

# Faces in the street

Words: Henry Lawson Music: Ian Hamilton

Violins *pizz.*

Ian 4 Dm Am Dm

They lie the men who tell us For rea sons of their own. That  
 In house be - fore the dawn - ing dims the star - light in the sky. The  
 And when the hours on lag - ging feet have slow - ly dragged a - way, And  
 I won - der would the a - pathy of wealth - y men en - dure, Were

Rec.

Vln.

Ian 7 F G A Dm F

want is here a stra nger And mi ser y's un known For where the clo sest su burb and the  
 wan & wea - ry fa - ces first be - gin to trick - le by, In - creas - ing as the mo ments hur - ry—  
 sick - ly yel - low gas lights rise to mock the go - ing day, Then, flow - ing past my win - dow, like a  
 all their win - dows le - vel with the fa - ces of the poor? Ah! Mam - mon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your

Rec.

Vln.

Ian 10 G A Dm Gm F Gm Dm

ci ty pro per meet, My win dow sill is le vel with the fa ces in the street.  
 on with morn - ing feet, Till like a pal - lid ri - ver flow the fa - ces in the street.  
 tide in its re - treat, A - gain I see the pal - lid stream of fa - ces in the street.  
 hearts in ter - ror beat, When God de - mands a rea - son for the sor - rows of the street. (The)

Rec.

Vln.

13 F Am F Am Dm C Am

Ian  
8  
Drif ting past drif ting past to the beat of wea ry feet While I sor-row for the own-ers of those  
Flow - ing in, flow-ing in, to the beat of hur-ried feet Ah! I sor-row for the own-ers of those  
Eb - bing out, eb-bing out, to the drag of tir - ed feet, While my heart is ach-ing dumb-ly for the  
wrong things (& the) bad— things (& the) sad things that we meet, In the fil - thy lane & al - ley (& the)

S.  
A.  
B.  
Rec.  
Vln. *arco.*

18 1-3 4. Dm C Dm  
Dm rall a tempo rall

Ian  
8  
*fa - ces in the street. — cru-el heart-less street.*  
*fa - ces in the street. —*  
*fa - ces in the street. —*

S.  
A.  
B.  
Rec. rall a tempo rall  
Vln. *pizz.* *pizz.*