

Joan Baez**"The Partisan La Complainte Du Partisan 317 H"**

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They poured across the borders
We were cautioned to surrender
This I could not do
Into the hills I vanished

No one ever asks me
Who I am or where I'm going
But those of you who know
You cover up my footprints

I have changed my name so often
I have lost my wife and children
But I have many friends
And some of them are with me

An old woman gave us shelter
Kept us hidden in a garret
And then the soldiers came
She died without a whisper

There were three of us this morning
And I'm the only one this ev'ning
Still I must go on
Frontiers are my prison

Oh the winds, the winds are blowing
Thru the graves the winds are blowing
Freedom soon will come!
Then we'll come from the shadow.

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