

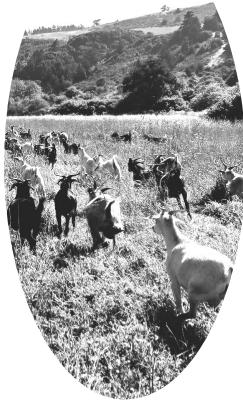
**SONGS
AND
ORDER OF
SERVICE
FOR
THE FIELD
NIG BLUES**

A ONE-NIGHT-ONLY SONGBOOK

Written & arranged by
MUKETHE KAWINZI



UNISON, TWO, & FOUR EQUAL VOICES
POTENTIALLY ACCOMPANIED BUT MORE LIKELY ACAPELLA



Here are some songs from an old negro goatherder to you, a person
lolling about the Mission because you like art and poetry and music.

The congregation is invited to sing along, follow along, or slip out to
another Lit Crawl event if my yodeling is not to your liking.

Fields were made for singing, but it's also nice to belt free in the
streets and salons of ol' San Francisco. Appreciate you joining in the
exaltation.

sun & soil,
mukethe

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Truth is, I'm barely qualified to wash a turnip and I trip over my own two feet even on solid ground. Here's one for those summer dawns of infinite zucchini harvest.

OYO (CATTLE CALL MEDITATION).....5

Farm tip: livestock songs turn a bop real quick if you liven 'em up with a trap beat.

THE WANDERING LIFE IS A DIFFICULT ONE BUT IT IS NOT WITHOUT ITS PLEASURES; FOR EXAMPLE, TODAY I SAW A CARDINAL.....6

This one's for a high yella farm homie by the name of Dandy; she was doing what I was doing--goating around this lord-forsaken country and seeing what she could learn up about being a farmer. Last I heard she was growing collards and singing to the stars over in Hawaii.

INVOCATION FOR SOLAR BLISS.....8

Farming up there in Washington state with no sun and the worst whitefolk I ever met was no small task. A calling back for the sun.

THE ONLY LOAD THE LORD HAS GIVEN ME, WITH THANKS FOR HIS GRACE.....9

Wrote this one as I was burying dead runts to the compost pile the season I spent milking goats and birthing babies out in New Mexico. There's a real romance to farming in the desert, she who laughs so hard at human want for comfort.

MORNING SONG

CALL

|||||

RESPONSE

|||||

Who picks their food right from the dirt?

I do, I do

Who lets blood bleed from every hurt?

I do, I do

Who drinks the milk right from the teat?

I do, I do

Go sunup to down on dusty feet?

From the dirt, every hurt

From the teat, dusty feet

From the dirt, every hurt

From the teat, dusty feet

From the dirt, every hurt

From the teat, dusty feet

(Repeat until high noon.)

OYO

(CATTLE CALL MEDITATION)

OYO
OYO
OYO
OYO
OYO

(Accompany with beatboxing as needed; repeat until
the cows come home.)

**THE
WANDERING
LIFE IS A
DIFFICULT ONE,
BUT IT IS NOT
WITHOUT ITS
PLEASURES;
FOR EXAMPLE,
TODAY I SAW
A CARDINAL**

CALL

|||||

RESPONSE

|||||

Hard out here for a nomad
Hard out here for a guy just floating down the path
Can't be arsed to go too fast
It's enough to find a tree and make it feel like home

It ain't easy for a rolling stone
Every few months pack your toothbrush, panties, and
your comb
Remember that you're all alone
Barter art and hope to find a bed to rest your bones

Hard out here, it's hard out here
It's hard out here
It's hard out here

Hard out here for a nomad
Hard out here but the goats keep me from getting sad
The open road don't look too bad
Fucking off and living free, we're following our path

Hard out here, it's hard out here
It's hard out here
It's hard out here

INVOCATION FOR SOLAR BLISS

→ HERE COMES THE SUN:
WE BELIEVE, WE BELIEVE
HERE COMES THE SUN;
THROUGH THE TREES, THROUGH THE TREES
THE WAIT? WORTH IT! THE COLD? OVER IT!
THE SUN WILL SET US FREE! □

(A round for four voices; repeat until green-up.)

THE ONLY LOAD THE LORD HAS GIVEN ME, WITH THANKS FOR HIS GRACE

CALL

|||||

My only load is a load of shit

My only load is a load of shit

My only load is a load of shit

Bend my back & scoop my scoop

Shovel my shovel & rake my rake

Bury these kids and wish them well

I know stillborns go to heaven,

Old bucks to hell

'Cos when you hump that much in this short life

The lord gon knock you down with strife

My only load is a load of shit

My only load is a load of shit

My only load is a load of shit

RESPONSE

|||||

Thank you lord for this gift

Thank you lord for this gift

Load of shit

Load of shit

Thank you lord for this gift

For this gift I thank you lord

Thank you lord for this gift

Thank you lord for this gift

Load of shit

Load of shit

Wheel my barrow, wheel away from pharaoh
Thank you Lord for this gift
My shitcaked hands will see the promised land

Thank you, Lord
Thank you, Lord
Thank you, Lord
Thank you, Lord

My only load is a load of shit
My only load is a load of shit
My only load is a load of shit



THIS SONGBOOK WAS
MADE BY ME,
MUKETHE,
FOR LIT CRAWL SF 2025

IT WAS PASSED AROUND AT "THE MUSIC
WE MAKE," A READING HOSTED BY THE
ANA AND BLACK FREIGHTER PRESS

I AIM TO
LIVE A LIFE
OF GOATS,
GRASS, AND
GAYETY

WWW.MUKETHEKAWINZI.COM