

Beneath the Southern Sun We Sing

*[Verse 1]

Red dust rising on a western wind,
Where the spinifex and saltbush meet the sand;
A wallaby hops through the ghost gum shade,
Across the belly of this ancient land.
In the hollow of a Moreton Bay fig,
A spotted quoll is waiting for the night;
While the bilby digs in the ironstone soil,
Keeping out of the midday light.

*[Chorus]

From the mountain ash to the coral sea,
This is the spirit of the wild and free;
Under the wattle and the waratah,
Singing loud for the Great South Land!*

From the reef to the rock and the rainforest floor,
Australia, you've opened up your door;
We're Singing loud for the Great South Land,*
Singing loud for the Great South Land!*

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*[Verse 2]

Mountain mist over Blue Mountain peaks,
Where the lyrebird mimics every sound;
A platypus glides in a cold crystal creek,
While the wombat claims the dark underground.
Down in the scrub where the banksias bloom,
The echidna wanders on a slow-motion track;
And the Tasmanian devil screams at the moon,
With a white-striped coat on a velvet back.

*[Chorus]

From the mountain ash to the coral sea,
This is the spirit of the wild and free;

Under the wattle and the waratah,
We're Singing loud for the Great South Land!*

From the reef to the rock and the rainforest floor,
Australia, you've opened up your door;
We're Singing loud for the Great South Land,*
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*[Verse 3]

Down where the saltwater crocodile waits,
And the whale shark swims through the Ningaloo;
The numbat hunts by the old termite mounds,
Under skies of a deep and endless blue.
A cassowary walks through the Daintree vines,
Where the Cooktown orchid starts to show;
From the kangaroo paw to the desert pea,
The heart of the country begins to glow.

*[Bridge]

The kookaburra laughs at the break of day,
The emu runs where the xanthorrhoea stand;
A frilled-neck lizard on a sun-baked stone,
Watching over the spirit of the land.
Respect for the soil and the water we share,*
For the quokka's grin and the koala's stare.*

*[Chorus]

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*[Outro]

Golden wattle in the breeze,*
Tall and mighty mountain ash trees,*
Guardians of the Great South Land,*
Singing loud for the Great South Land...*