

# Peter, Paul & Mary, There's Anger In The Land

There's grievin' in the country  
There's sorrow in the sand.  
There's sobbin' in the shanty  
And there's anger in the land.

A woman broods in silence  
Close beside an open door;  
Flung on her flimsy doorstep  
Lies a corpse upon the floor.

"you'll not ask me why I'm silent"  
The woman said to me;  
Her two eyes blazed in anger  
And her throat throbbled agony.

Once my heart could cry in sorrow  
Now it lies there on the floor  
In the ashes by the hearthstone;  
They can't hurt it anymore.

Oh, let the wind go cryin' yonder  
In the tree-tops by the spring  
Let it's voice be soft and feelin'  
Like it was a livin' thing.

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