

**Poems : A
blot in the
'scutcheon
(1850)**

**Robert
Browning**

Resumo de Poems; A Blot in the 'Scutcheon

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CAVALIER TUNES. I. MARCHING ALONG. I. Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King, Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing: And, pressing a troop unable to stoop And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop, Marched them along, fifty-score strong, Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous paries! Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup, Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup Till you 're (Chorus) marching along, fifty-score strong, Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Such Poems as the following come properly enough, I suppose, under the head of Dramatic Pieces; being, though for the most part Lyric in expression, always Dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine.

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell Serve Hazclrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well! England, good cheer ! Rupert is near ! Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here (Cho) Marching along, fifty-score strong, Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song Then, God for King Charles !

Pym and his snarls To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles! Hold by the right, you double your might; So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight, (Cho.) March we along, fifty-score strong, Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE. King Charles, and who 'll do him right now ? King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ? Give a rouse: here 's, in Hell's

despite now, King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since ? Who raised me the house that
sank once ? Who helped me to gold I spent since ? Who found me in wine
you drank once ?

King Charles, and who'll do him right...

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