

## **Baez Joan**

### **"Blessed Are"**

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Blessed are the one-way ticket  
Holders on the one-way street  
Blessed are the midnight-riders  
For in the shadow of God they sleep

Blessed are the huddled hikers  
Staring out at falling rain  
Wondring at the retribution  
In their personal acquaintance with pain

Blessed are the blood relations  
Of the young ones who have died  
Who had not the time or patience  
To carry on this earthly ride.

Rain will come and winds will blow,  
Wild deer die in the mountain snow.  
Birds will beat at Heavens wall,  
What comes to one must come to all.

For you and I are one-way ticket  
Holders on that one-way street  
Which lies across a golden valley  
Where the waters of joy and hope run deep.

So if you pass the parents weeping  
Of the young ones who have died  
Take them to your warmth and keeping  
For blessed are the tears the cried  
and many were the years they tried  
Take them to that valley wide  
And let their souls be pacified.

Joan Baez  
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