

Tom T. Hall, One Hundred Children

(Chorus)

One hundred children, brave boys and girls
They come from nations all over the world
One hundred children marching along
One hundred children singing their song
Don't blow up the world, don't kill all the flowers
Today this is your world, tomorrow it's ours
Leave us pure water and forest uncut
Think of tomorrow, leave something for us
Your God may be dead but ours is alive
We think without him we cannot survive
Punish all the bad men, praise all the good
Talk to your neighbors about brotherhood

(Chorus)

This is the song I was singing one night
While I was thinking of wrong and of right
I thought of good things that still could be done
The marchers now number one hundred and one

(Chorus x 2)