## Strange Fruit

Southern trees bearing a strange fruit

Blood on the leaves and blood at the root

Black bodies swinging 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

Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is a fruit for the crow to pluck

For the rain to wither, for the wind to suck

For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop

Here is a strange and bitter crop.

Originally published as a poem in 1937 by [Abel Meeropol](https://aaregistry.org/story/strange-fruit-composer-born/), depicts Southern trees bearing “strange fruit.”