

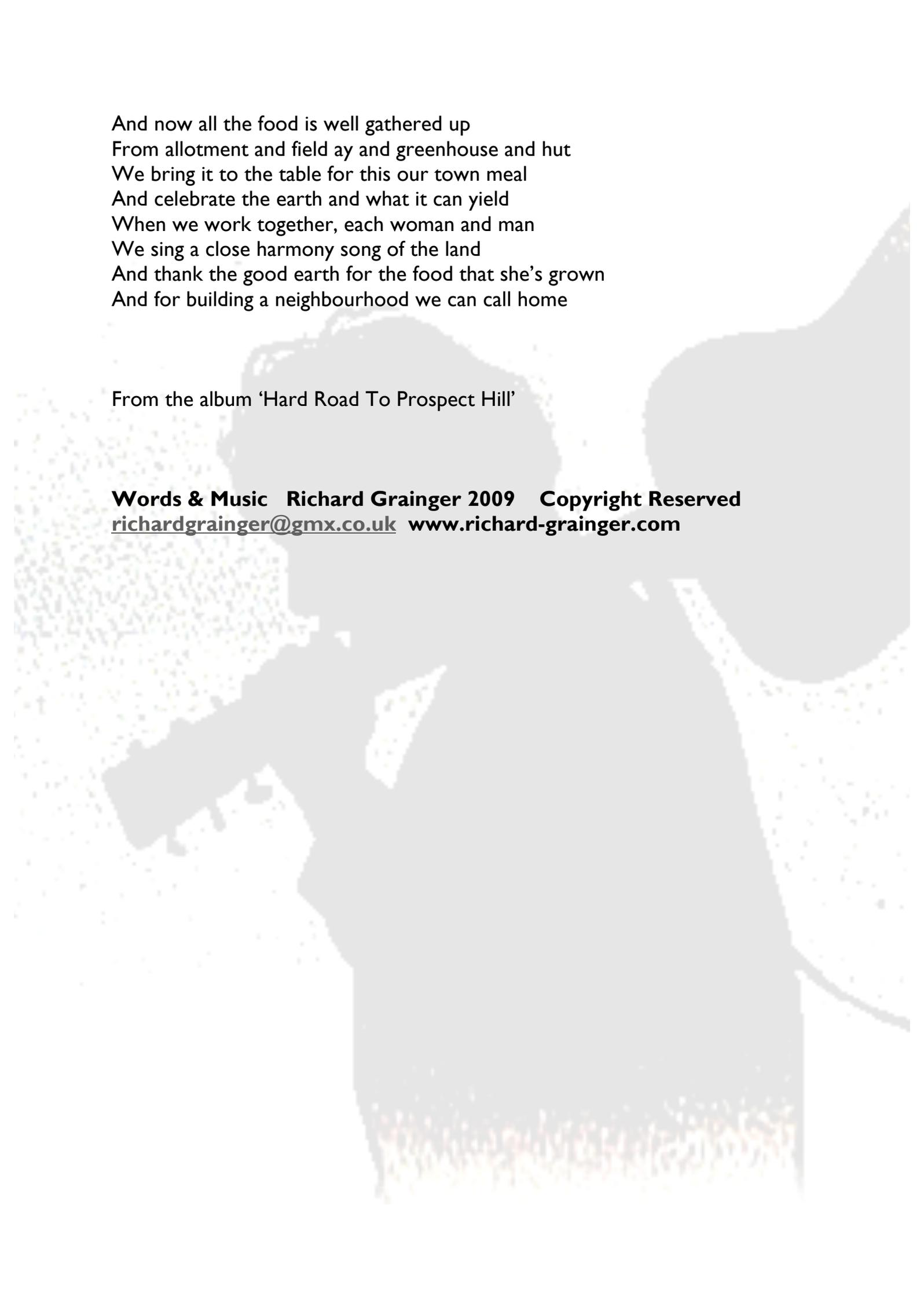
Good Earth (Town Meal Song)

The world is in turmoil, the earth is in pain
As I walk down the street no one calls out my name
They've knocked down the buildings communities gone
As I walk through this glorious wilderness town
But among all the memories, chimneys and smoke
As in times long gone by the air might make you choke
It's there I saw something I'd never have dreamed
There were gardens a-growing an oasis of green

Come sit at the table and drink of the wine
Taste food from our garden, the grape from our vine
A health to our neighbour and the seeds we have sown
And thank the good earth for the food that we've grown

I looked to the stars touched by the moon
The trees gently swayed as they sung me a tune
Then the earth raised her voice echoing long
As she gave me the words that I wrote for a song
Mother earth holds the power to change for the good
The water your food and your whole neighbourhood
She gave us the soil and the rain and the wind
And she gave us the power to change everything

So we planted our gardens and watered the land
We sowed, and we hoed and we raked it by hand
Like a grouse on the moor, raises her young
We nurse every seedling till it's fully grown
Then we cut it and pull it and harvest it in
The fruits of our labours are all gathered in
And we thank the good earth for the food that we've got
From the garden it comes aye and straight to the pot



And now all the food is well gathered up
From allotment and field ay and greenhouse and hut
We bring it to the table for this our town meal
And celebrate the earth and what it can yield
When we work together, each woman and man
We sing a close harmony song of the land
And thank the good earth for the food that she's grown
And for building a neighbourhood we can call home

From the album 'Hard Road To Prospect Hill'

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