

All My Children of the Sun
Words and Music by Pete Seeger (1969)
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The navigator said to the engineer,
I think our radios dead.
I can hear but I cant send,
And theres bad weather ahead.
The pilot said to the co-pilot,
Our right engines gone.
But if we can make it over these mountains,
Perhaps I can set her down.
All my children of the sun!

Five hundred miles from nowhere
We bellylanded on a river.
We bid a quick goodbye
To that ship of silver.
Twenty-five piled out the window,
Twenty reached the shore.
We turned to see our metal bird
Sink to rise no more.
All my children of the sun!

We found some floating logs,
We found some sharp stones,
We cut some vines and made a raft.
It was our only hope.
The navigator said he thought there was
A town somewhere downstream.
So now each tried to do his best
To paddle as a team.

All except one young guy
Who kept arguing with the navigator.
He said hed read about a waterfall
We would come to sooner or later.
At a rivers bend he persuaded us
To bring our craft to beach.
But a search party found the river smooth
As far as eye could reach.
All my children of the sun.

Once again he persuaded us to stop.
We cursed at the delay.
Once again we found the river
Flowing on the same old way.
We said, shut up your arguing.
You give us all a pain.
Why dont you pitch in and go your part
Be constructive for a change?
All my children of the sun.

Still egghead kept on talking
In the same longwinded way,
We said, if you wont paddle,
Get the hell out of our way.
We told him to go sit
Far back at the stern.
Then we strained to paddle harder,
And then the river made a turn.
All my children of the sun.

One paddler heard sound of tapping
And what he saw, when he did turn,
Was egghead with a sharp stone,
Cutting the vines that bound the stern.

With a cry of rage the paddler
Leaped up to his feet,
He swung his long pole
Knocked egghead into the deep.
But now the logs were splaying out.
The raft had come unbound.
Like mad we paddled for the shore,
Before all would drown.
All my children of the sun.

A search party went out to find more vines
To tie the raft up tight.
In twenty minutes they returned,
Their faces pale with fright.
They said a quarter mile down river
We DID find a waterfall.
Its over a hundred feet in height.
It would have killed us all.
All my children of the sun.

And that is why on the banks
Of a far off wilderness stream,
Which none of us, none of us,
Will ever see again,
There stands a cross for someone,
Hardly older than a boy.
Who, we thought, was only
Trying to destroy.
All my children of the sun.