

“Step It Out, Nancy”

Music by Robin M. Williams, lyrics by Robin M. Williams and Jerome Clark*

Near Cheyenne in Wyoming there's a maiden fine and fair,
Her eyes they shone like diamonds, she had long and golden hair.
When the cattleman came riding he came to her father's door,
Mounted on a milk white pony, he came at the stroke of four.

Chorus:

(The chorus is repeated several times.)

Step it out Nancy, pretty darlin',
Step it out Nancy, if you can,
Step it out Nancy, pretty darlin',
Show your legs to the wealthy man.

“I have come to court your daughter Nancy of the golden hair,
“I have wealth and I have money, I have goods beyond compare.
“I will buy her silk and satins and a gold ring for her hand,
“I will build for her a mansion, she'll have servants to command.”

“Can't you see I love a cowboy and I've promised him my hand,
“I don't want your house and money, I don't want your goods and land.”
Nancy's father spoke up sharply, said, “You will do as you are told.
“You'll be married on the Sunday, you will wear the ring of gold.”

Well, the cattleman spoke with fury, said, “You will not have that man.,”
And he rode from town in anger with his rifle in his hand.
He came back from Colorado; on his pony was a sack,
He dripped with the blood of the cowboy slung across his back.

Pretty Nancy cried in anguish, she wept and tore her hair,
She slipped into her father's room and found a pistol lying there.
On the Sunday came the wedding, the town folks gathered at noon,
They saw Nancy pull the pistol and shoot down that wealthy groom.

Nancy said, "I am not sorry," when the jury heard her tale,
Though he rots beneath the ground and I shall rot in jail."
There in the crowded courtroom twelve good folk took their stand,
Said, "We will not hold you, Nancy, for killing that wealthy man."

I hope you get my meaning, it is not that murder pays,
But that women must not be bought and sold,
Neither then nor nowadays,
We will choose our lovers, we'll live out our own lives,
We'll love whom we please with a passion and a sparkle in our eyes.

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