

Martin Luther King

Harry Belafonte

As I wondered round the world so lost and angry,
He called me home and reached out for my hand,
He spoke with words that sounded more like music,
The words my heart could finally understand.
He showed me pride and said I could feel better,
But no better than the smallest of the small,
He showed me victories where no one loses,
He showed me the answer for us all.
And the song I sing, I sing for you, sweet Martin Luther King,
And the song I sing, I sing for you, sweet Martin Luther King,
And as we walked the people gathered round him,
Open arms the only weapons that they bore,
He wore us into cloth of many colors,
And armed with love he marched us off to war.
And the song I sing, I sing for you, sweet Martin Luther King,
And the song I sing, I sing for you, sweet Martin Luther King.
The more he spoke of love the more they feared him,
The more he spoke the truth their lies would grow,
Then suddenly with no good-byes we lost him,
My sweet black prince of peace, I miss you so
They cut his dreams down thinking they would not flower,
But he planted seeds everywhere he'd gone
So that someday in an endless field of colors,
A million dreams would bloom to carry on.
And the song I sing. I sing for you, sweet Martin Luther King,
And the song I sing, I sing for You, sweet Martin Luther King,
And the song I sing, I sing for you, sweet Martin Luther King,
And the song I sing, I sing for you, my sweet prince of peace,
My sweet prince of peace.