

Horse Soldier, Horse Soldier

Corb Lund

I'm a hussar, I'm a Hun, I'm a wretched Englishman
Routing Bonaparte at Waterloo
I'm a dragoon on a dun, I'm a Cossack on the run
I'm a horse soldier, timeless, through and through

Well, I's with Custer and the 7th in '76 or '77
Scalped at Little Big Horn by the Sioux
And the tears and devastation of a once proud warrior nation
This I know 'cause I was riding with them too

And I drank mare's blood on the run when I rode with the Great Khan
On the frozen Mongol steppe while at his height
And I's a White Guard, I's a Red Guard, I's the Tsar's own palace horse guard
When Romanov was murdered in the night

And I knew Saladin and rode his swift Arabians
Harassing doomed crusaders on their heavy drafts
And yet I rode the Percheron against the circling Saracen
Once again against myself was cast

Well, I'm a hussar, I'm a Hun, I'm a wretched Englishman
Routing Bonaparte at Waterloo
I'm a dragoon on a dun, I'm a Cossack on the run
I'm a horse soldier, timeless, through and through

Well, I've worn the Mounties' crimson, if you're silent and you'll listen
You'll know that it was with them that I stood
When Mayerthorpe, she cried, as her four horsemen died
Gunned down in scarlet, cold as blood

I's the 'fustest with the mostest' when I fought for Bedford Forrest
Suffered General Wilson's Union raid
And mine was not to reason why, mine was but to do and die
At Crimea with the charging light brigade

On hire from Swiss or Sweden, be me Christian, be me heathen
The devil to the sabre I shall put
With a crack flanking maneuver, I'm an uhlan alles uber
Striking terror into regiment of foot

Well, I'm a hussar, I'm a Hun, I'm a wretched Englishman
Routing Bonaparte at Waterloo
I'm a dragoon on a dun, I'm a Cossack on the run
I'm a horse soldier, timeless, through and through

I knew my days were numbered when o'er the trenches lumbered
More modern machinations de la guerre
No match for rapid fire or the steel birds of the sky
With a final rear guard action I retreat
No match for barbered wire or the armored engines whine
Reluctant I retire and take my leave

Today I ride with special forces on those wily Afghan horses
Dostum's Northern Alliance give their thanks
And no matter defeat or victory, in battle it occurs to me
That we may see a swelling in our ranks

I'm a hussar, I'm a Hun, I'm a wretched Englishman
Routing Bonaparte at Waterloo
I'm a dragoon on a dun, I'm a Cossack on the run
I'm a horse soldier, timeless, through and through
I'm a horse soldier, eternal, through and through

I's with the Aussies at Beersheba took the wells so badly needed
And with the Polish lancers charging German tanks
Saw Ross' mount shot down at Washingtoun the night we burned the White House
down
And cursed the sack of York and sons of Yanks