

THE CHAMP - FRED FOGARTY

The Larrakia raised their flag
Upon the courthouse pole
To claim the land where Darwin stands
On soil the British stole

Red is for our people's blood
And red blood we too may shed.
The tree the camp at Kulaluk,
Land where our people bled

From east to west the word went out
A boxer heard the cry
Fred knew how to "own the ring"
Should land thieves ever try.

The land claim grew, the city spread
The old story was repeated
Blacks must move for white man's houses,
But Kulaluk was not defeated.

Against the ropes, the fight seemed lost
"Til "Stand and fight," Fred cried
"Hold high the flag, we'll take them on,
Remember how they died."

Firebombs flew, a truck was burnt
Fred's steely fist was raised
The Larrakia had claimed their land
Their will to win was praised.

Fred honed his skill in boxing tents
Not in a white man's court
He faced this ring, his head held high
With the courage in which he fought.

"Twelve months hard labour," the judge
decreed
To be served in Fannie Bay.
"It's British law that rules this land
On that, you have no say."

"Free Fred Fogarty!" the banners read
While Fred was in his cell
The Larrakia had other plans
Before the final bell.

The land will win, it always has
The sacred places tell.
Darwin town was blown away,
And the prison walls all fell.

Fred walked free, the land was safe
As he returned to camp
The loving arms of Violet dear
Embraced the mighty champ.

From the ruins Fred built a home
On land that he had won
The sacred places of the land
Had found a favourite son.

More battles yet were still to come,
Greed reared its ugly head.
Fred blocked and sparred, he held his ground
Until they found him dead.

The hero lies in Dalby soil
United with warriors old
The fights he won, the land he saved
Around the fires told.

His spirit calls us once again
To stand up for our rights
"A treaty now!" is the demand
Forever in our sights.

Now when the fish are biting
And the tide is running fast
Violet and Fred go fishing,
Together 'til the last.

