

Mother Earth

The Pentangle

Love our Mother Earth
Know the things she loves
With such delight
Know when she tells you
Her season is right
Love our sweet Mother Earth.
Cut and grind the wheat
Separate each single grain of corn
And with the rain
We'll have a miracle born
Bless the bread we shall eat.
Cut the sweet cane down
From the dusty earth harvest and reap
Take from the heart
Its sweet honey so deep
In its sweetness we'll drown.
Love our Mother Earth
Know the things she loves with such delight
Know when she tells you
Her season of right
Love our sweet Mother Earth