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## Two Strong Arms

Melody by John Munro

Lyrics by Eric Bogle

In the still heat of the afternoon Christos was laid to rest  
In the dry and dusty red soil of Australia  
As the mulberry and cypress bloomed beneath the mountain crests  
So far away in Macedonia  
The children of his heart, and the children of his blood  
In sorrow and in silence and in pride around him stood  
All his sons and daughter with their daughters and their sons  
The family of the man with two strong arms

Born a peasant's son on a mountain farm where a thin and grudging earth  
Made hunger a grey ghost at every meal  
Where life was just a grinding stone of birth, poverty, and death  
That crushed young and old alike beneath the wheel  
So before the wheel could turn, with his young family and his wife  
Christos came down from the mountains searching for a better life  
Bringing only hopes and dreams with him to the distant southern land  
And a brave and willing heart and two strong arms

In a West Australian country town, Christos found a job  
For men willing to work hard and bend their backs  
Cutting the lofty gum trees down, clearing bush and scrub  
Where speaking English mattered less than a good sharp axe  
Driven by his dreams as the hard year came and went  
Christos bent his back to every daylight hour that God sent  
Now many golden wheat fields grow on many western farms  
The rich harvest of the man with two strong arms

He worked to keep his family fed and clothed, to give his kids the chance  
For them to be all that they could be  
So that unlike him, they'd never know the chains of ignorance  
Or taste the bitter bread of poverty  
He wanted them to have all the things he'd never had  
And if all that took was blood and sweat, he'd give both and be glad  
He lived to see his children grow to match their father's dreams  
And all it took was love and pride and two strong arms.

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