

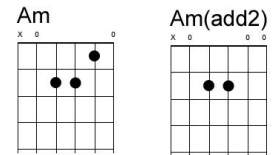
There's Anger in the Land

by Hedy West and Don West
(1962)

*Am(add2)^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/2) Am^(1/2)
Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/4) Am^(1/4) Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/4) Am^(1/4)*

Am Am Em^(1/2) Em7^(1/2) Dm
There's grieving in the country, there's sorrow in the sand
Dm Am Em^(1/2) Em7^(1/2)
There's sobbing in the shanty, and there's anger in the
Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/2) Am^(1/2) Am(add2)^(1/4) Am^(1/4)
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 throbbed 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.

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.