Song Of Bangladesh

Bangladesh, Bangladesh Bangladesh, Bangladesh When the sun sinks in the west Die a million people of the Bangladesh

The story of Bangladesh Is an ancient one again made fresh By blind men who carry out commmands Which flow out of the laws upon which nation stands Which is to sacrifice a people for a land

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Once again we stand aside And watch the families crucified See a teenage mother's vacant eyes As she watches her feeble baby try To fight the monsoon rains and the cholera flies

And the students at the university Asleep at night quite peacefully The soldiers came and shot them in their beds And terror took the dorm awakening shrieks of dread And silent frozen forms and pillows drenched in red

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Did you read about the army officer's plea For donor's blood? It was given willingly By boys who took the needles in their veins And from their bodies every drop of blood was drained No time to comprehend and there was little pain

And so the story of Bangladesh Is an ancient one again made fresh By all who carry out commands Which flow out of the laws upon which nations stand Which say to sacrifice a people for a land

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Joan Baez