

The Great South-land of the Holy Spirit (Revised) - by Geoff Bullock

(Used with permission - see notes below - plus new first verse by Denise Champion and others)

This is Your nation, This is Your land,
A land of dreaming, a forgotten past:
A kindred people, willing to share,
This sacred land, This is our home.

Chorus:

This is the Great South-land
of the Holy Spirit.
A land of red dust plains
and summer rains,
And in this sunburnt land we have seen his love,
And to this Great South-land
His Spirit's come.

This is Your nation, This is Your land,
This common future, This shared hope.
A land of reaping, A land of harvest,
This is Your land, This is our home.

Chorus:

This is Your nation, This is Your land,
This land of plenty, This land of hope.
The richest harvest is in her peoples
From age to age His Spirit's come.

Chorus:

This is Your nation, This is Your land,
This "lucky country" of dreams gone dry.
And to all peoples there is a harvest
And to this land His Spirit's come.

Chorus:

NOTES:

At an Easter Camp in the mid-nineties, at the height of the popularity of the *Great South-land of the Holy Spirit* by Geoff Bullock, Aboriginal people present from Port Augusta spoke on the lack of acknowledgment of their people already being in the great southland!!

When Jodie asked Denise Champion what she thought about that song, Denise burst into tears and said she couldn't sing it. "They've forgotten us again," she said. "How can we make things right so you can sing it?" was the reply.

"So Denise Champion and her sister, Noelene, Chris Yeend, Jodie Whillas and Lynley Heath sat down with a few others - myself included (we just gave our opinion on what sounded good!) and wrote a new first verse," reported Sue Ellis.

Geoff Bullock's comments after he had broken with Hillsong are quite enlightening and a powerful testimony when referring to his first version of *Great South Land of the Holy Spirit*: (The original version had the first line say; "This is our nation, this is our land,")

*Years, with their brokenness, pain and resurrection show us the wisdom of God that confounds our arrogant faith. I have had the privilege to rewrite this rather **ignorant racist song** to embrace the wisdom of my (Koori) brother who took the time, all those years ago, to show me grace, wisdom and patience. I dedicate this song to the faith of those whom Jesus reaches, in spite of our white middle class well intentioned endeavours.*

When requesting permission to use the new lyrics for this song Geoff Bullock was sent a copy of the new first verse written long ago in Port Augusta. Geoff's response was, "*It's a great verse. Please feel free to integrate it with whichever of my lyrics that may be appropriate.*" Thank you Geoff.