

Heritage

Judy Mitchell, 2010

A ♩. = 90 Alto Solo

2

Solo

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

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**

S.

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

Vln.

Vc.

36 **C** ← ♩. = ♩. →

Solo

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

42

Solo

Braid-wood way with all his fa-mi-ly Oh they call them now the pi-o-neers, their

47

Solo

life was ve-ry hard, and they dreamt of that old high-land life from which they had been barred.____

53 **D** ← ♩. = ♩. →

S.

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

Vln.

Vc.

64

T.

These are my roots, the land where I be-long The coun-try of my an-ces-ters I ce-le-brate in song

Vln.

Vc.

79 **E** *a little slower* [guitar 1st beat of bar]

Solo

I__ dream now of Aus - tra - lia with my roots in bush - land soil, I ho - nour all my ances - ters who spent their life in toil. And I

88 **rall.**

Solo

ho - nour, too, the peo - ple who were first to love this land, Who__ dream now of their sa - cred place from which they have been

95 **F** ← . = . →

Solo

banned

Vln.

Vc.

103 **G** *a tempo*

T.

8 These are my roots, __ the land where I be - long The coun - try of my an - ces - tors I ce - le - brate in song

Vln.

Vc.

119

T.

8 These are my roots, __ the land where I be - long The coun - try of my an - ces - tors I ce - le - brate in song

Vln.

Vc.

135 **H** *p*

A.

ooo -

T.

ooo -

145

A.

T.