



**L**ET'S build another Sydney, that's the slogan for today,  
A Sydney that will sweep the seas and keep the Japs away.  
Let's open up our purses in defiance of the cost  
And we'll build another Sydney to replace the one we lost.

Australia stands in peril as she never stood before,  
The peril of a yellow race already at our door,  
From strongholds in the islands standing ready to attack,  
And we need another Sydney if we hope to throw them back.

From Darwin to the Leeuwin, on the land and in the air,  
Australia stands in readiness resolved to do her share.  
The spirit of the Anzacs is alive again today,  
But we need another Sydney now to help us in the fray.

The gentle waves are lapping o'er the Sydney's lonely grave,  
And whispering funeral breezes are the death knell of the brave.  
With broadsides bravely belching to her last defiant breath,  
She was glorious in existence and more glorious still in death.

Their names will live forever when Australia's song is sung,  
In the story of immortals that will be on every tongue;  
And the homes that mourn in silence for the heroes that are gone  
Will be cheered when we can tell them that the Sydney carries on.

So we'll build another Sydney and she'll sweep the seas again,  
And the sacrifice of gallant lives will not have been in vain;  
So open up your purses now while yet there's time to give  
To the memory of the Sydney boys who died that we might live.

*Words by Harold Smith, Bassendean.*

PRICE: ONE SHILLING OR MORE