



Woodstock

to the tune of "Woodstock" by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young

I came upon the tribes of God
They were walking near Jericho.
And I asked them, where are you going
And this they told me.

We're going on up to Yis-ra-el
After forty years in the sand.
We're gonna find the promised land
We're gonna get our souls free.

(Chorus)

We are free now.
We are holy.
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the garden.

By the time we crossed the Red Sea
We were near three million strong
And everywhere there was song
And a celebration.

And I dreamed I saw the manna
Fall like raindrops from the sky
And it was dropped by Adonai
To feed our nation.

(Repeat chorus)

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