

Cursed be the nation of any size or shape,  
Who's citizens behave like naked apes,  
And drop their litter where they please,  
Just like we did when we swung from trees.

But blessed be the nation, and blessed be the prize,  
When citizens of any shape or size  
can speak their mind for whatever reason,  
without being jailed or accused of treason.

Cursed be the nation without equal education,  
Where good schools are something that we ration,  
Where the wealthiest get the best that is able,  
And the poor are left with crumbs from the table.

Blessed be the nation that keeps its waters clean,  
Where an end to pollution is not just a dream,  
Where factories don't blow poisonous smoke,  
And we can breath the air without having to choke.

Cursed be the nation where all play to win,  
And too much is made of the colour of the skin,  
Where we do not see each other as sister and brother,  
But as being threats to each other.

Blessed be the nation with health care for all,  
Where there's a helping hand to those who fall,  
Where compassion is in fashion, every year!  
And people, not profits, are what we hold dear.

Pete Seeger, 1961