

# Song Of Bangladesh

Joan Baez

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 commands  
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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