

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Boy Salutes

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(by Malvina Reynolds)

The little boy salutes the casket,  
The caisson passing through,  
He salutes the nation's flag,  
As his daddy taught him to.

There's so much anger in the air,  
So many bullets fly,  
It's time for love to take a hand,  
And love is passing by, Daddy, goodbye.

The little boy stands on the curb stone,  
Where the black horse goes his way,  
There is no one in the saddle,  
Where a man rode yesterday.

There's so much sorrow in the air,  
So many tears to dry,  
It's time for love to take a hand,  
And love is passing by, Daddy, goodbye.

There's so much grieving in the world,  
Where the kings and princes go,  
And they walk like men in mourning,  
And their step is sad and slow.

The little boy stands on the sidewalk,  
The children asking why,  
It's time for love to take a hand,  
And love is passing by, Daddy, goodbye.

a true tale--John Kennedy Jr. saluted as his father's casket went by.  
Those of us alive then remember all too well...

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