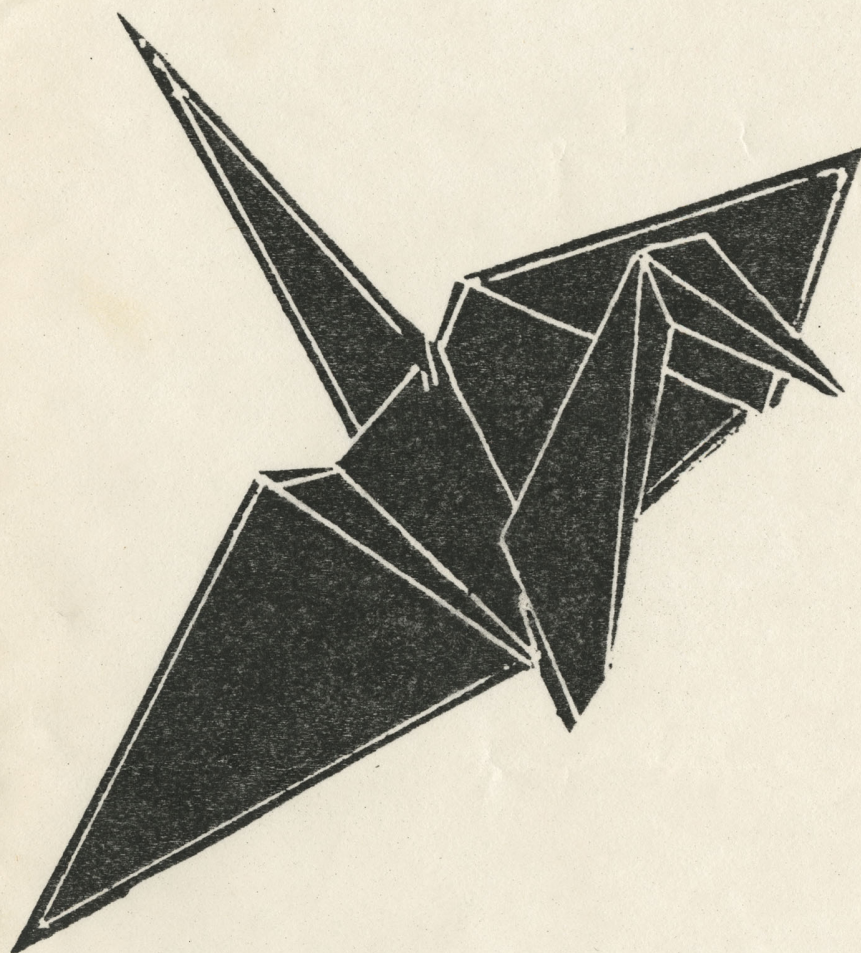


# HIROSHIMA NAGASAKI COMMEMORATION



Saturday, August 6, 1983,

Sponsored by

Concerned Japanese Americans



PROGRAM

Welcome/Introduction.....Lori Kitazono  
CJA

Demonstration/Brush  
Painting.....Mrs. Harko  
Kishi

Presentation/  
"Situation of U.S.  
Hibakusha".....Mike Tsugihara  
CJA

Speaker/  
"Korean Hibakusha".....Walter Lew

Film/  
"Pikadon"

Speaker.....Mr. Ralph  
Sakamoto  
American Friends'  
Service

Speaker.....Mr. Akira Matsuura  
Correspondent  
from "Chugoku"  
Newspaper

Songs/  
"Genbaku Yurusumaji"  
"Aoi Sora Wa"



GENBAKU YURUSUMAJI

FURUSATO NO MACHI YAKARE  
MIYORI NO HONE UMESHI YAKETSUCHI NI  
IMA WA SHIROI HANA SAKU  
AA YURUSUMAJI GENBAKU O  
MITABI YURUSUMAJI GENBAKU O  
WARERA NO MACHI NI

FURUSATO NO UMI ARETE  
KUROKI AME YOROKOBI NO HI WA NAKU  
IMA WA FUNE NI HITO MO NASHI  
AA YURUSUMAJI GENBAKU O  
MITABI YURUSUMAJI GENBAKU O  
WARERA NO UMI NI

AOI SORA WA

AOI SORA WA, AOI MAMA DE  
KODOMORA NI TSUTAETAI  
MOERU HACHIGATSU NO ASA  
KAGE MADE MOETSUKITA  
CHICHI NO, HAH NO, KYODAITACHI NO  
INOCHI NO OMOMI O  
KATA NI SEOTTE  
MUNE NI IDAITE

AOI SORA WA, AOI MAMA DE  
KODOMORA NI TSUTAETAI  
ANO YO HOSHI WA DAMATTE  
TSURESATTE ITTA  
CHICHI NO, HAH NO, KYODAITACHI NO  
INOCHI NO OMOMI O  
IMA NAGASU TORO NO  
HIKARI NI KOMETE



WE CAN'T ALLOW ATOMIC BOMBS

Our ancestral village in ashes  
We gather the charred bones of our family  
Now a white flower blossoms  
Ahh, we can't allow atomic bombs  
Don't let there be a third use of the bomb  
In our village

Our ancestral seas are turbulent  
The sun cries, a black rain  
There is no one on any boat  
Ahh, we can't allow atomic bombs  
Don't let there be a third use of the bomb  
On our seas

BLUE SKIES

Blue skies, like blue skies  
Should be the heritage of our children  
On that burning August morning  
Even the shadows were charred  
My father's, my mother's, my siblings'  
Image we recall  
We carry that weight on our backs  
We carry it in our hearts

Blue skies, like blue skies  
Should be the heritage of our children  
That evening the stars were silent  
They were taken away  
My father's, my mother's, my siblings'  
Images we recall  
In the sailing toro's  
Light, we keep remembrance