

Paramita

American Buddhist Folk Music

*Reverend Heng Sure
& Friends*



Complete Song Lyrics and Notes



Chan Master Hsuan Hua
(1916 - 1995)

The late Chan Master Hsuan Hua said to Rev. Heng Sure, "When you speak Dharma you have to accord with peoples' potentials. This is America, not China. Here you must use whatever skills you have to explain true principles. Don't just imitate me or you'll be out of touch with your own culture and time. Use your own wisdom and do whatever works to inspire people to make the resolve for Bodhi!"

"Playing guitar could be a useful skill for a monk in America if you use it to help people bring forth faith in their potential for wisdom and awakening. Try your best!"



Craving Is the Builder of This House (3:10)
~Dhammapada 11

Craving is the builder of this house;
Craving is the builder of this house.

Through many a rebirth,
In Samsara wandering,
I sought but did not find,
The builder of this house.
How painful!
How sorrowful!
To be born again and again.

Craving is the builder of this house;
Craving is the builder of this house.

O House-builder! I see you at last;
You will build no house anymore.
Your ridgepole shatters,
Your rafters all fall down,
My mind realizes the unborn,
And craving comes, craving comes,
Craving comes to an end.

Craving is the builder of this house;
Craving is the builder of this house.

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Music: Rev. Heng Sure

Lyrics: Shakyamuni Buddha (Dhammapada #11)

These are the words the Buddha spoke immediately upon awakening. Known as "the Buddha's song of liberation," this verse likens craving to a house builder. The mind is the host of craving, where we build our houses of words and thoughts, loves, hates and desires, until liberation from suffering is hard to imagine and even harder to achieve. When the Buddha beneath the Bodhi Tree put an end to craving, the house of suffering came down for good.

Yashodara (4:44)

Prince Siddhartha had a wife;
He loved her like he loved life.
She was fine, and she was fair,
And when he said goodbye, he said to her.

Yashodhara, look at where life leads;
Yashodhara, I'm going to try to get free.

I took a little trip into town,
I learned that death will cut us down,
I woke up by the city wall,
Freedom to die is no freedom at all.

Yashodhara, look at where life leads;
Yashodhara, I'm going to try to get free.

Like you, I never heard an old man sigh,
I never knew that people die;
Like you, I never heard a sick man moan,
I learned this body ain't my home.

Yashodhara, death is haunting me;
Yashodhara, love won't set us free.

Then I saw another man,
Who walked in robes with bowl in hand.
His gaze looked neither left nor right;
His brow was clear, his eyes were bright.
I asked him what he did all day,
He said, "I cultivate the Way.
I watch my mind, I watch my breath.
And in the end, it's life and death."

Yashodhara, I couldn't love you more;
Yashodhara, that's why I'm walking out that door.

Some will say that I'm a fool,

Some will say that I'm too cruel.
This is the best thing I can do,
When I get free, I'll come back for you.

Yashodhara, look at where life leads;
Yashodhara, I'm going to try to get free.

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Lyrics and music: Rev. Heng Sure

Yashodhara was wife to Prince Siddhartha, the Buddha-to-be. The song opens as the Prince leans over his sleeping wife to say goodbye. He is about to leave the palace and embark on a life of cultivation leading to his great enlightenment. After a protected childhood where nothing aged, got ill, or died, the prince, in quick succession, saw a codger, an invalid and a corpse. Struck to his core by the sight of impermanence, the Prince next met a monk, a cultivator of the Way, who challenged him to seek liberation from birth, death, and rebirth. The monk inspired the Prince to find a way to end the tyranny of birth and death, which as we know, he did. Notice that he promises to return and set Yashodhara free after he himself wakes up.

The musical inspiration for this tune came from the late celebrated balladeer, Josh White, whom I watched perform with my mother in 1964 at Bowling Green State University.

Cause & Effect, or Here Comes Karma Now (4:11)

Wise ones know we plant a seed,
With every word and deed;
Once we plant it, here comes karma now.

Sometimes good, sometimes bad,
Makes us happy, makes us sad;
Choose it wisely, here comes karma now.

Karma is not heaven-sent,
Karma is not punishment;
Sweep the garden, here comes karma now.

There's no lawyer you can call;
The judge and jury left the hall.
Learn the rules, use good sense;
This is cause and consequence.

