

And When They Dance...

Chorus

And when they dance their dresses spin round, They travel so lightly they 'ne'er touch the ground,

And the smiles on their faces would win every crown, The lasses who dance 'til the morning.

I've travelled about, yes I've been all around

From Perth in the West to old Sydney town,

And it warms up my heart every time I look down

At the lasses who dance 'til the morning !

I've played for the gentry I've played for them all,

From the Ringwood East Dance and the famed Woolshed ball,

But the one thing that joins them, the big and the small

It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning

At the end of the dance the folk leave the floor,

Their feet must be tired so tender and sore,

But who are the ones who call out for more?

It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning !

So' long may I travel, and far may I roam,

From Darwin to Hobart a long way from home.

And I'll stare at the people who I'll never know

And the lasses who dance 'til the morning

And as they dance, the men turn them 'round,
Lads all dressed up for a night on the town,
In their waistcoats and moleskins, it's a smile and a bow,
To the lasses who dance 'til the morning.