

COLBY LONGHORN AND MONTEREY JACK

Mark Orr

Desperado of the West!
Renegade Cheese, all nattily dressed
In cellophane chaps and a wax paper vest,
Six-gun at his side.

Here comes Jack, itchin' to fight,
Riding roughshod out of the night,
Brie and Feta tremble in fright,
Hide, Ranchers, hide!

He rustled their cattle, horses and foals,
He burned their houses down to coals,
He shot Old Man Swiss plumb full of holes,
In front, back and side!

The bank in Cheeseville locked its door,
Away the stagecoach driver tore,
The Cheddar merchant lay on the floor,
Hide, Townies, Hide!

From out of the East a stranger came,
Colby Longhorn was his name,
Out to crumble Monterey's fame,
He searched far and wide!

Monterey Jack laughed when he heard
How Colby Longhorn spread the word
He'd whip his whey and beat his curd,
Jack's rep he did deride!

They met on the street at a quarter to one
And when the marshal's work was done,
Monterey Jack was on the run!
Ride, Outlaw, Ride!

Jack rode his Pimiento out from the town,
Colby set out to track him down,
Toting a grater and wearing a frown,
Destinies to decide!

The outlaw was wounded, quite badly, and so
In Parmesan Valley he waited below
Some tumbleweeds so could bushwhack his foe!
Hide, Outlaw, Hide!

But good luck was with Old Colby that day.
The Outlaw's first shot went wildly astray,
The marshal fired back and he blew Jack away!
Jack lay down and died!

When Colby returned the whole town gave a cheer,
Gouda the bartender gave him free beer.
They lauded the Cheese whom the outlaws did fear,
To honor him they vied.

He settled in town and married a Miss,
Ricotta, the daughter of the late Old Man Swiss,
And there he has stayed from that day to this,
Contented with his bride!

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