

# **We Shall Go On Together**

*Ryan Opp  
(for Ariel)*

There is a story of a strange man they say  
Who lived long ago, and a fair ways away,  
Who was known in the land for his odd little friends.  
You'll see what I mean before this story ends.

Our story begins at the scene of the show,  
When the boy was quite young, his altitude low.  
Each day after school, as he walked home at noon,  
He sang simple words, to his own simple tune:

Hey ho! My pretty Leaf!  
Taking you makes me no thief.  
I will claim you now to calm my grief.  
So we shall go on together...

Oh pretty green Leaf, will you come with me?  
You spend all your life being stuck on a tree.  
Come, I will grant you your liberty.  
Oh pretty green Leaf, will you come with me?  
The walk home is long, I need company.  
You fit so nice in my hair you see.  
Oh pretty green Leaf, will you come with me?  
Then we shall go on together...

So the boy would go on, he'd have not a care,  
With a smile on his face, and a leaf in his hair.  
I hardly believe this, but I know well it's true:  
The leaf always seemed to be smiling, too.

And the boy grew again, as little boys can.  
In no time at all: a dashing young man.  
Now in booming bass, as the lad walked along,  
Could be heard yet again, that same simple song:

Hey ho! My little Bird!  
The pair of us would be quite absurd!  
But sing ye this song; I will teach you each word.  
And we shall go on together...

Oh small yellow Bird, will you fly close by me?  
Please share with me now your sweet melody.  
I'm sure when you do, my worries will flee.  
Oh small yellow Bird, will you fly close by me?

If trav'lers need friends, then why not we?  
I've prepared a spot on my arm for thee.  
Oh small yellow Bird, will you fly close by me?  
Then we shall go on together...

He'd walk through the woods, a merry young chap,  
While next to the road a small bird would flap.  
And once in a while as he stopped in a clear,  
The bird would alight, and sing in his ear.

And so the boy grew to lad and then man.  
Against whose good name, no one could stand.  
With good work and good children, and beautiful wife,  
He continued his song through all of his life:

Hey ho! My fluffy Cloud!  
Give me thunder, though not too loud!  
The bright blazing sun, a bit you could shroud,  
And we shall go on together...

Oh blue fluffy Cloud, will you soar over me?  
You look so alone in that vast airy sea.  
Weep out your woes, your friend I will be.  
Oh blue fluffy Cloud, will you soar over me?  
Had you an appointment? Or are you quite free?  
For some cool rain I'd take most thankfully.  
Oh blue fluffy Cloud, will you soar over me?  
Then we shall go on together...

So the man would oft listen to sky's songs of pain,  
And never I knew of him in need of rain.  
Then on and on flowed the river of time,  
And so his life passed beyond years of his prime.

Until one day which is said was his last,  
Leaned 'gainst a small tree he was when they passed;  
Three friends he had known his whole life long.  
They came to him now, and sang him this song:

Hey ho! Our faithful Friend!  
It seems a help we're here to lend,  
Until this tale has met its end,  
We shall go on together...

Oh faithful old Friend, let us stay here with thee.  
And then Leaf said, "Your shade I will be."  
And Bird, "I will sing my best melody."  
Oh faithful old Friend, let us stay here with thee.

And Cloud, "A soft cool rain you shall see."  
And such we'll bestow on your future fam'ly.  
Oh faithful old Friend, let us stay here with thee.  
Then we shall go on together...

At last the poor old man's spirit he gave.  
The very next day he was placed in the grave.  
And now, both he and his name are forgot,  
Except to three friends, to whom he is not.

Those friends, and the blessings they promised to bless,  
I know have now come to their time of success.  
Although of this man you never did hear,  
He's surely your forefather; this I know clear.

For the Leaf, whose cool shade was lovely and fair,  
Must have blessed your dark beautiful hair.  
And your voice, the loveliest ever I've heard,  
Surely it must be the gift of the Bird.

The Cloud, who lived in the blue stormy skies,  
Has taken that hue, to place in your eyes.  
So to you, my dear, oh blessed from above,  
I give this simple song of my simple love:

Hey ho! My Maiden Fair!  
With beautiful eyes, voice, and hair,  
Whose loving presence erases each care,  
We shall go on together...

Oh sweet Darling, will you come with me?  
Together we'll soar over mountain and sea.  
We'll climb many heights, we'll be oh so free!  
Oh sweet Darling, how much I love thee!  
You never will know what you mean to me.  
And you and I forever will be!  
Oh sweet Darling, please say you love me,

Then we shall go on together!