

Song For Children Captured By ISIS¹

By Barakat Ali

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Composed by Yazidi musician and genocide survivor Barakat Ali, this song illustrates the tragic impact of the Islamic State's 2014 Yazidi Genocide on Yazidi children. The song is written from the perspective of a child who witnesses the death, enslavement, and destruction of his people around him.

Cry help, cry help, cry help, Mother!
Once again it is genocide upon us
It is genocide. It is a vicious genocide. It is the 74th genocide.²
Those infidels, those villains. They murdered our young ones.
In the kingdoms of the world, they mass murdered us.
They made it a slaughterhouse for us.

By the thousands, the precious children, innocent and virtuous.
Died on Mount Shingal,³ died of hunger and thirst.
By the thousands, left abandoned, they took our mothers and sisters by their arms.
They shackled their hands, and threw them in jails and dungeons.
Mother, it is genocide.
Mother, it is looting.
Mother, it is genocide upon us.

Cry help, cry help, cry help, Mother!
The sores in my heart are extraordinary, Mother.
They cannot be expressed.
Those infidels, those villains have destroyed our houses.
They have looted our villages.
They have burned our homes.
They murdered us by the thousands.
They took young girls and brides into their hands.

¹ This transcription was made from a video recording of the song that was created by Music in Exile, a nonprofit organization that documents the songs and lives of people who have been displaced. The recording of the song can be found here: <https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=681771662026023>.

² According to Yazidi tradition, the 2014 Yazidi Genocide is counted as the 74th genocide against the Yazidi people, who have been persecuted for centuries by Muslim groups because of their religion.

³ "Mount Shingal" refers to the highest point of the Shingal Mountains, which border the town of the same name. The mountains are religiously significant to Yazidis, and they have served as a refuge for Yazidis fleeing persecution in the past.

They took them to those bazaars and markets.
They sold them cheap, Mother.
It is genocide, Mother.
It is looting, Mother.
It is genocide upon us.