**Strange Fruit**

Southern trees bear strange fruit

Blood on the leaves and blood at the root

Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze

Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees

Pastoral scene of the gallant south

The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth

Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh

Then the sudden smell of burning flesh

Here is fruit for the crows to pluck

For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck

For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop

Here is a strange and bitter crop

**This Land is Your Land**

This land is your land, this land is my land

From the California to the New York Island

From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters

This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway

I saw above me that endless skyway

Saw below me the golden valley

This land was made for you and me

I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps

To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts

All around me a voice was sounding

This land was made for you and me

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling

In wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling

The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting

This land was made for you and me

This land is your land, this land is my land

From the California to the New York Island

From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters

This land was made for you and me

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling

In wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling

The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting

This land was made for you and me

**Where have all the flowers gone?**

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?

Where have all the flowers gone?

Young girls have picked them, every one

Oh when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?

Where have all the young girls gone?

Gone for young men, every one

Oh when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone, long time passing?

Where have all the young men gone, long time ago?

Where have all the young men gone?

Gone for soldiers, every one

Oh when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?

Where have all the soldiers gone?

Gone to graveyards, every one

Oh when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Gone to flowers, every one

Oh when will they ever learn, oh when will they ever learn?

**The Hammer Song**

If I had a hammer

I'd hammer in the morning

I'd hammer in the evening

All over this land

I'd hammer out danger

I'd hammer out a warning

I'd hammer out love between

My brothers and my sisters

All over this land, uh

If I had a bell

I'd ring it in the morning

I'd ring it in the evening

All over this land

I'd ring out danger

I'd ring out a warning

I'd ring out love between

My brothers and my sisters

All over this land, oh

If I had a song

I'd sing it in the morning

I'd sing it in the evening

All over this land

I'd sing out danger

I'd song of out a warning

I'd sing out love between

My brothers and my sisters

All over this land, oh

Well, I've got a hammer

And I've got a bell

And I've got a song to sing

All over this land

It's the hammer of justice

It's the bell of freedom

It's a song about love between

My brothers and my sisters

All over this land

It's a hammer of justice

It's a bell of freedom

It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land

**Blowing in the Wind**

How many roads must a man walk down

Before you call him a man?

How many seas must a white dove sail

Before she sleeps in the sand?

Yes, and how many times must the cannon balls fly

Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many years can a mountain exist

Before it's washed to the sea?

Yes, and how many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head

And pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

Yes, and how many ears must one man have

Before he can hear people cry?

Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'till he knows

That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

**The times, they are a-changin’**

Come gather around people

Wherever you roam

And admit that the waters

Around you have grown

And accept it that soon

You'll be drenched to the bone

And if your breath to you is worth saving

Then you better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone

For the times they are a-changing

Come writers and critics

Who prophesize with your pen

And keep your eyes wide

The chance won't come again

And don't speak too soon

For the wheel's still in spin

And there's no telling who that it's naming

For the loser now will be later to win

Cause the times they are a-changing

Come senators, congressmen

Please heed the call

Don't stand in the doorway

Don't block up the hall

For he that gets hurt

Will be he who has stalled

There's the battle outside raging

It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls

For the times they are a-changing

Come mothers and fathers

Throughout the land

And don't criticize

What you can't understand

Your sons and your daughters

Are beyond your command

Your old road is rapidly aging

Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand

Cause the times they are a-changing

The line it is drawn

The curse it is cast

The slowest now

Will later be fast

As the present now

Will later be past

The order is rapidly fading

And the first one now will later be last

Cause the times they are a-changing

**Masters of War**

Come you masters of war

You that build the big guns

You that build the death planes

You that build all the bombs

You that hide behind walls

You that hide behind desks

I just want you to know

I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'

But build to destroy

You play with my world

Like it's your little toy

You put a gun in my hand

And you hide from my eyes

And you turn and run farther

When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old

You lie and deceive

A world war can be won

You want me to believe

But I see through your eyes

And I see through your brain

Like I see through the water

That runs down my drain

You fasten all the triggers

For the others to fire

Then you sit back and watch

When the death count gets higher

You hide in your mansion

While the young people's blood

Flows out of their bodies

And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear

That can ever be hurled

Fear to bring children

Into the world

For threatening my baby

Unborn and unnamed

You ain't worth the blood

That runs in your veins

How much do I know

To talk out of turn

You might say that I'm young

You might say I'm unlearned

But there's one thing I know

Though I'm younger than you

That even Jesus would never

Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question

Is your money that good?

Will it buy you forgiveness

Do you think that it could?

I think you will find

When your death takes its toll

All the money you made

Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die

And your death'll come soon

I will follow your casket

By the pale afternoon

And I'll watch while you're lowered

Down to your deathbed

And I'll stand o'er your grave

'Til I'm sure that you're dead

**Eve Of Destruction**

The eastern world, it is explodin',

Violence flarin', bullets loadin',

You're old enough to kill but not for votin',

You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin',

And even the Jordan river has bodies floatin',

But you tell me over and over and over again my friend,

Ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

Don't you understand, what I'm trying to say?

And can't you feel the fears I'm feeling today?

If the button is pushed, there's no running away,

There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave,

Take a look around you, boy, it's bound to scare you, boy,

And you tell me over and over and over again my friend,

Ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

Yeah, my blood's so mad, feels like coagulatin',

I'm sittin' here, just contemplatin',

I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation,

Handful of Senators don't pass legislation,

And marches alone can't bring integration,

When human respect is disintegratin',

This whole crazy world is just too frustratin',

And you tell me over and over and over again my friend,

Ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

Think of all the hate there is in Red China!

Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama!

Ah, you may leave here, for four days in space,

But when your return, it's the same old place,

The poundin' of the drums, the pride and disgrace,

You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace,

Hate your next door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace,

And you tell me over and over and over and over again my friend,

You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

No, no, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.