

## Joan Baez

# "All The Weary Mothers Of The Earth"

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All the weary mothers of the earth will finally rest;  
We will take their babies in our arms, and do our best.  
When the sun is low upon the field,  
To love and music they will yield,  
And the weary mothers of the earth will rest.

And the farmer on his tractor, and beside his plow,  
Will stand there in confusion as we wet his brow  
With the tears of all the businessmen  
Who see what they have done to him,  
And the weary farmers of the earth shall rest.

And the aching workers of the world again shall sing  
These words in mighty choruses to all will bring -  
"We shall no longer be the poor,

For no one owns us any more,"  
And the workers of the world again shall sing.

And when the soldiers burn their uniforms in every  
land,  
And the foxholes at the borders will be left unmanned -  
General, when you come for the review  
The troops will have forgotten you,  
And the men and women of the earth shall rest.

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