

Her Garden Grows

Drake Oranwood

♩ = 85

Am7 Em7 C D G C D %G

Am

Bm



So far from home, from her girl - hood as a wand'-
 Now she's a - lone, and be-hind her is our fal -
 She's nev - er fazed, noth-ing has the pow - er to
 The day has come, she's re - turn - ing to the land

10

C

G

Am

Bm

C

D



- ring sing - er, But her com - pan - ion has prom - ised her a grand sur-prise.
 - len tow - er; One night of storm, and her heart is like our shat - tered land.
 a - larm her. Her voice, when raised or a whis - per, still com - mands the hall.
 she hails from. Her reign is done, one the like of which we've nev - er seen.

15

G

Am

Bm

C



Yes, sure e - nough, that's a roy - al cor - o - net he brings her:
 There's no man born, who can heal us in this aw - ful ho - ur:
 We watch, a - mazed, as she mounts a horse and fights in ar - mor.
 So well and long, did she steer this ship through ev' - ry mael-strom,

19

Am

Bm7

Cmaj7

D

Am

Bm7



Did I just see pan - ic in her eyes? But that fades and
 What's our realm with no one in com - mand? Then she stands and
 Ev - er joy - ous, she in - spires us all... But what's this? A
 In my heart, she'll al - ways be my Queen. Nev - er flinch - ing,

25

Em

Em7

Am

Bm7

Em



it be-comes a mer - ry twink-le, As she sees a king - dom hard at work
 prom - is - es to do her du - ty, Walk-ing with us, step for step and mile
 pes - ti-lence has swept up - on us. In our homes, we hud - dle, mourn - ing those
 as she faced each tri - al fate-ful. Can our king - dom bear to let this treas -

30 Em7 Am Bm7 Em Em7

and play. And her voice is sound - ing ev' - ry day more re - gal,
for mile. Shows us all a king - dom that's a - wash in beau - ty,
struck down. Yet her voice still mar - shalls us, de - vot - ed, hon - est,
- ure go? From this dis - tance, will she see we're ev - er grate - ful?

35 C G Am D7 G Am D Bm

Shar - ing praise and kind - ness as she may... She's out there sing - ing as her gar - den
Lift - ing up our spir - its with her smile...
Heed - less of the burd - ens of the crown...
Through my tears, I'm smil - ing, for I know...

42 C Am Em C D G

grows, and she tends the earth and plants the seeds, so gen - tle yet firm. Where does she
she knows what to do.
in sun - shine or rain.
as she's done be - fore.

48 Am D Bm Em7 Am7 Em7 C To Coda

draw the strength from? No one knows. But she's up be - fore the sun is in her gar - den as it

54 1.-2. 3. D.S. al Coda

grows with her. grows a - gain. grows once more...
grows a - new.

61 Am7 Em7 C D Am7 Em7

up be - fore the sun is in her gar - den as it grows once more... up be - fore the sun is in her

67 C D D7 G C G

gar - den as it grows once more.