It’s Raining in the Mallee

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There’s rain in the Mallee

It’s got to be told

When it’s raining in the Mallee

It’s a time to behold

Old bones withered and gone

Dust to dust they say

Retired to live in the city

Day after day after day

There’s rain in the Mallee

It’s got to be told

When it’s raining in the Mallee

It’s a time to behold

Spirit breathe in these old bones

Spirit life in every day

God’s Spirit in the city

Spirit to far away

There’s rain in the Mallee

It’s got to be told

When it’s raining in the Mallee

It’s a time to behold

Behold a golden grain

Behold a Spirit grain

It’s raining in the Mallee

Old bones to live again

There’s rain in the Mallee

It’s got to be told

When it’s raining in the Mallee

It’s a time to behold

Golden Spirit grain

Gives life anew again

To die to live to reign

To live is our refrain

There’s rain in the Mallee

It’s got to be told

When it’s raining in the Mallee

It’s a time to behold