

## CAROL OF THE BIRDS

Out on the plains the brolgas are dancing  
Lifting their feet like war horses prancing  
Up to the sun the woodlarks go winging  
Faint in the dawn light echoes their singing  
Orana! Orana! Orana to Christmas Day  
Down where the tree ferns grow by the river  
There where the waters sparkle and quiver  
Deep in the gullies bell birds are chiming  
Softly and sweetly their lyric notes rhyming  
Orana! Orana! Orana to Christmas Day  
Friar birds sip the nectar of flowers  
Currawongs chant in wattle tree bowers  
In the blue ranges lorikeets calling  
Carols of bushbirds are rising and falling  
Orana! Orana! Orana to Christmas Day