


Bogong Ranges

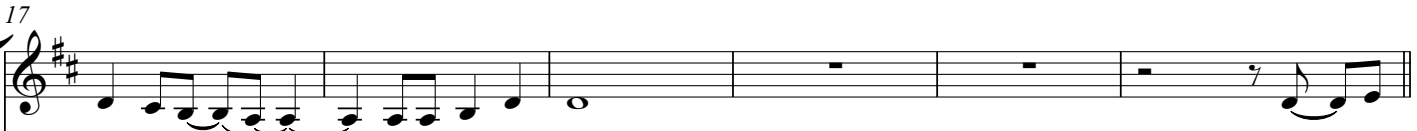
W: Billie Wye M: Sonia Bennett
(Arr. Sonia Bennett & Wayne Richmond)

♩=140


Verse 1

SB  **3**
I have known the spell of the Bo-gong Ranges, As the morn-ing mists

SB  **10**
where the sun-rise rolled. Where the dew - drops glis-tened, in gol - den clus-ters, on the

SB  **17**
scen-ted blues of the wat-tle gold. Where the

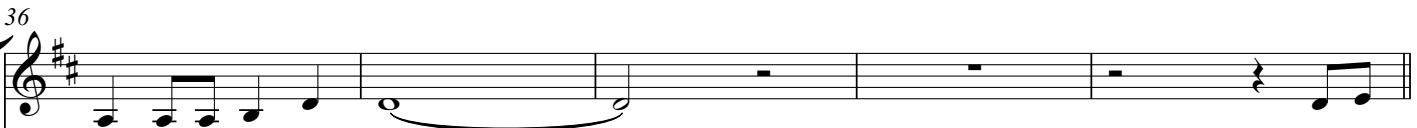
A. 
Da da da da da Da da da da da

Glk. 


Verse 2

SB  **23**
soft breeze waf-ting the mag - pie's car-ol, and the joys of life in ev - ry - thing.

SB  **30**
Oh the spell that tru - ly the heart held cap - tive, to the Bo-gong hills

SB  **36**
in the garb of Spring. I have

A. 
Da da da da da Da da da da da

Glk. 

Verse 3

SB  **41**
seen the Spring and the Sum-mer woo - ing, in the frag-rant groves of the musk tree's shade,

SB  **48**
Where the snow - bells grew by the tune - ful wa - ters 'neath the fern tree fronds

54

SB
where the sun-beams played.

A.
Da da da da da Da da da da da

Glk.

Bridge 1

59 *(Sonia + sops)* *(Sonia + sops)*

SB
Where the ly-re-bird lays rang from the hol - low, 'Til the bush re-joiced with the gift of mime,

A.
Ooh 'Til the bush re-joiced mime,

Glk. *p*

66 *(Sonia)*

SB
and the thrush-es sang of the Spring-time's ma - ting, on the

A.
on the

71

SB
Bo - gong Hills with the Sum - mer - time.

A.
Bo - gong Hills with the Sum - mer - time.

Glk.

Instrumental

77

SB

Glk.


85


SB


Glk.

D

91


SB  I have

A.  Da da da da da Da da da da da

Glk. 

Verse 4

95


SB  loit-ered a-mong their noon-tide glor-ies, in the ros-y flush of an Au-tumn day. Where the

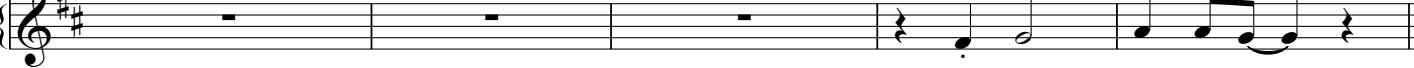
103

SB  green and gold of the Spring and Sum-mer, have ming-led their tints

108

SB  with the hues of May.

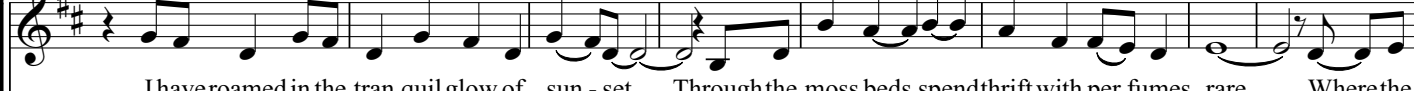
A.  Da da da da da Da da da da da


Glk. 

Bridge 2

(Sonia + sops)


113

SB  I have roamed in the tranquil glow of sun-set. Through the moss beds spendthrift with perfumes rare. Where the

A.  Ooh Through the moss beds rare.

121

SB  bees still hovered with nectars laden, diffusing a sweetness ev'ry-where. I have

A.  dif-fu-sing ev'-ry-where.

Verse 5

131

SB seen them veiled by the snow-flakes fall - ing, as the ev' ning waned to the South wind's tune. With their

139

SB rid - ges wrapped in a flee - cy man - tle, Like a blob of gold

144

SB 'neath the ri - sing moon. I have
 A. Da da da da da Da da da da da
 Glk.

Verse 6

A. heard them swept by the win - ter bliz - zard. in the mid-night hour to the din-go's

155

A. whine, Yet the mys-tic spell of the Bo-gong Ran - ges,

161

SB wil - dest moon, saved this heart of mine. in their
 A. Da da da da da
 Glk.

165

SB wil - dest moon, saved this heart of mine.
 A. mine. *pp*
 Glk.