

Joan Baez, In Guernica

In Guernica the dead children were layed 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 we

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