

## Fred Small "Cranes Over Hiroshima"

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The baby blinks her eyes as the sun falls from the sky  
She feels the stings of a thousand fires as the city  
around her dies  
Some sleep beneath the rubble, some wake to a  
different world  
From the crying babe will grow a laughing girl.  
Ten summers fade to autumn, ten winters' snows have  
passed  
She's a child of dreams and dances, she's a racer  
strong and fast  
But the headaches come ever more often and the  
dizziness always returns  
And the word that she hears is leukemia, and it burns.  
CHORUS:  
Cranes over Hiroshima, white and red and gold  
Flicker in the sunlight like a million vanished souls  
I will fold these cranes of paper to a thousand one by  
one  
And I'll fly away when I am done.  
Her ancestors knew the legend--if you make a  
thousand cranes  
From squares of colored paper, it will take the pain  
away  
With loving hands she folds them, six hundred forty-  
four  
Till the morning her trembling fingers can't fold  
anymore.  
CHORUS  
Her friends did not forget her--crane after crane they  
made  
Until they reached a thousand and laid them upon her  
grave  
People from everywhere gathered, together a prayer  
they said  
And they wrote the words in granite so none can  
forget:  
FINAL CHORUS:  
This is our cry, this is our prayer, peace in the world

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