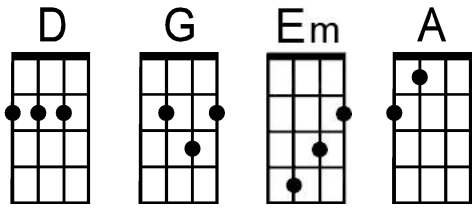


The Garden Song (Key of D)

by David Mallet (1978)



(sing d)

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

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v2d - 4/13/24)