

"Garden Song"

by Dave Mallett

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Inch by inch, row by row, gonna make this garden grow.
All you need is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fertile
ground.

Inch by inch, row by row, Someone bless these seeds I
sow.

Someone warm them from below, 'til the rain comes
tumbling down.

Pulling weeds and pickin stones, we are made of dreams
and bones.

Need a place to call my own for the time is near at hand.

Grain for grain, sun and rain, find my way in nature's chain,
Tune my body and my brain to the music of the land.

Plant your rows straight and long, temper them with prayer
and song.

Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her love and
care.

Old crow watching hungrily, from his perch in yonder tree.

In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief up there.

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All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fertile ground.

Inch by inch, row by row, Someone bless the seeds I sow.

Someone warm them from below, 'til the rain comes
tumbling down.