

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Black and White

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(Ewan MacColl)

The apples ripe upon the bow
the orange on the tree
The hands were black that picked the fruit
for you, but not for me

Diamonds shining in the rock
gleaming white and blue
Ten hours a day in the diamond mines
for me, but not for you

A sea of grass and mountain ranges
beckoning the free
A place to walk with head held high
for you, but not for me

The burning sun of Africa
the sky that's always blue
Apartheid and the pass laws
for me, but not for you

A big land, a rich land
stretched from sea to sea
And all the riches of the earth
for you, but not for me

A big land, a gracious land
a land where old meets new
The bullets fired at Sharpville were
for me, but not for you

You've planted seeds of fear and hate
in all who would be free
At harvest time the fruit will be
for you, and not for me

AJS
apr97