

# Anthem For Doomed Youth

Richard Burton & Sid Ramin

For whom the bells toll  
When sentenced to die  
The stuttering rifles  
Will stifle the cry  
The monstrous anger  
The fear's rapid rattle  
A desert inferno  
Kids dying like cattle  
Don't tell me  
We're not prepared  
I've seen today's marine  
He's eighteen and he's eager  
He can be quite mean  
No mock'ries for them  
No prayers or bells  
The demented choirs  
The wailing of shells  
The boys holding candles  
On untraveled roads  
The fear spreads like fire  
As shrapnel explodes  
I think it's wrong

To conscript our youth  
Against their will  
When plenty of our citizenry  
Really like to kill  
What sign posts will lead  
To armageddon's fires  
What bugles will call them  
From crowded grey shires  
The women sit quiet  
With death on their minds  
A slow dusk descending  
The drawing of blinds  
Make the hunters all line up  
It's their idea of fun  
And let those be forgiven  
Who never owned a gun

Was it him or me  
Or the wailing of the dead  
The laughing soldiers  
Cast their lots  
And you can cut the dread

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