

Fairport Convention, Lord Marlborough

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