Rooted In Stone

Jeff Davidson

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They crossed the wide Missouri stream, rolled into the prairie to find their dream. Pioneers spread out across this land, to build their home, by their own hand. But trees were scarce, there was no wood, so they turned to what they had, did what they could. They framed and built their frontier home, rooted in stone, rooted in stone. For centuries the tall grasses stand, on stony soils and hilly land. Rooted in stone they feed the cow, but stand their ground against the plow. Beneath that grass, our ancestors rest, for they built this state and they stood the test. Their name lives on above their bones, rooted in stone, rooted in stone. The fence law came with the cattle trails, but trees were few to split for fence rails. So, horse high, bull strong, and pig tight they stood, stone wall fences instead of wood. Stone-built churches reach to the sky, and declare our faith to God on high. Like life’s commandments from the Throne, rooted in stone, rooted in stone.

Oh, give me a rangeland home, that’s rooted firm in stone. A land of God’s good earth, the land of my birth. To the stars through difficulty, its name stands in history. A state we call our own, that’s rooted firm in stone. This land called Kansas knows no bounds, its people grow from solid ground. Traces of our stone roots are there, as we fly high through the air. They say some states are carved or born, while others come from hide n horn. But Kansans built their rangeland home, rooted in stone, rooted in stone.

Jeff Davidson’s music reflects the serenity and solitude of the Flint Hills. Providing music across the state for years, Jeff and his songs focus on historical aspects of Kansas and history of the West.