

Charles Aznavour "They Fell"

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They fell that year, they vanished
From the earth,
Never knowing the cause
Or what laws they offended,
The women fell as well
And the babies they tendered.
Left to die left to cry
All condemned by their birth.

They fell like rain
Across the thirsty land,
In their hearts they were slain,
In their god still believing.
All their pity and pain,
In that season of grieving
All in vain, all in vain
Just for one helping hand.
For no one heard their prayers,
In a world bent on pleasure;
Form others people cares,
They simply closed their eyes.
They'd create a lot of sound
In jazz and ragtime measure;
The trumpets screamed till dawn
To drown the children's cries.
They fell like leaves,
A people its prime,
Simple men=kindly men,
And not one new his crime.
They became in that hour
Like the small desert flower
Simply covered by the silent wind
In sands of time.
They fell that year

Before a cruel foe.
They had little to give
But their lives and their passion,
And their longing to live
In their way,
In their fashion,
So their harvest can

Thrive their children can grow.
They fell like flies,
Their eyes still full of sound--
Like a dove its flight--
In the path of rifle,
That fell down where it might,
That holds on with its might.
As if death were a trifle,
And to bring to an end
A life barely begun.
And I am of that race,
Who die in unknown places
Who perished in their pride,
Whose blood in rivers ran,
In agony and fright
With courage on their faces
They went in to the night,
That waits for every man.
They fell like tears
And never new what for,
In that summer of strife
Of massacre and war.
Their only crime was life;
There only guilt was feeling.
The children of Armenia
Nothing less nothing more.

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