

Harry Belafonte

"CRUEL WAR"

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Oh the cruel war is raging
Your daddy must fight
And I know I will miss you
From morning till night
You cannot go with me
It grieves my heart so
You cannot go with me
Oh no my son no

For your waist is to slender
Your fingers to small
And your cheeks are to tender
To take the cannon-ball
They will give me shiny medals
They'll call "the killing brave"
But I'd rather hold my darling son
Then fill a thousand graves

I will fight through the winter
Through Summer, Spring and Fall
And there's many a man that I will kill
That I never known at all
O listen, oh listen to me Johnny
And heave my story well
There's no glory in the killing
Just the agony of hell

Oh the cruel war is raging
Your daddy must fight
And I know I will miss you
From morning till night

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