

01. GOPURU 3:45
02. MALA RRAKALA 4:32
03. BAYINI 4:39
04. BARU 5:04
05. YA YAWIRRINY 4:42
06. DJILAWURR 4:04
07. WARWU 3:27
08. DJOTARRA 5:43
09. BAKITJU 5:52
10. DJOMULA 5:45
11. WULMINDA 5:37
12. BANBIRNGU 5:10

GURRUMUL

— RRAKALA —



GURRUMUL RRAKALA

DRAMCD0026

SKINNY FISH DRAMATICO

Produced by SKINNYFISH MUSIC PTY LTD / DRAMATICO ENTERTAINMENT
 Published in AUSTRALIA
 © SKINNYFISH MUSIC PTY LTD / DRAMATICO ENTERTAINMENT 2015
 DRAMATICO ENTERTAINMENT





GURRUMUL
— RRAKALA —



GOPURU

Gopuru

Alive and vigorous Gopuru chases close kin in the form of Dirrmala, the north-west wind, and Wapatjpal, the large clouds that form on the tropical horizon.

Doy-ŋupara gunbilk Marrawuŋwu
Doy-ŋupara Golularu

Underneath, following the reflecting sea surface Marrawuŋwu
Underneath following the north-west winds Golula

Gopuru gopuru waphurra Yiwarru Yāŋaywu
Gopuru gopuru waphurra Yiwarru Yāŋaywu

Gopuru, Gopuru leap for the north-west winds, Yiwarr, Yāŋay
Gopuru, Gopuru leap for the north-west winds, Yiwarr, Yāŋay

Waphurruna Ɔirmalawu
Gopuru waphurra, ŋurukuna Yiwarrwu

Leaping for the north-west wind, Ɔirmalawu
Gopuru leaping, for that north-west wind, Yiwarr

Waphurra djimdurra, dhā-watjorra ŋoywu Wapatjpalwu
Waphurra djimdurra, dhā-watjorra ŋoywu Wapatjpalwu

Leaping and diving, nose in the deep, heading towards the clouds on the horizon
Leaping and diving, nose in the deep, heading towards the clouds on the horizon

Buŋarwuŋjarr balanata, ŋoy-ŋupara Marruŋgūtjŋa
Doywu waphurra, Balaiŋu Gumbakarra

Chasing from below, the ocean currents Marruŋgūtjŋa
Chasing from below, the clouds above

Gopuru gopuru waphurra Yiwarru Yāŋaywu
Gopuru gopuru waphurra Yiwarru Yāŋaywu

Gopuru, Gopuru leap for the north-west winds, Yiwarr, Yāŋay
Gopuru, Gopuru leap for the north-west winds, Yiwarr, Yāŋay

Waphurruna Ɔirmalawu
Gopuru waphurra, ŋurukuna Yiwarrwu

Leaping for the north-west wind, Ɔirmalawu
Gopuru leaping for that north-west wind, Yiwarr

Waphurra djimdurra, dhā-watjorra ŋoywu Wapatjpalwu
Waphurra djimdurra, dhā-watjorra ŋoywu Wapatjpalwu

Leaping and diving, nose in the deep, heading towards the clouds on the horizon
Leaping and diving, nose in the deep, heading towards the clouds on the horizon

Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi
Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi

Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi
Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi, Ɔi Ɔi

MALA
RRAKALA

Ga nhina ŋilimurru mala Rrakpala
Ga nhina Yoiŋu mala Ganyawu
Wo mānha nhāma yaryaryunara
Wo mānha nhāma māwula-wujkthunara

Members of the Gumatj nation collectively refer to themselves as Rrakpala, a solidarity born of a common and shared ancestry. Since the time of the ancestors the Gumatj have lived in 'place', all around is evidence of the ancestors, the Rock Bakitju, the sunset Djāpana. Their nation estates and seas provided a rich bounty, there is time to observe and contemplate.

