

Wellington AND Glory for ever.

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A MID that race of heroes bold,
Who grace the British name,
Enrol'd be gallant Wellington,
The foremost child of fame,
Hear, Britons! hear against the foe,
How British vengeance flew,
How well they fought and beat the French,
As Britons ever do.

The twenty second was the day
And be that day rever'd
When rang'd near fifty thousand strong,
The hostile force appeared
In fierce array their troops were spread,
O'er Salamanca's plain,
There destin'd to decide the cause
Of Liberty and Spain!

His numbers far beneath the foe:
Our Heroe sought to cheer
Th' unequal force brave Wellington
Disdain'd to feel or fear.
Fierce was the fight of that dread day
And long continued so.
Till Marmont wounded fled the field
And terror seiz'd the foe

O'er hill and dale through wood and wild:
Their scar'd battalions fly
The few who dar'd our ranks to face,
But nobly dar'd to die!

On every side were slaughter'd heaps,
And countless pris'ners ta'en;
On every side the shout was heard,
For Wellington and Spain;

And now the scene of carnage o'er;
The storm of battle done.
Thus gallant Wellington recounts;
The glorious battle won
That Providence which rules above;
His deign'd our shield to be
Almighty Heaven! has fought our fight,
And giv'n us victory!

First, to that Might Power be praise
Who conquers on our side
Then to my troops my gallant troops
Who fought and conquering died!
Their widows and their orphans guard,
Ye Britons; brave and good!
Their tears of grief your deeds shall turn
To tears of gratitude.

