OODGEROO, Noonuccal  
  
  
**Son of Mine**  
*To Denis*My son, your troubles eyes search mine,

Puzzled and hurt by colour line.

Your black skin, soft as velvet, shine.

What can I tell you, son of mine?  
  
I could tell you of heartbreak, of hatred blind.

I could tell of crimes that shame mankind,

of brutal deeds and wrongs maligned,

of rape and murder, son of mine.  
  
But I'll tell instead of brave and fine

when lives of black and white entwine,

and men in brotherhood combine.

This would I tell you, son of mine.  
  
  
**Dreamtime**Here, at the invaders talk-talk place,

We, who are the strangers now,

Come with sorrow in our hearts.

The Bora Ring, the Corroborees,

The sacred ceremonies,

Have all gone, all gone,

Turned to dust on the land,

That once was ours.

Oh spirits from the unhappy past,

Hear us now.

We come, not to disturb your rest.

We come, to mourn your passing.

You, who paid the price,

When the invaders spilt our blood.

Your present generation comes,

Seeking strength and wisdom in your memory.

The legends tell us,

When our race dies,

So too, dies the land.

May your spirits go with us

From this place.

May the Mother of life,

Wake from her sleeping,

and lead us on to the happy life,

That once was ours.

Oh mother of life,

Oh spirits from the unhappy past,

Hear the cries of your unhappy people,

And let it be so.

Oh spirits- Let it be so.