

From Little Things Big Things Grow

16 bar intro

E C#m G#m B x4

Paul Kelly and Kev Carmody

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in the key of E major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. Each staff includes a guitar chord diagram above the staff and the corresponding lyrics below. The chords are: E, C#m, G#m, B, and E. The lyrics are: "Gath-er round peo-ple I'll tell you a stor-y An eight year long stor-y of pow-er and pride. Brit-ish Lord Vest-ey and Vin-cent Ling-iar-ri, were opp-o-site men on opp-o-sitesides. Vestey was fat with mon-ey and mus-cle Beef was his bus-'ness broad was his door, Vin-'cent was lean and spoke ve-ry litt-le, he had no bank bal-ance, hard dirt was his floor. From litt-le things big things grow, From litt-le things big things grow." The score ends with a double bar line.

Gurindji were working for nothing but rations
 Where once they had gathered the wealth of the land
 Daily the pressure got tighter and tighter
 Gurindji 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.

Vestey man said I'll double your wages
 Seven 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"

Then Vincent Lingiarri 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"

Then Vincent Lingiarri 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, 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 and he came with great ceremony
 And through Vincent's fingers poured a handful of sand.