And the honest pay a price
For the sufferance of vice.

‘Ample room for life’ is there,
And it is a region fair,—
Ample room, but not for man
In the heaven-appointed plan.

Where the cedars fringe the river
In the summer light for ever,
And the plain and valley pine
For the plough and harrow’s tine;

Not a single cottager,
Like the men your fathers were,
Is there through the sun-bright regions;
Only sheep in countless legions.

One man’s flocks, for you to tend,
O’er a kingdom’s space extend,—
You or isle-barbarian,
China’s slave or cheaper man.

Though the factory’s crowded floor
Hold you not as heretofore;
Though ye tread the fragrant ground,
With the free pure air all round;

Though no workhouse mandate now
May your suffering spirits bow;
Though ye feel, and justly may,
Ye have won your bread each day:

Ye all Christian faith will need,
Not to curse your lot indeed,
Still pursued by wretchedness,
New and different, but not less.

Aboriginal Songs from the 1850s

Kilaben Bay song

(Awabakal language, Lake Macquarie, New South Wales)

Ela! Ngorokan-ta killi-bin-bin katan
Pannal-la bulliko kul-kulin

Women’s rondo

Awabakal language, New South Wales

Nga ba ya!
Kore wonnung ke?
Kore yo!
Kore wonnung ke?
Nga ba ya!

Ah, it is so!
Where is the man?
Man is away!
Where is the man?
Ah, it is so!