

A HAUNTING FASCINATING MELODY



. THE .
**BUSHMAN'S
MELODY**



Words by
NORMAN CROFT
Promoter and Manager
of the
GALLIPOLI STROLLERS



Music by
GLANMORE JONES
Arranged by
PERCY DAVIS

Featured by
NORMAN CROFT'S
GALLIPOLI STROLLERS
OF 1922

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"The Bushman's Melody"

WORDS BY NORMAN CROFT

MUSIC BY GLANMORE JONES

Andante moderato

mf. rit. poco rit.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a descending sequence, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords. The tempo markings are *mf.*, *rit.*, and *poco rit.*

p

I've tra - vell'd thro' this world of ours. And seen most kind of sights, A -
When you have tra - vell'd o'er the sea, And friends you - 've left behind and

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The piano part begins with a *p* dynamic. The lyrics are: "I've tra - vell'd thro' this world of ours. And seen most kind of sights, A - When you have tra - vell'd o'er the sea, And friends you - 've left behind and"

way up North and then down South I've danced thro' tro - pic nights ; I've
everything seems strange and new, And not a soul seems kind ; 'Tis then

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "way up North and then down South I've danced thro' tro - pic nights ; I've everything seems strange and new, And not a soul seems kind ; 'Tis then"

fought out du - els in foreign lands, I've drunk their spark - ling wine, I've
you feel you need a friehd, A pal that's good and true, And all

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fought out du - els in foreign lands, I've drunk their spark - ling wine, I've you feel you need a friehd, A pal that's good and true, And all"

rall.

seen the whole world at its best, But there's no land like mine.
 your thoughts fly back to home, And the dear old Kan - ga - roo.

rit.

Chorus
mp. Slow march tempo.

Give me the land called Aus - tra - lia. Where the skies are

mp.

al ways blue; There is no place like Aus -

cornet.

tra - li - a. And the dear old Kan - ga - roo;

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Jones, Glanmore

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Needy

I can hear the bush man calling. I can

hear his sweet refrain, Shouting Coo ee.

Coo ee. We will welcome you back to our tumble down

shack. Where the dear old wattle grows.

tempo I. *mf.* *rit.* *D.S.*