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Chelsea Quaters

Author Unknown

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Chelsea Quarters

Printed and Sold by J Pitts No. 14 G at
St Andrew Street, seven Dial

COME hear an old Campaigners song,
A British soldier's story
Who oft has train'd his 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 lands,
In march and counter marches,
I've met in fight the hostile band,
And sunk beneath my gashes ;
Yet inmate valour cheer my heart
'Tis fear the coward slaughters,
and he that takes a soldier's part,
secur'd me in Chelsea Quarters:

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

And heavens bless his Majesty
Who leaves a vet'ran never
Grown all and back'd up as you see,
He's pensioned me for ever
My rent is fix'd at last for life
And safe from mines and mortars
Tho' kindoms wage eternal strife
I'll ne'er quit Chelsea Quarters