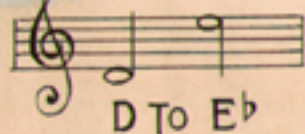


BILTON (AUSTRALIAN BOXES)



in E♭



CAPTAIN COOK!

WRITTEN &
COMPOSED By

Patriotic Song
& Chorus

* INWOOD BILTON *

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COLLINS ST MELBOURNE.

Love of Country.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell !
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

Allegretto.

O
Now

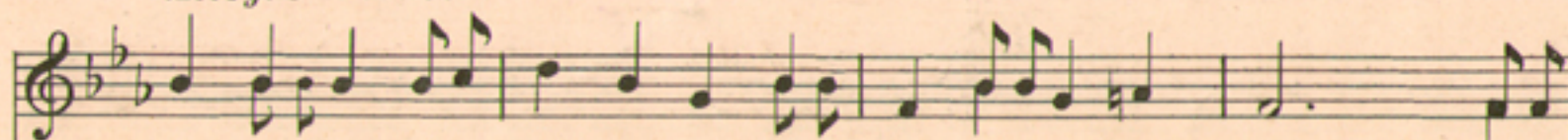
Captain Cook was a sail - or bold, a sail - or bold was he, And he
Captain Cook, tho' a sail - or bold, was a prophet of no de - gree, And it

said one day, I will sail a-way on a voyage of discover - y. So he
was'nt fore - told that a land of gold lay lapt in a sun - lit sea. So

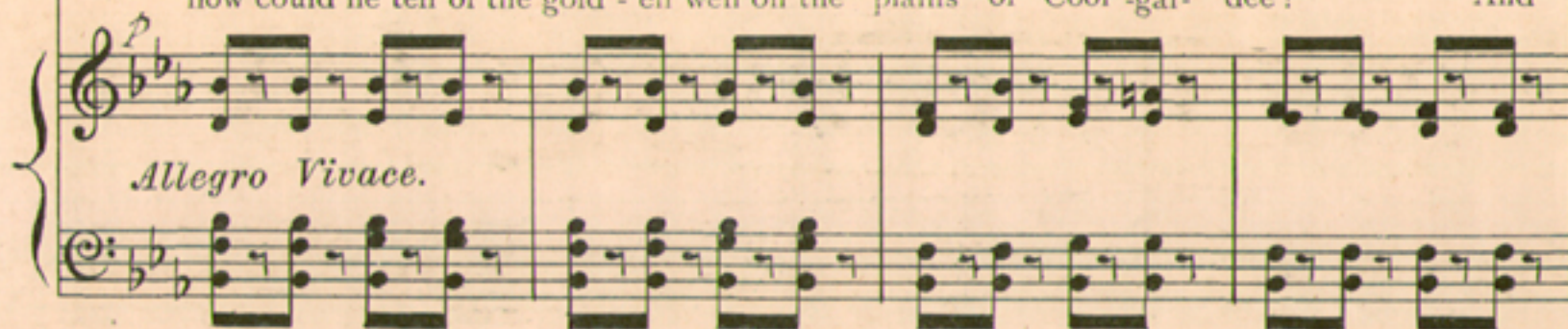
came they say to Bot - 'ny Bay, and pro-claim'd a col - on - y. But his
what could he know of Ben - di - go, or the Ballarat fields d'ye see? And

Ped. *

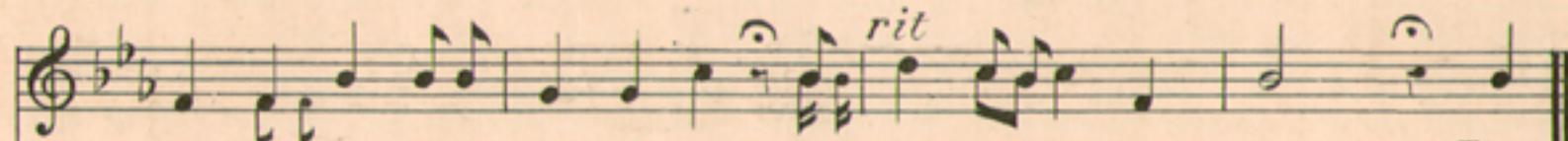
Allegro Vivace.



stay was short, and he miss'd the port, that brighten s the southern sea. But his
how could he tell of the gold - en well on the plains of Cool - gar - dee? And



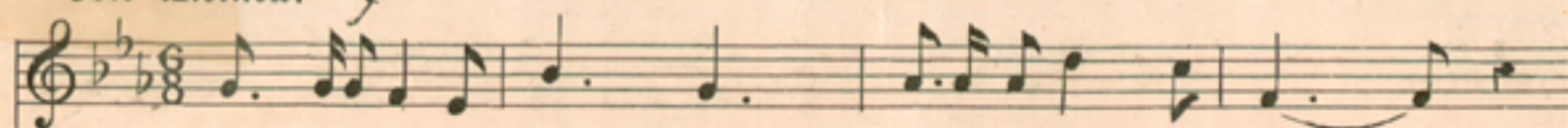
Allegro Vivace.



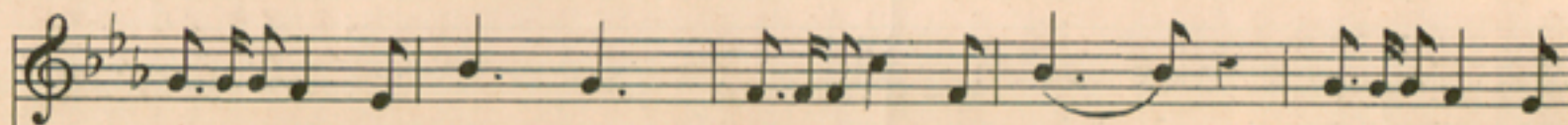
stay was short, and he miss'd the port, that brighten s the southern sea. Then
how could he tell of the gold - en well, on the plains of Cool - gar - dee?



Con Anima.



here's to our na - tive country, Bright with a sky so blue,



Home of the wa-vy gum - tree, Land of the Kang - ar - oo. Unity can't be



ff ad lib

Failure, so unity let it be, U - ni - ted Aus -

sf

ff ad lib

a tempo

tra - lia, And hands across the sea.

a tempo

ff

S.

Tho' Captain Cook was a

S.

p

sailor bold, (and a sailor bold was he,) He'd have laughed up his sleeve had he tried to believe the ad -

vance of a cen - tu - ry, But he'd open his eyes in great surprise were he

on - ly here to see. *Vivace* You may certainly note he'd record his vote for Aus

Vivace p

Ped. *

tra - lian u - ni - ty. You may certainly note he'd re - cord his vote for Aus

f rit *Con Anima.*

tra - lian u - ni - ty. Then here's to our na - tive country, Bright with a sky so

CHORUS.

f rit. *ff* *ff*

blue, Home of the wa-vy gum - tree, Land of the Kang - ar

oo. Unity can't be Failure, so unity let it

be. U - ni - ted Aus - tra - lia, And hands across the

f *ad lib.* *a tempo*

ff *ad lib.* *a tempo*

sea.

ff