

# The ♦ Rosetta ♦ Stone



doug benson collaborative



# THE COLLABORATORS

## **...and we toasted Dr. Seuss** (5:05)

*words and music: Doug Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, bass, piano, cornet

DREW BENSON - muffin man vocal

HOWARD BURNS - tenor saxophone

ANIKO DEBRECENY - flute

CAM MILLAR - trombone

EDGAR MYERS - drums

ANDREW NIXON - cello, vocals

LAVINIA REID - violin

BILL ROBERTS - balafon

DAVID SELBY - hammered dulcimer

JIM SITTER - acoustic guitars

**SINGERS:** Jenni Benson, Rachel Boyd,

Zita Ortiz, Emily Trachoo

## **daily bread** (3:30)

*words and music: Doug and Patty Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, acoustic bass,

percussion, horns

CHARLES DEERING - English concertina

LAVINIA REID - violin

ANITA THOMAS - wood flute, duet vocal

DAN WEBB - acoustic guitars, mandolins

**SINGERS:** Jenni Benson, Patty Benson,

Dee Calhoun, Alexandra Teigeler,

Dennis Teigeler, Anita Thomas

## **the space in between** (3:36)

*words and music: Doug Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, percussion, piano

DAVID LESTER - bass

EDGAR MYERS - drums

LAVINIA REID - violin

JIM SITTER - acoustic guitars

LINWOOD TAYLOR - solo guitar

ANITA THOMAS - alto and tenor

saxophones

**SINGERS:** Jenni Benson, Rachel Boyd,

Zita Ortiz, Anita Thomas, Emily Trachoo

**SHOUTERS:** Doug Benson, Jenni Benson,

Patty Benson, Rachel Boyd, Dee Calhoun,

Rob Calhoun, Jim Sitter, Anita Thomas,

Andy Tyler

## **the redbud tree** (4:39)

*words: Doug and Patty Benson*

*music: Doug Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, acoustic bass,

keyboards

EDGAR MYERS - drums

ANDREW NIXON - cello

LAVINIA REID - violins

JIM SITTER - acoustic guitars

JESSICA SNYDER - harmony vocals

DAN WEBB - mandolin

## **it all rolls back around (7:14)**

*words: Doug and Patty Benson*

*music: Doug Benson*

### **INSTRUMENTALISTS**

DOUG BENSON - bass, piano, cornet, post horn, harmonica, Irish whistle;  
GILBERTO CABALLERO - electric guitar, ukulele; ROB CALHOUN - sleigh bells;  
FRANK CAPPELLA - rock bass; PAUL DEAFENBAUGH - trumpets;  
CHARLES DEERING - French horn, English concertina; JESSICA DETELLO - viola;  
LISA DONOHOE - mandolin, hammered dulcimer; STEVE GILLS - dobro,  
ARNOLD HELMICK - jazz bass; MARTY IVERSON - rock guitar; DAVID LESTER - bass;  
ROSEANN LESTER - violins; JERRY MCAFFEE - banjo; CANDICE MOWBRAY - classical guitar;  
BOB MURPHY - accordion; EDGAR MYERS - drums; NATHAN PLOSKI - electric guitar;  
DAVID SAGER - trombones; JOHN SAYRE - steel drum; BOBBI SMITH - acoustic guitar;  
ANITA THOMAS - soprano, alto and tenor saxophones; DAN WEBB - mandolin;  
DANNY WEBBER - jazz guitar; ZACHARY WORTHY - jazz piano

### **LEAD SINGERS** *(in order of appearance)*

Danni Sheron, Donna Sheron, Jenni Benson, Rick Bogart, Doug Benson, Dee Calhoun,  
Marlene Young, Rod Irish, Anton Grier, Evelyn Mueller, Cristal Saxon, Crystal Bender

### **AD-LIB SINGERS**

Polly Baldrige, Crystal Bender, Rick Bogart, Gilberto Caballero, Dee Calhoun, Marie Lester

