

## **Sweet Honey in the Rock "Ballad of Harry T Moore"**

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It seems I hear Harry Moore; from the earth his voice  
still cries:

"No bomb can kill the dreams I hold, for freedom never  
dies.

Freedom never dies, I say. Freedom never dies.

No bomb can kill the dreams I hold for freedom never  
dies."

It happened in Florida, the land of flowers.

It was on a Christmas night.

Men came stealing through the orange groves,

Men of hate carrying dynamite.

It was to a little cottage,

The family in the name of Moore.

At the window hung sprigs of holly,

A fine wreath at the door.

It was on a Christmas evening

And the family prayers were said.

Mother, father, daughter and

Grandmother went to bed.

The father's name was Harry Moore,  
of the NAACP.

He fought for the right for us to live.

Black folk must be free.

It seems I hear Harry Moore; from the earth his voice  
still cries:

"No bomb can kill the dreams I hold, for freedom never  
dies.

Freedom never dies, I say. Freedom never dies.

No bomb can kill the dreams I hold for freedom never  
dies."

It could not be in Jesus' name

Beneath the bedroom floor,

On Christmas night the killers hid

the bomb for Harry Moore.

It could not be in Jesus' name

The killers took his life.

And blew his home to pieces

And killed his faithful wife.

It could not be for the sake of love

They did this awful thing.  
But when the bomb exploded and the Moores died,  
No hearts were heard to sing.

And certainly no angels cried,  
"Peace on earth, good will to men."  
But round the world, an echo hurled  
The question, "When, when, when?"  
When will people, in Jesus' name,  
And when will they, by prayer,  
Know that each one has the right  
To stand up everywhere?  
When will people for the sake of peace,  
The sake of democracy,  
Know that no bomb you can make  
Can stop us from being free?

It seems I hear Harry Moore; from the earth his voice  
still cries:  
"No bombs can kill the dreams I hold, for freedom  
never dies.  
Freedom never dies, I say. Freedom never dies.  
No bomb can kill the dreams I hold, for freedom never  
dies."

So if you see our Harry Moore  
Walking on a Christmas night,  
Don't you fear and run and hide  
He has no dynamite.  
For in his heart is only love  
For all the human race.  
All he wants is for each of us  
To have our rightful place.

And this he says, our Harry Moore, as from the grave  
he cries:  
"No bomb can kill the dreams I hold, for freedom never  
dies!  
Freedom never dies, I say!  
Freedom never dies!  
No bomb can kill the dreams I hold, for freedom never  
dies."

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