

A
Home
Like
This

Lyrics with Guitar Chords
by
John Pitney

A Home Like This

Songs for a Sacred Ethic of Community and Land

Song Titles

Song for the Northern Plains

The Earth is the Lord's

Get Down and Get Dirty

I Will Sing

If You Want Your Neighbor's Land

Farmchild Song (Does God Love Uncle Cargill?)

Brother Van's Song (by W.A. Spencer)

Land, Land, Land

The Land Shall Keep A Sabbath To The Lord

Neighbors: A Prayer for the Common Good

Wild Willie's Mustard

Let Justice Roll Down Like Waters

Don't Turn Back

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

Words and Music by John Pitney

REFRAIN: Am F Am
The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof
 G Am E
Allelu, Allelu, Alleluia.
 Am F Am
The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof
 G Am F G Am
Allelu, Allelu, Alleluia..

1. Dm Am
Were you there at first for the plumbing of the line?
 G Am
Did your cleverness mark the course of time?
 Dm Am
Does Creation move to the pulsing of your will?
 F E Dm G Am
Can you make the world stand still? Will you ever get your fill?

2. This is promised land full of things you did not build,
Houses filled with things that you have not filled
And fields and factories not fashioned by your hand.
Now remember if you can. Don't forget who owns this land.

CODA: Am G F E
The land does not belong to us, to Marduke or Ba'al,
 Am G F E
Or any gods who beckon us in marketplace and mall,
 Am G F E
While fashioning great monopolies of poverty and war
 Am G Am F E
And teaching some can have it all, when more of us are poor.

3. This is not your land, it is not commodity,
It cannot be sold in perpetuity,
It belongs to all for our common use at best.
You are strangers here and yes, you are sojourners and guests.

4. When you search this land, see the empires that devour
And their gods that rule with seductive power.
You'll feel so small you may want to die or flee.
Listen people don't you see? Teach your children to be free.

CODA: Now empires come and empires go, so teach your children well
The wisdom to distrust them all, the lies they want to sell.

But follow after Yahweh or your Exodus be lame
And new worlds won't be different than the ones before you came.

5. For the God we know is a liberating God
Who makes Exodus from oppression's rod,
Who owns the land only for the common good,
Like a neighbor really should: Only for the common good.

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GET DOWN AND GET DIRTY

Words and Music by John Pitney

D G D
Get down and get dirty, it's the name of the game.
D A
Get down and get dirty, 'cause we're made from the same.
D G D
Yahweh* sure got down and dirty when She/He made us from the prairie.
G D A D
The fact that we are not now dirt is only temporary.

- D G D
1. I wasn't yet a-livin' when **God made us from the soil,
D A
And ***blessed our homes and families, economies and toil
D G D
And every other part of life and death and earth and sky.
G D A D
So when we try to get away, I really don't know why!
2. Our sons & daughters always knew they came up from the stewage
And every single chance they get they play in mud and sewage
Because they know these earthly ones are really next of kin.
Our children's stinking way of life is surely going to win!
3. Most of us have scrubbed ourselves and gone off to the city
To keep our fingers out of soil and bodies smelling pretty.
We think exhaust of smoking cars and factories and all
Beats smelling clover in the spring and footrot in the fall.
4. Despair at life may smother us before the fumes that fume us,
But Yahweh's new community is growing in the humus.
Like tiny lives in yeasting bread or worms in old manure,
The barnyard folks may see it first, but it'll come I'm sure!
5. So let us sing of farmers with their noses in the stuff
And workers risking life and limb so all can have enough,
While striving to make better land and life-sustaining yields,
Out sitting on their tractors and outstanding in their fields!

Alternate language:

*Mother earth got down and dirty

** we came up from the soil

***Blessed by homes and families, economies and toil

IF YOU WANT YOUR NEIGHBOR'S LAND

Words & Music by John Pitney

1. C E m A m C
If you want your neighbor's land then you must go walk with your neighbor
 F C F G
If you want him to entrust it, if you want her to oblige,
 C E m A m C
Then you must walk the back North 80, you must rest beneath the maple,
 F C F G C
Sink your fingers in the topsoil, see where Grandpa Willy died.

REFRAIN: F G C E m A m
This time, we'll find a greater joy than we've found,
 F G C
A trust that comes from deeper down
 F G C E m A m C F
Where rains of God's imagination will seep & rejoice thirsty ground.

