

When Princes Meet

Tom Paxton

When princes meet the poor little men must tremble.
In judgment seat,
They speak of their wars while great armies assemble.
Their armor shines to shame the sun
They move like gods they do resemble
All bow their necks to iron feet when princes meet

When castles rise the poor little men must build them.
To charm the skies,
They throw up the turrets where the great lords will
them.
They dig the dungeons from the earth,
And their brothers, wives and children fill them.
All those below cast down their eyes when castles rise.

God save the king! For he grants us leave to serve him.
His praises sing! And grant that we may deserve him.
Who counts the cost? The cattle and men to be lost?
'Tis no small thing to serve a king

When kings make war, the poor little men must fight
them.
They must do more,
They hold out their necks for great lord's swords to
bite them.
The sons of the lords cleave through their ranks,
In the hopes some warrior king might knight them.
It's what the poor little men are for, when kings make
war

Hide your cattle in the woods, Francois,
The lord is looking your way.
Hide your women and your goods, Francois,
They're coming around to make you pay.
Hide if you can, poor little man, think of a prayer to
say.
Hide if you can, poor little man, think of a prayer to
say.

God save the king! For he grants us leave to serve him.
His praises sing! And grant that we may deserve him.
Who counts the cost? The cattle and men to be lost?
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