

I Come and Stand at Every Door  
Original Turkish poem by Nazim Hikmet  
English translation by Jeanette Turner  
Music by James Waters ("The Great Silkie")  
Adaptation by Pete Seeger (1962)  
Text (c) 1966 by Stormking Music Inc.  
Music (c) 1966 by Folk Legacy Records

I come and stand at every door  
But none can hear my silent tread  
I knock and yet remain unseen  
For I am dead, for I am dead.  
I'm only seven, although I died  
In Hiroshima long ago.

I'm seven now, as I was then  
When children die, they do not grow.  
My hair was scorched by swirling flame;  
My eyes grew dim, my eyes grew blind.  
Death came and turned my bones to dust,  
And that was scattered by the wind.

I need no fruit, I need no rice.  
I need no sweets, or even bread;  
I ask for nothing for myself,  
For I am dead, for I am dead.  
All that I ask is that for peace  
You fight today, you fight today.

So that the children of this world  
May live and grow and laugh and play!