War Is A Science

Stephen Schwartz

War is a science
With rules to be applied
Which good soldiers appreciate
Recall and recapitulate
Before they go to decimate
The other side

[spoken] Now, gentlemen
This is the plan for tomorrow's skirmish
The army of the enemy is stationed on the hill
So we've got to bring them down here, and this is
How we will
Our men in the ravine (That's this area in green)
Will move across the valley where they plainly
Can be seen
And the enemy (in blue) will undoubtedly pursue
For that's what you depend upon an enemy to do
Then to guarantee their folly
We'll bring bowmen into play
Who will fire just one volley
And retire to point "A"
And then, and then
And gentlemen, and then....

And then the men go marching out into the fray
Conquering the enemy and carrying the day
Hark! The blood is pounding in our ears
Jubilations! We can hear a grateful nation's
Cheers!

Pippin, sit down immediately!
Now, where was I? Ah, yes....
War is a science
A breeding ground for brains
For though I cannot write my name
The men whose pens have brought them fame
Write endless paragraphs explaining
My campaigns
Now when the foe see our soldiers marching
Through the lea
They will mount a charge and meet us at the point
I've labeled "B"
And their bowmen on the hill (In yellow on the map)
Will leave their posts to join the rest and fall

Into our trap
Then we'll cut off reinforcements and retreat of
Any kind
Bearing principles of enfilade and defilade in mind
And if all the ploys we pick to really
Work to bring to pass occur
We won't just have a victory
We'll have ourselves a massacre
And then, and then
And gentlemen, and then....

And then the men go marching out into the fray

Conquering the enemy and carrying the day
Hark! The blood is pounding in our ears
Jubilations! We can hear a grateful nation's....

Pippin....!
In conclusion gentlemen....
Now listen to me closely I'll endeavor to explain
What separates a charlatan from a Charlemagne
A rule confessed by generals illustrious and various
Though pompous as a Pompey or daring as a Darius
A simple rule that every good man knows by heart
It's smarter to be lucky than it's lucky to be smart
And if the fates feel frivolous
And all our plans they smother
Well suppose this war does shrivel us
There'll always be another!
And then....

And then....

And gentlemen, and then....

[Spoken] Now... gentlemen... now!

And then the men go marching out into the fray
Conquering the enemy and carrying the day
Hark! The blood is pounding in our ears
Jubilations!
We can hear a grateful nation's cheers!

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