

Hail Australia

Hail Australia from southern strand,
Hail ye heroes of wattle land,
Sail across the Australian Bight
And help the sons of France to
fight.

Thy sword is full of lightning,
And thy sons are bravely fighting,
Helping French, Briton and Russian
In defence from Turk and Prussian!

Australia, thy guns are firing,
And the Germans are retiring,
For thy golden bugle is calling,
The Germans are quickly falling.

Australia, raise thy maxim guns,
Prussians are afraid of thy sons;
All trembling at thy swift advance.
They don't want you to fight for
France.

Wilhelm the last, calling his guards
Backward, you Prussians, backward,
Mighty Australians are in France,
We dare not chance farther advance.

Ding-Dong all Europe is shaking,
And watching Australia's shaping.
Arise, Australia, happy land,
France requires thy noble hand!

H. G. ABRAHAMOVITCH.