### **CHORUS SINGERS**

Emma Baldrige, Matthew Baldrige, Polly Baldrige, Tom Baldrige, William Baldrige,  
Crystal Bender, Doug Benson, Jenni Benson, Patty Benson, Rick Bogart, Joe Bohrer,  
Nora Bohrer, Gilberto Caballero, Dee Calhoun, Frank Cappella, Lisa Donohoe,  
Stefanie Finneyfrock, Steve Gills, Marty Iverson, Kurt Johnson, MaryBeth Johnson,  
Rachel Johnson, Marie Lester, Laura Martin, Matthew Miente, Nathan Ploski, Dee Robertson,  
Cristal Saxon, Danni Sheron, Donna Sheron, Raphaela Smaldone, Veronica Smaldone,  
Bobbi Smith, Joseph Suan Lian, Anita Thomas, Dan Webb, Brenna Williams, Marlene Young

### **YOUTH CHORUS** *(conducted by Laura Martin)*

Jaeda Dockman, Natalie Gray, Eliza Gregory, Maurlea Long, Jocelyn Merriman, Evelyn Mueller,  
Taryn O'Reilly, Finley Vandevander



### **suns and otters** (4:02)

*words: Doug and Patty Benson*

*music: Doug Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, keyboards, piano

HOWARD BURNS - tenor saxophone

ARNOLD HELMICK - fretless bass

EDGAR MYERS - drums

LUCAS NOVAES - FX guitar

JIM SITTER - acoustic guitars, handpan

**SINGERS:** Rachel Boyd, Zita Ortiz,

Emily Trachoo

### **the hourglass** (3:18)

*words and music: Doug Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, bass, piano, cornet

JENNI BENSON - ethereal vocals

PATTY BENSON - harmony vocals

EDGAR MYERS - drums

ANDREW NIXON - cello

LAVINIA REID - violin

JIM SITTER - acoustic guitars

DAN WEBB - mandolins

### **storm sonnet** (4:20)

*words and music: Doug Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, piano

JENNI BENSON - ethereal vocals

DAVID LESTER - bass

EDGAR MYERS - drums

ANITA THOMAS - flute, soprano and alto sax

DANNY WEBBER - electric and acoustic guitars

### **blue baskets** (6:23)

*words: Doug and Patty Benson*

*music: Doug Benson*

DOUG BENSON - vocals, bass, keyboards

EDGAR MYERS - drums

LINWOOD TAYLOR - blues guitar

ANDY TYLER - tremolo guitar

**SINGERS:** Andrew Baughman, Doug Benson, Jenni Benson, Patty Benson, Joe Bohrer, Kevin Brady, Reenie Codelka, Brian Forberger, Diane Hansen, Amanda Hawkins, Joseph Hawkins,

Iron Lou, Leslie Kelly, Quinn Ketteringham, Jamie List, Nick Lopez, Katherine Merryman,

Adam Miller, Linda Predmore, Iris Rodgers,

Cristal Saxon, Danni Sheron, Jessica Snyder,

Judy Snyder, Davis Teigeler, Anita Thomas,

Lynette Truske, Bonnie Weaver

**AMAZING GRACE:** sung by the Texas Sacred Harp Singers. *Used by permission.*



**produced by Doug and Patty Benson**

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**...and we toasted Dr. Seuss**  
*words and music by Doug Benson*

I dreamed that we were talking like two old friends might do  
Sitting in a restaurant at a high-top table for two  
You surprised me with the words you spoke and all the things you knew  
As the waitress brought our order-- grilled cheese and barbecue  
And I thought, "This must be what it's like..." (while fighting back my tears)  
"...to finally meet a pen pal you've been writing to for years."  
You laughed at words you'd never heard, like "gossamer" and "squat"  
You tried barbecue and liked it, you tried beer and you did not

