

Ed Bruce

"Workingman's Prayer"

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Lord, put your hand to the handle of my hoe
Let me make another step, help me go another row
Even know I'm tired, got to try to make a dollar
For my wife and kids, living over in the holler

Every morning I get up and look at the sky
And I know if I'm gonna work lord, the sun's gotta shine
But I'm gettin old before my time, broke down body
and mind
And sometimes when I don't see a rain cloud floatin by
Lord I just feel like dyin
My pa used to tell me when I was a boy
Son them big white fleely clouds ain't nothin
But the cottonfields of the Lord
So after all these years of plantin and choppin and
pickin
If I do get to the heaven lord like I've been tryin
And them clouds be what pa said so
Lord, I hope your angels know how to use a hoe

Lord, put your hand to the handle of my hoe
Let me make another step, help me go another row
Even know I'm tired, got to try to make a dollar
For my wife and kids, living over in the holler

The boss plane came down at the house a few days
before christmas last year
He asked what me and the missis had planned
christmas day
I kinda laughed and like we could have plans, we just
hadn't it settle on that way
He asked to missis we come up and cook christmas
dinner for him and his
Said to bring the whole family and join in the tri manse
Well, we went up to big house Lord, and I never saw
such an evening

And the boss's wife give all my kids brand new shoes
to warm their feets
And I guess maybe I cried a little
And that night, when I got home, I got down on my
knees

And I thanked to you lord, remember

Lord, put your hand to the handle of my hoe
Let me make another step, help me go another row
Even know I'm tired, got to try to make a dollar
For my wife and kids, living over in the holler

And then there was a time my wife said You just got to
slow down, man
I said, honey, I got make it while I can
So I worked three days, Lord, without stopping
For Miss Simmons down the road, had wood needed
chopping

Sam Fallow over east, had hay needed bailing
Old man Turner wanted his holler fixed before time
spring planting
The fourth day I was down on my back, Lord
But I got it all done before the sky turned black

Now, I ain't complaining Lord, but sometimes when you
see me stumble
Reach down and lift the hand on my sack
Make my hammer a little lighter, and my dollar a little
stronger
Lord, Make my days a little shorter and my nights a
little longer

And if there's anything
I can do for you, Lord
Let me know what's to be done
And I will be done
Well, goodnight, Lord

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