

On the night train

W: Henry Lawson M: Ade Monsborough

(Arr. Noni Dickson - 2011)

Vl. 

Vla. 

Verse 1 (solo)


9 **A**

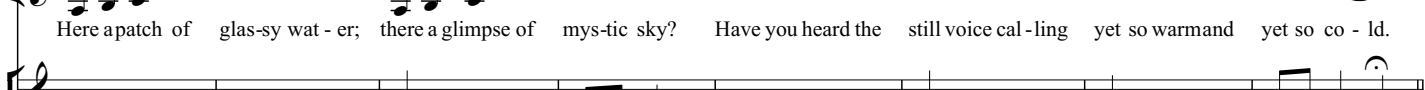
A. 
Have you seen the bush by moon-light from the train go run-ning by Black-ened log and stump and sap-ling ghost-ly trees all dead and dry;


Vl. 

Vla. 

17

A. 
Here a patch of glas-sy wat-er; there a glimpse of mys-tic sky? Have you heard the still voice cal-ling yet so warm and yet so co-ld.

Vl. 

Vla. 


25 (All women) **B**

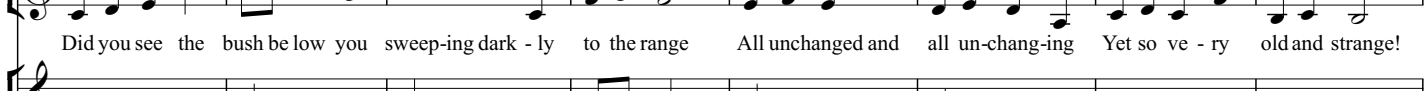
A. 
I'm the moth-er bush that bore you, come to me when you are old.


Vl. 

Vla. 


36 **C**

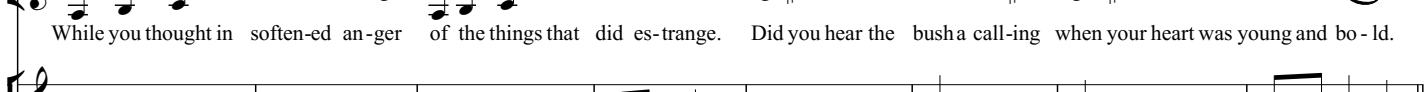
A. 
Did you see the bush be low you sweep-ing dark-ly to the range All unchanged and all un-chang-ing Yet so ve-ry old and strange!


Vl. 

Vla. 

44

A. 
While you thought in soften-ed an-ger of the things that did es-trange. Did you hear the bush a call-ing when your heart was young and bo-ld.

Vl. 

Vla. 

52 D

A. *I'm the moth-er bush that nursed you; come to me when you are old.*

Vl. I.

Vla.

61

Vl. I.

Vla.

72

Vl. I.

Vla.

79 rit. **a tempo**

Vl. I.

Vla.

91 E

A. *In the cut-ting in the tun-nel, out of sight of stack or shed, have you heard the grey bush call-ing from the pine-ridge ov-er head:*

Vl. I.

Vla.

99

A. *You have seen the seas and cit-ies; all is cold to you, or dead. All seems done and all seems told but the grey light turns to go-ld!*

Vl. I.

Vla.

107

A. *I'm the mo-ther bush that loves you, come to me now you are old*

Vl. I.

Vla.

rall. C