2. If you want your neighbor's farm then you must go talk with your neighbor.
 You must learn to love his children, know his longings, hear her dreams.
 For if you cannot do this, then you can't be called a neighbor,
 It's a real estate investment. That's your measure, so it seems.
3. All around the vacant world our neighbors choose 'tween land and neighbors
 From the rice fields near Manila to the plains near Aberdeen,
 From the rubber tapper's forest to the green, green Skagit Valley,
 From the steppes of Russian wheatlands to the fields of San Joaquin.
4. If you covet neighbor's fields you have transgressed a greater wisdom
 That in adding house to house and field to field you have no home (Is. 5:8).
 Then, when you've bought the whole Creation and you sit upon your tractor
 You possess a vast horizon, but you dwell there all alone.
5. You say you want your neighbor's land, then help her pass it to another.
 Help him find a new farm family with the wisdom and the need.
 Then you can smile across the fence and watch them plant & grow & harvest,
 You have made a fine investment and you'll never want a deed.
6. Now it may be beyond our dreaming when we see the land divided
 And refamilied by the neighbors who could keep the world from fear,
 But you should know it's not our cleverness that keeps the land reforming.
 It's that Wisdom beyond dreaming that returns our children here.

BROTHER VAN'S SONG (Harvest Time)

Words by W.A. Spencer

1. D G
The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping
 D A
And watered with tears and with dews from on high;
 D G
Another may shout when the harvester's reaping
 D A D
Shall gather my grain in the sweet by and by.

REFRAIN: D G
Over and over, yes deeper and deeper,
 D A
My heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry,
 D G
But the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
 D A D
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.
 D A D
By and by, by and by, by and by, by and by.
 D G
Yes the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
 D A D
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.

2. Another may reap what in springtime I've planted,
 Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,
 Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
 While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.
3. The thorns will have choked and the summer sun blasted
 The most of the seed which in springtime I've sown,
 But the Lord, who has watched while my weary toil lasted,
 Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

CODA: Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
 Palms of victory, I shall wear!

LAND, LAND, LAND

Words and Music by John Pitney

Jeremiah 22:9

Am G Am G Am
Land, Land, Land, hear the word of the Lord.
C E
Land, Land, Land, hear the word of the Lord.
Am Em E F
Your countryside is empty and your cities falling down.
Am G Am G Am
Land, Land, Land, hear the word of the Lord.
G Am G Am G Am
Oh Land, Oh Land, Oh Land!

This chorus was written to be an opening for and a response to prayers for community and land, in the same way you hear it on your CD: We can sing the refrain, hear 3 spoken prayers from 3 individuals, sing a 2nd time, hear 3 or 4 more prayers, sing a 3rd time, hear a 3rd group of 3 prayers and close with singing the refrain. Otherwise use this however it suits your lament!

Land, Land, Land...

Prayer 1:

Prayer 2:

Prayer 3:

Land, Land, Land...

Prayer 4:

Prayer 5:

Prayer 6:

Land, Land, Land...

Prayer 7:

Prayer 8:

Prayer 9:

Land, Land, Land...

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THE LAND SHALL KEEP A SABBATH Words & Music by John Pitney
Leviticus 25

REFRAIN: D G A D
The Land shall keep a Sabbath to the Lord.
 D C A
The Land shall keep a Sabbath to the Lord.
G A D B m
Six years you shall sow your field And harvest with your hands.
 G E m C A
The seventh year shall be a rest for weary souls and lands.
 A D
The Land shall keep a Sabbath to the Lord.

1. D C D C
 Lord we can't survive if we stop our work
 D C D C D
 We must gather into barns. It's the only way!
 D C D C
 People don't you know you can't save yourselves
 D C D C D
 And you cannot take it with you on the judgement day?
2. Lord we have the tools, we can use the ground.
 We can make the land produce any thing we need.
 People you are guilty, you are running out of water.
 I can't give you more resources and ignore your greed.
3. Lord forgive our trespasses, for we are truly sorry.
 If we cause you any trouble we have lost our heads.
 People it's your debts and your way of making debtors
 Of the ones who have no power, land or daily breads.
4. It's my turn to speak now, you have broken our agreement.
 Go and sound abroad the trumpet for all folk to hear.
 It's my Jubilee now, you must re-divide possessions.
 You must share your wealth to bring in the Acceptable Year.

REFRAIN: This year we shall have a Jubilee!
 This year we shall have a Jubilee!
 It's high time we should level out inequities right here.
 50 years is long enough to cling to wealth and fear!
 This year we shall have a Jubilee!

NEIGHBORS: A PRAYER FOR THE COMMON GOOD Words & music by John Pitney

1. G C D G
Lord, we often miss some things while living in this land

 C D G
Open our eyes that we might see.

 C D B m C
We see the rich abundance of the food to feed the world

 G D G
And hurled against, the worker's poverty.

 B m C B m C
We take their dear cheap labor to run the food machine

 B m C G
And even more their very skins in turn (Micah 3:2)

 B m C B m C
And sacrifice their children while exporting the wealth

 B m C G
Invisibly, our terror they have earned.

 C D G
REFRAIN: Open our eyes, O God, we pray

 C D G
For deeper truth that will teach a better way

 C D B m C
Help us see through the shame, take us beyond all the blame

 G D G
As neighbors to share, hoping to dare a brighter day.

