

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Klan

The Klan

Am

The countryside was cold and still

C

There was a cross upon the hill

Am

This cold cross wore a burning hood

F

Am

To hide its rotten heart of wood

Am

Father I hear the iron sound

Dm

Eb Am

Of hoofbeats on the frozen ground

Down from the hills the riders came

Jesus, it was a crying shame

To see the blood upon their whips

And hear the snarling of their lips

Mother I feel a stabbing pain

Blood flows down like a summer rain

Now each one wore a mask of white

To hide his cruel face from sight

and each one sucks a little breath

Out of the empty lungs of death

Sister lift my bloody head

It's so lonesome to be dead

He who travels with the Klan

He is a monster, not a man

Underneath that white disguise

I have looked into his eyes

Brother, will you stand with me

it's not easy to be free

DC