

Australian Medley

I Love a Sunburnt Country / I am Australian / I Still Call Australia Home / Waltzing Matilda

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror
The wide brown land for me!
Australia for me.

Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the rainbow gold,
For flood and fire and famine
She pays us back threefold.
But when the rain clouds gather
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army
The steady soaking rain

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I came from the dream-time, from the dusty red-soil plains.
I am the ancient heart, the keeper of the flame.
I stood upon the rocky shore; I watched the tall ships come.
For forty thousand years I've been the first Australian.

I came upon the prison ship bowed down by iron chains.
I cleared the land, endured the lash and waited for the rains.
I'm a settler, then a farmer's wife on a dry and barren run.
A convict, then a free man, I became Australian.

We are one, but we are many,
And from all the lands on earth we come.
We share a dream and sing with one voice,
"I am, you are, we are Australian."
"I am, you are, we are Australian."

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Her beauty and her terror
The wide brown land for me!

I've been to cities that never close down
From New York to Rio and old London town
But no matter how far or how wide I roam
I still call Australia home.

I'm always traveling, I love being free
And so I keep leaving the sun and the sea
But my heart lies waiting over the foam
I still call Australia home.

All the sons and daughters spinning 'round the world
Away from their family and friends
But as the world gets older and colder
It's good to know where your journey ends.

Ah ah ah... Someday we'll all be together once more
When all of the ships come back to the shore
Then I'll realize something I've always known
I still call Australia home.

But no matter how far or how wide I roam
I still call Australia...
I still call Australia...
I still call Australia home.

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me.