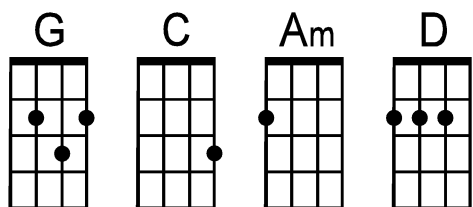


# The Garden Song (Key of G)

by David Mallet (1978)



(sing g)

**Chorus:** G . . . | C . G . | C . . . | G . . . |  
Inch by inch row by row Gonna make this gar-den grow  
C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | D . . . |  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fer-tile ground-----  
G . . . | C . G . | C . . . | G . . . |  
Inch by inch row by row Someone bless these seeds I sow  
C . . . | G . . . | Am . D . | G . . . |  
Someone warm them from be--low till the rain comes tumb-lin' down-----

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

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

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

C . . . | G . . . | Am . D . | G . . . |  
Tune my bo--dy and my brain to the mu--sic from the land-----

**Chorus:** G . . . | C . G . | C . . . | G . . . |  
Inch by inch row by row Gonna make this gar-den grow

C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | D . . . |  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fer-tile ground-----

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

C . . . | G . . . | Am . D . | G . . . |  
Someone warm them from be--low till the rain comes tumb-lin' down-----

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

C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | D . . . |  
Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her love and care-----

G . . . | C . G . | C . . . | G . . . |  
Old crow watch-ing hun-gry-ly from his perch in yon-der tree

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

**Chorus:** G . . . | C . G . | C . Gonna make this gar-den grow | G . . . |  
 C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | D . . . |  
 All it takes is a rake and a hoe and a piece of fer—tile ground——  
 G . . . | C . G . | C . Someone bless these seeds I sow | G . . . |  
 C . . . | G . . . | Am . D . | G . . . |  
 Someone warm them from be—low till the rain comes tumb—lin' down——  
 . | Am . D . | G\ C\ G\  
 Till the rain comes tumb—lin' down——

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
 (v1b - 4/13/24)