Like the seed, is the fruit;
Know the leaf, you know the root.
Can't argue, here comes karma now.

Conscience is a quiet voice,
Pay your money, take your choice.
It's your harvest, here comes karma now.

It's not luck, it's not fate,
No room to negotiate,
No foolin', here comes karma now.

It plays no favorites, hears no lies,
Doesn't truck with alibis.
You can threaten, you can curse,
You can't rewire the universe.

Some are careful, with the roots;
They're contented with the fruits.
Plant and harvest, here comes karma now.

Some are careless, at the start;
At the end, a broken heart.
No excuses, here comes karma now.

You can smile till it hurts,
Help yourself to just deserts.
Pay the piper, here comes karma now.

Blame the scapegoat, cry and wail,
Ask the woman with the scales,
Blind justice tells no tales:
Who goes home, who goes to jail.

Ain't no lawyer gets away,
Ain't no judge you can pay.
Just like magic, here comes karma now.
Just like magic, here comes karma now.
Just like magic, here comes karma now.

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Lyrics and music: Rev. Heng Sure*

Cause and effect is the basis of the Buddha's description of the workings of reality. Seeds bear fruit, so a wise person plants carefully. The ancients said that ordinary people are careless when they plant seeds, but frightened when the seeds come ripe. Awakened Beings are very careful when they create karma, but because they understand cause and effect, they are unafraid when the rewards come due.

It's Called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas (3:51)

It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas.
It started with a vow to bring enlightenment
To every living being,
From the sage who brought the Buddha and
The Dharma and the Sangha,
To America to build a new foundation.
It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas.

It's founded on a vision of the proper Dharma
Flourishing again.
It's a place for cultivation, it's a place for transformation
Of the common one into a Bodhisattva.

The City's home to Guan Yin Bodhisattva,
Compassionate Enlightened One who
Contemplates the sounds of living beings;
With a thousand eyes to see them,
And a thousand ears to hear them,
And a thousand hands to rescue them from suffering.

It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas.
Instilling virtue in the children, filiality is number one;
They will vow to get enlightened
To repay their parents' kindness,
And repay the great compassion of the Buddhas.
It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas.

It starts with care for aging people,
Filial behavior in the home;
When the family is happy then the cities will be peaceful,
And the nations and worlds will come together.
It starts at City of Ten Thousand Buddhas.

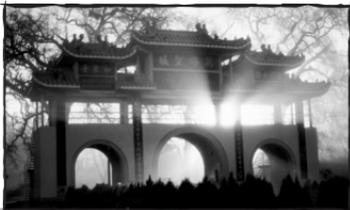
It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas,
Enlightened to the Buddha-nature,
Perfect and complete in everyone.
He's the sage, who vowed to save us,

To show the road to wisdom,
To return the light and wake up Turtle Mountain.

It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas,
Making Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, sages
From the likes of you and me;
And the virtue of the master carves our greed,
Hate, and delusion
Into precepts, to samadhi and to wisdom.
It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas,
It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas,
It's called the City of Ten Thousand Buddhas.

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Music: Traditional, arr. Rev. Heng Sure
Lyrics: Rev. Heng Sure

The City of Ten Thousand Buddhas: Main Gate



Written in 1977 on a pilgrimage for world peace.
Another monk and I bowed every third step from
South Pasadena, California, to the City of 10,000
Buddhas in Ukiah, California. The journey took two
years and nine months; I kept a vow of total silence.
This song carried us through many a difficult passage:
facing drawn guns; hazings from pickup-trucks that
strafed us on the road shoulder; and doublings of
beer, orange juice, water balloons and worse. Singing
this song reminded us of our purpose and kept us on
the road.

Another One Done Gone (3:11)

Another one done gone, another one done gone,
Another one done gone, another one done gone.

I saw a woman so intent to get free,
She cut off her hair and sat under a tree.
Another one done gone...

I saw a woman so weary of desire,
She took the Buddha's precepts to put out the fire.
Another one done gone...

I saw a man so on fire for the Way,
He sat silent in a room, day after day.
Another one done gone...

I saw a man so determined to go home,
He walked up the mountain, and he sat like a stone.
Another one done gone...

Bodhisattvas, moved by our pain,
Come down into the world to teach us again.
Another one done gone...

