

## Ricky Shane

### "Seven Hillsides"

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(Written by Walt Wilkins)

All night I've wrestled Jacob's angels  
And prayed with Matthew, Luke and John  
Struggling to find the words you face the task  
That comes upon the blood red dawn.

I've buried men before their time  
Of alcohol and blackened lung  
But how to bury seven of these  
Appalachian miners sons.

Who stormed the beaches wave on wave,  
And sailed home to these rocky graves  
In family plots that bared their names.

Chorus:

Tomorrow I'll walk up, seven hillsides  
Tremble before my flock on seven hillsides  
Seven sorrows, seven sons, seven mothers and every  
one

Will turn to me for the word of God, what does this  
mean?

And there I'll stand good book in hand,  
A shepherd to these precious lambs  
What will I say, what will I say, what can I say?  
To tell the truth I'd never thought much  
About the will of God before.

Called to preach at seventeen  
I was in love with fiery words and not much more.  
The time has come to keep the faith  
For others shattered by their loss.

Remind them of the loving God  
Whose son like theirs paid the cost.  
To save a sad and wicked world  
Through sacrifice our love is heard  
And pray that I believe those words.

Chorus:

Tomorrow I'll walk up, seven hillsides  
Tremble before my flock on seven hillsides  
Seven sorrows, seven sons, seven mothers and every  
one

Will turn to me for the word of God, what does this  
mean?...

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