The Garden Song
by David Mallet (1978)

Chorus:
(sing d)

\[\text{D} . . . | \text{G} . \text{D} . | \text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . |\]

Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow

\[\text{G} . . . | \text{D} . . . | \text{Em} . . . . | \text{A} . . . . |\]

All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer—tile ground——

\[\text{D} . . . | \text{G} . \text{D} . | \text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . |\]

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

\[\text{G} . . . | \text{D} . . . | \text{Em} . \text{A} . \text{D} . . . . |\]

Someone warm them from below, till the rain comes tumb-lin’ down——

\[\text{D} . . . | \text{G} . \text{D} . | \text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . |\]

Pull-ing weeds and pick-ing stones
Man is made of dreams and bones

\[\text{G} . . . | \text{D} . . . . | \text{Em} . \text{A} . \text{D} . . . . |\]

Feel a need to grow my own, ’cause the time is close at hand——

\[\text{D} . . . | \text{G} . \text{D} . | \text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . |\]

Grain for grain, sun and rain
Find my way in Na-ture’s chain

\[\text{G} . . . | \text{D} . . . . | \text{Em} . \text{A} . \text{D} . . . . |\]

Tune my body and my brain, to the mu—sic from the land——

Chorus:

\[\text{D} . . . | \text{G} . \text{D} . | \text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . |\]

Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow

\[\text{G} . . . | \text{D} . . . | \text{Em} . . . . | \text{A} . . . . |\]

All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer—tile ground——

\[\text{D} . . . | \text{G} . \text{D} . | \text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . |\]

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

\[\text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . | \text{Em} . \text{A} . \text{D} . . . . |\]

Someone warm them from below, till the rain comes tumb-lin’ down——

\[\text{D} . . . | \text{G} . \text{D} . | \text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . |\]

Plant your rows straight and long
Season with a lov—ing song

\[\text{G} . . . . | \text{D} . . . . | \text{Em} . . . . | \text{A} . . . . |\]

Mother Earth will make you strong, if you give her love and care——
Old crow watch-ing hun-gri-ly From his perch in yon-der tree
In my gar-den I’m as free as that feath-ered thief up there——-

Chorus:
Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this gar-den grow
All it takes is a rake and a hoe, and a piece of fer-tile ground——-

Inch by inch, row by row
Someone bless these seeds I sow
Someone warm them from be-low, till the rain comes tum-blin’ down——-

Till the rain comes tum-blin’ down——-

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2 4/5/17)