**chorus**

So we toasted Dr. Seuss with Dr. Pepper and iced tea  
When they brought us birthday cake we sang "The Muffin Man" off key  
And the melody I thought I wrote for you turned out to be  
a different song -- 'cause all along-- you'd written it for me

We talked all night about the world and the life that lay ahead  
And philosophers you didn't know, yet you knew just what they'd said  
And you told me you were happy, and that I should persevere  
Then you said liked a shirt you saw in a store on the way here  
And we played four games of hangman, worked puzzles on my phone  
And I could see the secrets of your soul when we shared an ice cream cone  
Then we talked about your favorite songs and movies on TV  
And all the books I'd read to you that one day you'll read to me

**chorus**

And we toasted Dr. Seuss ...

They were wiping down the tables, we knew we had to go  
I paid the check and left a tip and we walked out into the snow  
And I saw my guardian angel, he was smiling next to you  
And then I said, "I love you, Drew..." and you said "Dad, I know you do"  
And suddenly my dream was through, a memory, a déjà vu...

**chorus**

When we toasted Dr. Seuss...

## **daily bread**

*words and music by Doug and Patty Benson*

### **chorus**

Daily bread, keep the soul fed  
Try not to think about gettin' ahead  
Nightly prayers for the kiddies upstairs  
Hoping your life won't be better than theirs

Go to work every morning and come home at night  
We call it a job, seems more like a fight  
Put some dough in the oven, start pushin' and shovin'  
And just hope tomorrow's loaf turns out alright

### **chorus**

Our friends and our neighbors, uncles and aunts  
Work hard all their lives but they don't see a chance  
So they all play the lotto, and drink till they're blotto  
And every so often they get up and dance

(Na na na... Hoping our life won't be better than theirs)

Remember the story of the fool on the hill?  
Well, he sold all his stuff and he moved to Brazil  
Where he sits in the sun, and he plays racquetball  
And maybe he wasn't the fool after all...  
Should we learn from that man and run off to Rio?  
Grab what we can and cast off what we owe?  
Then live out our lives to a bittersweet end...  
...or maybe wake up tomorrow and start baking again?

### **chorus**



**the space in between**  
*words and music by Doug Benson*

Oh, the puppet master knows how to turn friends into foes  
Just by pulling a few strings and adjusting a few things  
Making sure we don't discuss, he'll divide and conquer us  
When we bow down to some sacred party line

Meanwhile we're crammed into this world like a can of sardines  
And we're giving our brains a constant shot of caffeine  
And it's hard to see straight when we're living in a pinball machine  
But if we focus on the fringe, we're gonna miss the space in between

Could be church or politics, it's just the same old bag of tricks  
Create two sides and let 'em fight, and tell them both that they are right  
Life's become a TV show, surfing channels as we go  
Looking for reruns in our comfort zone.

Feels like we're thumbing through the stories in a cheap magazine  
(And just) cherry picking the ones that we're gonna let through our screen  
'Cause they're the only ones we trust, 'cause they're the only ones we've seen  
But if we focus on the fringe, we're gonna miss the space in between

Some people live with blinders on, in a room where the blinds are always drawn  
Nothing gets in, nothing gets out, and they're proud to be so damn delved  
No need to look beyond their walls, 'cause they already know it all  
And the puppet master takes another bow

Can't see the forest for the trees, can't see the meatballs for the cheese  
Can't see the dollars for the cents, can't see the pasture for the fence  
Can't see what's right before their eyes, can't see the truth, can't see the lies  
Can't see a reason to explain why they're not using their own brain!

