

Ricky Skaggs, Seven Hillsides

(Written by Walt Wilkins)

All night I've wrestled Jacob's angels
And prayed with Matthew, Luke and John
Struggling to find the words you face the task
That comes upon the blood red dawn.

I've buried men before their time
Of alcohol and blackened lung
But how to bury seven of these
Appalachian miners sons.
Who stormed the beaches wave on wave,
And sailed home to these rocky graves
In family plots that bared their names.

Chorus:
Tomorrow I'll walk up, seven hillsides
Tremble before my flock on seven hillsides
Seven sorrows, seven sons, seven mothers and every one
Will turn to me for the word of God, what does this mean?
And there I'll stand good book in hand,
A shepherd to these precious lambs
What will I say, what will I say, what can I say?

To tell the truth I'd never thought much
About the will of God before.
Called to preach at seventeen
I was in love with fiery words and not much more.

The time has come to keep the faith
For others shattered by their loss.
Remind them of the loving God
Whose son like theirs paid the cost.
To save a sad and wicked world
Through sacrifice our love is heard
And pray that I believe those words.

Chorus:
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Tremble before my flock on seven hillsides
Seven sorrows, seven sons, seven mothers and every one
Will turn to me for the word of God, what does this mean?...