

## 1. You Reap What You Sow

I once asked the farmer as he toiled in the row  
To tell me his secret for making things grow  
I'll always remember that look in his eye  
As he studied God's acre and gave his reply

### *Chorus*

You reap what you sow, so you better plan wisely  
That the garden may yield you a bounty of good  
You get what you give, so give completely  
And all your deeds will return as they should

I once asked the baker as he leavened his bread  
Why he went to such measure to make it the best  
And without hesitation, without missing a beat  
He put that bread in the oven, and said these words to me

### *Chorus*

So I tended my garden, and planted each seed  
I nurtured each flower, and I pulled out the weeds  
I watched as they blossomed, and saw it so clear  
The truth of those words that still ring in my ear

### *Chorus*

You reap what you sow, so you better plan wisely  
That the harvest may yield you a bounty of good  
You get what you give, so give completely  
And all your deeds will return as they should  
All your deeds will return as they should

You reap what you sow, so you better plan wisely...

*Susan B. Shann © 2008 Mystic's Mantra Music (ASCAP)*

## 2. Daughters and Sons

They wouldn't hear your music  
And they pulled your paintings down  
They wouldn't hear your writing  
And they banned you from the town  
But they couldn't stop you dreaming  
And a victory you have won  
For you sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your daughters and your sons

### *Chorus*

In your daughters and your sons  
Your daughters and your sons  
You sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your daughters and your sons

Your weary smile it proudly hides  
The chain-marks on your hands  
As you bravely strive to realize  
The rights of everyone  
And though your body's bent and low  
A victory you have won  
For you sowed the seeds of justice  
In your daughters and your sons

### *Chorus*

I don't know your religion  
But one day I heard you pray  
For a world where everyone can work  
And children they can play  
And though you never got your share  
Of the victories you have won  
You sowed the seeds of equality  
In your daughters and your sons

### *Chorus*

They taunted you in Belfast  
And they tortured you in Spain  
And in that Warsaw ghetto  
Where they tied you up in chains  
In Vietnam and in Chile  
Where they came with tanks and guns  
It's there you sowed the seeds of peace  
In your daughters and your sons

### *Chorus*

And now your music's playing  
And the writing's on the wall  
And all the dreams you painted  
Can be seen by one and all  
Now you've got them thinking  
And the future's just begun  
For you sowed the seeds of freedom  
In your daughters and your sons

### *Chorus 2x*

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## 3. Hey, That's No Way To Say Goodbye

I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm,  
Your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm,  
Yes, many loved before us, I know that we are not new,  
In city and in forest they smiled like me and you,  
But now it's come to distances and both of us must try,  
Your eyes are soft with sorrow,  
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

I'm not looking for another as I wander in my time,  
Walk me to the corner, our steps will always rhyme  
You know my love goes with you as your love stays with me,  
It's just the way it changes, like the shoreline and the sea,  
But let's not talk of love or chains and things we can't untie,  
Your eyes are soft with sorrow,  
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

I loved you in the morning, our kisses deep and warm,  
Your hair upon the pillow like a sleepy golden storm,  
Yes, many loved before us, I know that we are not new,  
In city and in forest they smiled like me and you,  
But now it's come to distances and both of us must try,  
Your eyes are soft with sorrow,  
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.

*Leonard Cohen © 1967 Sony/ATV Songs, LLC, (SOCAN)*

## 4. Tree of Life

Beggar's Blocks and Blind Man's Fancy,  
Boston Corners and Beacon Lights,  
Broken Starts and Buckeye Blossoms  
Blooming on the Tree of Life.

### *Chorus*

Tree of Life, quilted by the lantern light,  
Every stitch a leaf upon the Tree of Life.  
Stitch away, sisters, stitch away.

Hattie's Choice (Wheel of Fortune),  
and High Hosanna (Indiana),  
Hills and Valleys (Sweet Wood Lilies)  
and Heart's Delight (Tail of Benjamin's Kite),  
Hummingbird (Hovering Gander) Honeysuckle (Oleander),  
Blooming on the Tree of Life.

### *Instrumental*

### *Chorus*

We're only known as someone's mother,  
Someone's daughter, or someone's wife,  
But with our hands and with our vision,  
We make the patterns on the Tree of Life.

### *Chorus*

*(Music and lyrics by Eric Peltoniemi)  
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*From the play "Plain Hearts: Songs and Stories of Midwestern Prairie Women," by Lance S. Belville, with music and lyrics by Eric Peltoniemi.  
The first two verses are comprised entirely of the names of quilting patterns.*

## 5. A Perfect Rose

They say to grow a perfect rose you must cut down those around it  
Nip each bud on the green thorn bush 'til just one red rose crowns it  
So it will never have to share its sun and rain and sugar  
And it will blossom unopposed, the apex of its color

### *Chorus*

Rows and rows of imperfect flowers  
That's how my garden grows  
And I would not cut a single bower  
For the finest perfect rose

We envy every perfect rose for its fragrance and its beauty  
As it stands so tall and proud, a rose that knows its duty  
To be plucked by the queen herself for the vase beside her pillow  
And on the morrow be disposed at first sign of its wilting

### *Chorus*

Once I bought a perfect rose when promised its beauty would linger  
But when I touched its perfect petal, felt glass against my finger  
A honeybee did chance to land, no pollen to be found  
It stung my hand and my rose did break when dropped upon the ground

### *Chorus 2x*

No I would not cut a single bower  
For the finest perfect rose

*Terry Kitchen © 2012 Urban Campfire Music, (BMI)*

## 6. Be the Change

A woman stepped on the bus like any one of us  
After a hard workin' day  
She walked halfway back to a seat marked for blacks  
and took her place  
She was someone who really understood  
How a law could be a crime  
When she wouldn't give her seat to a white man on his feet  
yea, it was time to

### *Chorus*

Be the change you want to see around you  
Be the right in a world of wrong  
Be the one, the one to make a difference  
Be the change, be the change

Many years before another place another war  
In a struggle to be free  
A wise barefoot man had his own plan  
To fight the enemy  
He said it makes no sense to use violence  
As a means to an end  
We must rise above what they would do to us  
Or we become like them

### *Chorus*

It's the pull of a lever it's the sound of your voice  
It's now or never, it's a choice  
To,  
*Chorus*

*Music & Lyrics by Arlon Bennett  
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## 7. By My Silence

I'm not a communist so when they came for the communists...  
I held my tongue  
Minded my own business like a good neighbor...  
I trusted that justice was done

I didn't ask, what was their crime?  
It was their sadness... wasn't mine  
I didn't care where they were sent  
By my silence I gave my consent...  
By my silence I gave my consent

I am not Jewish and so when they came for the Jews...  
I had nothing to say  
Branded with stars like cattle in boxcars...  
And then taken away

I didn't ask, what was their crime?  
It was their sadness... wasn't mine  
I didn't care where they were sent  
By my silence I gave my consent...  
By my silence I gave my consent

I didn't care when they came for the Unionists,  
Came for the socialists, took the powerless,  
I'm not a terrorist, I'm not an immigrant  
I'm native born, faithfully ignorant  
I didn't care what was their crime...  
'til their sorrow turned into mine  
Their sorrow turned into mine

I was OK I was a citizen and I was free  
I didn't care now there's nobody there...  
No one to speak out for me  
At the time I believed...  
It never would happen to me  
I didn't know... what it meant...  
For my silence to give my consent  
For my silence to be my consent...  
By my silence give my consent

*Ellen Bukstel & Nick Annis, (© 2008 Polyrythm, ASCAP)*