

Grateful Dead

"Weather Report Suite Part II Let It Grow"

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Morning comes, she follows the path to the river shore,
Lightly sung, her song is the latch on the morning's
door.

See the sun sparkle in the reeds, silver beads, pass
into the sea.

She comes from a town where they call her the
woodcutter's daughter,
She's brown as the bank where she kneels down to
gather her water, and
She bears it away with a love that the river has taught
her.

Let it flow, greatly grow, wide and clear.

Round and round, the cut of the plow in the furrowed
field,
Seasons round, the bushels of corn and the barley
meal,
Broken ground, open and beckoning to the spring,
Black dirt live again!
The plowman is broad as the back of the land he is
sowing,
As he dances the circular track of the plow ever
knowing
That the work of his day measures more than the
planting and growing

Let it grow, Let it grow, Greatly yield.

What shall we say, shall we call it by a name,
As well to count the angels dancing on a pin.
Water bright as the sky from which it came,
And the name is on the earth that takes it in.
We will not speak but stand inside the rain,
And listen to the thunder shouting "I am! I am! I am! I
am."

Nothin' more, the love of the women, work of men.
Seasons round, creatures great and small, up and
down as we rise and fall

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