

The Aboriginal Father.

Native Song of the

MANEROO TRIBE.

*The Shadow on thy brow, my Child,
Like a mist o'er the clear Lagoon—
Stents on with passage dim & wild,
Of the death-clouds & dreadful gloom.*

<i>Our Tribes, drop by each Nature's stream, Where the founts which have fed them lie. And White Man's fire sends forth its gleam, O'er the <u>Bulman</u> where they die.</i>	<i>And thou my boy! the last—the first— Green leaf of a smouldering Tree! A stranger's eye will crush the burst— Of a Warrior's lament for thee.</i>
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VERSIFIED FROM THE ORIGINAL WORDS.

Koon - gi	Koon - gi	Kawel - ghe	yuerree
Kooma - gi	Ko Ko	Kawel - ghe	Koomagi Ka - ba
Kooma - gi	Ko Ko	Kalok - ghe	Koomagi Ka - ba Kooma - gi yuerree.

BY

Mrs E. L. Dunlop.

*The Melody, as sung by the Aborigines, put into rhyme,
& harmonized with appropriate symphonies & accompaniments,
Respectfully inscribed to*

THE LADY MAYORESS.

BY

J. Nathan.

N^o 7.

Price 5/-

Sydney Elizabeth St

Death Clouds - The unseen power has many names & forms & is a spirit of evil only, living in the White Man's curse.
Fire Clouds.
Bulman - miani - The water of the creek.

T. Bisset. & the Brougham Press

Koon = gi Koon = gi Kawel = gho yue : re Koon = gi Kawel = gho yue :

The shad..ow on.... thy brow my Child, like a mist'er the clear La :

ree:..... Rooma-gi Ko ko Kawel. gho Rooma-gi Ka :

goon steals on with pre sage dim and wild of the

ba Rooma : gi Ko ko Rooma : gi Ko ko Kabei :

*death clouds dire = ful gloom steals on with pre sage

gho Rooma : gi Ka . ba Roo-ma : gi yue : ree .

dim and wild, of the death = clouds dire = = ful gloom,.....

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

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.

Volte Subito.

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

strangers eye will crush the burst. Of a warriors lament o'er thee.

A strangers eye will crush the burst Of a Warriors la : ment o'er

thee.

Fine.