

## Sandy Denny

# "Quiet Joys of Brotherhood"

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I can't believe that it's so cold

As gentle tides go rolling by,  
Along the salt sea strand  
The colours blend and roll as one  
Together in the sand.  
And often do the winds entwine  
Do send their distant call,  
The quiet joys of brotherhood,  
And love is lord of all.

The oak and weed together rise,  
Along the common ground.  
The mare and stallion light and dark  
Have thunder in their sound.  
The rainbow sign, the blended flower  
Still have my heart in thrall.  
The quiet joys of brotherhood,  
And love is lord of all.

But man has come to plough the tide,  
The oak lies on the ground.  
I hear their tires in the fields,  
They drive the stallion down.  
The roses bleed both light and dark,  
The winds do seldom call.  
The running sands recall the time  
When love was lord of all.

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