

Carol of the Birds

Out on the plains the brogas are dancing
Lifting their feet like warhorses 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 bush birds rising and falling

Orana! Orana! Orana to Christmas Day.
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John Wheeler