

Begin

Begin, begin,
begin your day with joyful hearts.
The day ends well, that joyful starts.

Woods are Waking

Now all the woods are waking,
the sun is rising high.
Wake up now, get up now,
before the dew is dry.

Early one morning just as the sun was rising
I heard a bluebird in a tree pipe and sing,
“Warm winds are blowing, flowers are growing
We-e have come back with the end of snow.”

The Lark

The lark in the morn
doth arise from her nest
And flies through the air
with the dew upon her breast
And like a young plow boy
she'll whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return
to her own nest again.

Apple Trees in Bloom

Sweet the evening air of May
soft my cheek caressing
Sweet the unseen lilac spray
with its scented blessing
White and ghostly in the gloom
Shine the apple trees in bloom
Apple trees in bloom!

Black Flies

Black flies they never stop biting
The warmer the weather
The bigger they get....
Sometimes I think I will run away
Something keeps telling me
They're not done yet, not yet, not yet.

The Talking Song

The chickens get into the tomatoes.
The chickens get into the tomatoes
Even the rabbits inhibit their habits
When carrots are green.
Even the rabbits inhibit their habits
When carrots are green.
Squash, squash.....9x

White Coral Bells

White Coral bells
upon a slender stalk,
Lilies of the valley
at our garden walk.

Oh, don't you wish
That you could hear them ring?
That will happen only
When the fairies sing.

We've Ploughed our Land

We've ploughed our land,
we've sown our seed.
We've made all neat and gay,
So take a bit and leave a bit,
a-way birds, a-way.
Shoo ah oh shoo ah shoo oh.

My Roots Go Down, Down to the Earth

I am a pine tree on a mountainside....
I am a willow swaying in a storm....
I am a waterfall skipping home....
I am a wildflower pushing through the stones....

John the Rabbit

Oh John the rabbit, yes ma'am
gotta a mighty habit, yes ma'am
jumping in my garden, yes ma'am

cutting down my cabbage, yes ma'am
my sweet potatoes, yes ma'am
My fresh tomatoes, yes ma'am

And if I live, yes ma'am
To see next fall, yes ma'am
I ain't gonna have, yes, ma'am
No garden at all. NO..... Ma'am

Traditional African American

Lilac Time

Out in my father's garden,
The lilacs are in bloom,
Out in my father's garden,
The lilacs are in bloom,
And all the birds of spring-time
have come to build their nests.
Oh how I love spring-time,
Scent of lilacs in the air!
Oh, how I love spring-time,
Lilacs everywhere.

Oh the Rain comes down

and it falls to the ground
And it flows down the river to the sea
The great and mighty ocean waves to the sky as
the clouds pass filled with oceans and oceans,
oceans of rain.
Drip Drop Drip Drop
Drippa droppa drippa droppa
Drip Drop!

The Country Life

**O I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning.
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their lay-land
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay.**

In spring we sow, in the harvest mow
And that's how the seasons round they go
But of all the times if choose I may
It's to ramble in the new mown hay.

O I like to rise.....

In winter when the sky is gray
We edge and ditch our life away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the new mown hay.

O I like to rise.....

The Shepherd's Hay

I can whistle, I can sing
I can do 'most anything.
I can dance, I can play,
I can do the Shepherd's Hay!