

## The Dreaming

Damh the Bard

Welcome now a visitor to your shores,  
Following a dream I can't ignore,  
From a distant land you may never know,  
Of sun and rain and snow.  
Here where the endless skies reach for the sun,  
The gum trees stand like the oaks of Albion,  
And the land sings in lines of ancient song,  
For the soul to sing along.  
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And the Southern Cross shines down  
on where I stand.  
And I hear the voices from  
the Singing Land.  
Here where the land still is king,  
Beneath red sand the ancestors are dreaming,  
And a mother knows which song must me sung,  
When a new life has begun.  
A Serpent made a path across the land,  
Formed the rivers and mountains where they stand,  
These songs are in the Kookaburra's call,  
But she's laughing at us all.  
Oh can you feel me dreaming,  
Oh can you feel me dreaming,  
Oh can you feel me dreaming, oh.  
Familiar stars now shine from up above,  
I've returned to the land that I love,  
But my heart must try to understand,  
It's now shared by another land,  
Beneath the plough I look to the setting sun,  
As I stand once more on the land of Albion.  
But the Southern Cross will guide me to your shore,  
To hear you sing once more.  
Oh I can feel you dreaming,  
Oh I can feel you dreaming,  
Oh I can feel you dreaming, oh.