

Battle of Worcester

To the tune of; *Green Sleeves* or, *Which Nobody Can Deny*



All you that be true to the King & the State,
Come listen, and Ile tell you what happen'd of late,
In a large field near *Worcesters* gate,
Which no body can deny.

Brave *Sir John Byron*, true to the Crown,
VVith forces too few 'tis very well known,
VVent thither 'tis said, to keep the *Town*,
Which no body can deny.

But whether 'twas true, ye have learn'd to guess,
As for my own part I think no lesse,
To give you a taste of our Future successe,
Which no body can deny.

Thither came *Fines* with armes Complete,
The *Town* to take, and *Byron* defeat,
Provisions were made, but he staid not to eat,
Which no body can deny.

But as soon as he heard our great Guns play,
VVith a flea in's ear, he ran quite away,
Like the lawfull begotten *Son* of Lord *Say*,
Which no body, &c.

Nay had the old Crop-ear'd his Father dar'd
To approach the walls, his design had bin marr'd,
For *Byron* would not have proved a VVard,
Which no body, &c.

Pox on him he keeps his Patent yet,
But I hope next Term he shall not sit,
'Twas but *quam diuse bene Gefferit*,
Which no body, &c.

But now behold, increased in force,
Hee comes again with ten Troups of Horse,
Oh bloody-Man he had no remorse,
Which nobody, &c.

They marched up boldly, without any fear,
Little thinking Prince *Rupert* was come so near,
But alas poor souls it cost them dear,
Which no body, &c.

The Prince like a Gallant man of his trade,
Marcht out of the *Town* till this quarter was made,
Sir, the Enemies are near at hand it is said:
Which no body, &c.

Where, where are they? Prince *Rupert* cryes,
And looking about with fiery eyes,
Some thirty behind a hedge he spyes,
Which no body, &c.

This Forlorn-hope he no sooner saw,
But 4. or 5. more did towards him draw;
He asked, who's there? one answer'd him, haw,
Which nobody, &c.

The man you'll say was rudely bred;
The Prince shot a Bullet into his head,
His haw had been better spared then said,
Which nobody, &c.
Prince *Maurice* then, to second his Brother,
Discharg'd his Pistol and down fell another,
'Twere pittie but news were sent to his Mother,
Which nobody, &c.

Lord *Digby* slew one to his great fame,
So did Monsieur de *Lisle* and Sir *Rich. Crane*,
And another *French* man, with a harder name,
Which nobody, &c.
Prince *Rupert* to his own Force retired,
And bad them not shoot till their Doublets were fired,
His Courage and Conduct were both admired,
Which no body, &c.

He Charged but twice, yet made them shrink,
Twere hard to get off now one would think,
Yet both can do it as easie as drink,
Which no body, &c.
Then amongst ye, quoth Sir *Lewes Dives*,
For a good Cause you know alwayes thrives,
His heart in his shoulders cost many mens lives,
Which no body, &c.

John Byron did as bravely fight;
To the *Prince of Wales* his great delight,
He came home safely and was made a Knight,
Which no body, &c.
My Friend *David Walter* in Doublet white,
Without any Armes either rusty or bright,
Charg'd through them twice like a little spright,
Which no body, &c.

But oh Prince *Maurice*, where was he?
Where one of us would loath to be,
Surrounded with Butchers three times three,
Which no body, &c.
These men of *East-cheap* little said,
But all their blows at his head they made,
As if they had been at work at their Trade,
Which no body, &c.

Then came a *French-man* fiery and keen,
And he broke the Ring and he came in between,
Ere a man let a fart not a Butcher was seen,
Which no body, &c.
Brave Lord *Wilmot*, by whose hands did fall
Many a Rebell stout and tall,
Came to him without any Armes at all,
Which no body, &c.

Their Horses then close up they spur'd,
The wounds they gave were all with the Sword,
Their Pistols proved not worth a turd,
Which no body, &c.
But the Parliament having quite forgot
To Vote that *Sandys* should not be shot
By the hand of a *Mounsier* he went to the pot.
Which no body, &c.

Douglas a *Scotch-man* of great fame
Was slain that day for want of the same;
The Houses in this were much to blame,
Which no body, &c.
Of all their chief Commanders that day,
I hold it fit I should something say,
His name was *Brown*, and he ran away,
Which no body, &c.

If a few more o'em should shew such a streak,
Both Houses surely would quickly break,
And honester men would have leave to speak,
Which no body, &c.

They fly, they fly, Prince *Rupert* cry'd,
No sooner said, but away they hy'd;
The force of his Armes they durst not abide,
Which no body, &c.