

Woody Guthrie, Sacco's Letter To His Son

If nothing happens, they will electrocute us right after midnight.
Therefore here I am right with you, with love and with open heart, as I was yesterday.
Don't cry, Dante, for many, many tears have been wasted,
As your mother's tears have been already wasted for seven years,
And never did any good.
So, son, instead of crying, be strong, be brave,
So as to be able to comfort your mother.
And when you want to distract her from the discouraging soulness,
You take her for a long walk in the quiet countryside,
Gathering flowers here and there
And resting under the shade of trees, beside the music of the waters.
The peacefulness of nature, she will enjoy it very much,
And you will surely, too.
But, son, you must remember: Don't use all yourself,
But down yourself, just one step,
To help the weak ones at your side.

The weaker ones that cry for help, the persecuted and the victim,
They are your friends, friends of yours and mine.
They are the comrades that fight -- yes, and sometimes fall
Just as your father, your father and Bartolo, have fallen,
Have fought and fell, yesterday, for the conquest of joy,
Of freedom for all.
In the struggle of life you'll find, you'll find more love,
And in the struggle, you will be loved also.