

From little things big things grow Kev Carmody & Paul Kelly

♩ = 160

A F

Dm Am C

Ga - ther round_ peo - ple I'll tell you a___ sto - ry An

5 F Dm Am C

eight year long_ sto - ry_____ of po - wer and_ pride.

9 F Dm Am C

Bri - tish Lord_ Ves - tey and Vin - cent Lin - iar - i were

13 F Dm Am C F Dm Am C

op - po - site men_ on op - po - site sides._____

B

21 F Dm Am C

Ves - tey was fat_____ with mo - ney_____ and mus - cle_

25 F Dm Am C

Beef was his busi - ness and broad was his door.

29 F Dm Am C

Vin - cent was lean spoke ve - ry lit - tle_ He

33 F Dm Am C

had no bank ba - lance_ hard dirt was his floor._____

37 F Dm F/A C

S. From lit - tle things big things grow,
A.
T. From lit - tle things big things grow,
B.

41 F Dm F/A C

S. From lit - tle things big things grow.
A.
T. From lit - tle things big things grow.
B.

2. Gurindji were working for nothing but rations
Where once they had gathered the wealth of the land
Daily the pressure got tighter and tighter
Gurindju decided they must make a stand

They picked up their swags and started off walking
At Wattie Creek they sat themselves down
Now it don't sound like much but it sure got tongues talking
Back at the homestead and then in the town

4. Then Vincent Lingiari boarded an aeroplane
Landed in Sydney, big city of lights
And daily he went round softly speaking his story
To all kinds of men from all walks of life

And Vincent sat down with big politicians
"This affair" they told him "Is a matter of state
Let us sort it out, your people are hungry"
Vincent said "No thanks, we know how to wait"

3. Vestey man said "I'll double your wages
Eighteen quid a week you'll have in your hand"
Vincent said "uhuh we're not talking about wages
We're sitting right here till we get our land"

Vestey man roared and Vestey man thundered
"You don't stand the chance of a cinder in snow"
Vince said "If we fall others are rising"

5. Then Vincent Lingiari returned in an aeroplane
Back to his country once more to sit down
And he told his people "Let the stars keep on turning
We have friends in the south, in the cities and towns"

Eight years went by, eight long years of waiting
Till one day a tall stranger appeared in the land
And he came with lawyers & he came with great ceremony
And through Vincent's fingers poured a handful of sand

6. That was the story of Vincent Lingiari
But this is the story of something much more
How power and privilege can not move a people
Who know where they stand and stand in the law