We sit, we the Gumatj people
We are the Ganyawu people
Sit together, look out beyond the seas, contemplate
Look out, tides change, contemplate

Ųo..o mala Rrakpala, mala Rrakpala
Wo..o yi mala Ganyawu, mala Ganyawu

Oh Gumatj nation, Rrakpala
Oh we Gumatj, sharing our identity through Ganyawu

Ga nhina nhāma guŋda Gunyipi
Ga nhina nhāma guŋda Rraywaja
Wo guŋda nhāma Bakitju
Wo guŋda nhāma guŋda Rirraliny

Sit, look out, the Rock, Gunyipi
Sit, look out, the Rock, Rraywaja
Sit, look out, the Rock, Bakitju
Sit, look out, the Rock, Rirraliny

Wo..o mala Rrakpala, mala Rrakpala
Wo..o yi mala Ganyawu, mala Ganyawu

Oh Gumatj nation, Rrakpala
Oh we Gumatj, sharing our identity through Ganyawu

Yuw nhina ŋilimurru, mala Rrakpala
Yaryaryun Rrāyuj, Djurarr, Rrakpala
Mala wangany dharuljura nhina
Djurarr Rrakpala

Yes, we sit together, the Gumatj people
Sit together, the Gumatj people Rrāyuj, Djurarr, Rrakpala
One people, we sit under our shade
Gumatj people, Djurarr rrakpala

Wo..o mala Rrakpala, mala Rrakpala
Wo..o yi mala Ganyawu, mala Ganyawu
Wo jithara Watjapa, rerri Galanjari
Ga jithara Watjapa, nhāma Djekulu
Wo warwu gorruŋala, Rrepa Djāpana
Wo warwu gorruŋala, miny'tji Garumara

Oh Gumatj nation, Rrakpala
Oh we Gumatj with our shared identity through Ganyawu
Oh, the sunset, redness across the sky
The sunset, see the brilliant redness across the sky
Thoughts and reflections there as vivid colours of the sunset, Djāpana
Thoughts and feelings there as the colours of the sunset, Garumara

Wo..o mala Rrakpala, mala Rrakpala
Wo..o yi mala Ganyawu, mala Ganyawu
Wo..o mala rrakpala, mala rrakpala
Wo..o mala Ganyawu, wo mala Ganyawu

Oh Gumatj nation, Rrakpala
Oh we Gumatj with our shared identity through Ganyawu
Oh Gumatj nation, Rrakpala
Oh we Gumatj, sharing our identity through Ganyawu

BAYINI

Nhinana ñilimurru, yarrayarra'yun
Dhuwalana wãñanydja Gãmbuthuwa
Gu ñilimurru yarrayarra'yuna
Manha nhãma, yarrayarra'yunara
Mawula-wujkthunara
Guñga dhãrranana nininyñu Bakitju

Yã, ñuku-nhãrranmiri, bãpa ñilimurrungu
Nininyñu Daymbawi, Djiñawurr
Wãñana dhã-milimitpa, ñakarañala
Wãña nininyñunha, Bayini

Aa Bayini, Bayini, Djotarra
Barrkuna runu'runu Wugbirwuy
Guñga djiripunala, Wurrwãja, ranji ñorranana
Nhanukala bunana Wãñunbanu Gulunñura
djomula dhãrrana, Miriñangay

Yã, ñuku-nhãrranmiri bãpa ñilimurrungu
Nininyñu Daymbawi Djiñawurr
Wãñana dhã-milimitpa, ñakarañala
Wãña nininyñunha, Bayini

Bayini, Bayini, Djotarra
Djotarra, ñãthi nhina, Djotarra

Bayini (Gumatj Ancestral Women)
Yolngu are deep thinking, philosophical people.
The words 'yarrayarra'yun' refers to many
families sitting together on beach looking to
the waves and sea, the horizon, contemplating.
Long ago from over the horizon the Bayini came
to Yolngu country.

