

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Hawks and Eagles

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(Ian Walker/M.C.P.S./P.R.S.)

As I was walking down the road,
I met my brother with a heavy load
I said to him what have you seen,
He said to me
I have a dream.
In 1960, I thought I'd died in Sharpeville's bloody town,
But I got up I walked on tall nobody's goin' to put me down.

Hawks and eagles fly like doves (x4)

As I walked out along the way
I saw my sister bend and pray,
I said to her why do you kneel,
She says you don't know how I feel.
I had a little boy and a little girl,
I loved to watch them grow.
But they were butchered on the streets in the blood of Sowetto.

It's '85 and I'm walking still,
Across Uitenhaage Hill,
Saw a crowd set off at the dawn of day,
The soldiers said don't come this way.
Then somebody threw a stone as they walked up the track
A boy on a bike was the first to fall with a bullet in his back.

It's been a long, long hard road,
Three hundred years since the settlers strode
Into that Southern land,
Now they rule with an iron hand.
Low pay, no vote and passbook laws,
Don't talk back they say.
But the hawks and the eagles will fly like doves,
When the people rise one day.

IW

APR99