

Darlene Zschech

"Great Southland"

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This is our nation, this is our land,
This is our future, this is our hope.
A land of reaping, a land of harvest,
This is our land, this is our home.

This is the Great Southland of the Holy Spirit,
A land of red dust plains and summer rains,
To this sun-burnt land we will see a flood,
And to this Great Southland His Spirit comes.

This is our nation, this is our land,
This is our future, this is our hope.
A land of reaping, a land of harvest,
This is our land, this is our home.

This is the Great Southland of the Holy Spirit,
A land of red dust plains and summer rains,
To this sun-burnt land we will see a flood,
And to this Great Southland His Spirit comes.

This is our nation, this is our land,
This land of plenty, this land of hope.
The richest harvest is in her peoples,
We see revival, His Spirit comes.

This is the Great Southland of the Holy Spirit,
A land of red dust plains and summer rains,
To this sun-burnt land we will see a flood,
And to this Great Southland His Spirit comes.

This is our nation, this is our land,
This lucky country, of dreams gone dry,
And to these people we see a harvest,
And to this land, revival comes.

This is the Great Southland of the Holy Spirit,
A land of red dust plains and summer rains,
To this sun-burnt land we will see a flood,
And to this Great Southland His Spirit comes.

