

The ballad of Sacco and Vanzetti - part 3

(1972)

di Joan Baez

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My son, instead of crying be strong
Be brave and comfort your mother
Don't cry for the tears are wasted
Let not also the years be wasted

Forgive me, son, for this unjust death
Which takes your father from your side
Forgive me all who are my friends
I am with you, so do not cry

If mother wants to be distracted
From the sadness and the soulness
You take her for a walk
Along the quiet country
And rest beneath the shade of trees
Where here and there you gather flowers
Beside the music and the water
Is the peacefulness of nature
She will enjoy it very much
And surely you'll enjoy it too
But son, you must remember
Do not use it all yourself
But down yourself one little step

To help the weak ones by your side

Forgive me, son, for this unjust death
Which takes your father from your side
Forgive me all who are my friends
I am with you, so do not cry

The weaker ones that cry for help
The persecuted and the victim
They are your friends
And comrades in the fight
And yes, they sometimes fall
Just like your father
Yes, your father and Bartolo
They have fallen
And yesterday they fought and fell
But in the quest for joy and freedom
And in the struggle of this life you'll find
That there is love and sometimes more
Yes, in the struggle you will find
That you can love and be loved also

Forgive me all who are my friends
I am with you
I beg of you, do not cry