

## Garden Hymn

The Lord into His garden comes,  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive,  
The lilies grow and thrive.

Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
And make the dead revive,  
And make the dead revive.

O that this dry and barren ground  
In springs of water may abound,  
A fruitful soil become,  
Fruitful soil become.

The desert blossoms as the rose  
When Jesus conquers all His foes  
And makes His people one,  
And makes His people one.

Come brethren ye who love the Lord  
Who taste the sweetness of His word,  
In Jesus' ways go on,  
In Jesus' ways go on.

Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there  
When we arrive at home,  
When we arrive at home.

**Ezekiel Saw The Wheel** (from the singing of Sparky and Rhonda Rucker)

Chorus: Ezekiel saw the wheel, (where)  
Way up in the middle of the air  
Ezekiel saw the wheel, way in the middle of the air  
And the big wheel runs by faith (it runs by faith)  
and the little wheel runs by the grace of God  
And a wheel in a wheel (turning)  
Way in the middle of the air

Let me tell what a hypocrite will do  
(way in the middle of the air)  
He'll talk about me and he'll talk about you  
(way in the middle of the air)

Chorus

Watch out, sister, when you walk on across  
(way in the middle of the air)  
Your foot might slip and your soul get lost  
(way in the middle of the air)

Chorus

One of these days about 12 o'clock  
(way in the middle of the air)  
This old world's gonna reel and rock  
(way in the middle of the air)

## **Welcome as the Flowers in May**

Samuel R. Gleaves (Fabulachian Music, ASCAP, 2019)

I drove up the steep gravel drive  
Climbed the ridge where I knew I would find  
You busy with your work, hanging clothes out on the line  
Oh, dear friend of mine  
Here the two of us will spend the day  
Sitting in the porch swing, rock and sway  
You ask me what my heart wants to say  
Oh, dear friend of mine

Chorus:     We can sing a song about some old true love  
              Any time we spend, it is never enough  
              When I turn to go, you always say  
              You're as welcome as the flowers in May

Now the redbuds they are putting on a show  
Forsythia and violet all aglow  
When the weather breaks, you can surely know  
Oh, dear friend of mine  
I'll be headed up the mountain once again  
To rock with you in warm summer wind  
And we'll howl like coyotes when we're laughing  
Oh, dear friend of mine

Chorus

When melodies grow distant in my mind  
And I cannot do justice to the lines  
There will be a young one to step right in time  
Oh, dear friend of mine

Chorus:     They can sing a song about some old true love  
              Boots of spanish leather and the sky blue gloves  
              When they turn to go, I'll think of you and say  
              You're as welcome as the flowers in May

## **Across The Great Divide - Kate Wolf**

I've been walkin' in my sleep  
Countin' troubles 'stead of countin' sheep  
Where the years went I can't say;  
I just turned around and they've gone away

I've been siftin' through the layers  
Of dusty books and faded papers  
They tell a story I used to know  
One that happened so long ago

Chorus:     It's gone away, yesterday  
              Now I find myself on the mountainside  
              Where the rivers change direction  
              Across the great divide

Instrumental (verse)

Now, I hear it, the owl a callin'  
Softly as the night is fallin'  
With a question, and I reply  
But he's gone across the great divide

Chorus

The finest hour that I have seen  
Is the one that comes between  
The edge of night and the break of day  
It's when the darkness, it rolls away

Chorus

Chorus

## **Blessing**

Samuel R. Gleaves (Fabulachian Music, ASCAP, 2016)

We come here troubled and wearing thin  
Leaning on this table, we're together again  
We might laugh and we might quarrel, give thanks and bow our heads  
But we always leave well fed

I've come here running, squirmed in my seat  
Anxious to tell it, the trouble in me  
In these hands and in these dishes, solace here to find  
Constant human ties that bind

Chorus:                There's a blessing at this table  
                             Making room right next to me  
                             This table has seen bounty  
                             And it's held just what we need  
                             Keep us mindful and humble  
                             Ever close to what is real  
                             This food we were brought up on  
                             We raised it in these fields  
                             In these fields

