

Wurundjeri Sorry Song

by Robbie Greig.

Walking down a forest trail among the hills of fire
I hear the echo of a clap stick on the wind
An eaglehawk flies overhead and drops a golden
feather

And I am but a stranger in this ancient land.
William Barak, Winberrie, I'm dreaming of what
could've been

I'm sorry, we're sorry
Mighty Jaga Jaga, tough as nails, you fought
your fight to no avail

I'm sorry, we're sorry
Birrarrung, River of Mists, your banks were
overflowing

Once you were a hunters cornucopia
I sit now on your grassy shore, the place just
feels deserted

There's no-one left to share in your utopia
Wurundjeri, Bunurong, so many Kulin people
gone

I'm sorry, we're sorry
Genocide in the first degree - too much power,
too much greed

I'm sorry, we're sorry
There was a time not long ago when all the earth
was breathing

And everything was part of a creation song
Bukker-tillibul, Murrup Brarn and other sacred
places

Now everyone just wants a piece to call their own
Nangaween, Billibellary, keepers of the
dreamtime stories

I'm sorry, we're sorry
Bunjil kept the order clear, now there's chaos
everywhere

I'm sorry, we're sorry
"We all turn to bones, shining white
In this majestic country, all of us
Yet Bunjil, our great father
Still sings on in our hearts . . ."

(Traditional Wurundjeri lament, translated by
Mick Woiwood)

Let's climb the hill of golden stones near the
place they call Toolangi

Where the lyrebird still carols so outrageously
And if you listen carefully you might catch the
faintest traces

Of a distant Wurundjeri corroboree
Eagle star, light our way, what else can a white
man say

But sorry, we're sorry
We cast aside a peaceful race, we have to live
with this disgrace
I'm sorry, we're sorry

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