

# Joan Baez, The Bells Of Gethsemani

Sweet brother, if I do not sleep  
My eyes are flowers on your tomb  
And if I cannot eat my bread  
My fasts shall live like willows where you died  
If in the heat I find no water for my thirst  
My thirst shall turn to springs for you, poor traveler  
Come, in your labor find a resting place  
And in my sorrows lay your head  
Brother, take my life and bread  
And buy yourself a better bed  
Take my breath and take my death  
Buy yourself a better rest beneath the bells of Gethsemani  
When all the men of war are killed  
And flags have fallen into dust  
Your cross and mine will tell men still  
He died on each for both of us  
That we might become the brothers of God  
And learn to know the Christ of burnt men  
And the children are ringing the bells of Gethsemani  
For in the wreckage of your April Christ lies slain  
He weeps in the ruins of my spring  
The money of whose tears shall fall  
Into your weak and friendless hand  
And buy you back to your own land  
The silence of whose tears shall fall  
Like bells upon your alien tomb  
Hear them and come, they call you home  
And the children are ringing the bells of Gethsemani  
Yes, if they had been there  
They would have taken that crown of thorns from his hair  
And stayed for a while in that place of despair  
Ah, but what do I see, my brother is there  
And he's ringing the bells of Gethsemani