

A copy

The Aboriginal Father. *C. L. H. 1850* of the MANEROO TRIBE.

The shadow cast by me,
Like a mist over the clear Lagoon,
Steals on with progradation & wild,
Of the death-clouds' dreary gloom.

Our Tribe, droop by each Native stream,
Where the spirits which have fed them lie,
And White Man's fire sends forth its gleam
Over the Bulwan², where they die.

And thou my boy! the last - the poor -
Green leaf of a mouldering tree!
A stranger's voice will crush the burst
of a Warrior's lament for thee.

VERSIFIED FROM THE ORIGINAL WORDS.

Koon - gi Koon - gi Kanel - ghe yucree Koon - gi Karel - ghe yucree,
Kooma - gi Ko Ko Kanel - ghe Koomagi Ko - ba Kooma - gi Ko - ko -
Kooma - gi Ko Ko Kabel - ghe Koomagi Ko - ba Kooma - gi yucree.

BY

Mrs E. H. Dunlop.

The Melody, as sung by the Aborigines, put into vibration,
Harmonized with appropriate Symphonies & Companions,
Respectfully inscribed to

THE LADY MAYORESS,

BY

I. Nathan.

Priests

N.Y.

Sydney Elizabeth, Mrs

Bulwun - muui² - The water of the rock.

Bulwan - muui² - The water of the rock.

T. Dixit. T. G. Brougham Esq.

On my arrival in Australia, I felt anxious for the honor, pride and glory of musical tradition to make myself acquainted with the characteristic peculiarities of the native Aboriginal Airs. I was favored with a lithographic copy of this beautifully pathetic melody, so perverted and mutilated by false rhythm, so disguised in complete masquerade, by false basses & false harmony, that I cast it from me with no small share of regret at the poor chance thus afforded me of adding any thing in favor of the claim of the Aborigines to the pages of musical history. My astonishment however, a short time afterwards, was only equalled by the slight I experienced at hearing the same melody sung in all its genuine purity & simplicity, by one of the Mancroo tribe. I at once discovered the key to its latent rhythm & excellent scope for good basses & rich transitions & progressions of harmonies.

There is in the first 4 bars of this Melody, so striking an affinity to one of Handel's Compositions, that those who are acquainted with the works of that great master might find difficulty in divesting themselves of the belief, that the Aborigines had been guilty of piracy. Sceptics, on that point may however remove all doubt from their minds, when they reflect on the little probability of any of these half-faced gentlemen ever having graced Drury Lane or Covent Garden, by the undulation of their polished countenances, to witness the performance of Handel's Oratorios. I have in early life read a Trunkling (in company with its accomplished mamma) who, unlike Selwyn in search of a daughter or wife, in search of a father, flew, with all the epicurean taste of a Gourmand, across the Atlantic, after the more fascinating amusements of the Caliph & Calypso. - And we have all been made acquainted with full particulars of Noham's very interesting journey to Africa on his ship (il. Brodick) but as we have no authenticated record of either the Labors of the Aborigines taking flight to England for the purpose of engaging composers, & selecting sacred music from the works of Handel for their Antipodal words, we must give them credit for originality & prevent hostile proceedings in the Court of Chancery, against them - by way of injunction for their seeming infringement on the laws of Copy-right. As to the affinity of the 4 bars alluded to, to Handel's song, we must conclude with Brodick - that there can be no stronger proof of the musical powers of these beings - nor of the nature of Handel's compositions. For the satisfaction of the curious I will leave to subjoin the following quotation from Brodick's mission to Ashantee - page 45. His person - his harp &c. - he says "The Negro sat on a low stool, supporting his harp on his knee & shoulder when he proceeded to tune it with great suety: his hands appeared to wander among the strings, until he performed a running accompaniment to extraordinary vocalizations. At times one deep and hollow note burst forth and became broken; presently he looked up, pursuing all the actions of a harpist; and whilst the one hand continued playing, he rang forth a peal which vibrated on the ear long after it was produced. He became silent, the running accompaniment revived again, as a prelude to loud recitative, uttered with the greatest volubility, and ending with no word, on which he ascended and descended divisions far beyond the extent (in pitch) of his harp, with the most beautiful precision. Sometimes he became more collected & a mournful air succeeded the recitative with at the least connection & he would again burst out with the whole force of his powerful voice in the notes of the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel. To meet with this chorus in the wilds of Africa & from such a being, had in effect I can scarcely describe: I was lost in astonishment at the coincidence: there could not be a stronger proof of the nature of Handel nor of the powers of the Negro. I naturally enquired if this man was insensible & the reply was, he was always rational but when he played at which time he invariably used the same gestures & evinced the same incoherency.

"Lorna - a girl. " "John - a wife".

Bathurst
1855

Poetess, Mrs E. H. Dunlop.

Composer, L. Nathan.

Poco Largo.

Pathetica.

V. Subito.

Koon - gi Koon - gi Kawel - gho yue - re Koon - gi Kawel - gho yue -

*Death-clouds. "The unseen Power" has many names and forms, and is a Spirit of evil only:
 living in the "Wheowen-Eura" - Fire - clouds. Pronounce the (g) hard in Wheyuwi

Our Tribes droop by each native stream, Where the

founts which have fed them lie..... And white man's fire sends forth its

gleam - O'er the Bat-wan where they die..... And white man's fire sends

forth its gleam O'er the Bat-wan where they die.....

*Batwan-mian - The water of the Creek.

Volti Subito,

4



And thou my boy! the last - the first. Green leaf of a smouldering tree. A



Strangers eye will crush the burst. Of a warrior's lament o'er thee.



A strangers eye will crush the burst. Of a warrior's lament o'er



thee....

