

# King Henry

## Fay Hield

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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