

All The Weary Mothers Of The Earth

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.