

# Victor Jara

## Arlo Guthrie

words by Adrian Mitchell, music by Arlo Guthrie Victor Jara of Chile

Lived like a shooting star

He fought for the people of Chile

With his songs and his guitar

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong Victor Jara was a peasant

He worked from a few years old

He sat upon his father's plow

And watched the earth unfold

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong Now when the neighbors had a wedding

Or one of their children died

His mother sang all night for them

With Victor by her side

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong He grew up to be a fighter

Against the people's wrongs

He listened to their grief and joy

And turned them into songs

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong He sang about the copper miners

And those who worked the land

He sang about the factory workers

And they knew he was their man

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong He campaigned for Allende

Working night and day

He sang "Take hold of your brothers hand

You know the future begins today"

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong Then the generals seized Chile

They arrested Victor then

They caged him in a stadium

With five-thousand frightened men

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong Victor stood in the stadium

His voice was brave and strong

And he sang for his fellow prisoners

Till the guards cut short his song

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong They broke the bones in both his hands

They beat his lovely head

They tore him with electric shocks

And after two long days of torture, they shot him dead

His hands were gentle, his hands were strong Now the generals they rule Chile

And the British have their thanks

For they rule with Hawker Hunters

And they rule with Chieftain tanks  
His hands were gentle, his hands were strongRepeat first verse

Songwriters

ADRIAN MICHELL, ARLO GUTHRIEPublished by  
Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>