



Chelsea Quarters.

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COME hear an old campaigner's song,
A British soldier's story,
Who oft has train'd the martial throng,
To noble deeds of glory ;
But let not boasting swell my praise,
Who's fac'd hot balls and mortars,
In hopes to spend my latter days,
In peace in Chelsea Quarters.

On swampy grounds and burning sands,
In march and counter marches,
I've met in fight the hostile bands,
And sunk beneath my gashes ;
Yet innate valour cheer'd my heart,
'Tis fear the coward slaughters,
And he that takes a soldier's part
Secur'd my Chelsea Quarters.

To say what foes my arm has slain
Would be a dastard's venture,
My duty ne'er regarded pain,
In van, or rear, or centre ;
Full oft I've drenched my sword in blood,
And forded many waters,
In hopes when war should cease her flood,
To fix in Chelsea Quarters.

And heaven bless his majesty,
Who leaves a vet'ran never,
Grown old and hack'd up, as you see,
He's pension'd me for nver ;
My rent is fix'd at last for life,
And safe from mines and mortars,
Tho' kingdoms wage eternal strife,
I'll ne'er quit Chelsea Quarters.

