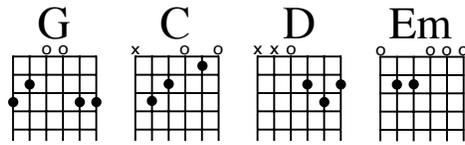


# SONG FOR JUDY & BRIDGET

words and music by Danny Schmidt



INTRO: G - C - G ... G - D ... G - C - G ... G - D - G ...

G C G  
We've got two hearts that beat together

G D  
Got two rings, they're intertwined

G C G  
We're all set then - can't beat the weather

G D G  
A wedding march to lead the brides

G C G  
I've got dirt and I've got water

Em D  
The Acorn Inn - it's planting time

G C G  
I've got my friends and I've got my family

G D G  
And I've got my sunshine right by my side

They've come back home to sweet Virginia  
To gracious ground and sacred soil  
Where there's no such thing as to live in sin, y'all  
When it's all in love and it's all for joy

Refrain

Save the tears to fill the punch bowl  
With water pure as hearts are clear  
Cause through the years they'll spill back tenfold  
On friendships old as the friends are dear

Refrain

If love's as rare as the invitation  
To come and join in love's parade  
Well then I declare, it's a fine conception  
Arm in arm - it's a promenade

Refrain

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## SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the eighth fret.

My friends Judy and Bridget asked me and my good friend, Tim Freilich, to play a song for their commitment ceremony. They were getting married in the Blue Ridge Mountains at a beautiful country inn, called the Acorn Inn, and they wanted a song that could serve as a processional, leading everyone from the inn to the clearing on the ridge where the ceremony would commence. . . something that might lead people into the sacred space of ritual, both physically and spiritually.

Tim and I racked our brains for awhile, but we couldn't come up with an appropriate piece for the occasion, and so we wrote one that we thought would be fitting. Tim sang harmonies and played mandolin and harmonica on the song while we led the wedding party out to the site. It was a slow 8 or 9 minute stroll out to the ridge . . . so that kept Tim pretty busy with long solos between each verse.

The note card with the lyrics, taped to the top of my guitar, had two versions of the third line. The one I, thankfully, was able to ditch was: "We're all set then, EXCEPT the weather . . ." Instead, the rains held off, miraculously, as though there was a bubble around the party. And it was one of those magical occasions that I luck my way into every so often, where the making of music and the making of community is one in the same act, and music makes perfect sense to me for a change. So thank you Judy and Bridget.

