



RESOURCE 8

Poems, Songs, Art

Warning: Note that this unit contains links to websites such as YouTube. Content on external sites is subject to change and should be monitored to ensure suitability for students.

Be good, little migrants (Poem)

by Uyen Loewald

Be good, little migrants
We've saved you from starvation
war, landlessness, oppression
Just display your gratitude
but don't be heard, don't be seen

Be good, little migrants
Give us your faithful service
sweep factories, clean mansions
prepare cheap exotic food
pay taxes, feed the mainstream

Be good, little migrants
Use leisure with prudence
sew costumes, paint murals
write music, and dance to our tune
Our culture must not be dull

Be good, little migrants
We've given you opportunity
for family reunion
equality, and status, though
your colour could be wrong

Be good, little migrants
Learn English to distinguish
ESL from RSL
avoid unions, and teach children
respect for institutions



HOUSE OF EUROPEAN HISTORY

Be good, little migrants
You may fight one another, but
attend Sunday School, learn manners
keep violence within your culture
save industry from criminals

Be good, little migrants
Intelligence means obedience
just follow ASIO, CIA
spy on your fellow countrymen
hunt commies for Americans

Be good, little migrants
Museums are built for your low arts
for your multiculturalism
in time, you'll reach excellence
Just waste a few generations.

About the author

Uyen Loewald was born in Vietnam in 1940 and migrated to Australia in 1970. Her short stories and poems explore the gulf between the perspectives of 'mainstream' Australians and refugees.





City of Chicago (Song)

By Christy Moore

In the city of Chicago
As the evening shadows fall
There are people dreaming
Of the hills of Donegal

1847 was the year it all began
Deadly pains of hunger drove a million from the land
They journeyed not for glory
Their motive wasn't greed
A voyage of survival across the stormy sea

To the city of Chicago
As the evening shadows fall
There are people dreaming
Of the hills of Donegal

Some of them knew fortune
Some of them knew fame
More of them knew hardship
And died upon the plain
They spread throughout the nation
They rode the railroad cars
Brought their songs and music to ease their lonely hearts

To the city of Chicago
As the evening shadows fall
There are people dreaming
Of the hills of Donegal

About the musician

Written and composed by Luka Bloom (lukabloom music IMRO\MCPs Ireland).

Listen to the song [here](#)



Migrantas – A Visual Language of Migration



Working with public urban spaces as a platform, *Migrantas* uses pictograms to provide visibility to the thoughts and feelings of people who have left their own country and now live in a new one. Mobility, migration and transculturality are not the exception in our world, but are instead becoming the rule. Nevertheless, the migrants and their experiences often remain invisible to the majority of our society. *Migrantas* works with issues of migration, identity and intercultural dialogue. Its work incorporates tools from the visual arts, graphic design and social sciences. The founders of the collective, who have immigrated to Germany, develop their projects with other migrants in workshops. The resulting drawings are then condensed into pictograms and distributed in public spaces.



Source: [Migrantas](#)