

It Makes A Fellow Proud To Be A Soldier

Tom Lehrer

I have only comparatively recently emerged from the united states army so that I am now of course in the radio-active reserve and, the usual jokes about the army aside, one of the many fine things that the army has carried the american democratic ideal to it's logical conclusion in the sense that not only do they prohibit discrimination on the grounds of race, creed and color, but also on the grounds of ability. I remember that as it may some of you may recall the publicity a few years ago about the army's search for an official army song to be the counterpart of the navy's anchors away and the airforce's up in the air junior birdman songs. I was in basic training at the time and I recall our platoon sergeant, who was an unfrocked marine.

Actually, the change of service had come as quite a blow to him because it meant that he had to memorize a new serial number which took up most of his time. At any rate I recall this sergeant informing me and my "room-mates" of this rather deplorable fact the army didn't have any official, excuse me, didn't have no official song and suggested that we work on this in our spare time. Well, I submitted the following song which is called it makes a fellow proud to be a soldier which, I think, demonstrates the proper spirit you'll agree. However, the fact that it did win the contest, I can ascribe only to blatant favoritism on the part of the judges.

The heart of every man in our platoon must swell with pride,
For the nation's youth, the cream of which is marching at his side.
For the fascinating rules and regulations that we share,
And the quaint and curious costumes that we're called upon to wear.

Now all joined up to do his part defending you and me.
He wants to fight and bleed and kill and die for liberty.
With the hell of war he's come to grips,
Policing up the filter tips,
It makes a fella proud to be a soldier!

When Pete was only in the seventh grade, he stabbed a cop.
He's real R.A. material and he was glad to swap
His switchblade and his old zip gun
For a bayonet and a new M-1.
It makes a fella proud to be a soldier!

After Johnny got through basic training, he
Was a soldier through and through when he was done.
It's effects were so well rooted,
That the next day he saluted
A good humor man, an usher, and a nun.

Now Fred's an intellectual, brings a book to every meal.
He likes the deep philosophers, like Norman Vincent Peale.
He thinks the army's just the thing,
Because he finds it broadening.
It makes a fella proud to be a soldier!

Now Ed flunked out of second grade, and never finished school.
He doesn't know a shelter half from an entrenching tool.
But he's going to be a big success.

He heads his class at ocs.
It makes a fella proud to be a soldier!

Our old mess sergeant's taste buds had been shot off in the war.
But his savory collations add to our esprit de corps.
To think of all the marvelous ways
They're using plastics nowadays.
It makes a fella proud to be a soldier!

Our lieutenant is the up-and-coming type.
Played with soldiers as a boy you just can bet.
It is written in the stars
He will get his captain's bars,
But he hasn't got enough box tops yet.

Our captain has a handicap to cope with, sad to tell.
He's from georgia, and he doesn't speak the language very well.
He used to be, so rumor has, the dean of men at alcatraz.
It makes a fella proud to be,
When as a kid I vowed to be,
One ought to be allowed to be
A soldier. (at ease!)