

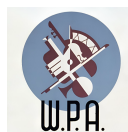
The tumultuous divisions within the Stone Campbell Restoration Church Movement during the early 20th century coincided with a transformative period in American history, marked by the Great Depression and President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal initiatives. While the Stone Campbell Movement grappled with theological and organizational disputes, the Federal Music Program (FMP) sought to cultivate cultural enrichment and unity through music amidst economic hardship.

As the Stone Campbell Movement wrestled with disagreements

over centralized organizations and musical practices, the FMP aimed to employ musicians nationwide, fostering live performances and music appreciation. Despite challenges such as Eurocentric preferences and budget cuts, the FMP documented a diverse array of American musical traditions, including African American and Hispanic music, while providing opportunities for underprivileged individuals and enriching children's lives through musical education.

Stone Campbell Revue's album, "Wash My Feet," is a creative reflection of these intersecting narratives. Inspired by the legacy of the Stone Campbell Movement and the cultural vibrancy documented by the FMP, "Wash My Feet" weaves together themes of unity, struggle, and resilience. Through an eclectic blend of musical styles and lyrical exploration of faith and community, the album serves as a testament to the enduring power of music to bridge divides and inspire hope in times of uncertainty.

Stone Campbell Revue is an ai-assisted collaborative dedicated to nostalgic, lo-fi explorations of faith expression and Americana roots music.



Doctrinal Waltz

Well, we don't believe in healing
Or speaking in tongues
We don't believe in rituals
Or sprinkling the young
We don't believe in Calvin
Or what Martin Luther done
And we don't believe those heathens
Who say we all could be one

No we don't believe in Calvin
Or what Martin Luther done
And we don't believe those heathens
Who say we all could be one

And we don't believe in gambling
Or taking social drink
We don't believe in dancing
We tore out the kitchen sink
No instrumental music
Especially in the church
We don't take a single breath
Without chapter, book and verse

And I don't believe I know you sir
I don't recall your face
Perhaps you don't understand
You seem quite out of place
You see, we know we're right
And right'll win us the race
So don't come here pandering
That foolish talk of grace.



What Livin' Means

She had enough of debts and bills
She had enough of them whiskey and pills
She wanna go where the water's clean
She wanna know what livin' means
Yeah she wanna know what livin' means
Wanna know what livin' means

He had enough of them guns and war
He had enough of them pimps and whores
Don't steal the gold from a young man's
dream
Or he'll never know what livin' means
No, he'll never know what livin' means

Goin' down to the river now
I'm gonna take a dead man's hand
Goin' into the water now
Gonna find the Promised Land
Lay me down as black as coal
I'm gonna come up pure and clean
Good Lord gonna let me know
What livin' means

Now we don't need them myths and creeds
How's a good thing gonna grow
In the middle of all them weeds
You see a stubborn man'll die of thirst
Two feet from a mountain stream
He don't know what's killin' him,
Don't know what livin' means
No he don't know what livin' means
Goin' down to the river now

Don't steal the gold from a young man's
dream
Or he'll never know what livin' means
No, he'll never know what livin' means

Goin' down to the river now
I'm gonna take a dead man's hand
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What livin' means



Selma Sundays

Selma sang on Sundays,
slid up to reach the highs.
She sang about Amazing Grace
and angels from the skies.

And in the car she sang to me
"a-chewin'" on her gum,
"I love you a bushel an' a peck..." she'd sing
but my Papaw--- he'd just hum.

(hum)

I need another Selma Sunday afternoon
I need another Selma Sunday afternoon---
I need some sweet potato, buttermilk 'n cornbread in a spoon
I need another Selma Sunday afternoon.

The car slid through the spruce and pine
up to the long church drive,
we all knew when we'd get home
we'd eat till four or five.
And when the sun begins to slant
the cicadas start to sing
and Selma sits in that old lawn chair
and it don't mean a thing...
no, it don't have to mean a thing
if you just want to sing.

(la la la de-dum)

We need another Selma Sunday afternoon---
We need some sweet potato, buttermilk 'n cornbread in a spoon
We all need another Selma Sunday afternoon.
We all need another Selma Sunday afternoon.



Grace

She's a born again believer
Her grandpa preached the Word
Her momma slaves every Saturday night
On a potluck Sunday bird
She wore down my excuses
Inviting me to church
Those eyes were blue as Jordan's shore
I had a wilderness of thirst

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

Well, the pews are hard and wooden
And the sermon, monotone
But there ain't a Lord's Day morning
You're gonna find me at home
Yeah, she's right there beside me
And her momma's on the other side
And I'm praising the Lord for amazing
Grace...

