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The Loyal Soldier

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When in the fields of mars we lye, amongst the partial wights
Who never daunted are to dye for King and Country's rights
As on Belona's God I wait, & her attendant be
Yet being absent from my mate, I live in misery.

When lofty winds aloud do blow, It snoweth, hail or rain
And Charon in his boat do row, yet steadfast I'll remain.
And for my shelter in soome barn creep, or under some hedge lye
While such as do now strong castles' keep know no such misery.

When down in strain we tumbling lye, with Morpheus's charms asleep,
My heavy sad and mournful eye in security so deep,
Then do I dream within your arms with thee I sporting lye
Then do I dread or fear no harms, nor feel no misery

When all my joys are thus compleat, the cannons loud do play
The drums' alarum straight do beat and trumpets sound, away.
Awake I then, and naught can find but death attending me,
And all my joys are vanished quite; this is my misery.

When hunger oftentimes I feel, and water cold do drink
Yet from my colours I'll not steal nor from my King will shrink.
No traitor base shall make me yield, but for the couse I'll be;
this is my love, pray heaven to shield, and farewell misery.

Reprinted in "The Loyal Garland," published c1680's, containing
royalist songs from the English civil war. Scans well to
"Sellinger's Round" a popular ballad tune of the period. WBO

(tune: Sellinger's Round)

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