

THE ABORIGINAL MOTHER.

POET M^{RS} E. H. DUNLOP.

COMPOSER I. NATHAN.

PLAINTIVE
WITH
EXPRESSION

OH, HUSH THEE, HUSH, MY BABY, I MAY NOT TEND THEE YET OWE

FOREST-HOME IS DISTANT FAR, AND MIDNIGHT-STAR IS SET, NOW HUSH THEE, OR THE PALE-FACED MEN WILL

HEAR THY PIERCING WAIL, AND WHAT WOULD THEN THY MOTHER'S TEARS OR FEEBLE STRENGTH A VAIL

OH HUSH THEE. NATHAN

A H. COULD THY LITTLE BOSOM THAT MOTHER'S ANGUISH FEEL, OR COULDEST THOU KNOW THY

FATHER LIES STRUCK DOWN BY ENGLISH STEEL, THY TENDER FORM WOULD WITHER, LIKE THE

KNIVEN ON THE SAND, AND THE SPIRIT OF MY PERISH'D TRIBE WOULD VANISH FROM OUR LAND.

OH, HUSH THEE. NATHAN.

FOR THY YOUNG LIFE MY PRECIOUS, I FLY THE FIELDS OF BLOOD ELSE I HAD FOR MY

CHIEFTAIN'S SAKE DE = FIED THEM WHERE THEY STOOD, BUT BASELY SOUND MY WO - MAN ARM NO

WEAPON MIGHT IT WIELD, I COULD BUT CLING ROUND HIM I LOVED TO MAKE MY HEART HIS

SHIELD.
OH HUSH THEE
NATHAN

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NAY, HUSH THEE, DEAR, FOR WEARY AND FAINT I BEAR THEE ON HIS NAME IS ON THY

GENTLE LIPS MY CHILD MY CHILD HE'S GONE GONE OER THE GOLDEN

FIELDS THAT LIE BE - YOND THE ROLLING CLOUD TO BRING THY PEOPLE'S MURDER - CRY BE -

FORE THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD

OH HUSH THEE

NATHAN



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