

# Joan Baez, The Ballad Of Sacco And Vanzetti, Part One

&quot;Give to me your tired and your poor  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me.&quot;  
Blessed are the persecuted  
And blessed are the pure in heart  
Blessed are the merciful  
And blessed are the ones who mourn  
The step is hard that tears away the roots  
And says goodbye to friends and family  
The fathers and the mothers weep  
The children cannot comprehend  
But when there is a promised land  
The brave will go and others follow  
The beauty of the human spirit  
Is the will to try our dreams  
And so the masses teemed across the ocean  
To a land of peace and hope  
But no one heard a voice or saw a light  
As they were tumbled onto shore  
And none was welcomed by the echo of the phrase  
&quot;I lift my lamp beside the golden door.&quot;  
Blessed are the persecuted  
And blessed are the pure in heart  
Blessed are the merciful  
And blessed are the ones who mourn