

## The Garden Song

### CHORUS

Inch by inch, row by row  
Gonna make this garden grow  
Gonna mulch it deep and low  
Gonna make it fertile ground



Inch by inch, row by row  
Please bless these seeds I sow  
Please keep them safe below  
'Till the rain comes tumbling down

Pulling weeds and picking stones  
We are made of dreams and bones  
Need a place to call my own  
'Cause the time is close at hand

Grain for grain, sun and rain  
Find my way in nature's chain  
Till my body and my brain  
To the music of the land

### CHORUS

Plant your rows straight and long  
Season with a prayer and song  
Mother Earth will make you strong  
If you give her loving care

Old crow watching from a tree  
He's got his hungry eye on me  
In my garden I'm as free  
As that feathered thief up there

### CHORUS

## Here Comes Peter Cottontail



Here comes Peter Cottontail  
Hoppin' down the bunny trail,  
Hippity hoppity,  
Easter's on its way

Bringin' ev'ry girl and boy  
A basketful of Easter joy  
Things to make your Easter  
Bright and gay

Here' comes Peter Cottontail  
Hoppin' down the bunny trail  
Hippity hoppity  
Happy Easter Day



## Easter Parade

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills  
upon it

You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade

I'll be all in clover and when they look you over  
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter parade

On the Avenue  
Fifth Avenue  
The photographers will snap us  
And you'll find that you're  
In the rotogravure

Oh, I could write a sonnet about your Easter bonnet  
And of the girl I'm taking to the Easter parade

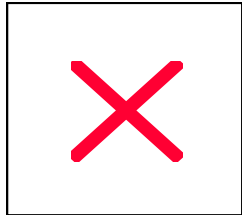
## June is Bustin Out All Over



June is bustin' out all over  
All over the meadow and the hill!  
Buds're bustin' outa bushes  
And the rompin' river pushes  
Ev'ry little wheel that wheels beside the mill!

June is bustin' out all over  
The feelin' is gettin' so intense,  
That the young Virginia creepers  
Hev been huggin' the bejeepers  
Outa all the mornin' glories on the fence!  
Because it's June...

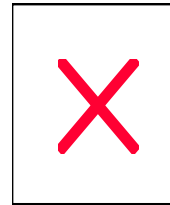
June, June, June  
Just because it's June, June, June!



## When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

When Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure, 'tis like the morn in Spring.  
In the lilt of Irish laughter  
You can hear the angels sing.

When Irish hearts are happy,  
All the world seems bright and gay.  
And when Irish eyes are smiling,  
Sure, they steal your heart away.



## Green Grow the Lilacs

Chorus:

Green grow the lilacs, all sparkling with dew  
I'm lonely, my darling, since parting with you;  
But by our next meeting I'll hope to prove true

And change the green lilacs to the Red, White and Blue.

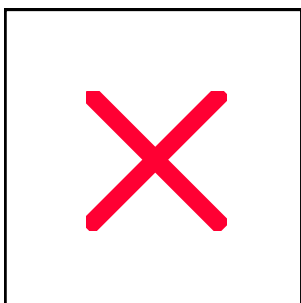
I once had a sweetheart, but now I have none  
She's gone and she's left me, I care not for one  
Since she's gone and left me, contented I'll be,  
For she loves another one better than me.

chorus

I passed my love's window, both early and late  
The look that she gave me, it makes my heart ache;  
Oh, the look that she gave me was painful to see,  
For she loves another one better than me.

chorus

I wrote my love letters in rosy red lines,  
She sent me an answer all twisted and twined;  
Saying, "Keep your love letters and I will keep mine  
Just you write to your love and I'll write to mine.

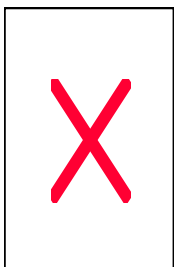


### April Showers

When April showers may come your way  
They bring the flowers that bloom in May  
So when it's raining have no regrets  
Because it isn't raining rain you know

It's raining violets

And when you see clouds up on a hill  
You know they'll bring crowds of daffodils  
So just keep looking for a bluebird  
And listening for his song  
Whenever April showers come along



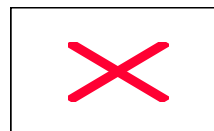
### An Irish Lullaby (Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra)

Over in Killarney  
Many years ago,  
Me Mither sang a song to me  
In tones so sweet and low.  
Just a simple little ditty,  
In her good ould Irish way,

And I'd give the world if she could sing  
That song to me this day.

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush now, don't you cry!  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish lullaby."

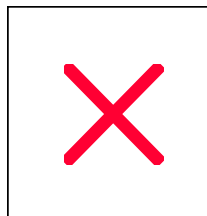
### Danny Boy



Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side

The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying  
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.



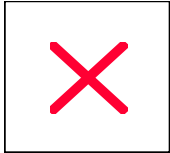
### Michael Finnegan

(Traditional Nursery Rhyme)

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan  
He had whiskers on his chin again  
Along came the wind and blew them in again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan  
He went fishing with a pin again  
Caught a fish and dropped it in again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan  
He grew fat and then grew thin again  
Then he died and had to begin again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.



When the Red Red Robin comes Bobbing  
Along

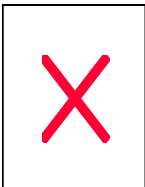
When the red, red robin comes bob, bob  
bobbin' along, along,

There'll be no more sobbing when he starts throbbing  
His own sweet song.

Wake up, wake up, wake up you sleepy head,  
Get up, get up, get up, get out of bed,  
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up the sun is red,  
Live, love, laugh and be happy.

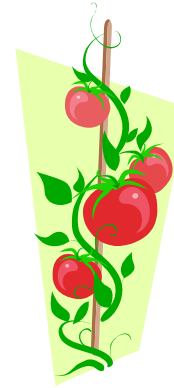
What if I've been blue,  
Now I'm walking through fields of flowers,  
Rain may glisten, but I still listen for hours and hours.  
I'm just a kid again, doing what I did again, singing an old  
sweet song,  
When the red, red robin comes bob, bob bobbin' along.

I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover



I'm looking over a four-leaf clover  
That I overlooked before.  
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,  
Third is the roses that grow in the lane.  
No need explaining, the one remaining  
Is somebody I adore.

I'm looking over a four-leaf clover  
That I overlooked before .



Anti-Garden Song

Arlo Guthrie

Slug by slug, weed by weed  
Boy this garden's got me teed  
All the insects come to feed  
On my tomato plants

Sunburt face, skinned up knees  
The kitchen's chocked with zucchinis

I'm shopping at the A&P's  
Next time I get the chance

# Songs for Spring

**Including Easter and St. Patrick's Day**

