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CENTRE

*Melbourne Recital Centre acknowledges the people of the Kulin Nation on whose land this event is being presented.*

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Southbank, Victoria  
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    #MelbRecital

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# YINGA-BUL

2018



## MISSION SONGS PROJECT – SING ALONG!

Saturday 7 July 3pm, Salon

PRESENTED BY  
Melbourne Recital Centre

ARTISTS  
Jessie Lloyd vocals/acoustic guitar/ukulele  
Jessica Hitchcock vocals/piano

ABOUT THE MUSIC

Jessie Lloyd’s profoundly moving Mission Songs Project reveals what daily life was like for Indigenous Australians on Christian missions and state-run settlements. Through the presentation of rare secular songs that were sung after church, audiences gain a deeper understanding of the history of elders, families and communities, from cultural identity to love and loss.

missionsongsproject.com  
facebook.com/missionsongsproject  
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PROGRAM

<b>UNKNOWN</b> <i>Old Cape Barren</i>	<b>ERIC CRAIGIE</b> <i>Middle Camp</i>
<b>ALMA GEIA</b> <i>Down in the Kitchen</i>	<b>UNKNOWN</b> <i>Port Fort Hill Surrare</i>
<b>ALBERT ‘ALBIE’ EDWARD GEIA</b> <i>Own Native Land</i>	<b>ALICE CLARKE</b> <i>Hopkins River</i>
<b>MICKO DONOVAN &amp; MARY DUROUX</b> <i>Outcast Half-Caste</i>	<b>UNKNOWN</b> <i>The Irex</i> <i>Now Is the Hour</i>

All works are traditional unless otherwise indicated.

THE TEXTS

OLD CAPE BARRON

**Composer:** Unknown  
**Origin:** Cape Barren Island, TAS

I was born on old Cape Barron  
In them blue hills over there  
I was just a little baby  
When my dear old mama died

It's been years now since we've parted  
And the time is drawing nearer  
I will meet my dear old mama  
In them blue hills over there

*Instrumental*

It's been years now since we've parted  
And the time is drawing nearer  
I will meet my dear old mama  
In them blue hills over there

Coz I was born on old Cape Barron  
In them blue hills over there  
Just remember what I told you  
'Bout them blue hills over there  
'Bout them blue hills over there  
'Bout them blue hills over there... over there.

DOWN IN THE KITCHEN

**Composer:** Alma Dawn Geia  
**Origin:** Palm Island, QLD

*Instrumental*

Down in the kitchen where we all eat  
Potato and pumpkin sometimes some meat  
Tea is so watery no sugar at all  
Damper is doughy stick to my rib

*Instrumental*

Down in the kitchen where we all eat  
Potato and pumpkin sometimes some meat  
Tea is so watery no sugar at all  
Damper is doughy stick to my rib  
stick to my rib  
stick to my rib

OWN NATIVE LAND

**Composer:** Albert 'Albie' Edward Geia  
**Origin:** Townsville/ Palm Island, QLD

Oh give me a land where I may roam  
Where no other would build and call it their home  
Where men of one colour together would live  
And would feel no ill for their own native land

Oh superiority is an unknown word to me  
We lived in peace together with meek simple and kind folks  
I never knew that I would be one day a foreigners slave  
So I make this last plea, please give me my own native land

*Instrumental*

Oh superiority is an unknown word to me  
We lived in peace together with meek simple and kind folks  
I never knew that I would be one day a foreigners slave  
So I make this last plea

Please give me my own native land  
Please give me my own native land  
Please give me my own native land

OUTCAST HALF-CASTE

**Composers:** Micko Donovan & Mary Duroux  
**Origin:** Nambucca Heads, NSW

I met a lad the other day his name I do not know  
When I asked him where he came from he answered soft and low

I'm just an outcast and a half-caste in this town  
There's a tribe that doesn't want me and the white man turn me down  
They say I'm just an in between  
I'm neither white nor brown  
For I'm just an outcast and a half-caste in this town

I can never dance the corroboree nor chant like all the rest  
Nor enter into adulthood with the markings on my chest  
I can never go to parties or stand a mate a shout  
The brown man doesn't want me and the white man turns me out

I'm just an outcast and a half-caste in this town  
There's a tribe that doesn't want me and the white man turn me down  
They say I'm just an in between  
I'm neither white nor brown  
For I'm just an outcast and a half-caste in this town

Oh once it was a place so full of fun  
But now that dear old middle camp is done  
Once there was cooncan, bingo and dice  
Let me tell you folks that place really was a paradise