Gaté, gaté, paragaté,
Parasamgaté, Bodhi Svaha.

The source of this tune is the field holler "Another Man Done Gone," sung by Vera Hall. The mantra the choir sings at the end is the Perfection of Wisdom (Prajna-paramita) Mantra found at the end of the Heart of Perfect Wisdom Sutra: gaté, gaté, paragaté, parasamgaté, Bodhi Svaha! In English it means "Gone, gone, gone beyond, gone far beyond and awakened: How wonderful!"

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Lyrics: Rev. Heng Sure

Brian and Josh



What Ya Gonna Do? (4:37)

What ya gonna do when the oil is gone, brother?
What ya gonna do when the oil is gone, man?
What ya gonna do when the oil is gone?
Gonna junk my car and learn to farm.
O brother, sister of mine.

What ya gonna do when you can't drive, sister?
What ya gonna do when you can't drive, ma'am?
What ya gonna do when you can't drive?
Gonna try to find a way to stay alive.
O brother, sister of mine.

What ya gonna do when you can't buy food, brother?...
Gonna learn what grows in the neighborhood.
O brother, sister of mine.

What you gonna do with your SUV, sister?...
Gonna trade it for a jar of potato seeds.
O brother, sister of mine.

What ya gonna do when the mall is dark, brother?...
Gonna plant soy beans where I used to park.
O brother, sister of mine.

What ya gonna do when the bus is late, sister?...
Gonna cross my legs and meditate.
O brother, sister of mine.

What ya gonna do when the TV's down, brother?...
Gonna have a conversation with the folks in town.
O brother, sister of mine.

What ya gonna do with Dad's .22, sister?...
Gonna bury it deep with the bullets, too.
O brother, sister of mine.

What ya gonna do when the President lies, brother?...

Gonna vote him out and can that jive.
O brother, sister of mine.

Global warming did us in, sister...
Well I used to walk, now I've got to swim.
O brother, sister of mine.

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Lyrics: Rev. Heng Sure



Alan Senauke

It seems clear that our economy's dependence on fossil fuel has put society on a collision course with cataclysmic changes that will occur when oil is too expensive or simply no longer available. What are we going to do when we can't buy food at the supermarket because there is no fuel for the trucks that bring the groceries? Some authors and thinkers suggest we may need to return to local subsistence farming and turn our parking lots into truck gardens.

Death Parade (1:34)

Had a dream the other night, Namó Amitabha,
What I saw gave me a fright, take me to the Pure Land.

The kings of death were on parade, Namó Amitabha,
Followed by the ghosts they made,
Take me to the Pure Land.

Their bones were white as ocean gulls, Namó Amitabha,
Their crowns were set on eyeless skulls,
Take me to the Pure Land.

The king said fight for God and land, Namó Amitabha,
Put a weapon in my hand, take me to the Pure Land.

We fought for God, as we were told, Namó Amitabha,
Useless now my bones are cold, take me to the Pure
Land.

Mass destruction, be afraid, Namó Amitabha,
Follow in the death parade, take me to the Pure Land.

God said killing is a sin, Namó Amitabha,
Men go wrong with religion, take me to the Pure Land.

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My version owes a debt to Ian and Sylvia's interpretation of the traditional British ballad "The Cruel Mother," also known as the "Greenwood Sidie."

Death Parade points to humanity's bizarre habit of valuing religious doctrine and national identity over human life. "God said killing is a sin; men go wrong with religion."

Ballad of Earth Store (5:08)

To end her mother's misery was her quest,
To end her mother's misery was her quest.
Her vows she professed, a filial child so blessed;
To end her mother's misery was her quest.

I return, I rely, on the Bodhisattva King of Great Vows;
I return, I rely, on the Bodhisattva King of Great Vows.

He makes his home deep in the hells,
He makes his home deep in the hells.
Well, it's deep in the hells that this Bodhisattva dwells,
He makes his home deep in the hells.

I return, I rely...



Guitars by Fabrizio Alberico

Earth Store Bodhisattva (Ksitigarbha) has the greatest vows among the Bodhisattvas in the Buddhist pantheon. He vows to go down to the hells and not return until they are empty of sufferers. "I return and rely on the Bodhisattva King of Great Vows" means I go for spiritual refuge to the Awakened Being, Earth Store Bodhisattva.

