

Battle of  
**Waterloo,**

To which are added,

Lawrie O'Broom's Rambles

AND

The Plough Boy.



Paisley: printed by J. Neilson.

## The Battle of Waterloo.

**C**OME, all you valiant heroes bold,  
I pray you lend an ear,  
There was not such a battle fought,  
no, not this many a year.  
All on the plains of Waterloo,  
on the 18th day of June,  
Against the proud sons of France  
we pull'd their Emperor down.

**CHOR.** As on the plains of Waterloo,  
it was a bloody fray,  
And ages yet unborn,  
shall read the glories of that day.

'Twas on the 16th day of June  
the battle it began,  
With courage bold each hero fought,  
with valour every man,  
And at the hour of 12 o'clock  
began the bloody fight,  
And the battle was not ended,  
till it dropt the veil of night.

'Twas on the 17th day of June,  
about the hour of nine,  
The British and the Prussians  
their armies did combine,  
The Duke of Wellington came up  
all with a warlike band,  
Come, come, my boys, we'll beat them down,  
while we have power to stand.

When the Prussian cavalry came up,  
 they fought like lions bold,  
 Led on by General Blucher  
 of 83 years old;  
 Like lions bold, undaunted then,  
 we forced them to fly,  
 Come, come, cries General Blucher,  
 we'll conquer them or die.

And when the dreadful morn came in,  
 the 18th day of June,  
 And near the hour of twelve o'clock,  
 ten thousand were cut down.  
 Then cried the Duke of Wellington,  
 Come on, my warlike men,  
 This is the day they'll conquer us,  
 or we will conquer them.

They cios'd full fast on every side,  
 no slackness could be found,  
 And many a thousand heroes bold  
 lay dead upon the ground,  
 Resolved was Duke Wellington  
 to lay the Frenchmen's pride,  
 The fields were stain'd with crimson blood,  
 death teem'd on every side.

Great guns did roar like thunder,  
 the battle rag'd amain,  
 And in this gallant action,  
 many thousands there were slain,

One hundred and twenty cannon,  
 from them we took away,  
 Six eagles fine we took from them,  
 all on that glorious day.

We hope this glorious action  
 will bring peace for evermore,  
 All nations shall united be,  
 through every distant shore,  
 Success unto Duke Wellington,  
 who gain'd this glorious day,  
 Likewise to General Blucher,  
 that always fought his way.

### Lawrie O'Broom's Rambles from Ireland to Scotland.

**T**HE trade it is bad, now good people I hear;  
 And my name it is Lawrie O'Broom, sir,  
 My father, he died, left me all that he had,  
 'Twas a good breeding sow, and a loom, sir.

I lived quite happy a very short space,  
 Till I married a wife, who soon alter'd the case,  
 She blackened my eyes, and spat in my face;  
 It was tight times for Lawrie O'Broome, sir.

I thought to myself this would not long do,  
 my passion no longer could smother;  
 I instantly fold off my loom and my sow,  
 and sent the jade home to her mother.

And then for old Scotland I straightway did steer,  
 to leave that sweet place I once lov'd so dear,  
 With grief in my bosom, was ready to tear  
 the heart out of Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

I should'r'd my cudgel and bundle again,  
 my figure being one of the oddest;  
 I did not weelken the right road frae the wrang,  
 but held to the road that was broadest,  
 Till at length I arrived at Donaghadee,  
 and to my surprife laid me close on the sea,  
 I wish'd for the wings of a swallow to flee;  
 what a tight bird was Lawrie O'Broom, fir.

They hois'd me on board of a tight little smack,  
 amongst a parcel of jovial gay fellows;  
 I rous'd up my heart, and I sung Paddy Whack,  
 As we steer'd o'er the turbulent billows.

Till at length I got sea-sick, was ready to die,  
 and the meat in my belly was spung'd quite dry;  
 Whilst I lay besmear'd like a pig in a sty;  
 for a doctor cried Lawrie O'Broom, fir.

I bounc'd upon deck to view Ireland once more,  
 which was a dangerous risk of my neck, fir,  
 I ran up the mast ladder to view Hibernia's shore,  
 and then I was far above deck, fir.

When I found that old Ireland was out of my view,  
 I was forc'd to come down by the captain and crew,  
 I thought on my wife, my loom, and my sowl,  
 but far distant was Lawrie O'Broom, fir.

At four in the morning we came to Stranraer,  
 when the people were all fast asleep, fir,  
 The streets I rambled all up and down,  
 Till a sentry I chanc'd for to meet, fir.

He ask'd me my name, trade, and place of abode,  
 I told him I was a weaver just travelling the road,  
 And the name that my father had on me bestow'd,  
 I told him was Lawrie O'Broom, fir.

The Sportsman he took a light peep at my dress,  
 And then he began for to prat, sit;  
 Saying, how does the Cropies in Ireland now do,  
 And whether the number's got many or few?

The d--v--l a Cropie nor Ireland I knew,  
 I am a Scotchman, said Lawrie O'Broom, ■.

O he said I was a Cropie by the cut of my hair,  
 Which left me in tears for to wander;  
 I instantly tost up his heels in the air,  
 And laid him as flat as a flounder.

Whilst he like a paddock did sprawl on the ground,  
 I ran like a hare in front of a hound,  
 While the hills and the vallies did echo around,  
 With the people crying Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

### The Plough Boy.

COME, all you lads and lasses,  
 Come listen here awhile,

A merry song I'll sing to you,  
 will cause your hearts to smile;

My song it is not very long,  
 sung with a merry glee, O,

And you may sing it to your love,  
 while she sits on your knee, O.

Tarry dilly O, tarry dilly O, right tol  
 the rol, tol the rol te tarry dilly O.

'Tis of a merry plough boy,  
 was plowing of his land,  
 He cried Ho! unto his horses,  
 and boldly bade them stand;

When he sat down upon his plough,  
 and then began to sing O,  
 Young Jack he sung so sweetly,  
 he made the vallies ring O.  
 Tarry dilly O, &c.

There was farmer's daughter  
 a nutting in the wood,  
 And when she heard young Jockey sing,  
 he charm'd her where she stood;  
 The nuts that she had gathered  
 she threw them all away O,  
 For in the wood behind him  
 no longer could she stay O.  
 Tarry dilly O, &c.

Jockey left his horses,  
 and Jockey left his plough,  
 And he went to the green wood,  
 his courage for to show;  
 He took her by the middle small,  
 and gently laid her down, O;  
 Come, Jack, said she, I long to see  
 the world going round, O.  
 Tarry dilly O, &c.

When Jockey had tilled  
 and sowed o'er and o'er,  
 When Jockey had towed  
 till he could sow no more,

They on the green did walk,  
 she on his breast did lean, O,  
 Jack, said she, I long to see  
 the world going round again, O!  
 Tarry dilly O, &c.

When twenty weeks were over,  
 and twenty weeks were past,  
 She sent Jack a letter,  
 but Jack had left his place;  
 When forty weeks were over,  
 this damsel had a son, O;  
 Her father and her mother  
 of him seem'd very fond, O.  
 Tarry dilly O.

Come all you farmers' daughters,  
 take this advice of mine,  
 If that you do a nutting go,  
 come back in a short time;  
 For if that you do stay too late,  
 to hear the plough boy sing, O,  
 It is a chance but you may get  
 a charm 'neath your apron-string, O!  
 Tarry dilly O, tarry dilly O, right tol  
 the rol, -tol the roll te tarry dilly O.

FINIS.