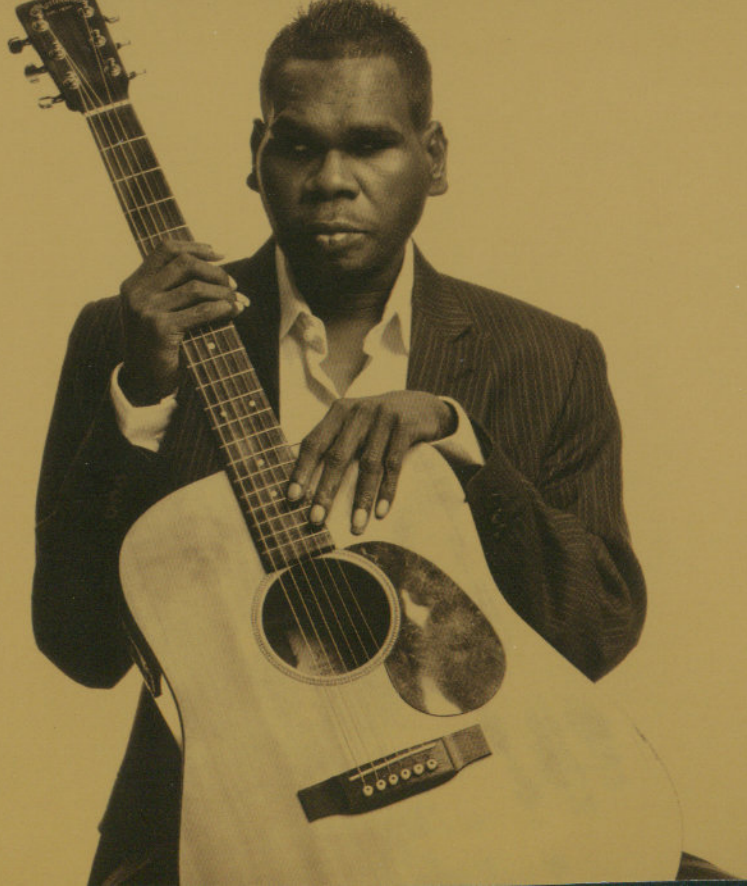
We Gumatj sat together
Here at Gãmbuthuwa
Let's sit all together
Sit together, watch the sea, contemplate
The changing tide
Standing, the land-ancestor Rock, Bakitju

Oh, our father, steadfast, strong
Of this country, Daymbawi, Djiñawurr
Spoke in the afternoon, told
Of our land-ancestor Bayini

Ah, Bayini, Bayini, Gumatj woman
The islands Wunbirrñwuy far away
The Rock caressed, at Wurrwãja, the beach lies long
They met him, Wãñunba, at the island Gulunñura
The Djomula trees, in long thick stands at Miriñangay

Oh, our father, steadfast, strong
Of this country, Daymbawi
Spoke in the afternoon, told
Of our land-ancestor Bayini

Bayini, Bayini, Gumatj ancestor
Gumatj ancestor, sits crying, Gumatj ancestor



BARU/
DJAMBUYMA

Gangathina ŋolurruru, wäyindja Djambuyma
Mari marrtjina wäyingu, dhärranhana barraka'yu
Wäyin dhuwalinydja Gaḍumiljal Gurynimuru
Yä dhupudji märiwarra, ya dhupudji warrarrinya

Djirikitj wa'
Djirikitj wa'

Guwaynydja ŋayi giriltjina roŋyina Gukulayu
Wäŋawuy Gururrinba Watharrŋawuy Nunungitj
Wagayu mulka Lirtjilirtji Methuthu Gikawarra

Yä dhupudji märiwarra, ya dhupudji warrarrinya

"Mari marrtjina wäyingu, gaḍukaḍu gaḍumiljalwu
Dhärranana wambalyu, wo mirwugdu wutthurruna
wäyindu Djambuymayu"

Ya dhupudji märiwarra, yä dhupudji warrarrinya

Wambalmiri dhumumumiri dhanutha dhuwalinydja
golirnydji
Bakaŋdarri ŋulŋugulŋu wäŋawuy Rilmitja
Bulapula gurrunhanmina roŋyina ŋolurrili
Wäŋalili bakulili batali dhuwalinydja Djambuyma

Ya dhupudji märiwarra, ya dhupudji warrarrinya

Djirikitj wa'
Djirikitj wa'

Dinyurr..r wap

Eager to leave the nest, ancestor Djambuyma
Off hunting with unwavering determination, ready and poised
That ancestor Djambuyma, Gaḍumiljal, Gurynimuru
Ah ancestor Djambuyma, ancestor Djambuyma

Fire explodes
Fire explodes

With feet and arms she dances back to Gukula
Her country is Gururrinba, Watharrŋawuy, Nunungitj
Her arms holding fire, Lirtjilirtji, Methuthu, Gikawarra

Ah ancestor Djambuyma, ancestor Djambuyma

"Hunting, focussed, determined for prey
Djambuyma's tail strong and powerful, struck by
Djambuyma"

Ah Ancestor Djambuyma, ah Ancestor Djambuyma

Tail quick, dangerous like fire
Djambuyma of Rilmitja holds fire
Returns, rests Bulapula (her head) on the nest
Djambuyma's home, hidden and protected

Ah Ancestor Djambuyma, ah Ancestor Djambuyma

Fire explodes
Fire explodes

Bäru (crocodile) has many special Yolŋu
names including Djambuyma, Gaḍumiljal
Gurynimuru, Bakaŋdarri, Dhupudji.
Djambuyma is a Gumatj ancestor. Djambuyma
reminds the Gumatj people who they are and

where they are from. Just as Djambuyma is
always aware of, and returning to her nest, the
Gumatj people look to their ancestral and
cultural roots.





