

Tomorrow's Children

Pete Seeger

But you who know days of a diff'rent kind,
Tomorrow's children for whom work is more like play,
And living is what poems are for me today,
A passionate utterance carefully designed.

Remember us, the lame, the deaf, the blind,
Not for the stupid things we've done and can't forget;
Nor the endless dull jobs over which we all sweat,
Nor all the sad chronicles that we leave behind.

But that we loved as much as anyone ever did,
That we knew joys, the little deeds, the grand design.
The dream of changing the world to something new.
Believe us, in our way we loved to live.

Know that many, many things we loved,
And of all of these,
Our greatest joy was in opening the way for you