Symphony of Light and Shadow
9. THE DAYLIGHT IS DYING
Text: A. B. Banjo Paterson (1864-1941)

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The day-light is dying away in the west, The wild birds are flying in silence to rest; In lea-fage and fron-dage where shadows are...
They pass to its bondage.

They pass to its bondage.

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They pass to its bondage.

They pass to its bondage.
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-

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

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

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

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

'Tis then that the sto ries of bush-land are told.
Un-numbered I told them in memories bright
But
who could unfold them, or read them alright?
Beyond all de-
Sopr.

ni - als the stars in their glo-ries, the breeze in the my-alls,

Alt.

ni - als the stars in their glo-ries, the breeze in the my-alls,

Ten.

ni - als the stars in their glo-ries, the breeze in the my-alls,

Bass

ni - als the stars in their glo-ries, the breeze in the my-alls,

Pno.

ni - als the stars in their glo-ries, the breeze in the my-alls,

Sopr.

are part of these sto-ries. The wa-ving of

Alt.

are part of these sto-ries. (mm...)

Ten.

are part of these sto-ries. The wa-ving of

Bass

are part of these sto-ries.

Pno.
grasses, the song of the river, that sings as it passes for ever and

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

With these indeed 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

read you the words of a song that lame-ly would ling-er when lack-ing the

the voice of a sing-er, the

the voice of a sing-er, the

rune, (mm... the voice of a sing-er, the

rune, the voice of a sing-er, the

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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 hark-bearing an old-time refrain,
with memory clearing, recalls it again, these tales roughly wrought of the bush and its ways, may call back a
thought of the wandering days; And, blending with

And, blending with

thought of the wandering days;

blending with

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each in the memories that throng, there happily shall

mem'ries that

happ·ly shall

throng,
reach you some echo of song.
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Symphony of Light and Shadow - 9. THE DAYLIGHT IS DYING (Huub de Lange) - piano
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