

Evil

Joan Baez

While the red spittle of the grape-shot sings
All day across the endless sky, and while entire battalions
Green or scarlet, rallied by their king
Disintegrate in crumpled masses under fire

While an abominable madness seeks to pound
A hundred thousand men into a smoking mess
Pitiful dead in summer grass, on the rich ground
Out of which Nature wrought these men in holiness

He is a God who sees it all, and laughs aloud
At damask altar-cloths, incense and chalices
Who falls asleep lulled by adoring liturgies

And wakens when some mother, in her anguish bowed
And weeping till her old black bonnet shakes with grief
Offers him a a big sou wrapped in her handkerchief