

Upton Bridge

Chorus 1

For she is my own true darlin, & I am, I am hers.
Yes she is my own true darlin, & I am, I am hers.

It would take a battalion of Royalists & everyone of Cromwells crew,
To defeat my all conquering love for the woman who dresses in blue.
Yes she is fine & I will have her mine when the fighting & wars are through

Chorus 1

To support the Royalist cause now, off I march to the war,
Leaving my dear Nancy here fair makes me own heart sore.
But to fight for the King & the joy it will bring, gladdens her heart more

Chorus 1

'Twas not just the battle for Upton Bridge we lost that August day,
Many of General Massey's men lay motionless in the hay,
And mine was one of the lives that were gone, to please my fiancee.

Chorus 2

For she was my own true darlin, & I was, I was hers.
Yes she was my own true darlin, & I was, I was hers.

Well now I reside in heaven, along with those who were slain
The only comfort that it gives I'll n'ere see Nancy again
For she is wed and there's no more to be said about her roundhead swain.

Chorus 2

For she was my own true darlin, & I was, I was hers.

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The battle of Upton Bridge August 29th 1651 was pivotal to the success of the Battle of Worcester (Sep 3rd) in that it allowed the parliamentarians access to both sides of the river.

As the Church Bell Chimed

*Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid, Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed, Now wait to extacy the living lyre.*

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene, The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and wate it's sweetness on the desert air.*

*Some village Hampden that with duantless breast, The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.*

As the Church Bell Chimed

*Far from the madding crowds ignoble strife, their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life, They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.*

*One morn I missed on his custom'd hill, Along the heath and near his favourite tree
Another came nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn nor at the wood was he.*

*Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid, Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed, Now wait to extacy the living lyre.*

As the Church Bell Chimed

words after Thomas Gray arr. by and tune © Cresby Brown and Chris Evans. Aug 1997

Taken from a plaque on the Squire's gate in Bretforton church yard. The tune was composed in the churchyard and as one note was not resolving properly the Church Bell chimed. That is the note.