

# May Night on the Mountains

Words: Henry Lawson

Music: Ian Hamilton

♩=80

2

Rec.

Fl.

9 **A**

Ian

'Tis Won-der-ful time when these hours be-gin\_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis

Rec.

Fl.

18

Ian

won-der-ful time when these hours be-gin, these long 'small hours' of night. When the grass is crisp and the air is thin\_

Rec.

Fl.

25 **B** faster ♩=95

Ian

and the stars come close and bright. And the moon hangs caught in a sil-ver-y veil, from

Rec.

Fl.

30

Ian

clouds of a steel - y grey; and the hard cold blue of the sky grows pale in the

Rec.

Fl.

34 a tempo


Ian

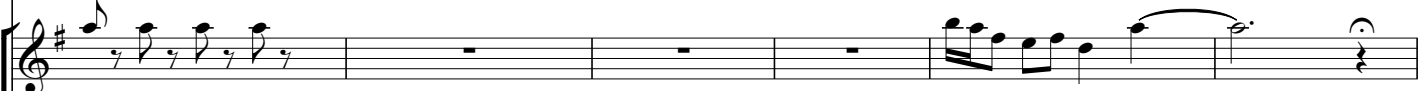
won-der - ful Mil - ky Way. There is

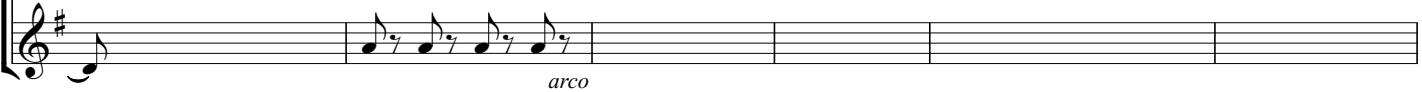
Rec.

Fl.


39 **C** **faster**


Ian  some-thing wrong with this star of ours, a mor-tal plank un sound, That can-not be charged to the might ty powers who


Rec. 

Fl.  *arco*


45 **a tempo** **D**

Ian  guide the high stars round. Though man is grea-ter than bird or beast, though wis-dom is still his boast. He


Rec. 

Fl. 

52

Ian  sure-ly re-sem-bles Na-ture least and the things that vex her most. He sure-ly re sem-bles Na-ture least. And the things that vex her most.


61 **E** **3**


Ian  Oh say some muse. of a larg-er start,


Rec. 

Fl. 

72 **F**

Ian  Oh say some muse of a larg-er star. Some muse of the u - ni - verse. If they who peo-ple those plan

Rec. 

Fl. 

79

Ian  - ets far. Are bet-ter than we or worse.

Rec. 

Fl. 