

Australia Is His Name

Slim Dusty

On the battlefields across the sea
One wet and dismal morn
A heritage was carved in blood
And the fighting man was born
On the rugged slopes of Gallipoli
Where the digger earned his name
And the admiration of the Turk:
Australia is his name.

With a careless grin across his lips,
And a rifle in his hand,
He's fought his way throughout the years
In jungle or in sand;
And proudly wearing on his head
The hat, the award of fame
In the blooded test of courage raw:
Australia is his name.

He's a fighting man of world renown
And a cobbler of the best
Just like his Dad did once before
He's passed in every test.
Now once again the drums of war
Have found him just the same
With the side turned up on his old hat:
Australia is his name.

There's a mother who sits at home and waits
In a thousand different towns
But down inside she's full of pride:
Her boy won't let her down.
For he was born a digger breed
And he'll carry on the name
In the blooded test of carry-draw:
Australia is his name.

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