

# 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  
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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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Songwriters

ROBBINS, MARTY Published by

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