SIX AUSTRALIAN BUSH-SONGS

Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

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To my Mother and Father

SIX AUSTRALIAN BUSH SONGS

Words by RICHARD BAYLIS

N. 1. THE LAND OF "WHO KNOWS WHERE!"
  » 2. BUSH SILENCE.
  » 3. KING BILLY'S SONG.
  » 4. COMRADES OF MINE.
  » 5. BUSH NIGHT SONG.
  » 6. THE STOCK-RIDER'S SONG.

MUSIC BY

WILLIAM G. JAMES

Composer of: "The Sun-God," "A Warwickshire Wooing;"
"The Sweetest Song;" "In the Gardens of England;"
"The Flutes of Arcady;" "The Radiant Morn hath passed away;" etc.

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MILAN - ROME - NAPLES - PALERMO - PARIS - LEIPZIG - NEW YORK - S. PAULO
BUENOS AIRES
Six Australian Bush Songs

No. 1.
The Land of "Who knows where!"

Saddle up! Saddle up! for the more is here,
It's good-bye to the tent and gloom,
For the wild ducks cry in the swamp again,
And the wishing is in bloom.
Where the creeks lie cool'nneath the gum's shade,
Where the turkeys bed is bare,
Saddle up! Saddle up! we must gallop deep,
To the land of "Who knows where!"

Saddle up! Saddle up! for the vicar that calls
Have a message that seems to say,
"You must blaze your trail through this small land,
For the brumby days pass away!"
You must wheel your cattle and turn your town,
You must live and do and dare,
Saddle up! Saddle up! you must be a man
In the land of "Who knows where!"

No. 2.
Bush Silence.

The young horn mens hangs o'er the creek,
The sun goes down the West,
The golden wattle cries to rest.
The bell-birds go to roost.
The blue gums now so more are stirred.
Like sentinels they stand,
Now night spreads out her vast of stars
And silence holds the land.

No. 3.
"King Billy's Song."

Him fells new chum down Yarra-Yarra, (1)
"Shook my f'larb slang King Billy,
"Shook my labur (2) Bartoobal,
"Take me way to (3) Thumpumadh,
"I go big quick back (4) Amla-nima,
"I go find'em by (5) Nalla-malla!
Him fells new chum, I wait for him,
Him fells new chum with my labur,
I wait for him down Yarra-Yarra,
Up come new chum on grey (6) brumbie.
On grey brumbie with me labur,
Hit him great bang with mulla-malla!
Take my labur Bartoobal,
On grey brumbie back riskin,
No theem (7) Black Gun' slang King Billy.

(1) Yarra-Yarra - name of a river
(2) Chooch - stick
(3) Thumpumadh - name of town
(4) Amla-nima - name of girl
(5) Nalla-malla - bush
(6) Black Gun - King Billy's side.
(7) Southern Cross.

No. 4.
Comrades of mine.

Comrades of mine, when my day is done,
When the last sun's way for me,
Oh! hear me forth in an old gutt sack
Till you come to a hill give tone.
And try me deep in the lally kahps
Where the great rocks twist and twice.
Oh! leave me there to my long, long sleep,
Comrades, comrades of mine!

Comrades of mine, in my dreaming there,
I shall hear the whip-birds call,
And the hot winds pass through the grasses grey,
The best of the mine that fall.
I shall hear the trump of the cattle there,
And the shackles ringing in line.
I shall live all the old days over again,
Comrades, comrades of mine!

No. 5.
Bush Night Song.

Where the golden wattle rises
Up into the purple skies,
Where the west wind softly sighs,
Cool and deep;
Where the camp-fire glimmer bright
Near the world's bush silver white,
Where the (8) Cross glimses through the night,
Sleep ah! sleep!

Till the eastern fires shall reign
Grey and gold the trackless plains,
Till the bell-bird wakes again,
Day shall sleep;
Shimmer till the night is done.
Dence of gods that shall be won
With the rising of the sun,
Sleep ah! sleep!

No. 6.
The Stock-Rider's Song.

We've been up Queensland way,
With the cattle many a day,
Over there a thorny, lovely plain,
But now we're roofting back
On the good old slavery track,
For we're riding, riding, riding home again.
With a yah, hah, hah!
How we thunder as we go,
Never staying, never drawing rein!
With the stock whip in our hand,
We're a merry jolly band,
For we're riding, riding, riding home again.

We've journey'd many a road
And we've carried many a load,
We've walked many a weary criples;
We've heard the bitter boom,
And the curlews in the gloom,
And we've rounded many a steer, herded and steck
With our yah, hah, hah!
How we thunder as we go,
Never staying, never drawing rein!
After storm and dust and bask,
Now we're singing in the seat,
For we're riding, riding, riding home again.
We've faced the fearful drought,
When the world was blotted out,
When the dust-storms wrapped us round with a cloud,
We've staggered this and durned,
Past the blackened ruin and guns,
And we've almost prayed to Heaven for a shower!
But it's yah, hah, hah!
How we thunder as we go,
Never staying, never drawing rein!
Back, the starting of the hooth's
Set the glimmering of the hoofs!

For we're riding, riding, riding home again.

RICHARD BAYLIS.
SIX AUSTRALIAN BUSH SONGS

I.

THE LAND OF "WHO KNOWS WHERE!"

Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

Allegro con brio \( \text{d:\text{-}160} \)

Sad. die

up! Sad. die! up! for the morn is

here. It's good-bye to the mist and

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gloom, For the wild ducks cry in the
swamp again. And the wat tles are in
bloom. Where the creeks lie cool 'neath the
gid ya's shade, Where the tor rent's bed is
bare. Saddle up! Saddle up!

