

In Guernica

Joan Baez

In Guernica the dead children were laid out in order on the sidewalk

In their white starched dresses

In their pitiful white dresses

On their foreheads and breasts the little round holes

Where death came in as thunder

While they were playing their important summer games

Do not weep for them, Madre

They are gone forever, the little ones

Straight to heaven to the saints

And God will fill the bullet holes with candy