

# Kitty Wells, One Hundred Children

One hundred children brave boys and girls they came 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

One hundred children...

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

One hundred children...

One hundred children...