

Joan Baez "The Bells Of Gethsemani"

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(Music by Joan Baez, Words by Thomas Merton)

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

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