

We Are One

Donovan

Fare thee well ye tribes of olden
Families of Man
Long before the Age of Iron
'Round the yew did stand.

Fare thee well ye wild pain-mounted
In your stony ring
Long before the age of debtors
'Round the yew did sing.

We are all together, we are one
The wandering tribe of Man around the sun
And though we bow to mechanical gods
We are all together, cowering like dogs.

Fare thee well great forest country
Horn and stag and boar
Fare thee well your crystal fountain
Virgin fear no more.

Sad no more the flowing wind
Shall lift your tangled hair
Sad the geese are winging homeward
Through the poisoned air.

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The wandering tribe of Man around the sun
And though we bow to mechanical gods
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