

I Saw the Vision of Armies

[Joan Baez](#)

I saw the vision of armies
And I saw, as in noiseless dreams, hundreds of battle flags
Borne through the smoke of the battles
And pierced with missiles, I saw them And carried, hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody
And at last but a few shreds of the flags left on the staffs
And all in silence
And the staffs all splintered and broken I saw battle corpses, myriads of them
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them
I saw the debris and debris of all dead soldiers
But I saw they were not as was thought They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered not
The living remained and suffered, the mother suffered
And the wife and the child, and the musing comrade suffered
And the armies that remained suffered

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