

# Arlo Guthrie, Victor Jara

Victor Jara of Chile  
Lived like a shooting star  
He fought for the people of Chile  
With his songs and his guitar  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Victor Jara was a peasant  
Who worked from a few years old  
He sat upon his father's plow  
And watched the earth unfold  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Now when the neighbors had a wedding  
Or one of their children died  
His mother sang all night for them  
With Victor by her side  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

He grew up to be a fighter  
Against the people's wrongs  
He listened to their grief and joy  
And turned them into songs  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

He sang about the copper miners  
And those who worked the land  
He sang about the factory workers  
And they knew he was their man  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

He campaigned for Allende  
Working night and day  
He sang, "take hold of your brother's hand  
The future begins today"  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Then the generals seized Chile  
They arrested Victor then  
They caged him in a stadium  
With five thousand frightened men  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

Victor stood in the stadium  
His voice was brave and strong  
And he sang for his fellow prisoners  
'Til the guards cut short his song  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

They broke the bones in both his hands  
They beat him on the head  
They tore him with electric shocks  
And then they shot him dead  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strong

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