

Marty Robbins **"Private Wilson White"**

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Private Wilson White, America is proud tonight
Proud to claim you for their hero, Private White

On a battlefield one day in a land so far away
Mid the rattle of machine guns in the dawn's first
golden light
Twenty men lay close to death, nineteen of them held
their breath
While one volunteered to save them, volunteered to
give his life

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Nineteen lives he meant to save, not one backward
glance he gave
As he yelled, for God and country, through an open
field he ran
But the enemy had seen and they understood his
scheme
And the fire from their machine guns knocked the rifle
from his hands

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Seven bullets found their mark, seven bullets near the
heart
And the force of seven bullets knocked the soldier to
the ground
But his promise he must keep, and he staggered to his
feet

Ran toward the four machine guns that pinned the
soldiers down

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Bullets flyin' everywhere, smoke and gunfire filled the
air
Onward ran the wounded soldier to keep the vow he

made

Nearly dead, but deep within, was the strength to pull
the pin

As he yelled, I died for freedom, he threw the hand
grenade

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