

Ode To The Cavalry

or

There Ain't No Hell Like It--Ask Me

"Fancy Nancy"

ONCE I met an Aggie,
A handsome lad was he,
And he taught me how
To drink black beer
Instead of just sip tea.

ON his hand he wore a ring,
A diamond on his shoulder shone,
His boots were sleek
And always reeked
Of Cavalry cologne.

HE took me out to Uncle Ed's
To meet the Cavalry;
And they dubbed me
"Fancy Nancy"
An "A" troop Ornery.

NOW the major was a carefree lad
And true Aggie underneath;
So on my lips
He planted a kiss
With his chin strap 'tween my teeth!

THEN back to the sisters he sent me,
To tea-town far away.
He wrote me a letter,
But even better,
Came to see me the following day.

OUT at Scholz's garden
We guzzled that good black brew,
And danced around
O'er all the ground,
Like the hot-foot frat rats do.

I GAVE him a Scotch and soda
To loosen him up a bit,
But the stuff was so strong
It wasn't long
'Til the major was radiantly lit.

THEN back to Bryan went Buddy,
And home to Ma went me,
My Pop declared
His gal should be spared
The scourge of the Cavalry.

OVER to College I went
To see the "A" troopers once more
And join in the fun
Which had really begun
A full two weeks before.

THE major had a wonderful time,
Until the black brew was gone,
Then he bellowed for more
And kicked holes in the floor
With his yonk-swabbing leggin's on.

WE danced and sang and rolled our own,
And had one helluva brawl,
We took off our shoes,
And drank gallons of brew
And stuck Bud labels all over the wall.

BUT the major was most inconsistent
One minute I thought he was mine,
And then, by heck,
He poured beer down my neck,
And ignored me the rest of the time.

SO here I am back in tea-town
With circles down to my chin,
And I feel like hell,
But I know damned well
I'd go through it all again.

MY story has no message,
But if it did it would be—
God help the wife
Who lives the life
Of a man in the Cavalry!