

Horse Soldier Horse Soldier
The Corb Lund Band

Corb Lund - Horse Soldier! Horse Soldier!

tabbed by Gideon Jones

Em **Am**
I m a hussar, I m a Hun, I m a wretched Englishman
Em **B7**
Routing Bonaparte at Waterloo
Em **Am** **Em** **Am**
I m a dragoon on a dun, I m a Cossack on the run
Em **B7** **Em**
I m a horse soldier, timeless, through and through

Em **Am** **Em**
I s with Custer and the 7th in '76 or '77
Em **B7**
Scalped at Little Big Horn by the Sioux
Em **Am** **Em** **Am**
And the pain and devastation of a once proud warrior nation
Em **B7** **Em**
This I know 'cause I was riding with them too

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

I knew Salah al-Din and rode his swift Arabians
Harassing doomed crusaders on their heavy drafts
And yet I rode the Percheron against the circling Saracin
And once again against myself was cast

Well I ve worn the Mounties crimson, if you re silent and you 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, coldest blood

I s the firstest with the mostest when I fought for Bedford Forrest
Suffered General Wilson s Union raid
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

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 tangled wire or the armoured 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
No matter defeat or victory, in battle it occurs to me
That we may see a swelling in our ranks

I'm 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 Washington the night we burned the White House
down
And cursed the sack of York and sons of Yanks