Man, that ain't no lie

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

It's a hard row to be plowing
Between a woman and the Lord
Most days it seems like I'm lying to both
Though I haven't said a word
One day I hope she'll see me
As more than a soul to save
Until that day I'll just carry on
And pray to God to give me Grace

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace



Call It A Day

I spent the morning with my father
Fishing for lake trout in the stream
We caught nothing but the north wind
And a hand full of rainbow colored dreams
He smoked the pipe my grandpa gave him
I chewed a blade of long-stemmed grass
The water clear as the future
The fish as hungry as the past
A storm rolled in above the mountains
And from the far bank he did say
Looks like the good Lord wants us somewhere else
I guess we'll call it a day

Working figures in the lamp light
Lining up ciphers on the page
His neck was red as the clay soil
His forehead pale as the sage
He'd shave his pencils with a jack-knife
He kept our savings in a jar
He knew the shortness of a dollar bill
He knew a little could go far
And when the bankers came one evening
And there was not enough to pay,
He said, Looks like the good Lord wants us somewhere else
I guess we'll call it a day

One day I saw him by the barn door
Lean his whole weight upon the latch
Thin as a weather-beaten split-rail
Light as a burned-out kitchen match
He'd spent his days, he'd spent his body
He didn't know no other way
What you hold back in your livin' son
He said, you'll only waste upon your grave
And when his body finally gave out
I knew exactly what he'd say
Looks like the good Lord wants me somewhere else, son
I guess I'll call it a day



Prodigal

I was baptized by immersion
At the tender age of ten
Sealed my conversion
From a short-lived life of sin
My daddy laid me under
My momma stood and cried
But I began to wonder
Before my hair was dry

Am I saved?
Lord, am I saved?
I got one foot in the fold
And one that wants to stray
Lord, am I saved?

So I started out to wander
At a restless seventeen
Sure I'd live forever,
Yeah, you know what I mean
Met some friendly people
Glad to take me in
Taught me 'bout the wild side
Baptized me in gin

Am I saved?
Am I saved?
Lord, am I saved?
My mouth's on the bottle
Got two feet in the grave
Lord, am I saved?

Been gone so long away from home
How could I return?
They probably wouldn't recognize
This boy whose bound to burn--
Too gone to save

I was a dead man at thirty
Alone and in the dark
When a preacher came a-preachin'
Right there in Central Park
The seed a long time planted
Found the light of day
I recalled those hands that lifted me
Up from that watery grave

Lord, I'm saved
Praise the Lord, I'm saved
You see, I had to die
Before I could be raised
Lord, I'm saved



Summer

Summer, like Madonna and child...
You were born just a little bit wild.
Blonde hair and a permanent smile,
Summer, like Madonna and child.
Who knows what the Lord was doin'
when He made you---
but I hear some people have been with angels
and never knew.

Summer, what do you see?
This millstone 'round my neck and an angry sea?
I can stumble and fall so easily
Bringin' everyone around down with me.
You must be some kind of Messiah
The way you look through me.
And there's somethin' in your innocence that reminds me
Of the way things ought to be.

Summer, like a summer rain,
You open up your arms to bless us again.
But it's a hard, hard ground for growin' grain
And sometimes it only yields pain.
Like a lamb led to the slaughter
You are your Father's daughter...
But like the summer sun
You still smile on everyone.

You open up your arms to bless us again.
But it's a hard, hard ground for growin' grain
And sometimes it only yields pain.
Like a lamb led to the slaughter
You are your Father's daughter...
But like the summer sun
You still smile on everyone.



Up on the Mountain

When I'm lost, when I forget my name
When the sky is clouded but it gives no rain
When I'm thirsty, but the spring is dry
I climb up where the forest sweeps the
sky...

Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

Day to day, well, I look around
All I see is mostly on the ground
In the valley it's hard to see
Beyond the clutter surrounding me
But up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

Life is small, so am I
We're born, we eat, we laugh, we cry
Sometimes it's hard to see just why
Everybody has a time to die
But up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

Life is small, so am I
We're born, we eat, we laugh, we cry
Sometimes it's hard to see just why
Everybody has a time to die
But up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

When you meet eternity
It's gonna bring you to your knees
The lame shall walk and the blind will see
Oh, when you meet eternity
When you meet eternity
It's gonna bring you to your knees
The lame shall walk and the blind will see
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Oh, when you meet eternity

Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see...

Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see...



Wash My Feet

I walked that fence line one Wednesday
afternoon,
The clouds were heavy, it was a rainy day
in June.

I saw your face in the profile of the trees;
There on the precipice, I drank that
northern breeze.

And the river left her banks
Swirling past the trees,
Flooded the summer grass---
She was coming to wet my feet.
Come wash my feet again.

I spend my days inside, chains to weight
my limbs.
The walls speak hollow words again and
again.
But when I finally make the door, I'll fling it
toward the rain,
Let it drench my face as I gently speak your
name.

The snow returned today, I knew it wasn't
spring.
The fragile crystals danced like puppets on
a string.
But the life's within them yet, as liquid as
the moon;
I've felt it once before, it was a rainy day in
June.

And the river leaves her banks
Swirling past the trees,
Floods the summer grass---
She comes to wet my feet.
Come wash my feet again.
Oh, river wide,
Wash my hands,
Wash my head,
Wash me clean, oh, river wide,
Make me young, make me young again

River, river wide,
River, river wide,
River, river wide.

Oh, Oh,
River, river wide,
River, river wide.

Ooh... ooh...

She comes to wet my feet.
Come wash my feet again.
Oh, river wide,
Wash my hands,
Wash my head,
Wash me clean, oh, river wide,
Make me young, make me young again

River, river wide,
River, river wide.

Oh, Oh,
River, river wide,
River, river wide.



Ask, Seek, Knock

Even when I'm asleep there's a light that shines
Even when I'm dry, there's water turned to wine
There's a wonder and a sign, there's a gold refined
I'm no longer mine...

Even when I'm awake, there's a rest that comes
When I'm out of step I can hear the drums
And my heartbeat thrums, though my lips are dumb
We still sing as one...

Important questions sometimes go unasked
Even honesty sometimes wears a mask
It's a fearful task, don't let it pass
Answers come at last...

Na na na na na...

The question won't be asked if you will not speak
You can't find a thing if you refuse to seek
I want to turn my cheek, but my spirit's weak
Then the hinges creak...

Na na na na na...

The question won't be asked if you will not speak
You can't find a thing if you refuse to seek
I want to turn my cheek, but my spirit's weak
Then the hinges creak...

Na na na na na...

Oh, I want to turn my cheek, but my spirit's weak
Then the hinges creak...

Na na na na na...



Reckless Resurrected

Down to the river just to find myself,
But I was not there
Into the forest to hear your voice,
But the aspen were still bare

Oh my God, what have I done
With the spirit you breathed into me?
We're just the reckless resurrected
Don't know we're free

You can't live your life in a mine field,
Everyone wrong doesn't make you right
You can argue your point, even win the war
It won't bring the dead back to life.
Oh my God, what have I done
With the spirit you breathed into me?
We're just the reckless resurrected-
Don't know we're free

Look around you now, see, the springtime's here;
Easter's come and gone
The water's high and the apple blossoms gather 'round
Summer's coming on..
And even when the night is stormy
There's a still, quiet voice bringing peace
Sing this song until the rising of the sun,
Oh, let it rise, yeah... let it be...

Oh my God, what have I done?
It's your spirit you breathed into me.
We're just the reckless resurrected,
Teach us to be free

Down to the river just to find myself,
Jesus met me there
Into the forest to hear your voice,
And the trees were filled with prayer
Oh my God, what have I done?
It's your spirit you breathed into me.
We're just the reckless resurrected,
And we're learning to be free
We're learning to be free.

We're learning to be free.



Call Me

It's been fourteen years and runnin'
Since we went our separate ways,
Seems I said goodbye to you
but you said, "later days."
You can call me a lazy worthless bum
For breakin' up our home,
But darlin' if you're gonna call me,
You better charge it to your own phone.

Call me a sinner, call me a wreck,
You can call me anything you like,
But don't call me collect.

I been payin' your alimony
Like it was goin' out of style.
Seems every inch I give to you
You stretch into a mile.
Now when the times get rotten
and you're feelin' all alone,
Well, honey if you're gonna call me,
You better charge it to your own phone.

Call me a sinner, call me a wreck,
You can call me anything you like,
But don't call me collect.

Call me a sinner, call me a wreck,
You can call me anything you like,
But don't call me collect.

Call me a sinner, call me a wreck,
You can call me anything you like,
But don't call me collect.

