



THE SONG OF AUSTRALIA

Words by

C. J. Carleton

Music by

C. LINGER



Entered at Stationers' Hall



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350

The Song of Australia.

Words by
M^{RS} C. J. CARLETON.

Music by
C. LINGER.

VOICE. *Moderato.*

There

PIANO.

is a land where sum - mer skies are gleam - ing with a

thou - sand dyes, Blend - ing in witch - ing har - mo - nies, in

cresc.

cresc.

The Song of Australia.

har - - - mo - nies, And gras - sy knoll and

dolce

dolce

for - est height Are flush - ing in the ro - sy light, And

dolce

all a - bove is a - zure bright Aus - tra - li - a, Aus -

cresc. *mf*

cresc. *mf*

tra - - li - a, Aus - tra - - - li - a!

f

The Song of Australia.

There is a land where ho - ney flows, Where

lugh - ing corn lux - u - riant grows, Land of the myr - tle and the rose, land

cresc. *f*

of the rose; On hill and plain the clus' - ring vine is

dolce

gush - ing out with pur - ple wine, And cups are quaffed to thee and thine Aus -

cresc. *mf*

tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a!

f

Da Capo for 2nd & 3rd verses

The Song of Australia.

There is a land where float - ing free, From

moun - tain top to gird - ling sea, A proud flag waves ex - ult - ing - ly, ex -

cresc.

ult - ing - ly, And free - dom's sons the bun - ner bear, No

dolce

dolce

stuck - led slave can breathe the air, Fair - est of Bri - tain's daught - ers fair, Aus -

cresc.

mf

tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a!

The Song of Australia.

The Song of Australia

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

Australia!

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

Australia!

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

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!

There is a land where, floating free,
From mountain top to girdling sea,
A proud flag waves exultingly;
And Freedom's sons the banners bear—
No shackled slave can breathe the air—
Fairest of Britain's daughters fair!

Australia!

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