

You generals all and champions bold that takes delight in fields  
That knocks down churches and castle walls but now to death must yield  
We must go and face our daring foes and with a sword and shield  
I often fought with my merry men but now to death must yield

I am an Englishman by birth, Lord Marlborough is my name  
And I was brought up in London town, a place of noted fame  
I was 'beside' by all my men, kings and princes likewise  
And then all the towns we took to all the world's surprise

King Charles the Second I did serve to face our foes in France  
And at the battle of . . . we boldly did advance  
The sun was down, the earth did quake, so loudly did he cry  
"Fight on, my boys, for old England's sake, we'll conquer or we'll die"

But now we gain for victory and bravely kept the field  
We took great numbers of prisoners and forced them all to yield  
That very day my horse got shot, 'twas by a musket ball  
And as I mounted up again, my aide-de-camp did fall

Now I on a bed of sickness lie, I am resigned to die  
You generals all and champions bold stand true as well as I  
"Stand true my lads and 'bright' no man but fight with courage bold"  
I led my men through smoke and fire but never 'slight' with gold