

A Song of Hope

by Oodgeroo (Kath Walker)

Look up, my people,
The dawn is breaking
The world is waking
To a bright new day
When none defame us
No restriction tame us
Nor colour shame us
Nor sneer dismay.

Now brood no more
On the years behind you
The hope assigned you
Shall the past replace
When a juster justice
Grown wise and stronger
Points the bone no longer
At a darker race.

So long we waited
Bound and frustrated
Till hate be hated
And caste deposed
Now light shall guide us
No goal denied us
And all doors open
That long were closed.

See plain the promise
Dark freedom-lover!
Night's nearly over
And though long the climb
New rights will greet us
New mateship meet us
And joy complete us
In our new Dream Time.

To our fathers' fathers
The pain, the sorrow;
To our children's children
the glad tomorrow. [1] occurs

Together We Go Hand in Hand
Sharon Roeburn

Together we go hand in hand
You take us off our land
You are damaging our future generation
Together we stand as one nation
Listen to our pleas
You are taking away our needs
We love to hunt on land
Bare feet on the hot sand
We hunt in the sea
So wild and free
We are simple and original
We are the Australian Aboriginal
We love our culture and are very traditional
This is not fair
Do you really care?

Sharon wrote this poem in March 2015 in response to the Western Australian government's plans to close and bulldoze more than 120 Aboriginal communities it deemed "not viable".

Source: <http://www.creativespirits.info/aboriginalculture/arts/together-we-go-hand-in-hand#ixzz3bJDZYwIU>

My Mother the Land

My Mother the Land by Phill Moncrieff, Western Australia

You are my Mother, my Mother the Land
Your bloodline aches today
The secret you spoke of remains no more
Our hearts, they cry of dismay

Our brothers before and them before that
Felt the brunt of the whiteman's curse
And as their blood hit the sun from the whiteman's gun
The spirits began to disperse

So we turned to the land, our Mother the Land
For comfort, our refuge at last
But the feeling was gone, brown children now born
Not black like you gave in the past

Please take me back my Mother the Land
The white man he'll never accept me
The milk that you part will soothe my heart
And your spirit of place will hold me

The enchantment of night around camp firelight
With your children black faces smile broadly
As they talk of the day, in the Aboriginal way
And the power of the land, so Godly

They talk of your plains and inland rains
That send your rivers raging
And the animals that roam in their hot desert home
But your landscape is rapidly changing

You are my Mother, my Mother the Land
You provide me for thousands of years
But now your soul, like a rock waterhole
Is drenched, not from water, but tears

The sadness you feel as you weep on your own
While your children remain scattered and torn
The white system of life, it cuts like a knife
And the Old People are weary and worn

This gentle race which took its place
On your earth and your rivers and seas
Now understands from the whiteman's hands
That their skin is but a disease

Broken pride in their hearts, they live torn apart
And the colour is bred from their skin
And ancient tribes whose culture was alive
Are gone like a leaf in the wind

Please take me back my Mother the Land
Embrace me like Mother and Child
The message goes out from your children who shout
Only visitors and there for a while

But the Mother has been raped by the white man's greed
Her spirit has turned into sand
And the meaning of life to all mankind
Remains with My Mother the Land

© Phill Moncrieff 1985. Thank you Phill for allowing me to publish this poem of yours!

Source: <http://www.creativespirits.info/aboriginalculture/arts/my-mother-the-land#ixzz3bJE8YqjF>

Triabl Land by Dale acko

An old tribal warrior Stares across his picturesque country

Far as his failing eyes can see

Wondering what's going to happen

To his beautiful place

Knowing what will happen to him.

Will my tribe forget the tradition?

Our totem and our songs?

Will my land be taken away from us

For development grazing rights?

And venture for new mines Where will all my tribe go?

Will they understand?

Oh spirit of my ancestral dreaming

Guide them to keep our tribal land

And keep on with our tradition

The lingo of my clan.

I hang my head in sorrow now

Time for me to go I hear the didgeridoo and clapstick

Boomerang last corroboree.

Sadly in my heart knows

May my spirit watch over my clan

For now I leave my tribal land

Source: <http://www.creativespirits.info/aboriginalculture/arts/tribal-land#ixzz3bJFQ0fUV>

Tragedy We Are Going by Oodgeroo Noonuccal

They came in to the little town
A semi-naked band subdued and silent
All that remained of their tribe.
They came here to the place of their old bora ground
Where now the many white men hurry about like ants.
Notice of the estate agent reads: 'Rubbish May Be Tipped Here'.
Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring.
'We are as strangers here now, but the white tribe are the strangers.
We belong here, we are of the old ways.
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,
We are the old ceremonies, the laws of the elders.
We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.
We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.
We are the lightening bolt over Gaphembah Hill
Quick and terrible,
And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.
We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.
We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.
We are nature and the past, all the old ways
Gone now and scattered.
The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.
The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place.
The bora ring is gone.
The corroboree is gone.
And we are going.'