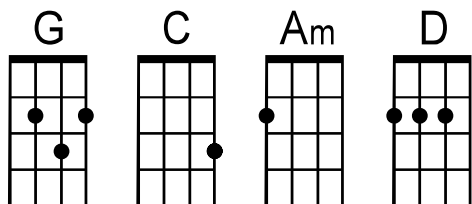


The Garden Song (Key of G)

by David Mallet (1978)



Chorus:

(sing g)

G . . . | C . G . | C . . . | G . . . |
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar- den grow
C . . . | G . . . | Am . C . | 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 . C . | 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 . C . | 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-gri-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 | G |
Inch by inch, row by row Gonna make this gar- den grow

C | G | Am . C . | 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-----

. | Am . D . | G\ C\ G\
Till the rain comes tumb-lin' down.

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1 -5/23/20)

