

Damask Rose

They've brought the King from Titchfield, they've ferried them across
To Cowes by Newport Haven, to England's rue and loss.
With Berkeley, Legg, Ashburnham and Baskett, Charles doth ride;
A sad, dethroned monarch, stern Hammond at his side.

Chorus:

*Sweet damask rose of England, I'll wear thee next my heart,
Of future hope an emblem, with thee I'll never part.*

They've passed the gloomy forest and entered Newport town -
A cause without a party, a king without a crown -
The townsmen in the market have gathered them to see
That saddest sight to gaze on, a fallen majesty.
Ch.

There's one behind the thronging all bashfully doth stand;
A maid of sixteen summers, a red rose in her hand,
That, braving chill November, had graced her garden wall
A rose of Martin's summer - last rose to bloom and fall.
Ch.

'A boon!' cries stout Dame Trattle, and thrusts the throng aside.
'My maid the King would speak with and will not be denied.'
All gracious smiled the Stuart, 'Go bid the maid draw near:
Our ears are ever open, our subjects' speech to hear.'
Ch.

'Sire, deign accept this blossom, but plucked this Martin's tide
Within my mother's garden down by the waterside.
For blessings on your coming, your humblest subject prays.
God shield you, sire, from evil, and send you happier days.'
Ch.

Maid, may your prayer be answered: No better gift we seek,
A damask rose that vies with the damask of your cheek.
It comes a welcome token as sunshine after rain;
So may our cause late blossom and take firm root again.
Ch.