BARNEY WHITERATS



Clip. Clop. Clip. Clop. Can you see them? Do you not? Stitch. Hop. Turn. Pop. Fantails in my muttonchops.

Flap. Flap. What's that? Kākāpō beneath my hat. Smokes. Hope. Bar of soap. Two white rats inside my coat.

Nibble. Nibble. Sniff. Sniff. Shuffle. Shuffle. Skip. Skip. Stop. Go. Heavy load. Walking on a winding road.

Clip. Clop. Clip. Clop. Do you see me? Do you not? Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Let me in if I should knock.

Bed roll. Bread roll. Pot of soup. Pot of gold. Who's who? What to do? This old man lives in my shoes.

Who's who? What to do? This old man lives in my shoes.

Glenn Colquhoun

Allegretto



Clip. Clop. Clip. Clop. Can you see them? Do you not? Stitch. Hop. Turn. Pop. Fan-tails in my mut ton chops.



Flap. Flap. What's that? Kā-kā-pō be-neath my hat. Smokes. Hope. Bar of soap. Two white rats in-side my coat.



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FROM SHOWMAN TO SWAGMAN:

Glenn Colquhoun talks about Barney Whiterats

As soon as I saw this photograph of Barney Whiterats, I knew I wanted to create something about him. I was searching for stories about New Zealand characters, and Barney seemed perfect. He was a famous swagman who spent nearly forty years travelling the roads of Southland and Canterbury. At the time – from the 1870s right through until the 1930s there were a lot of swagmen in New Zealand. They walked from place to place, looking for work and a meal and maybe a bed for the night. Some people would leave a pot of soup on their stoves to feed passing swagmen.

But Barney was a bit different. He was also an entertainer. The audience would pay a few pennies to see him perform Punch and Judy shows, play his mechanical organ (called organ grinding), or communicate with the dead! He was most well known for showing off his two performing white mice. This is why he was called Barney Whiterats. (Obviously people weren't bothered by the fact that he owned mice and not rats!) Barney's real name was Barney Winters. Before he became a swagman, he was a showman in London. He was said to have known the English writer Charles Dickens, who based one of his characters on Barney. I'm not sure which character that might be.

I don't really think of my piece about Barney as a song, even though I have given it a melody. It's really an oral poem. A long time before poems were written down, they were sung or spoken. Traditional Māori poetry is also chanted. It too tells stories about characters and what they get up to. I wanted to create my own version of an oral poem, so I found Barney – and I opened my mouth and gave it a go!

Barney died in 1911, when he was ninety, only a few months after he gave up life on the road. This all happened a long time ago. But one thing I like about an oral poem with a tune is that you can sing a person alive again. The melody is on page 23 so that you can do this, too.



Barney Whiterats

by Glenn Colquhoun

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