The Duke of Marlborough

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YOU Generals, and champions bold,
That take delight in the field,
That knock down palaces and castle walls,
But now to death must yield ;
I must go and face the foe,
With sword and with shield,
I always fought with my merry men,
But now to death must yield.

I am an Englishman by birth.
And Marlborough is my name.
In Devonshire I first drew my breath,
That place of noble fame,
I was belov'd by all my men,
Kings and Princes likewise,
So many towns I often took.
I did the world surprize.

King Charles the Second I did serve,
To face our foes in France,
And at the battle of Ramilies,
We boldly did advance ;
The sun was down, the earth did shake,
So loudly I did cry,
Fight on, my boys, for England's sake,
We'll conquer, or we'll die.

Now we have gain'd the victory,
And bravely kept the field,
We've took a number of prisoners,
And forced them to yield ;
That very day my horse was shot,
All by a musket ball.
As I was mounting up again,
My aid de camp did fall.

Now on a bed of sickness lay,
I am resign'd to die,
You generals and champions bold,
Stand true as well as I ;
Take no bribes, stand true to your men
And fight with courage bold,
I've led my men through smoke and fire,
But ne'er was brib'd by gold,

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