

## 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 lords' swords to bite them  
The sons of 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  
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Repeat 1