Four Romantic Poems

4. THE DAYLIGHT IS DYING

Text: A. B. Banjo Paterson (1864-1941)

Mixed choir and piano

Huub de Lange (*1955)

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The daylight is dying away in the west, the wild birds are flying in silence to rest; in leafage and frondage where shadows are.
They pass to its bondage.

They pass to its bondage.

kingdom of sleep,

kingdom of sleep,

They
pass to its bondage The kingdom of sleep and watched in their sleeping by

stars in the height, they rest in your keeping, O wonderful night.
When night doth her glo-ries of star-shine un-

When night doth her glo-ries of star-shine un-

When night doth her glo-ries of star-shine un-

When night doth her glo-ries of star-shine un-

Tis then that the sto-ries of bush-land are told.

Tis then that the sto-ries of bush-land are told.

Tis then that the sto-ries of bush-land are told.

Tis then that the sto-ries of bush-land are told.

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Un-numbered I told them in memories bright

But

who could unfold them, or read them right?

Beyond all desire

Beyond all desire

Beyond all desire

Beyond all desire
ni - als the stars in their glo - ries, the breeze in the my - alls,
i - ni - als the stars in their glo - ries, the breeze in the my - alls,
i - ni - als the stars in their glo - ries, the breeze in the my - alls,
i - ni - als the stars in their glo - ries, the breeze in the my - alls,
i - ni - als the stars in their glo - ries, the breeze in the my - alls,

are part of these sto - ries. The wa - ving of
are part of these sto - ries. (mm...)
are part of these sto - ries. The wa - ving of
are part of these sto - ries.
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grasses, the song of the river, that sings as it passes forever and

ever, the hobb-le-chains’ rattle, the calling of birds,
the lowing of cattle must blend with the words.

With out these indeed you would find it ere long, as though I should

out these in deed you would find it ere long, as though I should
read you the words of a song that lame-ly would ling-er when lack-ing the

the voice of a sing-er, the
lilt of the tune. the voice of a singer, the lilt of a
lilt of the tune. the voice of a singer, the lilt of the
lilt of the tune. the voice of a singer, the lilt of the
lilt of the tune. the voice of a singer, the lilt of the

But as one harking an old-time refrain,
with memory clearing, recalls it again, these

these

these

these

These

these

these

these

these

these

these

these

these

these

these

these

these

these

tales roughly wrought of the bush and its ways, may call back a

 tales roughly wrought of the bush and its ways, may call back a

 tales roughly wrought of the bush and its ways, may call back a

 tales roughly wrought of the bush and its ways,
thought of the wandering days; And, blending with

thought of the wandering days; And, blending with

And,

blending with

- - -

each in the mem'ries that throng, there hap'ly shall

each in the mem'ries that throng,
reach you some echo of song.
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A. B. Banjo Paterson (1864-1941)

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