

The Klan

Words & Music:
Traditional

Am
The countryside was cold and still,
C
There was a cross upon a hill,
Am
And this cross wore a burning hood,
C Dm Am
To hide its rotten core of wood.
Am G
Father, I hear the iron sound
Am Dm 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 lips,
And hear the snarling of their whips.
Mother, I feel a stabbing pain;
Blood flows down like the summer's rain.

And each man wore a mask of white,
To hide his cruel face from sight.
And each one sucked a hollow breath,
Out of the empty lungs of death.
Sister, hold my bloody head;
It's so lonesome to be dead.

And he who rides among the Klan,
He is a monster, not a man.
For underneath that white disguise,
I've looked into his eyes.
Brother, won't you stand by me;
It's not easy to be free.