2. Lord we just don't listen to some sounds around this place

Let us have ears that we might hear.

If we hear the cries of workers we might miss the cries of those
Whose family farms and businesses pay dear.

As urban folk join houses and empires field to field (Isaiah 5:8)

The pressure on all rural people grows

To sell out what we value, to sell our souls in debt (Neh. 5:1-13)

And make potential neighbors into foes.

REFRAIN: Open our ears, O God, to hear

The reconciling sounds that drive out fear.

We pray to hear the songs for which Creation so longs

To make Earth a home, to bring Shalom this very year.

3. Lord as we approach this Earth we feel so small and dumb

Give us a voice that we might speak (Numbers 13:33).

We see Gigante Verde, Philip Morris, those like Dole

Whose empires grind the justice that we seek.

And as those few get power, we more get less to say
About our lives and futures 'round the sun.
And market shares speak louder than neighbors, water, soil
Whose liveliness must feed us or we're done.

REFRAIN: Give us a voice, O God, we dare
Speak to dominions of pow'r who might not care
For commonwealth of choice where neighbors all have vote & voice
To speak for a world whose power and goodness we all share.

4. Lord when we look out today we see a land of famine
Not just for bread or thirst for water (Amos 8:11)
A land devoid of vision, thirsty for a chance to dream,
A world of freedom for Earth's sons and daughters.

A neighborhood created with none to pluck them up (Amos 9:15)
And economic dignity sown well.
By sacrifice of neighbors to set aside their gain
Redeeming precious neighbors as Go-el'. (Ruth 4)

So come you labor contractors, come farmers, workers, maids
From town and church and packinghouses come.
And sit in common council and for the Common Good
Create a new economy called "home."
Create a new economy called "home."

REFRAIN: Open our eyes, O God, to see
Those who are neighbors in this dry valley.
Give us the tears to cry, rivers of hope, not too dry
Even to dream, helping redeem shattered community;
Working to scheme, in common to dream...humanity.

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Then the fame of Willie's recipe grew global
And ConAgra sought to patent it for greed.
Nabisco bought up all the rights to save it's Grey Poupon
And Cargill had to hybridize the seed.

4. Now they planted every inch of land to mustard.
Human cleverness had surely paved the way.
Out of all the wondrous species that made up their daily food
They selected this one hybrid for their day.

But there came this mustard blight and then a famine
People starving 'round the world! These were the facts!
The experts found Wild Willie and they asked him for advice
Willie told them, "Friends you should have planted flax!"

5. Now diversity is God's distinctive pleasure
And it keeps Creation working as it should.
So friends, if we keep stewarding this natural elegance
The Creator will keep saying that it's Good!

There is healing in the forest periwinkle!
There is wisdom in the blue, blue Hopi corn!
This ancestry of seeds that someone sometime thought were weeds
Are the things we might not miss until they're gone!

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LET JUSTICE ROLL DOWN LIKE WATERS

Words & Music by John Pitney

A Song for the Snake River Plain (Amos 5:24)

REFRAIN: G D E m B m
Let justice roll down like waters
 C G D
Righteousness like a stream
 G D E m B m
Let justice roll down like waters
 C G D G
Righteousness like an everflowing stream.

1. G D E m C D
Let justice roll down like waters from the Source of the River called Snake
 G D E m C D
And carve its course throught the desert where of old the mantles did break
 E m B m E m B m
And spew from molten magma an Acquifer to gain
 E m B m C D
The ancient flow from the Teton snow for all on the Snake River Plain.
2. In the dawn of the steamy Pleistocene our Indian forbears appeared.
They caught and they traded salmon on the plain their people revered.
Then lately came the Pale-skins with their money and to spare.
The people said, "How can you sell the river, the prairie, the air?"
3. They thought that Manifest Destiny was theirs with the Lord at their side,
So they ditched, they diverted & dammed their claims
To the Bounty the river supplied.
Now where does Zion find us, some rivers slack, some dry,
With fish and farmers fighting for survival under God's sky?
4. Now we have this water economy, but we haven't a clue 'bout the cost,
Where a few tycoons and transnationals get rich and don't figure the loss,
The loss of fish and topsoil, of family farms and worst:
Where workers live in poverty, don't we all, don't we share in their curse?
5. Breathe, O Great One, your moistened breath
Like the mist from a full Shoshone Falls,
Baptizing us with compassion, so to build more bridges than walls.
Heed tribes and ranchers, golfers, developers, the call
You fishers, preservationists, you farmers, farmworkers, All!
Come legislators, lawyers, and those with power, with none,
Come smelters, processors, dam keepers to sit at the table as one.
6. O, lead your people to freedom, Lord, through water like the waters of yore.
We've the power to waste & pollute & hoard, to conserve, distribute, restore!

The River is our measure but how much can She give?
The Watersheds are waiting. Will we die or abundantly live?

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