

They could keep their mug submissive
In the proper slavish style,
Had ambitions to be lance-jacks—
But their last name wasn't Kyle.

Johnny was a different product,
Bred up from a different race—
Couldn't take the dust from no one,
You could see it in his face.
Yet he wasn't hard to manage
And would never lose his grip
Till you treated him unjustly—
He just couldn't stand the whip.
Major Small was proud but dirty,
I figure that's the reason why
That they couldn't mix together;
One of them just had to die.
I always felt 'twould be the youngster,
Though I once heard Johnny say,
When they tied him to a cannon,
"Wait, my turn will come some day."
And I think the boy was always
Kind of waiting for a chance,
And he gets it one dark morning,
Well, I'll say, "Somewhere in France."
And the gun that got the major
Wasn't pulled by any Hun—
I was there, and "standing easy"
When the awful thing was done.

Never mind what led up to it,
I won't try to tell it all
Or to list the persecutions