VegSource Mantra (I Have Enough) (1:45)

He shakes his staff and makes the suffering end,
He shakes his staff and makes the suffering end.
Then living beings karma starts the whole thing up again,
After he shakes his staff and the suffering ends.

I return, I rely...

Until the hells are empty he won't rest,
Until the hells are empty he won't rest.
Saving those who've transgressed is the thing that he does
best,
Until the hells are empty he won't rest.

I return, I rely...

The fires of the hells won't make him move,
The fires of the hells won't make him move.
So firm are his vows, he'll stay there till we improve.
The fires of the hells won't make him move.

I return, I rely...

It's best to practice patience when you're stressed,
It's best to practice patience when you're stressed.
King Yama's unimpressed with your cries of protest.
It's best to practice patience when you're stressed.

I return, I rely...

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I have enough,
I am grateful,
Share the blessings,
Hallelujah!

May all be fed,
May all things flourish,
May all awaken!
Bodhi Svaha!

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Lyrics and music: Rev. Heng Sure

Written for the founders of VegSource.com, Jeff and Sabrina Nelson, and inspired by the author and visionary John Robbins, in his prayer: "May all be fed, may all be healed, may all be loved."

Hallelujah means "Praise!" in Hebrew; "Bodhi Svaha!" means "Awakened -- How Wonderful!" in Sanskrit. This mantra works to counteract thoughts of greed.



Alan, Brian and Josh

American Beef Cow (3:36)

If I was an American beef cow,
You can bet that I would be mad too.
If you make me a meat-eater,
Then what's a cow supposed to do?
You eat meat, I know it's true;
Don't make me a meat-eater too.
If I was an American beef cow,
You can bet that I would be mad too.

If I was an American beef cow,
Don't you know that I would be mad too.
I'm a sentient creature,
With feelings just like you.
My teeth are flat for grinding,
That's what they're for;
Everybody knows that I'm an herbivore.
If I was an American beef cow,
Don't you know that I would be mad too.

If I was an American beef cow,
You can bet that I would be mad too.
If you feed me with my brother,
Well, what's a cow supposed to do?
I eat grass, until I'm full;
Don't turn me into a cannibal.
If I was an American beef cow,
You can bet that I would be mad too.

If you were an American beef cow,
I'll bet that you would be mad too.
Brain stems and spinal cords,
Would mess your diet too.
Children of America, how does it feel,
To eat slaughterhouse scraps in your Happy Meal?
If you were an American beef cow,
I'll bet that you would be mad too.

Spoken:

Now I'm not a beef cow, I'm a Buddhist monk.

But it doesn't take a scientist, veterinarian or a FDA inspector to point out that cows should eat grass. There's wisdom in the thought that I am what I eat. I think of a steak or burger, bacon or chops as my body, just one bite removed. These days the meat and dairy industry in a questionable cost-cutting strategy, dispose of their slaughterhouse waste by feeding it back to the cows, along with growth hormones, antibiotics, poultry litter and what are politely called rendered animal byproducts. Now if cows could speak, I'll bet they'd say, "For goodness sakes, please stop feeding us beef!"

If we were all American beef cows,
You could bet that we would be mad too.
What you put into your steak,
Comes right back to you.
Meat is our addiction, we crave for more;
The ol' law of karma's gonna even the score.
If we were all American beef cows,
You can bet that we would be mad.
Bet that we would be mad,
Bet that we would be mad too.

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Music: Traditional, arr. Rev. Heng Sure
Lyrics: Rev. Heng Sure*

Written for the VegSource.com 2005 Healthy Lifestyle Expo, the premier national vegetarian conference. Every year doctors, dietitians, athletes, elders and now, Buddhist monks and nuns, come together to learn more about the planet and our bodies, and how to nourish them without harming living creatures. The song reacts to an article in the New York Times that discussed the FDA's refusal to ban the cruel and unwise practice of feeding ground-up animal parts to animals that Nature designed as vegetarians.

When You Wake Up (4:03)

Mother is compassion, father is wisdom,
Buddha is the child.
Mother is matter, father is energy,
Kindness is the child.

