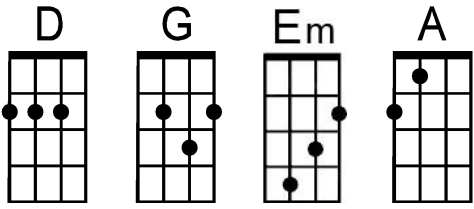


The Garden Song

by David Mallet (1978)



Chorus:

(sing d)

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar- den grow

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer-- tile ground-----

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

G . . . | D . . . | Em . A . | D . . . |
Someone warm them from be-- low, till the rain comes tumb- lin' down-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |
Pull- ing weeds and pick- ing stones Man is made of dreams and bones

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |
Feel a need to grow my own, 'cause the time is close at hand-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |
Grain for grain, sun and rain Find my way in Na- ture's chain

G . . . | D . . . | Em . A . | D . . . |
Tune my bo-- dy and my brain, to the mu-- sic from the land-----

Chorus:

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar- den grow

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer-- tile ground-----

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

G . . . | D . . . | Em . A . | D . . . |
Someone warm them from be-- low, till the rain comes tumb- lin' down-----

D . . . | G . D . | G . . . | D . . . |
Plant your rows straight and long Season with a lov-- ing song

G . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | A . . . |
Mother Earth will make you strong, if you give her love and care-----

D | G . D . | G | D |
Old crow watch-ing hun-gri-ly From his perch in yon—der tree

G | D | Em . A . | D |
In my gar-den I'm as free as that feath-ered thief up there————

Chorus:

D | G . D . | G | D |
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar-den grow

G | D | Em | A |
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer—tile ground————

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

G | D | Em . A . | D |
Someone warm them from be—low, till the rain comes tum-blin' down————

. | Em . A . | D\ C\ D\
Till the rain comes tumb-lin' down————

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2 4/5/17)