

Gundagai Grace

Fay White (Arr. Jill Stubington, 2013)

B. 

This world is not my home I'm just a - pass - ing through My trea-sures are laid

8

B. 

up some where be-yond the blue The an-gels beck-oned me from hea-ven's o - pen door___ and I

15

B. 

can't feel at home in this world an - y more._____

=84

22 **A**

S. 

tired___ and ach-ing_ downhear - ted and blue tra - vel-ling north to the sun with-out you And the

30

S. 

Gun-da-gai pop-lars standguard on my fear as I walk through the night to the phone There's a

38

S. 

lu - min-ous blue___ in the north to nor' west in the red-gums the star-lings are settling to rest And I'm

Ob. 

46

S. 

ring-ing you up in the place where we nest but I'm won-dring where is my home

Ob. 

58 **B** *Sonia*

S. 


No - bo-dy ans-wers the coins___ clat-ter down___ I walk back to my camp___ on the edge___ of the town And I___

66


S. 

feel like an ex-ile in the land of my birth___ ci-ty bred white skin___ to the bone_____ Old Mur-rum

75

S. 
 bi-dgee's not say - ing a word___ and the sound of the mo-poke is the sad-dest I've heard when

82

S. 
 out of_ the blue falls grace___ like the dew and quite sud-den-ly I feel at home.____ Like I'm


90 **C**

B. 
 not just pass - ing through on my way to some sweet by and by_____ This

98

B. 
 world is my home___ in its pain and its glo - ry I'm gon - na live here___ till I die

105

S. 
 And the rain_ falls_ on the just_ and the un-just and there's hea-ven here_ in the sun's warm em-brace and the

114

S. 
 earth keeps on giv-ing what we need for liv-ing_ grace u-pon grace u-pon grace.____ There are

122 **D**

S. 
 mag-pies next morn-ing and fresh wet-ted earth_ and the stub-ble_ is shi-ning as the high-way rolls north and


130

S. 
 each town has trea-sure and trou-ble_ and change_ the good_ the bad and the strange And I'm

138 **E**

B. 
 not just pass - ing through on my way to some sweet by and by_____ This world is my

147

B. 
 home___ in its pain and its glo - ry I'm gon - na live here___ till I die._____

154

S. 
 think a-bout death when I die._____ Gon-na live ful-ly here till I die._____