

Classic Poetry Series

Caroline Carleton

- poems -

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Song for Australia

There is a land where summer skies
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes
Blending in witching harmonies,
in harmonies;
and grassy knoll and forest height,
are flushing in the rosy light,
And all above is azure bright -
Australia, Australia, Australia.

There is a land where honey flows
Where laughing corn luxuriant grows;
Land of the myrtle and the rose,
land of the rose.
On hill and plain the clustering vine
Is gushing out with purple wine,
And cups are quaffed to thee and thine -
Australia, Australia, Australia.

There is a land where treasures shine
Deep in the dark unfathomed mine
For worshippers at Mammon's Shrine;
Where gold lies hid, and rubies glean,
And fable wealth no more doth seem
The idle fancy of a dream
Australia, Australia, Australia.

There is a land where homesteads peep
From sunny plain and woodland steep
And love and joy bright vigils keep;
Where the glad voice of childish glee
Is mingling with the melody
Of nature's hidden minstrelsy
Australia, Australia, Australia.

There is a land where floating free,
From mountain top to girdling sea,
A proud flag waves exultingly, exultingly
And freedom's sons the banner bear,
No shackled slave can breathe the air;
Fairest of Britain's daughter fair
Australia, Australia, Australia.

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