

# La Colombe-The Dove

Joan Baez

Why all these bugles cry  
These squads of young men drill  
To kill and to be killed  
Stood waiting by the train

Why the orders loud and hoarse  
Why the engine's groaning cough  
As it strains to drag us all  
Into the holocaust

Why crowds who sing and cry  
And shout and fling us flowers  
And trade their rights for ours  
To murder and to die

The dove has torn her wing  
So no more songs of love  
We are not here to sing  
We're here to kill the dove

Why must this moment come  
When childhood has to die  
When hope shrinks to a sigh  
And speech into a drum

Why are they pale and still  
Young boys trained over night  
Concripts payed to kill  
And dressed in gray to fight

These rainclouds massing tight  
This train load battle bound  
This moving burial ground  
Goes thundering to the night

The dove has torn her wing  
So no more songs of love  
We are not here to sing  
We're here to kill the dove

Why statues towering grave  
Above the last defeat  
Old words and lies repeat  
Across a new made grave

And why the same still birds  
That victory always brought  
These hours of glory bought  
By men with mounds of earth

Dead ash without a spark  
Where cities used to be  
Where guns probe every spark  
And crush it into dust

The dove has torn her wing  
So no more songs of love

We are not here to sing  
We're here to kill the dove

And while your face undone  
With jagged lines of tears  
That gave in those first years  
All the peace I'd ever want

Your body in the gloom  
The platform fading back  
Your shadow on the track  
A flower upon a tomb

And why these days ahead  
When I must let you cry  
And live prepared to die  
And to....

The dove has torn her wing  
So no more songs of love  
We are not here to sing  
We're here to kill the dove