

# Gundagai Grace

Fay White (Arr. Jill Stubington, 2013)

S. This world is not my home I'm just a-pass ingthrough My trea - sures are laid up some  
A. We used to sing— This world is not my home I'm just a - pass-ingthrough My trea-sures are laid up some

S. 9 where be-yond the blue The an - gels beck-oned me from hea-ven's o - pen door and I  
A. where be-yond the blue The an - gels beck-oned me from hea-ven's o - pen door and I

S. 15 can't feel at home in this world an - y more. =84 Sonia  
A. can't feel at home in this world an - y more. Well I'm

S. 22 A tired— and ach-ing— downhear - ted and blue tra - vel-ling north to the sun with-out you And the  
S. Gun-da-gai pop-lars standguard on my fear as I walk through the night to the phone There's a

S. 30 lu - minous blue— in the north to nor' west in the red-gums the star-lings are settling to rest And I'm  
Fl.

S. 38 ring-ing you up in the place where we nest but I'm won-dring where is my home  
Fl.

54

Fl.

2

58 **B** Sonia

No - bo-dy ans-wers the coins clat-ter down I walk back to my camp on the edge of the town And I

Fl.

66

S.

feel like an ex-ile in the land of my birth ci-ty bred white skin to the bone

Fl.

74

S.

Old Mur-rum bi-dgee's not say-ing a word and the sound of the mo-poke is the sad-dest I've heard when

Fl.

82 All sops

S.

out of the blue falls grace like the dew and quite sud-den-ly I feel at home Like I'm

A.

Like I'm

Fl.

90 **C**

B♭

S.

not just pass - ing though on my way to some sweet by and by This

A.

not just pass - ing though on my way to some sweet by and by This

98

S.

world is my home in its pain and its glo - ry I'm gon - na live here till I die

A.

world is my home in its pain and its glo - ry I'm gon - na live here till I die V.S.

105

S. — And the rain falls on the just and the un - just and there's  
A. — And the rain falls on the just and the un - just and there's

110

S. hea - ven here in the sun's warm em - brace and the  
A. 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  
A. earth keeps on giv - ing what we need for liv - ing

118

S. grace u - pon grace u - pon grace. Sonia There are  
A. grace u - pon grace u - pon grace.

122 **D**

S. mag-pies next morn-ing and fresh wet-ted earth\_\_and the stub-ble\_ is shi-ning as thehigh-way rolls north and

Fl.

130

S. each town has trea-sure and trou-ble\_ and change\_ the good\_\_\_\_ the bad and the strange And I'm

A.

All sops

Fl.

And I'm

138 **E**

S. not just pass - ingthrough on my way to some sweet by and by\_\_\_\_\_ This world is my home\_ in its

A.

not just pass - ingthrough on my way to some sweet by and by\_\_\_\_\_ This world is my home\_ in its

148

S. pain and its glo - ry I'm gon - na live here\_\_\_\_ till I die.\_\_\_\_\_ And I'll think a-about

A.

pain and its glo - ry I'm gon - na live here\_\_\_\_ till I die.\_\_\_\_\_ And I'll think a-about

155

S. death when I die\_\_\_\_ Sonia Gon-na live ful-ly here till I die.\_\_\_\_\_

A.

death when I die\_\_\_\_