

x The Famous Battle  
OF  
Waterloo,

Fought the 18th day of June, 1815.

TUNE—*Thuret's Defeat.*

To which is added,

Fee him, Father,  
The Happy Pair,  
Brose and Butter.



Falkirk—Printed by J. Johnston.

1815.

THE FAMOUS BATTLE  
OF  
WATERLOO.

**Y**E people at home, who live easy,  
and free from the riots of war,  
Let thought take a place in your bosoms,  
and sigh for the sorrows of war.  
Ah! lang has the sythe of destruction  
been sweeping the nations around;  
But ne'er did it cut with such keenness,  
as on the great 18th of June.

Bold Britain and France they have long been  
contending for who'll have the sway;  
But brawling may turn into mourning,  
to think on this terrible day!  
Ten thousands of good hearted mortals,  
here fell 'midst the awful platoons,  
And sung a farewell to their sorrows  
upon the great 18th of June.

First France, with her ord'nary fury,  
did think the allies to o'erwhelm;  
But ah! she forgot, in the hurry,  
that Britain did stand at the helm.  
And what a sad heart, sirs, had Bonnie,  
to tak now, instead of a Crown,  
A canter frae Brussels to Paris,  
lamenting the 18th of June.

While Britain, as bold as a lion,  
 made all shake around with her roar !  
 She conquer'd the Legions against her,  
 till there was to conquer no more.  
 But great was the tumult on both sides,  
 and great was the number cut down !  
 And many a heart will remember  
 with sorrow the 18th of June.

Let England rejoice in her heroes,  
 and Ireland in great Wellington ;  
 But Scotia may mourn without ceasing,  
 her best and her bravest are gone !  
 Ye Lassies, wha's Laddies are yonder,  
 gae ilk-ane and buy a black goat ;  
 A thousand it is to a hunder,  
 they've fall'n on the 18th of June.

Ye fops, and ye fine gaudy mortals,  
 whose life's like the mist of the morn,  
 An hour in this terrible conflict  
 would told you what for you was born.  
 The groans of the dying and wounded,  
 would sent thro' your bosoms a stoun !  
 You would learn'd to have danc'd a new figure,  
 at the Ball on the 18th of June.

From half after ten in the morning,  
 till half after seven at night,  
 Thy meadows La Belle Alliance  
 did ne'er before see such a sight !

Till the thunder of twice fifty cannons,  
 proclaim'd we the battle had won;  
 While the moon in the night, as she view'd it,  
 recorded the 18th of June.

But now, to cut short a long story,  
 here's joy to our hero's at large;  
 May Britain lang keep up her glory,  
 and Donald lang ken how to charge.  
 And may her bold sons still defend her,  
 from the paws of a foreigner loon;  
 And may he who dares to offend her,  
 get fun like the 18th of June.

Ye Nations, O would you learn wisdom,  
 (excuse me for speaking so plain,)  
 O would you repent of your folly,  
 then look on the thousands you've slain!  
 Let prejudice fly from your bosoms,  
 and harmony reign roun' and roun';  
 A world of peace and of pleasure;  
 might rival an 18th of June.



## FEE HIM, FATHER, &amp;c.

O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,  
Saw ye Johnny cumin;

O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,  
Saw ye Johnny cumin;

O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,  
Saw ye Johnny cumin,

Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
And his doggy rinnin, quo' she,

And his doggy rinnin?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him,

For he is a gallant lad,

And a well-doin, quo' she:

And a' the wark about the town

Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;

Gaes wi' me when I see him.

O what wou'd I do wi' him, quo' he,  
What wou'd I do wi' him?

He has ne'er a fark upon his back,

And I hae nane to gie him.

I hae twa sarks into my kist,  
 And ane of them I'll gie him;  
 And for a mark of mair fee,  
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I loe him;  
 For weel do I loe him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I loe him!  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll haud the pleugh, threlh in the barn,  
 And crack wi' me at een, quo' she,  
 And crack wi' me at een.



### THE HAPPY PAIR:

At dewy dawn, as o'er the lawn,  
 young Roger early stray'd,  
 He chanc'd to meet with Jenny sweet,  
 that blooming country maid:  
 Her cheeks so red with blushes spread,  
 shew'd like the break of day;  
 Her modest look the shepherd took,  
 she stole his heart away.

With tender air he woo'd the Fair,  
 and movingly addrest,  
 For love divine can clowns refine,  
 and warm the coldest breast:  
 Her eyes he prais'd, and fondly gaz'd  
 on her enchanting face,  
 Where innocence and health dispense  
 each winning rosy grace.

Young Jenny's breast love's power confess,  
 And felt an equal fire;  
 Nor had the art to hide her smart,  
 or check the fond desire:  
 HYMEN unites in blissful rites  
 the fair, the matchless two,  
 And wedlock ne'er cou'd boast a pair  
 more loving or more true.

Ye rich and great, how seldom fate  
 gives you so mild a doom,  
 Whose wand'ring flames & wanton dames  
 a mutual plague become;  
 While coach and fix your passion fix,  
 you buy your state too dear;  
 Ah! courtly folks, you're but the jokes  
 of those who love sincere.

## BROSE AND BUTTER.

Gie my love brose, brose,  
 Gie my love brose and butter;  
 Gie my love brose, brose,  
 Yestreen he wanted his supper.

Jenny sits up in the laft,  
 Jockey wad fain hae been at her:  
 There came a wind out of the waft,  
 Made a' the wind ws to clatter:  
 Gie my love, &c.

A goose is nae good meat,  
 A hen is bos within;  
 In a pye there's muckle deceit;  
 A pudding it is a good thing.  
 Gie my love, &c.

**F I N I S.**

Falkirk, Printed by T. Johnston.