

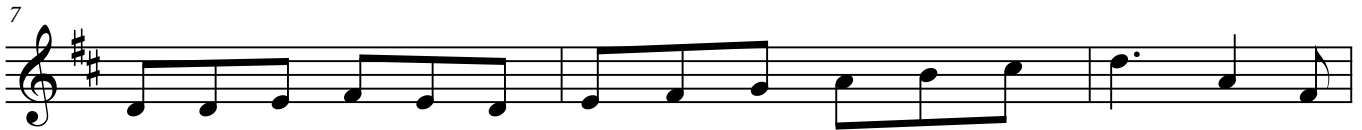
Carol Of The Birds



Out on the plains the brood - ers are dan - cing, Lift - ing their feet like



war - hor - ses pran - cing: Up to the sun the wood-larks go wing - ing.



Faint in the dawn - light ech - oes their sing - ing O - ra - na! O -



ra - na! O - ra - na! to Christ - mas Day - .

Deep 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.