

Name _____

Date _____



Anne Frank

Life in the attic,
Writing in her diary but trying to imagine.
Anne used her words during times that were tragic,
She was praying for tomorrow through the pain and the damage.
(x2)

1929—Frankfurt, Germany:
The country in decline, banks hurting, people searching,
Needing answers—Hitler rose to power with his hand up,
Telling the people lies, they followed the propaganda.
Told 'em Jewish people were the reason things were bad,
Built an army called the Nazis, swastikas on the flag.
Anti-Semitism: hating innocent Jews,
Anne Frank was just a young girl, a student in school.
Anne was a Jew, her parents and her sister were, too.
Hitler, 1942, out to kill, they had to move.
It was the Holocaust, Anne's fam all up in the attic,
Please, no concentration camps, hiding in a secret annex,
Thinking what an evil planet—she wrote inside her diary,
Wrote about her thoughts, feelings and environment.
She also wrote about friendship and love,
Like Jacqueline: she thinks we're besties, but she's never that fun.
And I know that Rob liked me, but him I never could trust.
13 years old, hoping that the army won't come.
And then they came, 1944: the saddest day, somebody told the Nazis
Where the Franks stayed, they were betrayed.

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Many kids like Anne had to hide, no making noises,
But Anne Frank turned blank notebooks to stories.
Two years of hiding, several hundred pages,
Today we learn about her and all her family's bravery.
Her father had some friends who came and tried to help,
But then the Nazis had arrived to find the Franks and everybody else.
Took 'em to the camps where captured Jews were being held,
Anne was in it with her sister, but they weren't feeling well.
Well, Anne and her sister died of typhus,
A child's life, living in a crisis.
15 years old, she hoped her writing could
Get published when the fighting was over—moment of silence.
After Anne had passed away, her dream came true:
Her father got it published, and now it's here for me and you.
Her diary is part of history, we read it at school,
Because she teaches us what the power of pen and paper can do.

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"It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart. It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into

a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty too shall end, that peace and tranquility will return once more. In the meantime, I must hold on to my ideals, perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them."