Saddle up! we must gallop forth To the

land of "who knows where!" Saddle up! for the winds that
call Have a message that seems to say, "You must blaze your trail through this sun-lit land, Ever the brave days pass away! You must wheel your cattle and
turn your loam, You must live and do and
dare, Sadt die up! Sadt die up! you must be a man In the land of who knows
poco rit.
a tempo

where! a tempo

cresc., a accel;
BUSH SILENCE

Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

Moderato (With movement) d=80

PP molto legato

The young horn moon hangs

d’ar the creek, The sun goes down, goes
down the west, The

Also published separately in Key A minor. F-Net.

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golden wattle cease to sigh. The
bell-birds go to rest.

The blue gums

now no more are stirred.
Like sentinels they stand,

Now night spreads out her
tent of stars, And silence holds the

land.

molto dim o ris
III.

(KING BILLY'S SONG)

Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

Allegretto
\( \text{c}=72 \)

VOICE

Him fella new chum down Yar.ra - Yar.ra, Shook my lu.bra

'blong King Bil.ly, Shook my lu.bra, Bur.i.o.hool.a, Take her way to

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Thar go miu-lah, I go big quick back miu-lah, I go find 'em,

my nul-la nul-la; Him fel. la new chum, I wait for him, Him fel. la new chum

with my lu.bra, I wait for him down Yar ra Yar ra,

Up come new chum on grey brum.bie, On grey brum.bie

Pronounced (mp a mp)
with my lu.bra. Hit him great bang with nul.la - nul.la!

colla voce

Tempo I.

Take my lu.bra, Bur.i.o.bool.a. On grey brumble back mi.a.mia._

Tempo I.

pop ad lib:

No tellum Black Gin 'blong King Bil.ly!

1) (Yarra-Yarra) - Name of a river.
2) (Bood) - Stot.
3) (Lubra) - Ori.
4) (Burudboola) - Name of girl.
5) (Thargum-dab) - Name of town.
6) (Mi-mia) - Wiga-waam.
7) (Walla-milla) - Club.
8) (Bumbie) - Horse.
9) (Black Gin) - King Billy's wife.
IV.

COMRADES OF MINE

Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

Andante
\[ \text{\textcopyright{} MEMELI, by G. BERNH. & Co.}\]

Comrades of mine, when my day is done,
When the last sun sets for me, Oh!

bear me forth in an old bush cart
Till you come to a tall gum.

Also published separately in Keys B. and G. B.-Sec.
1900s

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tree. And lay me deep in its leafy shade Where the great roots twist and
twine, Oh! leave me there to my long, long sleep, Comrades, comrades of
mine!
Comrades of mine, in my dreaming there, I shall hear the whip birds call,
And the hot winds pass through the gras-ses grey, And the beat of the rains that fall!
I shall hear the tramp of the
cattle there. And the stockmen riding in line, I shall

live all the old days over again. Comrades, comrades of mine!

Comrades of mine!
V.

BUSH NIGHT-SONG

Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

Axandante
et tranquillo
\( \text{\(\text{\textcopyright\textregistered\textup{MXXII, by G. Ricordi & Co.}\quad\text{All rights of performance, broadcasting, reproduction, transcription and translation are strictly reserved.}\)}}\)

Where the golden wattles rise, Up into the purple skies,

Where the west wind softly sighs, Cool and deep;

Also published separately in Roy B.5/. Net.
Where the camp fire glimmers bright, Near the salt-bush silver white, Where the Cross gleams through the night, Sleep, sleep, Oh! sleep!

will the eastern fires shall stain Grey and gold the trackless plain,
Till the bell-bird wakes again, Day shall peep;

Slumber till the night is done, Dream of goals that shall be won.

With the rising of the sun, Sleep, sleep.

Oh! sleep!
VI.
THE STOCK-RIDER'S SONG

Words by
RICHARD BAYLIS

Music by
WILLIAM G. JAMES

Allegro con spirto
\( \text{\textit{d}=\text{\textit{z}} 120} \)

VOICE

\( \text{\textit{mf}} \)

\( \text{\textit{We've}} \)

\( \text{\textit{been up Queensland way, With the cattle many a day. O'er}} \)

\( \text{\textit{colla voce}} \)

\( \text{\textit{simile}} \)

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many a thirsty, lonely plain, But

now we're trotting back On the good old stony track, For we're

crescendo

riding, riding, riding home again!

With a

crescendo

coll" voce

coll" voce

crescendo

yah, hah, hol-olo! How we thun-der
as we go, _Never stay-ing._

_never drawing rein, _Never drawing rein!_

_with the stock- - whip in our hand,

_We're a- mer- ry, jol- ly, jol- ly band._ _For we're_
riding, riding, riding, riding home,

again!

We've journey'd many a road And we've
carried many a load, We've waded many a wash-y
creek; We've heard the bit-terns boom And the
cur-lews in the gloom, And we've rounded many a
steer-horned and sleek. With our yah.
hah, hol-lol! How we thun-der as we go,
never stay-ing, ne-ver draw-ing rein,
never draw-ing rein!
after storm and dust and heat,
now we're sing-ing,
Singing in the seat, For we're riding.

Riding, riding, riding, riding home again.
We've faced the fearful drought
When the world was blotted out,
When the dust storms wrapped us round
With a cloud!

We've staggered thin and dumb,
Past the blackened rush and gum.
And we've almost prayed to heav'n
For a
poco accelerando

But it's yah, hah.

cresc.

hel-lo!

How we thun-der as we go.

Never stay-ing,

Never draw-ing, never draw-ing
rein! Hark the roaring

of the hoofs! See the gleaming, gleaming of the

roots! For we're riding, riding.

riding, riding home again!