

**Strange Fruit**

**Southern trees bear a  
strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves and  
blood at the root  
Black boy swingin' in  
the Southern breeze  
Strange fruit hanging  
from the poplar trees**

**Pastoral scene of the  
gallant South  
The bulging eyes and  
the twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolia  
sweet and fresh  
And the sudden smell of  
burning flesh**

**Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck  
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck  
For the sun to rot, for the tree to drop  
Here is a strange and bitter crop.**