Gently

G7 C G7 C

1. Gather round while I sing you of Wernher von Braun, A man whose allegiance is
   some have harsh words for this man of renown, But some think our attitude should

G7 C G7 C

ruler by expédience, Call him a Nazi, he won't even frown,
be one of gratitude, Like the widows and cripples in old London town who
"Na-zí, Shma-zí," says Wern-her von Braun. Don't say that he's hyp-o-

crit-i-cal, Say rath-er that he's a po-lit-i-cal, "Once the he-
rock-ets are up, who cares where they come down? That's not my de-part-
G7
Em B7 Em
"In
G7 C A7 Dm C
rall.
Wern-her von Braun.
Wern-her von Braun.