Before Charlie Was Born
by Jerome Jainga
When Charlie was still in his mother’s womb, he heard the soft beating of his mother’s heart.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom
After Charlie came into the world, he heard the sound again in the Longhouse as his uncles beat the hand drum.
Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...

When Charlie was a young man, he held his drum for his own son to play out the rhythms of life.
Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...
Charlie learned the stories, dances, and songs of his Tribe. He used his drum as he sang and danced.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...

Charlie loved to hear the drum beat at celebrations and special times.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom
Charlie’s grandmother explained that the drum was like the pulse of life; like the rhythms of everything around him.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom

When Charlie was old enough, he made his own hand drum from cedar wood and the skin of a deer.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...