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Call Number	BrSides By6 1647
Creator	H., I, Howell, James, 1594?-1666
Published/Created Date	1647]
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The Souldiers sad Complaint.

Is this the upshot then? We that have spent
 Our best of Fortunes for a PARLIAMENT?
 We that have sweat in blood, march't o're the Land,
 And where our feet did tread, our Swords command?
 We that like burning Comets did appeare,
 Striking astonishment with pallid feare,
 Upon the daring aspect of our Foes,
 Forcing even Death, under our dreadfull blowes
 To flagg his fatall Standard? We that have
 Been (as of Banquets) greedy of a grave?
 When through the rivlets of our purple gore
 Flow'd streames of Victory unto the doore
 Of our high palmed *STATE*, made *GODS*: no lesse;
 And only happy through our wretchednesse.
 When in our calmed postures we draw neare
 Creeping addresses to that Lofty *SPHEAR*
 In naked Bodies, broken Leggs, and Armes,
 In carved Limbs, which were erewhile as *Charmes*
 To quiet Death, and make the Furies hush't,
 That we should suffer? that we should be crush't
 With those iron hands (though guilded with our blood,
 Not seeking others, but their owne selfe-good)
 We have upheld? when we make humble plea
 With empty entrailes, for our deare earn'd pay,
 (Whilest your enlarded guts, and brawny sides
 Swine it with *Epicurus*, stretch your hydes
 With glory morfells) are we kickt away,
 As if each Wight had turn'd Apostata?
 Is this true Vallors pay? coyn'd out of ayre
 And envy? Tyranny? that doth out-dare
 The very front of Hell. What, Souldiers? and thus slighted?
 The best of actions are the worst requited.
 'Tisthought, and fear'd, your eyes that pittie want,
 Ere long will turne the world all Adamant:
 And every object by reflection,
 Be turned into, what you are, a Stone;
 Should but your curious, wanton pallats share
 As formerly our Fortunes, now our fare,
 (Who once lay lugging at that Ladyes Papp
 As full of plenty then, as now, mishap)
 A two daies sad experience, would condemne
 Your great ingratitude; make you contemne
 Your cruelties; and bring home to your Gate
 As much of love, as hitherto of hate.
 Who gave your *SENAT* being? the Lawes their breath?
 Was't not our blood? our hazzarding of death?
 And will you counsell murder? fit to slay
 Even those by whom you sit, or whom, you stay?
 From your full stores, then reach unto poore soules,
 Of what's their due: Necessity controules
 The sharpest Lawes. Oh heare their groanes and cries
 Who haplesse lives, and as yet hopelesse eyes.

Per I. H.

FINIS.