

## 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