

# Wave Hill Walk Off

## Damien Dempsey

In the year of blonde Jesus 19 and 66  
A great mumbling sound came from up in the sticks  
All these gentle black warriors  
They dreamed of a bill  
And enough was enough  
So they walked off Wave Hill

Away from the station these stop men walked tall  
Along with the house servants 200 in all  
They were Gurindji people  
They were one with the land  
That was stolen from them by a bloody white had

These brilliant black cowboys they were second to none  
The most talented horse men  
Neath the cruel southern sun  
They were sick of the white man short changing them still  
So for the pride of their people they walked off Wave Hill

A proud gentle Gurindji warrior spoke  
Old Vincent Lingiari black beacon of hope  
Such a thorn in the side of Lord Vesty on High  
Why the call that man Lord, I will never know why

The Vestys had fenced off their lands long ago  
Had destroyed hunting grounds and the watering holes  
Made the Gurindji slave for some rations and shacks  
Paid the white man much better than them half starving blacks

The sun line stretched out and they mapped the vast land  
They had chartered their continent, rock, forest, sand  
Their ingenious culture was the oldest on earth  
From the Bite up to Arnhem, Byron Bay out to Tiff?

The Gurindji walked off to old Wattie Creek  
And they made a brave stand there  
As tough as old teak  
They would fight for their rights to the land that loved them  
In this place of their dreaming,

They fought the rich men

One morning old Vincent woke up from a dream  
And he walked to the banks of the Wattie Creek stream  
He threw in a small pebble that he held in his hand  
And a mighty black wave ran across the whole land

For 9 hungry years they kept up their bold stand  
Until Gough Whitlam poured land into Vincent hand  
For indigenous land rights it was finally time  
For to make reparations for a Giant of a crime

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