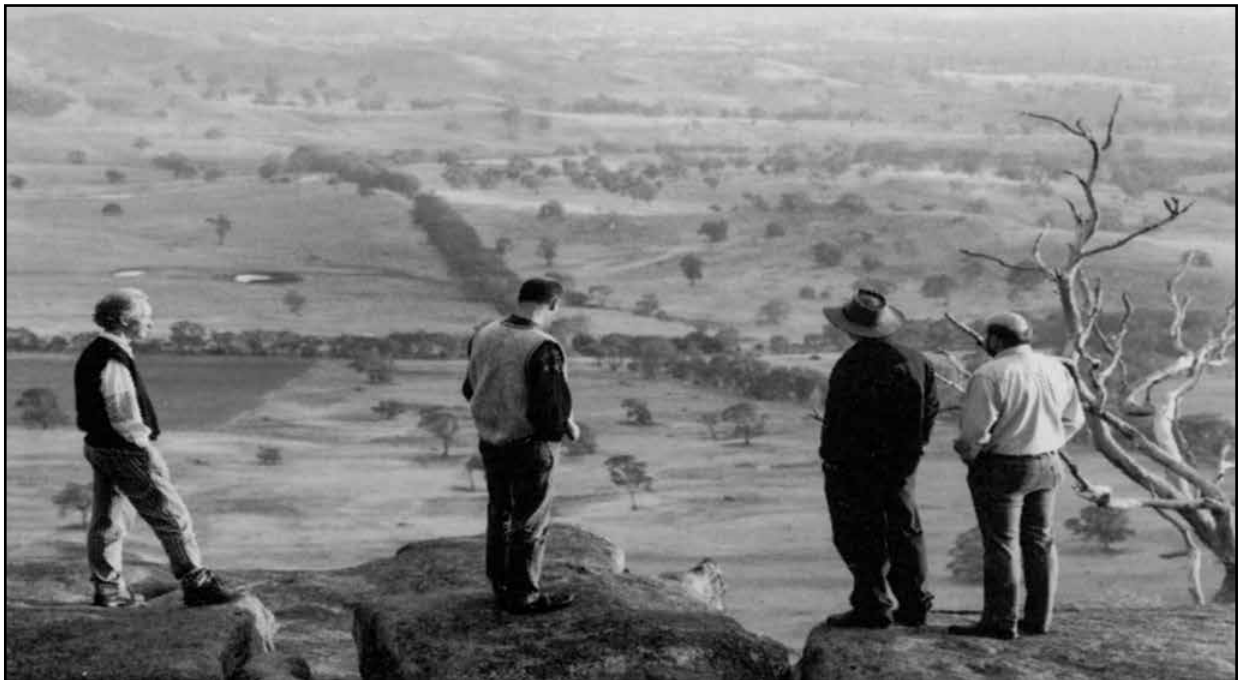
Sleeping's not something I do easily  
This pain is a constant reminder  
And all 'round the world there are many like me  
For whom life hasn't been any kinder  
If I was asked "What's been the worst part?"  
Of all that I've been living through  
I'd say "Not the pain but the thought that remains  
That my claims are paid lip-service to"

*Continued next page*

Lawyers and doctors tribunals reports  
Now I work with a new sense of duty  
I gave my best I did all that I could  
They took it all but now they refuse me  
And so I pray that the truth will prevail  
Losing's not something I've planned on  
I've only got one but I'll fight on  
'Til they don't have a leg to stand on



Rod Boreham: Electric Bass  
Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar,  
High Strung Guitar & Harmony Vocals  
Tom Hanssen: Piano & Accordion  
Steve Messer: Mandolin & Lead Vocals  
Darryl Thompson: Lead Guitar  
David Williams: Double Bass  
Peter York: Electric Rhythm Guitar



Peter York, Steve Camp, Steve Messer & Rod Boreham at Mt. Alexander, Central Victoria.  
Photo by Richard Gibbs.



## 11 AVENUE OF TREES

© Steve Messer 1998

*Whether it is a swimming pool, hall or statue, honour board or memorial avenue, every Australian town has some permanent reminder of our debt to those who went to war. The debt we owe Jesus is properly commemorated in a life surrendered to him.*

Heading out of Ballarat towards the western plains  
The tall white arch behind me ahead the dual lanes  
On both sides of the highway stripped bare by winter's breeze  
Ten miles of sad reminders the avenue of trees

I'd never thought about it can't say what changed my mind  
I must have driven through there about a hundred times  
But this day it all connected I begged a moment's silence please  
Ten miles of fallen heroes the avenue of trees

### CHORUS 1

And greater love has no man than he lay his life down  
In order that another could go free  
And brave men marched to war from cities and from country towns  
Some made it home some died alone  
Who knows their agony?  
And so there stands the avenue of trees

There are statues in the main streets boards up on the walls  
Hand carved with golden letters in every country hall  
And if you see a cross there it's for brave men such as these  
That just outside of Ballarat there's an avenue of trees  
CHORUS 1

I spent an hour alone inside a memorial hall  
I stopped before a photo of a boy who heard the call  
The inscription underneath said he was born in 'twenty three  
That's way before my time he's still a younger man than me

The one who lives forever the one who knows each name  
Came and lived among us and died alone in shame  
And cruel men stood and mocked him in the act that brought release  
Did they know their scorn was poured on the one who made the trees?

