

Miss Pavlichenko

Pete Seeger

Miss Pavlichenko's well known to fame;
Russia's your country, fighting is your game;
The whole world will love her for a long time to come,
For more than three hundred nazis fell by your gun.

Fell by your gun, yes,
Fell by your gun
For more than three hundred nazis fell by your gun.

Miss Pavlichenko's well known to fame;
Russia's your country, fighting is your game;
Your smile shines as bright as any new morning sun.
But more than three hundred nazidogs fell by your gun.

Fell by your gun, yes,
Fell by your gun
For more than three hundred nazis fell by your gun.

In your mountains and canyons quiet as the deer.
Down in your bigtrees knowing no fear.
You lift up your sight. And down comes a hun.
And more than three hundred nazidogs fell by your gun.

Fell by your gun, yes,
Fell by your gun
For more than three hundred nazis fell by your gun.

In your hot summer's heat, in your cold wintery snow,
In all kinds of weather you track down your foe;
This world will love your sweet face the same way I've done,
'Cause more than three hundred nazzy hound fell by your gun.

Fell by your gun, yes,
Fell by your gun
For more than three hundred nazis fell by your gun.

I'd hate to drop in a parachute and land an enemy in your land.

If your Soviet people make it so hard on invadin' men;
I wouldn't crave to meet that wrong end of such a pretty lady's
gun

If her name was Pavlichenko, and mine Three O One.

CHORUS