

When Our Wattle-Tree Blooms

To Dr. E.A. Matison

Words and Music by Miriam Hyde

Andantino, piacevole

Voice *mp*

If I am still there when our wattle-tree blooms, I shall

Piano *p*

5

poco più lento *a tempo*

see, as I stand on the wind-ruffled grass, The pattern of roofs on the broad silent plain, The

poco più lento *a tempo*

9

p *leggiere*

tran-quil ex-pense of my home-land a-gain; The light hazylblue-ness that soft-ens the line Of the

p *delicato*