

# La Colombe

Judy Collins

Why all these bugles crying for squads of young men drilled  
To kill and to be killed and waiting by this train?  
Why the orders loud and hoarse, why the engine's groaning cough  
As it strains to drag us off into the holocaust?  
Why crowds who sing and cry, and shout and fling us flowers  
And trade their right for ours to murder and to die? The dove has torn her wings so no more songs of love  
We are not here to sing, we're here to kill the dove Why has 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 overnight  
Conscripts forced to fight and dressed in gray to kill?  
These rain clouds massing tight, this train load battle bound  
This moving burial ground sent thundering toward the night Why statues towering brave above the last defeat  
Old word and lies repeat across the new made grave?  
Why the same still birth that victory always brought  
These hoards of glory bought by men with mouths of earth?  
Dead ash without a spark where cities glittered bright  
For guns probe every light and crush it in the dark

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