When you close your eyes and slumber,
You ride your dreams and wander,
The stars in the sky will guide you home.
When you wake up in the morning,
The sun is your companion,
All the world will greet you with a song.

Mother is the ocean, father is the island,
Waves on the beach are the child,
Moon is the mother, sun is the father,
Light in the eye is the child.

Be kind to tiny creatures, contemplate their sounds,
Love the smallest and you live with love;
When your eyes are open, may you meet with Bodhisattvas,
And everyone awakens before long.

Mother is the paper, father is the notes,
Song is the child.
Mother is the valley, father is the mountain,
Echoes are the child.

Now you close your eyes and slumber,
And I look at you and wonder,
Who you've been and who you will become;
May your life bring people blessings,
May your words dispel the darkness,
May you shine like the morning sun.

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Lyrics and music: Rev. Heng Sure



A lullaby written for two sleeping orphans I watched in Bihar, India. They wake up every morning without the support and comfort of parents or family. I wanted to say to them that they are not entirely alone in the world; the sun and moon are always in the sky as their companions. Paul and Robin put together an evocative harmony on strings.

Turn, Return and Turn Again (3:06)

Return, my dear brothers, return and turn again.
Won't you turn your hearts back,
Before there's a who and a when.
We all want peace, but peace is where it begins,
I bid you turn, return and turn again.

Return, my dear sisters, return and turn again.
Won't you turn your hearts back,
Before there's a who and a when.
We all want peace, but peace is where we begin,
I bid you turn, return and turn again.

Return, friends and neighbors, return and turn again.
Won't you turn your hearts back,
Before there's an us and a them.
We all want peace, but peace is where you begin,
I bid you turn, return and turn again.

Return, you world leaders, return and turn again.
Won't you turn your politics,
To the welfare of women and men.
We all want peace, won't you lead us to where it begins,
I bid you turn, return and turn again.

Return, all you religions, return, and turn again.
Won't you turn your doctrines 'round,
Away from fear and sin.
You all preach peace, now show us how it begins,
Let's pray to turn, return and turn again.

Music: Traditional, arr. Rev. Heng Sure
Lyrics: Ven. Sucitto Bhikkhu



Josh, Rev. Heng Sure, Paul & Robin

Written in Khao Yai National Forest in Thailand, on a riverbank at 6,000 feet, by my brother monk, Sucitto Bhikkhu, from England, Abbot of Chithurst Forest Monastery. The tune is based on a familiar Grateful Dead anthem, "And We Bid You Goodnight," originally popularized by the Pindar family.

Weapons of Earth (3:52)

The Dao gave us earth, water, metal, wood and fire;
The human mind belongs to earth,
Its thoughts produce desire.
Desire goes unsatisfied, a thought of anger grows,
Anger turns to hatred, and people come to blows.

Fist to club and club to sword,
Sword to arrow, arrow to gun,
Bullet to bomb, and bomb to missile.
A thought of hate, in the mind of man.

Adam starts a ruckus, he knocks Simon down;
Weapons of earth: fists and feet, and the war goes on.

Simon swings a club, Adam's on the ground;
Wooden weapons: clubs and staffs, and the war goes on.

Arrows tipped with flint, swords made of steel;
Metal weapons: pierce through wood, and the war goes on.

Adam pulls a trigger, pierces Simon's shield;
Fire weapons: guns and cannon, and the war goes on.

Terror made from water, chemistry at war;
Water weapons: atom bombs, and the world stops here.

Children scream, weapons fly;
Elders tremble, widows cry;
Where does all the killing end?
Just a thought, you decide.

Water to fire, fire to metal,
Metal to wood, wood to hand,
Earth is where the trouble ends.
A thought of peace, in the mind of man.

Who can stop the death parade?

Souls who vow to end the fight,
Hands that heal, hands that give,
Hearts that fill with Buddha's light.

Who can stop the death parade?
Heal your mind, end the fight,
Drop the weapons, join your hands,
Fill your heart with Buddha's light.

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Lyrics and music: Rev. Heng Sure



The late Chan Master Hsuan Hua, my spiritual teacher, described the process through which men (rarely women) build weapons to destroy life. Through the ages of human history, progress in weapons technology has cycled through the ancient Chinese Five Elements: earth, wood, metal, fire and water. Fists are earth, clubs are wood, swords are metal, bullets are fire and viruses and atomic weapons are water. One unchecked thought of hatred can set in motion all this death technology. However, the cycle continues. Since water is absorbed by earth and a thought of peace in the human mind also belongs to earth, people can choose not to use weapons and not to war. In the end war and peace are decided in the human mind.

