

I Am Australian

by Bruce Woodley and Dobe Newton (1987)

C
I came from the dream-time, from the dusty red-soil plains
 Am
I am the ancient heart, the keeper of the flame
 F
I stood upon the rocky shores, I watched the tall ships come.
 $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $C(\frac{1}{4})$ $Dm(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ C C
For forty thousand years I've been, the first Aus trail an

I came upon the prison ship, bowed down by iron chains
I fought the land, endured the lash, and waited for the rains
I'm a settler, I'm a farmer's wife, on a dry and barren run,
A convict, then a free man, I became Australian

I'm the daughter of a digger, who sought the mother lode.
The girl became a woman, on the long and dusty road.
I'm a child of the Depression, I saw the good times come,
I'm a bushie, I'm a battler, I am Australian.

C
We are one, but we are many, and from
 $C(\frac{1}{2})$ $G(\frac{1}{2})$ C
all the lands on earth we come. We share a
 C
dream and sing with one voice,
 $F(\frac{1}{2})$ $Am(\frac{1}{2})$ $F(\frac{1}{4})$ $G(\frac{1}{4})$ C C
"I am, you are, we are Aus trail an"

I'm a teller of stories, I'm a singer of songs,
I am Albert Namatjira, and I paint the ghostly gums.
I'm Clancy on his horse, I'm Ned Kelly on the run,
I'm the one who waltzed Matilda, I am Australian.

I'm the hot wind from the desert, I'm the black soil of the plains,
I'm the mountains and the valleys, I'm the drought and flooding rains.
I am the rock, I am the sky, the rivers when they run,
The spirit of this great land, I am Australian.