

Old Soldiers of the Queen

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Of old Soldiers, this Song you would hear,
And we old Fiddlers have forgot who they were,
But all we remember shall come to your Ear,
 That we are old Soldiers of the Queens,
 And the Queens old Soldiers.

With the Old Drake, that was the next man
To Old Franciscus, who first it began,
To sail through the Streights of Magellan,
 Like an old Soldier, etc.

That put the proud Spanish Armada to wrack,
And travell'd all o'er the old World, an@ came back
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack,
 Like an etc.

Like an Old Cavendish, that seconded him,
And taught his old Sails the same Passage to swim
And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold trim,
 Like etc.

Like an Old Rawleigh, that twice and again,
Sailed over most part of the Seas, and then
Travell'd all o'er the World with his Pen,
 Like an etc.

With an old John Norris, the General,
That at old Gaunt, made his Fame Immortal
In spite of his Foes, with no loss at all,
 Like etc.

Like Old Brest Fort, an invincible thing,
When the old Queen sent him to help the French king
Took from the proud fox, to the World's wondering
 Like etc.

Where an old stout fryer, as goes the story,
Came to push of Pike with him in Vain-glory,
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory
 Bt this etc.

With an old Ned Norris, that kept Ostend,
A terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend,
And left it Impregnable to his last End,
Like an etc.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the Wall
Of Lisbon, the Mistress of Portugal,
Like an etc.

With an Old Tim Norris by the old Queen sent
Of Munster, in Ireland, Lord President
Where his days and his Blood in her service he spent
Like an etc.

With an Old Harry Norris, in battle wounded
In his Knee, whose leg was cut off and he said
You have spoiled my Dancing and dy'd in his Bed
Like an etc.

With an Old Will Norris, the oldest of all
Who went voluntary, without any Call
To th' old Irish Wars, to's Fame Immortal
Like an etc.

When an Old Dick Wenman, the first in his Prime
That over the Walls of old Cales did clime
And there he was Knighted and liv'd all his time
Like an etc.

With Old Nando Wenman, when Brest was o'er thrown
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known
For an etc.

When an Old Tim Wenman, whose bravest delight
Was in a good Cause for his Country to fight
And dy'd in Ireland, a good old Knight
And an etc.

With a young Ned Wenman, so valiant and bold,
In the Wars of Bohemia, as with the Old
Deserves for his valour to be Enroll'd
An etc.

And thus of Old Soldiers, ye hear the Fame
But ne'er so many of one House and Name
And all of old John Lord Viscount of Thame
An old Soldier of the Queens

And the Queens old Soldier.

This was, apparently much parodied--Old Courtiers, Old Soldiers
etc. RG

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