Samadhi Shoes (4:04)

The Buddha got enlightened, underneath the tree.
His mind was like a round full moon,
'Cause he entered samadhi.

Chorus:

He put on samadhi shoes, put on samadhi shoes;
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.
Calm your mind and body, say goodbye to the blues;
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.

Samadhi concentration comes from precepts pure,
Tame your body, mouth and mind,
And walk through samadhi's door.

Chorus:

When you put on samadhi shoes, put on samadhi shoes,
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.
Calm your mind and body, say goodbye to the blues;
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.

I held my precepts purely, when sitting in the hall,
But when I walked out that Zendo door,
I couldn't hold those rules at all.

Chorus:

Till I put on samadhi shoes, put on samadhi shoes,
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.
Calm your mind and body, say goodbye to the blues;
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.

My eyes attach to beauty, my ears love pretty sounds,

But when it's time to meditate,
My mind turns upside down.

Chorus:

Till I put on samadhi shoes...

Samadhi tames my senses, I turn the light around,
My thoughts are like a gentle stream,
And I hear compassion's sound,

Chorus:

When I put on samadhi shoes, put on samadhi shoes,
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.
Calm your mind and body, say goodbye to the blues;
Walkin' all the way to Buddhahood,
Put on samadhi shoes.
Put on samadhi shoes.
Put on samadhi shoes.

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Music: Traditional, arr. Rev. Heng Sure
Lyrics: Rev. Heng Sure



Composed spontaneously during a phone call with Heather Sundberg, the family program director at Spirit Rock Meditation Center. Samadhi is the state of meditative stillness and concentration that comes from ethical purity and leads to wisdom.

Dedication of Merit (2:38)

May every living being,
Our minds as one and radiant with light,
Share the fruits of peace,
With hearts of goodness, luminous and bright.
If people hear and see,
How hands and hearts can find in giving, unity,
May their minds awake,
To Great Compassion, wisdom and to joy.
May kindness find reward,
May all who sorrow leave their grief and pain;
May this boundless light,
Break the darkness of their endless night.
Because our hearts are one
This world of pain turns into Paradise
May all become compassionate and wise,
May all become compassionate and wise.

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Music: Loreena McKennit: "The Dark Night of the Soul."
From the Quinlan Road
CD The Mask and Mirror. Published by Quinlan Road
Music Ltd (SOCAN/BMI).
www.quinlanroad.com
Lyrics: Traditional Buddhist hymn, translated from
the Chinese by Rev. Heng Sure and Bhikshu Heng Lyu

This song was composed at Our Lady of Grace Benedictine
Convent, in Beech Grove, Indiana, eight days after the
World Trade Center towers fell in New York. The song
has a healing quality and has been adopted by religious
communities -- Buddhist, Catholic and Protestant --
around the world.

For more details about these songs,
please visit www.dharmaradio.org

Instruments

Rev. Heng Sure

Vocals: (Tracks 1-15)
1998 Alberico OM cutaway guitar (Tracks 2, 4, 10, 14)
1995 Taylor LKSM 12-string guitar (Tracks 9, 12, 15)
Henry Kaiser's 1898 Howe-Orme high-strung parlor
guitar (Track 1)

Josh Michael

Gourd Banjo (Track 5)
Santa Cruz H13 walnut guitar (Tracks 8, 13)
Vocals (Tracks 4, 5, 7)

Paul Hostetter

Taylor LKSM 12 string guitar (Tracks 3, 6, 11)
1920 Gibson A-4 mandolin (Track 8)

Robin Petrie

Hammered Dulcimer (Tracks 11, 13, 8)

Alan Senauke

1977 Martin OM-18 guitar (Track 2, 9, 10)
1971 Givens mandolin (Track 3)
Vocals (Tracks 4, 5, 7, 13)

Brian Godchaux

Violin (Tracks 2, 5, 6, 13, 14)
Vocals (Tracks 4, 5, 7)

For more information, please meditate. ☺



Dharma Radio
MUSIC

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