

CHILD OF THE GOLDFIELD

For 2 part treble choir with piano*



From the Song Cycle 'Eureka'

Music & Lyrics by PAUL JARMAN

$\text{♩} = (110 - 115)$ Celtic Hornpipe

PIANO

I've been

Ped. Ped.

*Also available with violin & flute/Irish whistle

37

search-ing all my life. The on-ly life I know. It's

legato

44

runn-ing through my veins, the glitt-er and the glow. I

legato

51

sailed ac-ross the seas, and walked the coun-try wide. Yet

legato

58

lost so ma-ny years, hunt-ing in the gloom.

cresc. *mp* *dim.*

cresc. *mp*

Slightly slower

64

p

The burn - ing heat of day

pp *cresc.*

Bur - ning

p *dim.* *pp*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Slightly slower

71

turns to bitt - er night. Ti - red, cold and lone - ly, I

p

heat of day to night. Tir - ed, lone - ly,

cresc. *p*

sim.

76

wait for the morn - ing light. Crow roost - er crow,

wait for the morn - ing light.

pp *cresc. poco à poco*

cresc. poco à poco *pp*

Ped.

81 *poco accel.*

pp cresc. poco á poco

blow whist-le blow... Rumb-le from the dark - ness...

Crow roost - er crow, ... blow whist-le blow... Rumb - le from the dark

86 *mf* $\text{♩} = 110$

It's back to the pit I go!

ness. It's back to the pit I go!

mf

$\text{♩} = 110$

92 *mf*

Work - ing hard on the gold - field, down the mine I go. One more day on the gold - field,

mf

98

liv-ing the life I know... I'm a child of the gold - field, walk - ing the dust - y road. I'll

104

carr-y that load all the way back home. Back home.

111 *mf*

mf
I rock the gold-en crad-le shov-el the mu-ddy clay. Glean out that
mf
I rock that gold - en crad - le.

117

ba-rrow, reap the harv-est of the day. Eyes like a hawk, and the
Glean out that harv - est of the day. Like a hawk!

122 *cresc.*

cresc.
hung-er of a crow. Capt-ain of the mull-ock heap, mas - ter of the flow!
cresc.
Hung - er crow. Capt - ain mull - ock mas - ter flow!

128 *f*

Work-ing hard on the gold-field, down the mine I go. One more day on the gold-field,

134

liv-ing the life I know. I'm a child of the gold-field, walk-ing the dust-y road. I'll

140

carr-y that load all the way back home. Back home.

146 *f*

f *Angrily* Eu - re - ka! Eu -

I hope for I to - mo - row

151

re - ka! Eu - re - ka! Eu - re - ka!

what I failed to find be - fore. And

156

Eu - re - ka! Eu - re - ka! Eu -

e - ven if it kills me, it is still worth

161

re - ka! Eu - re - ka! Eu - re - ka!

sear - ching for. All my dreams are

Red.