

A Thousand Years
Words and Music by 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
skies!
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's hair.
The English are finished. The French are fools. The Russians have
China to fear.
The Yanks holler "Commie!" and follow they're rules
when the time for the rising is here!

The young man's eyes were firey 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!