

Joan Baez, Song Of Bangladesh

(Words and Music by 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

Bangladesh, Bangladesh

Bangladesh, Bangladesh

When the sun sinks in the west

Die a million people of the Bangladesh

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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Die a million people of the Bangladesh

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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