Napurdja dhuwal ñoywuy gapuwuy
Dayiny marrtji gukunattja dhàrra'tharra
Dayiny ga gapuny ñorra wapurarnha
Dhiyali wāñanur Galiwin'ku

Yā, yā, yawirriny
Yā, yā, yawirriny

Bala walal marrtjina marthanayyun
Larrungal marrtjin miyapunuw
Dayiny ga Rrepa ñorran ñurukunmirr mananmirr
Dunhal runu'ñur Dajmana

Yā, yā, yawirriny
Yā, yā, yawirriny

Yā, yā, yawirriny
Yā, yā, yawirriny

Bala walalañ wata ño'yurr, ñunhili gapunur dhumunur
Yā, yawirriny, gurrupurunumir
Yolnha walalañ dhu gumur'yundja?

We're salt water people
Coconuts abound
The seas are calm
Here at Galiwin'ku

Oh, oh, young men
Oh, oh, young men

They went off by boat
Looking for turtles
The sunset clouds are brilliant red for them
over the island Dajmana

Oh, oh, young men
Oh, oh, young men

Oh, oh, young men
Oh, oh, young men

Strong wind arrived, there at the deep water
Oh, you poor young men
Who will help them?



Djilawurr (Jungle Fowl) also called Djanadjaña
and Watjalña. Through the all encompassing
Yolngu kinship system, Gurrumul calls

Yā ñirakayurruna Djilawurr manña, Goñuña
Roñjinyana barrawajayu dharayarayu
Yā buñbuña Djanadjaña, gulurruñana

Yā ñāthina, yā ñāthina, Djilawurr manña gulurruñana

Gungdawu wāthhuruna ñirmalawu ñurukuna
Rirakayurruna wāyin Djanadjaña
Roñjinyana Bekuññi dhāññiñi

Yā ñāthina, yā ñāthina, Djilawurr manña gulurruñana

Djilawurr, wo...o gulurpuma ñunha marrtji wāyin

E...e ñirakay'yuana ñunha marrtji Watjalña

Wo ñurukuna wāthhun ñunha marrtji ñirmalawuna
E...e birpuma ñunha marrtji wāyin Rrumburayuru

Duparana gurrwilñayu dharayarayu
Ya Gurnikuri Rrumburayu Galaniniyu
Rirakayurruna Djilawurr manña gombuña
Roñjinyana wāñaliñi dhāññiñi
Yā ñāthina, yā ñāthina djilawurr manña
Gulurruñana
Djilawurr
Djuḍukurrk giw giw

Djilawurr grandmother (mother's mother),
and as Djilawurr's grandchild he has a right
and responsibility to sing and tell of his
grandmother, which is also his history. Where
ever and when ever he hears the cry of his
grandmother, his thoughts return to the islands
and estates of his grandmother's people, the
Warramiri who centuries ago welcomed, worked
along side and celebrated life with Makassan
seafarers. Where ever Djilawurr journeys, she
always remembers the location of her nest, her
home, her place.

Hear the crying of two Djilawurr, at Goñuña
Calling, thoughts going back to Barrawajayu, Dharayarayu
Building their nests

Crying, crying, two Djilawurr calling

Calling out for that north-west wind, ñirmala
That bird Djilawurr, calling out
Thoughts returning to Bekuññi, the old Makassan site

Crying, crying, two Djilawurr calling

Djilawurr, that bird crying out

Crying out, that Djilawurr

Calling out for the north-west wind
Scratching the earth in the jungle at Rrumbura

Following the bases of the jungle trees
Oh, the jungles of Martjanba, Gurnikuri, Rrumbura, Galanini
Two Djilawurr calling out
Calling back to the Makassan sites
Crying, crying, two Djilawurr crying
Calling out
Djilawurr
Djuḍukurrk giw giw





WARWU

In Yolŋu society maternal lines are crucially important for a person to understand who they are. Gurrumul might say "I am my mother and my grandmother, because I am of them, they are part of who I am." In this song Gurrumul is away from home, his thoughts of his families, ancestral estates and place

in that world congeal around a brilliant red sunset. He sees the large clouds Djerrkŋu, he remembers the Rock, the burial grounds and his grandmother's people, the Warramiri, and says, "Come my Gumatj families, let's sit together and look out, let's sit together, share and contemplate."

