

SOIL SONGS
F. D. Hole

Where Have All the Bedrocks Gone?
Tune: Where Have All the Flowers
Gone

Where have all the bedrocks gone?
Long time weathering
Where have all the bedrocks gone
That have formed so long ago?
Where have all the bedrocks gone?
Gone to residuum....
and to the sediments
and to the vital soils!

The Soil Song

It's soft
it's dark
it's full of vital spark;
above is green
where the plants are seen
and we hear the meadow lark.

You Are My Soil,
My Only Soil

Tune: You Are My Sunshine

You are my soil, my only soil;
You keep me vital night and day.
This much I know, friend,
you do support me;
please don't erode my life's soil
away!

A Rainbow of Soil

Tune: Viva L'Amour

A rainbow of soil is under our
feet;
Red as a barn & black as a peat.
It's yellow as lemon & white as the
snow;
Bluish grey...so many colors below.
Hidden in darkness as thick as the
night;
The only rainbow that can form
without light.*
Dig you a pit, or bore you a hole,
you'll find enough colors to well
rest your soul.

*(Direct light, that is.)

Where Are the Roots of Trees

Where are the roots of trees?
Deep in the soil!
Badgers and bumble bees,
products like bread and cheese,
work place and leisure ease
depend on the soil.

This Our Life
Finds Tongues in Trees

1. This our life finds
tongues in trees;
books in brooks that read
with ease;
Sermons in stone and soils
that sing;
Something good in every thing.
2. One great good beneath our feet
is wondrous earth:
clay sand and peat;
With roots of plants in firm
embrace;
the soil supports the human race.
3. In myself are intertwined: flesh
and spirit well inclined;
Dust I am with gift of breath;
I feel safe in life and death.

Ballad of the Soil**

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

A prisoner in solid rock
A billion years or two.
My minerals closely interlock
as tight as glue could do.

One day plant acids split a seam;
I gradually fall apart.
I'm a free soil now as was my
dream;
and can offer life support.

**This immortalizes the story of the
mineral constituents of soil, as told by
the soil itself; (1) long imprisonment in
solid rock, (2) rescue by plant acids, and
(3) unselfish use of freedom to support
plant (and animal and human) life.

Some Think That Soil Is Dirt
Tune: Funiculi*

Some think that soil is dirt and quite disgusting.
This is not true.
This is not true.
Some think that it makes the air all brown and dusty.
Good dust's in me!
Good dust's in you!
Praise Mother earth she is our earthly Mother.
She gives us bread.
She gives us bread.
Praise ground, the holy ground that's softly under
Our feet that tread;
Our feet that tread.
Vigor, Vigor from the soil does flow;
Roots and life are teeming down below.
No wonder that the land's so green, the ferns and flowers so fresh and clean!
Soil is everywhere;
from it sweet blessings gently flow.

Inch by Inch, Age by Age

1) Inch by inch, age by age, granite crumbles.
At every stage plants build porous, fertile loam of a depth that does astound.
Prairie makes a soil that's black; forest soil is pale for lack of fibrous roots and sunshine pouring over the lively ground.

2) Inch by inch, year by year, soils of our country disappear.
The work of ages is undone by uses that impair.
Topsoil washes, goes to waste; crops are grown in too much haste; technical fix cannot improve a soil no longer there.

3) Inch by inch, day by day, we'll bring the topsoil back to stay.
We'll heal the earth and raise our crops according to Nature's plan.
We'll gladly pay a grocery bill that helps keep soil on yonder hill,
and debt-free families on the farm.
Eden's where it all began.

4) Inch by inch, hour by hour, subtle change in soil or flower makes a natural landscape new!
Surprise is always there!
The best laid plans of the human race cannot match
Dame Nature's space. We'll read her signs, study her ways,
And show her that we care.

Tis a Gift To Have Soil

1) 'Tis a gift to have soil, 'tis a gift to have land, 'tis a gift to belong to the place where on we stand.
And if we are contented with the work that we are doing
we've discovered a community that's energy renewing.

2) 'Tis a gift to have seed, 'tis a gift to have plants
'Tis a gift to behold so much beauty at a glance.
As we survey a garden where we've given hours of toil,
A community of flora, fauna, people and of soil.

Chorus:

When true community is gained, to bow and to bend we shall not be ashamed.
To turn and to turn will be our delight,
till by turning, turning we come round-right.