

Seth Lakeman

"1643"

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In this fair town we laid them down,
In 1643.
It was poor King Charles who travelled for miles,
The heart of a silver dream.

As fierce young men, we took a mighty stand,
Waited for the call,
We were the first one over the wall.

These four walls are at the heart of the kingdom.
For these four walls...

A shot rang out from behind the hill,
As we marched along the bank.
We were stuck in fast between a heavy marsh
And our clothes were torn and damp.

So steady your guns until the last man comes,
The captain he did cry,
I was the last man to see him alive.

These four walls are at the heart of the kingdom.
For these four walls...

As night crept in and the stars were dim,
No soldier made a sound.
We had lost all sight in that fading light,
The fires had gone aground.

The captain went out to scream and shout,
An ambush he would find,
I was the last man to see him alive.

These four walls are at the heart of the kingdom,
For these four walls are at the heart of the kingdom,
For these four walls are at the heart of the kingdom,
For these four walls...

At first light when the guns were quiet,
The enforcements came to town,
They were putting aside where the battlemen prayed,
The battle had turned around.

There was always one but the captain gone
Forever we recall,
He was the first one over the wall.

(... These four walls are at the heart of the kingdom...
... He was the first cut down...)

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