Warwuyu ŋarranha mulkana
Dhiyala wāŋaŋura Gurrumiya

Dhiyaŋu ŋarranha gadamankuŋala
Rrepayu djāpana galaŋariyu

Miny'tji ŋarraku goruŋala
Garrumara Bangawarri Marpujwulmirri

Yā māri walala Budalpudal
Dāthina ŋarra warwuyurruna
Yā warwu ŋarra, yā roŋjiyina, yā wāŋalili

Wanhakana guŋga Gandiŋja
Rirraliny ŋaŋuyurr Rraywaja
Dhuwalana Buthalumu
Wanygurkurwa Dhamuŋurawu Djułwanbirwu

Gu ŋilimuru nhina yarrarra'yun
Djurarr Rrāyur Rrakpala

Ronjiyanana ŋarra nhāŋala
Djerrkŋu durryunara nherranminyara
Djerrkŋu dhuwalinydja Wurrpuŋdu
Gaŋawirra Balanu Gumbalkarra

Yā warwu ŋarra, yā roŋjiyina, yā Gunyaŋariyu

Thoughts have taken hold of me
Of the land Gurumiya

These have made me think
This brilliant red sunset: Rrepa, Djāpana, Galaŋari

My (Gumatj) colours spread across the sky
Garrumara Bangawarri Marpujwulmirri

Oh my grandmother people, Budalpudal
I think and weep inside
Oh my thoughts, going back, home

Where's the Rock Gandiŋja
Rirraliny, ŋaŋuyurr, Rraywaja
Here in the ground, the burial site
Wanygurkurwa Dhamuŋurawu Djułwanbirwu

Come let us sit together and look out, reflect
We Gumatj, Djurarr Rrāyur Rrakpala

I look back
Gumatj clouds forming themselves in their place
Gumatj clouds Djerrkŋu, Wurrpuŋdu
Gaŋawirra Balanu Gumbalkarra

Oh, I am thinking, anguished by the need to go back
to Gunyāra

DJOTARRA

Djotarra warwuyruna, nãthina
Yumalidja, Guywuyun, djolindhina
Ronjyina nãthina, Bothalili
Duruñuna yapinanydhu
Wãluñdhuna, yã ganuru
Djotarra, ... Yumalidja, Guywuyun
Yã nãthina Djotarra

(Dãthina warwuyun), ga nãthina
(Duruñuna yapinanydhu), djolindhina

(Yumalidja guywuyun), Djotarra
(Djotarra warwuyun), warwuyuruna

Ronjyina nãthina Makarrilili
Dhundhuña Djarrimiliyu, Gunyararay
Nhepina, waku nãthiya, makarr waltjandhina

Lãpurruñu, Guriniñu, Wuñdjarra
Wu..u, yã ganaru, Djotarra
Yã Yumalidja, guywuyun

(nãthina), Djotarra

(Dãthina warwuyurr) nãthina
(Duruñuna djolindhu) Djolindhina

(Dãthina Djotarra) yã Djotarra
(Warwuyurr) Warwuyuruna

Nhepina waku nãthiya Gunjipirr
Darakuwu, Guyulungu, Balmanyimirru

Makarrilili Dawu-makarr, Wurrwidilili
Darranydja Djotarra, nãthina
(W..o) Ya ganaru, Djotarra (wo..o)
Yumalidja, Guywuyun
(Wo..o) yã nãthina, Djotarra

Djotarra thinks, cries
Thoughts like the wall of a harmonica
Thoughts of departed relatives
Reminded by this setting sun
from this sunset, sad, caring emotions
Djotarra, thinks, cries inside
Oh, weeping Djotarra

(anguishing inside), and crying
(because of that harmonica), like a harmonica

(wall of a harmonica), Djotarra
(Djotarra, consumed by sadness), worries

Crying thinking of home
Dhundhuña, Djarrimiliyu, Gunyarara
You, my mother's grandmother people cry for, remember,
your country

Land-ancestor-people called Lãpurru, Guriniñu,
Wuñdjarra

Gumatj women are referred to as Djotarra.
The Djotarra in this song is away from home,
and when she thinks, her thoughts are sad
like the sounds of a wailing harmonica. Her
mother's country speaks to her, calls her child,
reminding Djotarra that she is 'of her mother',
they are of each other.

