

Is a beautiful morning the freshness of new day, The newness the stillness in life's new  
glorious way; But life really is but just  
something to be enjoyed,  
love of the knowing of memory restored and employed.

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It's love and it's laughter of life to be employed,  
Of all of creation and it's garden so well endured;  
You see nothing is easy in year longs of life time,  
But the subtle serenity of the poet the hardest to rhyme.

Ad in the still magic moment the beauty of morning,  
The sun now well risen to live through till new dawn;  
So well in the springtime to have the treasure of it all,  
The freedom the dreamtime the beauty on our earth's ball.

And yes it is Australia the most wondrous of lands,  
To behold and become us to hold as treasure more hands;  
It is the loneliness and the loveliest of all,  
It's a beautiful morning with Australia on full call.

Well it's a colourful city and Olympics our turn,  
With its town neighbouring closely and all our cities will earn;  
It's the beautiful surrounding of morning in the fresh taste of spring,  
It's the gardens our heritage, the tradition of life's thing.

And here now in orange since cook made his claim,  
The two hundred and thirty years to all remember our name;

Yet is it the competition and the festival of international games,

Is it not our original that it was God who gave us our fame.

Signed,

The grace of king