Private Wilson White

Marty Robbins

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