

The Tillegra Song

Ken and Helen Rubeli

A Bm A G⁹ G A Bm A G⁹ G A Bm

B Verses (Soloists) Bm A

1. There's a fee - ling deep in the hu - man soul As the spoon scrapes
 2. From a swell in the belly to a ba - by's cry A new life
 3. A proud man walks with a ne - w born child On the land his
 4. Where the river flat soil slips - down to the wat - er The young man

17 Bm G A G

down to the bo-ttom of the bowl: All I need is the love of my fa - mi - ly
 sings to a lu - lla - by . . . Of pa-docks rolling to the whisp-ring trees
 grand fa-ther cleared-from the wild . . . The pa-sture's green on a su - mmer's day
 walks with his dark - eyed daughter - . . . He kicks off his boots steps-in - to the stream - .

29 D A Turnaround - after v2 & v6

And the ri - ver by the roots of the fa mi ly tree.
 Where the ri ver oaks sigh in the ri - ver side breeze.
 But there's storm - clouds cha - sing the su - n a - way.
 Where the ri - pples sing of a di - stant dream.

--> Inst [C] --> v2
 Turnaround --> v3
 --> Chor + Inst [E] --> v4
 --> Inst [C] --> v5

Instrumental Break (after verses 1, 4 & 8 only)

C G A Bm D G G⁹ G G⁹ G

53 **D** Chorus

Bm G Bm A G

My spirit keeps on living down by the river . Damshamethat it's gone living down by the ri-ver - .

69 Bm A Bm Gmaj⁷ Bm

But there's no turning ro und. Ri ver's drowned, ri ver's dro wned. Ri ver's drowned. Ri ver's drowned.

Instrumental Break (don't play after last chorus - go straight to the Reprise [F])

83 **E** G A Bm G A D E

F Reprise

Bm G Bm A G

My spirit keeps on living down by the river . Damshamethat it's gone living down by the ri-ver - .

A capella Bm D Bm⁹

But there's no turning a - round - Ri ver's dro wned. Ri ver's drowned, ri ver'sdrowned. Ri ver's dro - wned.

5. A Gringai woman when the white man came
Bore a child that shared a settler's name.
The child and the land and a family strong,
And a bond that tells them here they belong. (-> Chorus +Inst [E] -> v6)
6. He kneels on the stones and his eyes shine bright
As he dips his daughter in the water's light.
From the peak of the mountains and the winter snow,
To the February font in the warm river glow. (-> Turnaround -> v7)
7. There's a hundred families living here
Where the river nurtures them year by year.
Where the platypus swims and the yabbies feed,
And the world seems far from a city's greed. (-> Chorus + Inst [E] -> v8)

8. But a voice on the news says the time has come
For the rat-a-tat tat of the progress drum.
A brown-eyed girl in a housing estate,
She turns on the tap to her valley's fate. (-> Inst [C] -> v9)
9. The life of a farmer is a life unsure
The years are rich and the years are poor.
There are times when the rain fills your out-stretched hand.
And times when you're powerless as wind-blown sand.
(-> Chorus --> Reprise -> A capella coda)

(Version 1.2 4/4/08)