Piece Of Ground
Miriam Makeba

Cm **A#** **Cm**
When the white man first came here from over the seas
Cm **A#** **G**
He looked and he said, this is God s own country
Cm **A#** **G#**
He was mighty well pleased with this land that he d found
Cm **A#** **C**
And he said I will make here my own piece of ground

Now many s the battle he still had to fight
Many s the family that died in the night
For many were the black men that lived all around
And all of them wanting their own piece of ground

Then one fine day in 1883
Gold was discovered in good quantity
The country was rich, much richer than planned
And each digger wanted his own piece of land

Now the white diggers were few and the gold was so deep
That the black man was called cause his labor was cheap
With drill and with shovel he toiled underground
For six pennies a day to tender the ground

Now this land is so rich and it seems strange to me
That the black man whose labor has helped it to be
Cannot enjoy the fruits that abound
Is uprooted and kicked from his own piece of ground

Some people say now don t you worry
We ve kept you a nice piece of reserve territory
But how can a life for so many be found
On a miserable thirty per cent of the ground?

Yet, some people say now don t you worry
You can always find jobs in the white man s city
But don t stay too long and don t stay too deep
Or you re bound to disturb the white man in his sleep

White man don t sleep long and don t sleep too deep
Or your life and your possessions, how long will you keep?
For I ve heard a rumor that s running around
That the black man s demanding his own piece of ground
His own piece of ground