

Catch the Spark/Whitefellas Lament: A song by Ron Milligan

Took the land , the lore, the language

Smashed the Bora ring and well,

Drove the spirit from the warrior's soul,

Left it hanging in a cell

Stole children from their mothers

Bush tucker from your mouths

Swept you to the fringes of a thousand country towns

Catch the spark, catch the spark

Don't let it die

If we fan the flame together,

We can all sit round one fire.

The grass , the gold, the timber,

The fish the fowl, the beast,

We crossed the world to plunder

And reveled in the feast

We made our homes down under,

We have toiled and earned and spent

But your world is torn asunder,

It's time to pay the rent.

For still you live in poverty
And still you die too young
And still you fill the prison cell
Where the warrior's spirit hung
And still you wait for justice
And the right to make your choice,
And still you want the freedom
To speak with your own voice.

Catch the spark, catch the spark

Don't let it die

If we fan the flame together,

We can all dance round one fire.