Oh, thoughts, worrying inside Djotarra
Oh thoughts like the walls of a mouth organ

Crying, Djotarra

(anguishing inside), and crying
(because of that), like a mouth organ

(Gumatj woman crying), oh Djotarra
(Thinking), thinking

You, my great grandmother's people, cry for your country
at Gunitjpirr
For your soul, your country's soul. Guyulun, Balmanyimirri

The shade and sheltering place Dawumakarr, Wurrwidilili
I, Djotarra cry and worry
Oh the thoughts, Djotarra
Thoughts like the cries of a mouth organ
Oh crying Djotarra





BAKITJU

Ga nhinana rjarra
bala nãthinaana..a
roŋjinyinana bala wãŋalilina..a
Nalilayu Gunyanjara

Ga nhinana rjarra
bala nãthinaana..a
roŋjinyinana Dhalpulumurruyu Darrariyal
Gawupuyu Bandirriya

U..u guŋđa Bakitju
U..u guŋđa Rraywaja
U..u nhenyđa nãthiya

Wo..o guŋđa nhãma Bakitju
E..e Rrakpala nhina ŋilimuru
Durukuna guŋđa wo, Bakitju – Rirralinygu - Nãjuypurr
Wo..o nhina ŋilimuru Djurarr Rrakpala
E..e ŋurukuna Guŋďawu
Dharuljura nhina yarrayar'yun
Wo Rrakpala Djurarr
Mala wãŋany Djurarr Rrãyun

U..u guŋđa Bakitju
U..u guŋđa Rraywala
U..u nhenyđa nãthiya

Ga nhina ŋilimuru guluwunbama, minygarrarayun
Mala wãŋany Rrakpala Rrãyun
Wãŋanyjura Dharuljura
Dharinjura Galupa

Ga yãkthurra ŋanya latjukuŋa, ãerpuŋanyđja
Bonahjura dhuwalinyđja Gapanyjura Gopuluŋura
Bothanjura Jiyawayma

Gurrumul is a Gumatj man. The Gumatj are a First Nation from east Arnhemland, Australia. Gurrumul's ancestral home is always foremost in his thoughts. He might say "my mind is of my country". While he lives away from his country

and history, his body and mind are still there, they are of 'that place', his whole being is of the Rock Bakitju, the soils, seas and sea-land of his ancestral estates.

Ga nhina Yolju marr-nininyŋu
Makarr mulka Balalapu
Mãrrjura nhina đitjurrkjura đuwarmirinjura
Liyanyđja nhina đjirmilyun

Ga dhuwalinyđja wãŋa Mayar-ŋaraka ŋilimurrungu
Gu ŋilimuru nhina wãŋanyjura, Bonahjura
Liyanyđja nhina đirmalawu

U..u guŋđa Bakitju
U..u guŋđa Rraywala
U..u nhenyđa nãthiya

U..u guŋđa Bakitju

I sat
And cried..đ
For my home
Nalilayu, Gunyanjara

I sat
And cried
For my country Dhalpulumuru, Darrariyal
Gawupu, Bandirriya,

Oh my Rock and strength, Bakitju
Oh my Rock and strength, Rraywala
Weep, weep for your home

Behold the Rock, Bakitju
We the Gumatj people live
for that Rock, Bakitju, Rirraliny, Nharjuypuy
We the Djurarr, Rrakpala, the Gumatj people

are of that Rock
We Gumatj sit contemplating under the shelter of our country
Oh we the Gumatj
Together, one people, one spirit

Oh my Rock and strength, Bakitju
Oh my Rock and strength, Rraywala
Weep, weep for your home

We sit together, sharing under the shelter of our country
Together one Gumatj people, Rrakpala, Rrãyun
Under our shade Dharul
At Galupa where our Makassan relatives visited

Take special care, look after
these mounded funeral sites Gapany, Gopulu
for our Gumatj knowledge and wisdom is here

Gumatj, people of the land
Stay close and strong
Keep (our) spirits strong in (our) Gumatj identity
Keep our minds focussed

Mayar-ŋaraka is our place
Let's live together, on our ancestral lands
Keep our thoughts fresh like the north-west wind

Oh my Rock and strength, Bakitju
Oh my Rock and strength, Rraywala
Weep, weep for your home

Oh my Rock and strength, Bakitju

DJOMULA

Djomula (Beach Pine trees, Casuarina) grow along beaches of Gurrumul's country. The sounds of the needles and branches of these trees weeping remind Yolŋu of kin who have returned to the earth. In this song Gurrumul thinks of the time he and other family hunted stringrays, built beach shelters and lived away from their ancestral estates. While away Gurrumul was called back by the wailing and singing of the beach pines he calls grandmother.

