

## King Henry

Words: Pete Seeger (1965) Music: Traditional  
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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 twenty.

The year is now nineteen sixty five  
Its easier far to stay alive.  
Just keep your mouth shut while the planes zoom and dive  
Ten thousand miles over the ocean.

Simon was drafted in 63,  
In 64, sent over the sea;  
Last month this letter he sent to me,  
He said, You wont like what Im saying

He said, Weve no friends here, no hardly a one,  
Weve got a few generals who just want our guns;  
But it will take more than them if were ever to win,  
Why, well have to flatten the country.

Its 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 casket.

I 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 freedom.

But 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 napalm.

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