

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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