## The Gem in the Crown

| (Intro) D G D   |
|---|
| At a little green table - on an old wooden chair,  G D A A7   |
| Red cedar cabin - granite rocks - fresh air,  D   |
| I write down my thoughts - put paper to pen,  G D A D   |
| The gem in the crown - I share with you my friend.  |
| (Chorus 1) D G D G  |
| We've been digging for stones in Doro's Hole - haven't got much topaz but it's good                 |
| for the soul, D G D   |
| There's a granite gorge where Cannon Creek goes underground,  G D A D                               |
| It'll rumble again when the rain tumbles down.  |
| (Verse 1)   |
| D G D A Open forest - yellow box and apple gum, blue wren, firetails, parrots on the run, D G D A D |
| Crystals in the rock, orchids, wild flower - this is the source of a God-given power,  G D          |
| This is my world I share with you my friend,  G D A D   |
| The gem in the crown - the Granite Belt of Queensland.  |
| (Verse 2) D G D   |
| Winter, spring, summer and autumn change the view,  G D A A7  |
| The breath of each season - each colour is new,  D  G D   |
| The freshness of life with ice on the ground,  G D A D  |
| The warmth of the fire as you pass the port around.   |