Ya..a.e.e.e, ya..a.e.e.e.e wo..o.
 Djomula djomula, djomula djomula
 Djomula, djomula, djomula, djomula
 Nhenydja nāthiyana, dhiyakuru buluwunuwuru
 Djalathanguru, Barra'wuru, nāthi nhina juŋgurrmawuru

Djomula djomula, djomula djomula
 Djomula, djomula, djomula, djomula
 Nhumanydja gutha maŋga yarrupthurrna
 Mārranaŋa Gāpirinha, wiripunydja nāŋd'ŋha djukurmbha,
 Djukurwuti
 Ya..a.yi..i,
 Nhenydja waku buŋbuŋana, makarmha bālalapu
 Namba Mirinydjuraŋu, Wayŋarrŋarr, Yumayŋa
 Yi..i wo..o, yi..i wo..o, yi..i wo..o, yi..i wo..o.

Yapa gay, yapa gay
 Yapa gay, yapa gay
 Yapa gay, yapa gay
 Yapa gay yapa gay
 Nhāliili nhe ŋarranha ganarana?
 Dhipala djomulalili, wuyupthurrna guŋgalili,
 Bakitju Rirralinydhu
 Nambalili Bandiriyayu, Guymalamurruyu Gawupuyu

Djomula djomula, djomula djomula
 Djomula, djomula, djomula, djomula
 Nhenydja nāthiyana, dhiyakuru buluwunuwuru
 Djalathanguru, Barra'wuru, nāthi nhina juŋgurrmawuru

Ya..a.e.e..

Ya..a.e.e.e, ya..a.e.e.e.e wo..o.. (sound of weeping trees)
 Djomula djomula, djomula djomula
 Djomula, djomula, djomula, djomula
 You weep, from this east (wind)
 south (wind), west (wind), weep from the north (wind)

Djomula djomula, djomula djomula
 Djomula, djomula, djomula, djomula
 You my younger brothers go down
 Catch Gāpiri, and also (my) mother Djukurwuti
 Ya..a.yi..i (sound of weeping beach trees)
 My sister's child, you make a beach shelter
 The big named place Mirinydjuraŋu, Wayŋarrŋarr, Yumayŋa
 Yi..i wo..o. (sound of wind in the beach trees)

Dear sister, dear sister
 Dear sister, dear sister
 Dear sister, dear sister
 Dear sister, dear sister
 For which place did you leave me?
 For these Djomula trees you left the Rock over the horizon
 The Rock Bakitju, Rirraliny
 The big named places; Bandiriyayu, Guymalamurruyu
 Gawupuyu

Djomula djomula, djomula djomula
 Djomula, djomula, djomula, djomula
 You weep, from this east (wind)
 south (wind), west (wind), weep from the north (wind)

Ya..a.e.e.e, (sound of wind in the beach trees)

WULMINDA

Yolŋu believe that each and every person is unique and gifted. Special names are called upon when referring to thoughts, knowledge and wisdom that make up their minds, especially those of the old and wise. Wulminda is one of these words where Gurrumul sings of his mother's ageing ancestor.

Ya nhalpiyan nyāku Wulminda
 Munhakuyin yā gāruŋwarul
 Dhawal-mukhuwan, Gayku Mawuymana
 Watharrangarr Djununguru
 Yakurr-wāŋuwan, Yolŋuwa dhawalmirjuwa
 Muluymuluyin ya Dhorupurra

Daya gunyanmin, barra wakumigilji
 Gunyanminan Yolŋu Gurruwiwi

Warraw'wilyuwan nyāku Minitjurr
 Dayiŋa ya Mulakala
 Dayiŋa Gamurramburr
 Yakurr-wāŋuwan nyāku gāruŋwarul
 Yakurr-wāŋuwan nyāku gāruŋwarul

Munyakuyin nyāku Wulminda

Oh how my thoughts are focussing
 Like night closing in, like the darkness of jungle
 Country falls away, the path lies ahead
 Gayku, Manuymana
 Watharrangarr Djununguru
 Sleep descends upon the elder-ancestor
 Lying, resting, elder-ancestor Dhorupurra

I give myself, to the earth
 Placing myself, elder-ancestor Gurruwiwi

Afternoon approaches, the shade of the shelter shifts
 Country Mulakala
 Country Gamurramburr
 Sleep descends, like the darkness of the jungle
 Sleep descends, like the darkness of the jungle

My mind and thoughts sleep



BANBIRNGU
FUNERAL SONG

This song speaks of the interconnectedness and fluidity of life and the environment. Life is but another dimension, for earth, rocks, hills, salt and fresh water are part of this continuum, where each has a place and part in the play.