Well I'm gonna build a hut down by the drain  
Just to stop my heart from aching with pain  
You can laugh joke or cough but you'll never fence me off

Coz I'm gonna build that middle camp again  
Yes I'm gonna build that middle camp again  
Oh I'm gonna build that middle camp again

PORT FORT HILL

**Composer:** Unknown  
**Origin:** Darwin, NT

Watching the Port Fort Hill, watching the ships go by  
In case there may be something, something to do with a spy  
Watching the Port Fort Hill knowing it's no use to sigh  
Eight more days to go before we get our leave, watching the Port Fort Hill

*Instrumental*

Watching the Port Fort Hill, watching the ships go by  
In case there may be something, something to do with a spy  
Watching the Port Fort Hill knowing it's no use to sigh  
Eight more days to go before we get our leave, watching the Port Fort Hill  
Eight more days to go before we get our leave, watching the Port Fort Hill

My eye then filled with bitter tears as I heard this tale of woe  
My mind then wondered then through the years to the days of long ago  
Before this town accepted me I was so sad and blue  
For I was just an outcast and a half-caste too

I'm just an outcast and a half-caste in this town  
There's a tribe that doesn't want me and the white man turn me down  
They say I'm just an in between  
I'm neither white nor brown  
For I'm just an outcast and a half-caste in this town

MIDDLE CAMP

**Composer:** Eric Craigie  
**Origin:** Moree, NSW

Here is a song I'll sing to you.  
It's the dream I'd like to see come true.  
It's about the middle camp and the days gone by  
Where I used to wander my dear old pal and I

That used to be my home sweet home  
Until I started out to roam  
Now that middle camp is bare, not a darkie anywhere  
So I'll have to build a middle of my own

Won't you tell me where is dear old granny Tighe  
When I hear her name it makes me want to cry  
Where is Auntie Flo to her place I used to go?  
Where is Bill and Pat and Jim, Tim and Al and Joe?

Well I'm gonna build a hut down by the drain  
Just to stop my heart from aching with pain  
Im gonna pitch a tent I won't have to pay no rent  
Coz I'm gonna build that middle camp again

SURRARE

**Composer:** Unknown  
**Origin:** Thursday Island, Torres Straits

Surrare miles and miles away  
Surrare too far away

I pickem up stone I hit em in a wing  
And he fall down in a saltwater

I run I pickem up eh me (pickem up pickem up pickem up eh meh)

I run I pickem up eh me (pickem up pickem up pickem up eh meh)

2. Saora leh...

3. Cowral mut...

Surrare, Surrare, Surrare. Miles away....  
Saora leh, Saora leh, Saora leh. Miles away....  
Cowral mut, Cowral mut, Cowral mut. Miles away..

HOPKINS RIVER

**Composer:** Alice Clarke  
**Origin:** Framlingham Mission, VIC

There's a rainbow round the dear old Hopkins river  
There's a haze across the western district moon  
Someone's waiting on the dear old Hopkins river  
For I promised I'll come back to Purnim soon

*Instrumental*

When dawn comes breaking through this lonesome buckaroo  
Will be walking down old Newman's avenue  
There's a rainbow on the dear old Hopkins river

When dawn comes breaking through this lonesome buckaroo  
Will be walking down old Newman's avenue  
There's a rainbow on the dear old Hopkins river  
For I promise to come back to Purnim soon  
For I promise to come back to Purnim soon

THE IREX

**Composer:** Unknown  
**Origin:** Palm Island, QLD

When the Irex sails away  
Across the sea  
Leaving me  
So far away  
And all my thoughts  
Will be of you  
So farewell  
Till we meet again

*Instrumental*

When the Irex sails away  
Across the sea  
Leaving me  
So far away  
And all my thoughts  
Will be of you  
So farewell  
Till we meet again

And all my thoughts  
Will be of you  
So farewell  
Till we meet again.....

NOW IS THE HOUR

Traditional  
**Origin:** New Zealand

Now is the hour when we must say goodbye  
Soon you'll be sailing far across the sea  
While you're away Oh please remember me  
When you return you'll find me waiting here

Search me, O God and know my heart today  
Try me, O Saviour know my thoughts I pray  
See if there be some wicked way in me  
Cleanse me from every sin and set me free

Po atarau e moea iho nei  
E haere ana koe ki Pamamao  
Haere ra ka hoki mai ano  
Ki te tau e tangi atu nei

Now is the hour when we must say goodbye  
Soon you'll be sailing far across the sea  
While you're away Oh please remember me  
When you return you'll find me waiting here  
When you return you'll find me waiting here