King Henry

Pete Seeger

King Henry marched forth, a sword in his hand
Two thousand horsemen all at his command
In a fortnight the rivers ran red through the land
The year fifteen hundred and twentyThe year it is now nineteen sixty five
It's easier far to stay half alive
Just keep your mouth shut while the planes zoom and dive
Ten thousand miles over the oceanSimon was drafted in sixty three
In sixty four, sent over the sea
Last month this letter he sent to me
He said, "You won't like what I'm saying"He said, "We've no friends here, no hardly a one
We've got a few generals who just want our guns
But it will take more than that if we're ever to win
Why, we'll have to flatten the country""It's my own troops I have to watch out for," he said
"I sleep with a pistol right under my head"
He wrote this last month, last week he was dead
And Simon came home in a casketI mind my own business, I watch my TV
Complain about taxes but pay anyway
In a civilized manner my forefathers betray
Who long ago struggled for freedomBut each day a new headline screams at my bluff
On TV some general says we must be tough
In my dreams I stare at this family I love
All gutted and spattered with napalmKing Henry marched forth, a sword in his hand
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