

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

Australians all let us rejoice,
For we are young and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our home is girt by sea;
Our land abounds in Nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare;
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia fair!
In joyful strains then let us sing,
"Advance Australia fair!"

Beneath our radiant southern Cross,
We'll toil with hearts and hands;
To make this Commonwealth of ours
Renowned of all the lands;
For those who've come across the seas
We've boundless plains to share;
With courage let us all combine
To advance Australia fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing
"Advance Australia fair!"



Nicole O'Neil

www.nicoleoneil.com



GIVE ME A HOME AMONGST THE GUM TREES

by Wally Johnson and Bob Brown

I've been around the world
A couple of times or maybe more
I've seen the sights, I've had delights
On every foreign shore
But when my mates all ask me
The place that I adore
I tell them right away

Give me a home among the gumtrees
With lots of plum trees
A sheep or two, a kangaroo
A clothesline out the back
Veranda out the front
And an old rocking chair

You can see me in the kitchen
Cooking up a roast
Or Vegemite on toast
Just you and me, a cup of tea
And later on, we'll settle down
And go out on the porch
And watch the possums play

Give me a home among the gumtrees
With lots of plum trees
A sheep or two, a kangaroo
A clothesline out the back
Veranda out the front
And an old rocking chair

There's a Safeways up the corner
And a Woolies down the street
And a brand new place they've opened up
Where they regulate the heat
But I'd trade them all tomorrow
For a little bush retreat
Where the kookaburras call

Give me a home among the gumtrees
With lots of plum trees
A sheep or two, a kangaroo
A clothesline out the back
Veranda out the front
And an old rocking chair

Some people like their houses
With fences all around
Others live in mansions
And some beneath the ground
But me, I like the bush, you know
With rabbits running round
And a pumpkin vine out the back

Give me a home among the gumtrees
With lots of plum trees
A sheep or two, a kangaroo
A clothesline out the back
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I STILL CALL AUSTRALIA HOME

by Peter Allen

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

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

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



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