Take two steps back and watch the movie on little wider screen  
'Cause that Kool-Aid you've been drinking might really be gasoline  
And there's much more to the plot than what you've previously seen  
There's a whole lot of story in the space in between  
And if you're focusing on the fringe, you're gonna miss the space in between

### **the redbud tree**

*words by Doug and Patty Benson;*

*music by Doug Benson*

On a Tuesday afternoon,  
waiting for the waxing moon  
Comes a traveler from the sky:  
just a purple butterfly  
And it gently comes to rest  
on an empty robin's nest  
In our favorite redbud tree  
that you planted there with me

Purple wings against the sky  
catch a passing sparrow's eye  
What the sparrow doesn't see  
is a kitten in the tree  
A little eagle turning wing,  
a little tiger set to spring  
Both the hunters miss their prey,  
butterfly just flits away

Sparrow circling around,  
kitten tumbling to the ground  
Watching from the neighbor's yard  
is a noisy St. Bernard  
Barking dog disturbs the nap  
of a man who overslept  
To find he missed his daily call  
to his daughter in St. Paul

Out on highway fifty-two  
comes the call that's overdue  
Interrupting her commute,  
she pulls off the busy route  
Just in time to miss the roll  
of a truck that lost control  
Starting to careen and spin  
where her Prius would have been

She takes the call, quite unaware  
that her life has just been spared  
Talking with her dad that way,  
hearing all about his day

She continues her commute,  
going by a different route  
And makes it into work that night,  
greeted by a flashing light

Heading straight to surgery  
she operates upon the three  
Brought in by a rescue crew  
out on highway fifty-two  
With steady hands and expertise,  
she patches up the injuries  
Of a husband and a wife,  
but saves their baby daughter's life

Skip ahead eleven years,  
in a classroom with her peers  
The little daughter's heart is stirred  
by her favorite teacher's words  
And she suddenly can see  
now with perfect clarity  
The message she was meant to share  
with pen and paper and a prayer

She rushes home and starts to write,  
composing well into the night  
And in the morning holds a draft,  
full of promise, short on craft  
Reworked over several years,  
her published manuscript appears  
And the wisdom of a little girl  
is about to change the world

Tonight, we sat and watched the news,  
of course we saw opposing views  
But things aren't like they were before;  
there's been no more talk of war  
And we can only wonder how  
the planet might be different now  
If that purple butterfly  
never came down from the sky  
Or perhaps if you and me  
didn't plant the redbud tree

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## **suns and otters**

*words: Doug and Patty Benson*

*music: Doug Benson*

Top of the food chain, king of the hill  
Brown bear at the windowsill  
Nose to the glass, he's looking right through  
Making sure you take good care of you

### **chorus**

Suns and otters, children at play  
Can you understand the things I say?  
If I could only find that Rosetta Stone  
I'd tell you-- you don't have to go it alone.

While the grown-ups curse the aftermath of the flood  
The kids recite rhymes in the mud  
Baa baa black sheep, February wood  
Believing all things work for good  
The quiet little stick and young Master Jack  
Take a look behind, 'cause I've got your back  
It might be a flood, or it might be a drought  
But I can promise you it's safe to come out

### **chorus**

The tiniest voices, seldom allowed  
One day they'll ring out over the crowd  
Rising up high they'll cut through the air  
From the shoulders of a big brown bear

### **chorus**

...If I could just find that Rosetta Stone  
I'd tell you-- you don't have to go it alone.

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## **the hourglass**

*words and music by Doug Benson*

I dreamed we had an hourglass  
To show us how our time would pass  
And one day we awoke at dawn  
To find the sand was almost gone  
And there was just one day to spend  
Till all we knew came to an end

In haste we grabbed our bucket list  
Prioritizing what we'd missed  
As children, God, and worldly gain  
All crashed in our collective brain  
And while deciding what to do  
You looked at me, I looked at you...

...and there was peace. It was our time.  
You stopped and placed your hand in mine  
Remembering the songs we'd sung  
Together since we both were young  
And somewhere in that melody  
You'd made a better man of me

We smiled and waited, now resigned  
To the tranquil darkness in our mind  
But in that dusk, we saw instead  
An orange horizon up ahead  
And gleefully we watched the show  
To learn what more there was to know

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### **it all rolls back around**

*words by Doug and Patty Benson*

*music by Doug Benson*

In the summertime, the sun burns bright  
in a golden sky  
When the leaves grow green, it's so serene  
to watch the world go by  
Life is everywhere you look,  
as we celebrate each day  
And we don't really think about it,  
how it got to be this way

Till the fall comes 'round, and the leaves fall down—  
cover up the land  
If we leave them lie, let 'em all get dry,  
then we understand  
They feed the ground around us;  
they help a new life grow  
'Cause the end is the beginning,  
and don't we all have to go?

