

A Thousand Years

Tom Paxton

The Burgher banged his fist on the table
Red face glowing with pride
"We'll rise," he cried, "as soon as we're able
Avenging the ones who died
No more the hunted
No more the mouse
No more the quivering prey
The masters are driving the slaves from the house
The masters are coming to stay"
The Burgher dipped his bread in the gravy
Splattering his silken tie
Nachmal the Wehrmacht
Nachmal the Navy
Nachmal the thundering sky
Once more the stadium rocking with cheers
Once more the torchlight parade
Away with the cowering dog-bitten years
Away with the humble charade
"A thousand years
The tears of the weak for our wine
A thousand years
We'll pluck them like fruit from the vine
Ah, they fed us and clothed us and handed us weapons as well
But give us a leader
We'll follow him down into hell"
The Burgher spilled his wine on the table
Staggering out of his chair
"We'll rise," he cried, "as soon as we're able
Stroking the young man fair
The English are finished
The French are fools
The Russians have China to fear
The Yanks holler 'commie', and follow their rules
When the time for the rising is here"
The young man's eyes were fiery and glowing
The Burgher's hand in his own
"We'll rise," he cried, "the movement is growing
We'll march on a road of bones
They're coming from Egypt
They're coming from Hess
They're coming from Argentine
We'll march over Russia; we'll march to the west
We'll show them what conquest can mean"
"A thousand years
The tears of the weak for our wine
A thousand years
We'll pluck them like fruit from the vine
Ah, they fed us and clothed us and handed us weapons as well
But give us a leader, by God
And we'll see them in hell"