### CHORUS 2

And greater love has no man than he lay his life down  
In order that the whole world could go free  
And Jesus left his throne and tangled thorns became his crown  
So far from home He died alone who knows his agony?  
When they hung him in the avenue of trees  
Greater love has no man greater love has no man  
When they hung him in the avenue of trees

## 12 EBENEZER MISSION

© Steve Messer 1998

*Ebenezer was an Aboriginal mission commenced by F.A. Hagenauer and F.W. Spieske at Antwerp, between Jeparit and Dimboola in the Wimmera, Victoria. It operated between 1859 & 1902.*

Fierce midday heat and flat acres of silence  
I ponder these buildings alone  
Roofless abandoned save for irreverent swallows  
This landmark to faith set in stone  
Out in the graveyard the stones speak in the stillness  
Of plans courageously laid  
And it's hard not to wonder what dreams lie at rest  
In that twisted old native pine's shade: Ebenezer

Spieske and Hagenauer sailed to their new country  
And caught a train to the end of the line  
Then walked far enough up the dark Wimmera River  
To be remote from the bright lights and wine  
They weren't the first of their colour to get there  
They found the victims of those gone before  
And if it wasn't the guns it was rum or diseases  
Left a blight no kind heart could ignore

### CHORUS

Strange country hard ground  
Faithful servants duty bound  
Stone of help inspired the vision  
Remember Ebenezer Mission



Ebenezer Mission

Bony and Tallyho Corney and Pepper  
Were drawn by the warmth of the men  
And the stories they told and the love that they showed  
Saw those four and more come again  
Buildings were raised and the mallee made way  
And when the church bell rang out across the clearing  
Pepper was baptized the first in that place  
To agree with all he'd been hearing: Ebenezer

A small village grew in the sound of the bell  
In that hard land firm friendships thrived  
But droughts and poor soil and rabbits in plagues  
Meant few of the crops there survived  
So the good work went on and the Peppers grew strong but  
Death seemed to creep just behind  
And when the railway went through and with the drift to the towns  
The life of the mission declined

### CHORUS

Strange country hard ground  
Faithful servants duty bound  
Stone of help inspired the vision  
Remember Ebenezer Mission

*Continued next page*

I can't walk past the gravestone of Marie Magdalene  
A symbol of rare sacrifice  
She died giving birth to a daughter who lived for a month  
And left a father's heart broken twice  
There are others without stones, just plots in the yard  
Sombre anonymous mounds  
And I don't need the bush to burst into flames  
To know I'm standing on sacred ground

#### INSTRUMENTAL

Down every back road behind every signpost  
Are stories well worth repeating  
The hard honest triumphs of faith over doubt  
Brave histories the locals are keeping  
So here I am walking so far from the highway  
And these stones seem to whisper to me  
In the heat of the day or the depths of the night  
There is help in this strange country

#### LAST CHORUS

Strange country hard ground  
Faithful servants duty bound  
Stone of help inspired the vision  
Remember Ebenezer Mission  
Remember Ebenezer Mission  
Remember Ebenezer Mission

#### INSTRUMENTAL

Rod Boreham: Electric Bass  
Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitar & Harmony Vocals  
Pete Cavanagh: Digeridoo  
Phil Gaudion: Drums  
Tom Hanssen: Piano  
Lionel Holt: Fiddle  
Steve Messer: Mandolins, Harmonica & Lead Vocals  
Darryl Thompson: Organ, Electric Rhythm  
& Lead Guitars  
Peter York: Phantom Bass Bits  
Willemina York: Recorder



The gravestone of Marie Magdalene,  
Ebenezer Mission, Antwerp, Victoria.

### 13 FOR THE LAST TIME

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*Real events inspired this song and got me thinking about how God has put eternity in our hearts.  
Clues to this reality are to be found everywhere.*

The sale sign went up months ago  
He told me business was very slow  
"It's all I've got and these ten years  
Have been a long hard climb"  
But I drove past each day  
I wished him well but nothing changed  
I wasn't there when he walked away  
For the last time

#### CHORUS

For the last time  
For the last time  
I can only guess how it made him feel  
What was on his mind  
Was he a stronger man than me?  
Or did he cry when he turned the key?  
When he just had to leave things be  
For the last time

I heard a mother cry today  
Her daughter threw their love away  
So sixteen years of all she had  
Was left behind  
With her bags packed outside the door  
Did she turn to look once more?  
Or wonder what she's leaving for?  
For the last time

#### CHORUS 2

For the last time  
For the last time  
I can only guess how it made her feel  
What was on her mind  
Was there an instant of regret?  
Sheer relief her course was set?  
Or did she care a heart was wrecked?  
For the last time

Her eyes were closed her cheeks were pal  
We held hands 'til her grip failed  
I called her name but if she heard  
There was no sign  
Dying beauty evening light  
I tried to speak no words were right  
I kissed her then I said goodnight  
For the last time



Dave Carr



David Williams



*Continued next page*

## LAST CHORUS

For the last time  
For the last time  
I can't say how I felt or what was on my mind  
But I've been taught to watch and pray  
For the morning of that day  
When all tears are wiped away  
For the last time

Rod Boreham: Electric Bass  
Phil Gaudion: Drums  
Steve Camp: Acoustic Guitars & Harmony Vocals  
Steve Messer: Mandolin & Lead Vocals  
Darryl Thompson: Lead Electric Guitar & Organ  
Peter York: Electric Rhythm Guitar



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