

Heritage

Judy Mitchell, 2010

A $\text{♩} = 90$
Alto Solo

Solo
There are sto-ries in my fa-mi-ly that go back ma-ny years The

Fl.

9
Solo
blood of Scot-tish high-lan-ders is mixed with sal-ty tears. They were dis-pos-sessed by Eng-lish lairds who

15
Solo
took their land a-way, So they had to sail a-cross the world to find a place to stay.

21 **B**

A.
Yet the clear skies of Aus-tra-li-a were cal-ling, were cal-ling

29
A.
T.
8
Fl.
These are my roots, the land where I be-long

36 **C** $\leftarrow \text{♩} = \text{♩} \rightarrow$

Solo
It was my great great-grand-fa-ther who lan-ded on the quay. He got a job down Braid-wood way with

Fl.

43
Solo
all his fa-mi-ly Oh they call them now the pi-o-neers, their life was ve-ry

48
Solo
hard, and they dreamt of that old high-land life from which they had been barred.

53 **D** $\leftarrow \text{♩} = \text{♩} \rightarrow$

A.
Yet the clear skies of Aus-tra-li-a were cal-ling, were cal-ling For the clear skies of Aus

64
A. tra - li - a were cal - ling to their heart

71
T. The coun - try of my an - ces - tors I ce - le - brate in song

Fl. *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

79 **a little slower**
Solo **E** I dream now of Aus - tra - lia with my roots in bush - land soil, I ho - nour all my an - ces - tors who

86
Solo spent their life in toil. And I ho - nour, too, the peo - ple who were first to love this land, Who

92
Solo **F** dream now of their sa - cred place from which they have been banned **6**

103 **G**
A. These are my roots, the land where I be - long The coun - try of my an - ces - tors I ce - le - brate in song

118
A. These are my roots, the land where I be - long The coun - try of my an - ces - tors I ce - le -

Fl. *p*

132
A. brate in song ooo -

Fl. *p*

144 *rit*
A. *p*

Fl. *p*