

Dettingen S.Furster 1981-2011

The night is still, the air is cold
A sign describes a battle old
In moonlit brass the dates unfold
Through tumbled stones the tale is told

Back against that cold old stone
The wind through broken walls does moan
Ruins tell of blood and bone
And to me a mighty history shown

On this spot 1743
They followed their King to victory

The plains below of grey and green
Bring to mind a battle scene
And when the tourists go home and dream
The ghost appears, cut and mean

He tires towards me across the plain
And mourns his friends and comrades slain
His tears begin as does the rain
So much lost for so little gain

On this spot 1743
They followed their King to victory
The Young Buffs fought for his Majesty
Across the Main into history

Deed is done and the foe is dead
Captured those that have not fled
All armies have their life blood shed
And the River Main is run with red

Ancient smoke a ghostly haze
The soldier stumbles in a daze
The cost of victory each man pays
The hope and dreams of better days

On this spot 1743
They followed their King to victory

His boots the mud and blood does churn
His life his brothers have died to earn
Sons and husbands won't return
Wives and mothers soon will learn

He's won the day but lost his men
He lifts his battle horn and then
A mournful note for a broken friend
And the cool night air is still again

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