This song tells of becoming one with the ancestor, one again with the land, the springs, of what we are and from where we come.

Bon majikin Bagbirngu
Djarrpirana Binininyala, Guyundu
Ya Bullyanju Dhaluwaŋpattjin
Guŋdirra Dhaluma guyul noyanhara
Dhanurr-wuykthunda
Ya djajalyunda, dhanurrma njaya ditjuwan guykkuykthuwan
djarwunuwan guykthuwan
Galmakji Daypinyayu, gananan njaya
Galmak Dhupuŋa, Garrimaŋa, ŋulunŋuru
Ya Waranyina
Na..a,

Gathanan njaya, dhanju Gurruwurru Djarimi, Warradaymi
Bambaŋ yirrwarra guykthuwan njaya
yothuny nyakuway naru djarimingan Warradaymingan

Dhawuru bambaŋuru, burralma njaya
Ya juŋthuwan Wurrabayu, Milpuŋbuŋ
Ya Gaŋjuwanŋu, njararra...

Darrarra

Ancestor Bagbirngu is tired, worn out
Ancestor Djarrpirana: Binininyala: Guyundu
Oh Ancestor Bullyanju: Dhaluwaŋpattjin
Ancestor Dhaluma rests in the termite mound
Speaks, calling out
Oh the path, I return, speaking sacredly
of the fresh waters at Daypinya
The sacred fresh waters of Dhupuŋa, Garrimaŋa, ŋulunŋuru,
I leave
Oh, the sacred waters of Waranyina
Na..a (tune of the sacred words spoken)

I hold this sacred shelter, the Ancestor Djarimi, Warradaymi
I consecrate the shelter
My child becomes me, the Ancestor Djarimi, Warradaymi

From the sacred shelter, I join the sea
Oh, I am the Salt Water Ancestor Wurrabayu, Milpuŋbuŋ
Oh, I am the Salt Water ancestor Gaŋjuwanŋu, (sound of
the songs)

Gurrumul is the pride of his beautiful North East Arnhemland community, the Yolngu world, and the Australian community. This album is sung entirely in Australian languages, and no English.

Executive Producer - Mark T Grose
Producer - Michael Hohnen
Recording Engineer - Anthony Ruotolo (Avatar, NYC)
Mix Engineer - Matthew Cunliffe (Subsonic, Darwin & Los Angeles)
Mastered by Bernie Grundman
(Bernie Grundman Mastering, Hollywood)

Overdub recording engineers:
Craig Pilkington (Audrey Studios, Melbourne)
David Badrick (Audrey Studios, Melbourne)
Dennis Gilbert (Subsonic, Darwin)
Duane Preston (Skinnyfish Music, Darwin)

Assistant engineers:
Aki Nishimura (Avatar, NYC)
Jeremy Conlon (Avatar, NYC)
Julian Kelly (301, Byron)
Dennis Gilbert (Subsonic, Darwin)

Editing engineers:
Dennis Gilbert (Subsonic, Darwin)

All instruments played by Gurrumul,
except Double Bass by Michael Hohnen.
Extra guitars by Craig Pilkington.
Extra vocals on Djotarra by Johnathon Yunupingu.

Nylon string guitar kindly lent to Gurrumul by Michael Dean
Thanks to James Tranter for critical feedback, Michelle Dowden for extra care, ANTON's for gentleperson's clothes, Maton guitars and Martin guitars.

Artwork by Carlo Santone and Claire Foxton

Photos by Adrian Cook (www.adriancookphotography.com)
Sam Karanikos, Duane Preston, Jeremy Conlon
and Christophe Bourdon.

Transcriptions/Translations:
Djalu Gurruwiwi, Dhāngal Gurruwiwi, Anne Dhatu,
Dorothy Gurruwiwi, Phillip Yunupingu, Yingiya Guyula,
John Greatorex
www.cdu.edu.au/centres/yolngu

Published by Skinnyfish Music Publishing Administered by
Sony /ATV Publishing Australia

© & © 2011 Skinnyfish Music PTY Ltd / Dramatico
Entertainment Ltd
Skinnyfish Music is Mark T. Grose and Michael Hohnen
DRAMCD0076 LC13350