God moves in kindness, I've heard folks say  
By our different teachers, we are led this way  
And now this food is laid before us and so many do without  
Let us work to share this plenty now

Chorus

It is an old, old story, it's ours to tell  
We take pride in anything we raise ourselves  
What is growing here between us, you know it ain't all kind  
Help us tend that holy vine

Chorus

## **She Rang the Bells**

Samuel R. Gleaves (Fabulachian Music, ASCAP, 2017)

Who rang the bells  
Dear neighbor, dear mother  
Who rang the bells  
And gave us a song  
Who rang the bells  
Shoulder to shoulder  
Brightening our journey all the day long

Who rang the bells  
For me walking homeward  
Who rang the bells  
In the clear frigid night  
Who rang the bells  
So vast and familiar  
Bringing to memory her face like a light

She rang the bells  
Climbing the stairway  
She rang the bells  
O'er the place she loved best  
She rang the bells  
All through her own days  
Now we are thankfully tracing her steps

We ring the bells  
And pause to remember  
We ring the bells  
To ground us in time

We ring the bells  
To call on each other  
All of the same heart  
We walk to the chime

## **Sweet Rivers of Redeeming Love**

Traditional. From the singing of the McLain Family Band.

Sweet rivers of redeeming love  
Flow just before my eyes  
Had I the pinions of a dove  
I'd to those regions fly

I'd rise superior to my pain  
With joy outstrip the wind  
I'd cross the cold and stormy main  
And leave this world behind

I view the monster Death and smile  
Now he has lost his sting  
Though Satan rages all the while  
I still the triumph sing

## **Pretty Saro**

Traditional. From the singing of Jean Ritchie.

Down in some lone valley  
In a lonesome place  
Where the wild birds do whistle  
And their notes do increase  
Farewell, Pretty Saro  
I bid you adieu  
But I'll dream of Pretty Saro  
Wherever I go

My love, she won't have me  
So I understand  
She wants a free holder  
Who owns house and land  
I cannot maintain her  
On silver and gold  
Nor buy all the fine things  
That a big house can hold

If I were a merchant  
And could write a fine hand  
I'd write my love a letter  
That she'd understand  
I'd write it by the river  
Where the waters o'erflow  
And I'll dream of pretty Saro  
Wherever I go



## **Jubilee**

Jean Ritchie

It's all out on the old railroad, all out on the sea  
All out on the old railroad, far as I can see

Chorus: Swing and turn, jubilee, live and learn, jubilee

Hardest work I ever done, working on the farm  
Easiest work I ever done, swing my true love's arm  
(repeat chorus after each verse)

Coffee grows on a white oak tree, sugar runs in brandy  
Girls as sweet as a lump of gold, boys as sweet as candy

Some will come on Saturday night, some will come on Sunday  
If you give them half a chance, they'll be back on Monday

Saddle up the old gray horse, who will be the rider?  
Ride him down to the old stillhouse and get a jug of cider.

If I had a needle and thread as fine as I could sew  
I'd sew my true love to my side and down this creek I'd go

In some lady's fine brick house, in some lady's garden  
Let me out or I'll break out, fare ye well my darlin'.

If I had no house at all, I'd be found a crawlin'  
Up and down this rocky road lookin' for my darlin'.

I won't have no widow man, neither will my cousin  
You can get such stuff as that for fifteen cents a dozen.

All I want's a big fat horse, corn to feet hit on  
Pretty little girl to stay at home and feed it when I'm gone.

**Rachel's Song** - for Rae Garringer

Samuel R. Gleaves (Fabulachian Music, ASCAP, 2019)

In the gloaming light, come walk by my side  
Down a gravel road by this creek  
You might hear a whippoorwill, you can feel the evening chill  
You can see why I never want to leave

Chorus:     Here is the home where I feel strong  
              Here on this land, in your arms  
              Here we've been, here we'll stay  
              We belong here in this place

In our one stoplight town and this county 'round  
We know how to care for our own  
We can dance, raise a glass in this kitchen and laugh  
We know we will never be alone

Chorus

Bridge:     I hear that city callin'  
              I won't leave this life behind  
              I want to hold you in the morning  
              See that old ridge line

Chorus