### **chorus**

But it all rolls back around, yeah  
It all rolls back around, oh  
From the sky down to the ground  
Back to the sky it rolls around  
It'll all roll back around

When the winter's old and the wind turns cold,  
why do you stay inside?  
When the snow falls then, can't you see that's when  
the world's the most alive?  
Your very breath appears in front of you,  
and then when it all melts down  
The end is a new beginning,  
and it all rolls back around

### **chorus (2x)**

Can you see my friend, when it rains  
And you start to feel the strain of your days  
and the pain of your ways  
And you can't find the sun's rays  
'cause you're looking through a dark, dark haze  
But the very same rain can wash away that pain  
As it falls down and feeds the ground,  
and we start to see God's grace  
'Cause everything has its time and place  
We've got sorrows, joys – girls and boys  
Young, old – hot and cold  
Black, white – wrong and right  
Yin, Yang – boomerang!  
Them and us – minus, plus  
Rich and poor – mine and yours  
Lost and found – sky and ground

### **chorus**

(And) it all rolls back around...

Every spring we see a tiny sprout spring free  
from where it used to hide  
Then there's two, three and four,  
dozens, hundreds many more  
Roots run deep and wide  
And everything is green again  
like the answer to a prayer  
But you know the things we prayed for  
were never gone, they were always there  
They were never gone, they were always there

### **chorus (2x)**

(And) it all rolls back around...

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### **storm sonnet**

*words and music by Doug Benson*

I saw her in the ocean through the mist  
As swirling clouds announced the coming storm  
Her steadfast silhouette seemed to resist  
The breakers crashing 'round her lovely form

With proud and stubborn will she stood her ground  
The tide rose quickly, now up to her waist  
And I could not, for fear that she'd be drowned  
Ignore the mighty hurricane she faced

I shouted "Let me save you" as I ran  
To pull her from the perils of the sea  
She turned and smiled and held out both her hands  
Replying, "No my love, come in with me"

The storm is tempered in the afterglow  
And just who rescued who, I'll never know

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### **blue baskets**

*words and music by Doug Benson*

Abigail Ann would gather vines:  
honeysuckle and bittersweet  
She'd take 'em home to dry  
and give the berries to her parakeet

She wandered in the woods alone,  
collecting climbers in a sack  
And every evening she'd be home,  
preparing what she'd carried back  
To make blue baskets

Abby's true love passed away  
when she was a blushing young bride  
But a woman with long braids of gray  
is who I remember sitting outside  
Making blue baskets  
Blue baskets (in the rain)

When the sky was clear and dry,  
she never seemed to get the urge  
But when the clouds began to cry,  
exquisite works of art emerged  
She made blue baskets in the rain  
She only made blue baskets in the rain

I used to watch her through the window,  
weaving like a spinning top  
Joyfully creating  
up until the rain would stop--  
Then just as quickly as she'd come,  
she'd pack right up and head for home  
But what she made she'd leave behind,  
a gift for someone else to find  
Those blue baskets in the rain  
Such beautiful blue baskets in the rain  
Such empty blue baskets in the rain

When Abigail was laid to rest,  
beside her love, her life complete  
A tiny wreath upon her breast  
of honeysuckle and bittersweet  
They placed the baskets that she made,  
all filled with flowers on her grave  
Just as the sky cracked open wide  
and the healing waters glorified  
Those blue baskets in the rain  
Such beautiful blue baskets in the rain  
Such bountiful blue baskets in the rain  
Blue baskets in the rain (4x)

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