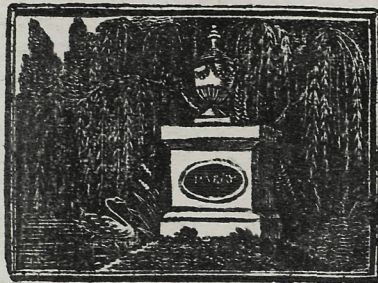


THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



Britannia in sorrow is weeping
And thousands in grief do deplore
In death's cold arms he is sleeping
Our gallant old Soldier's no more
Kings & Emperors he made for to tremble
And he over the Enemy did reign
He fought and he conquer'd all Nations
And beat them in France and in Spain.

CHORUS,

The Funeral knell sad is tolling
Britannia in grief does deplore
For the loss of our gallant old soldier
The Duke of Wellington now is no more

On the Fourteenth day of September
Eighteen hundred and fifty two
The old noble and gallant commander
The Hero of Great Waterloo
Who had boldly oft faced death & danger
In Prussia, in France and in Spain
Departed this life for a better
On earth he'll no more march again

He conquered the Emperor Napoleon
For honour and glory he fought;
To march to the great field of battle,
His army he nobly taught
To fight in the field and to conquer
From the army never to fly
He lived like a British old soldier
And in honour and glory he died

When the great gun so fiercely did rattle
The old General did lead on the van
His army he led into battle
And by them courageous did stand
He commanded the great British army
And he guided the helm of state
He died like a true British soldier
And Britannia's lamenting his fate

The name of the great Duke of Wellington
Who victory they did unurl
Renowned with great honour and glory
In every part of the world
His earthly campaign now is ended
His march is both finished and o'er
And him who Britannia defended
Is gone and alas is no more

When Victoria the tidings was told her
She in sorrow and anguish did weep
And said my brave gallant old soldier
In the cold arms of death now does sleep
He died the fourteenth of September
Eighteen hundred and fifty two
In age in glory and honour
The hero of great Waterloo

For his loss poor Britannia is weeping
Long over his tomb she will mourn
For him there is no more retreating
He is gone and can never return
The battle he fought and he conquered
And gained a complete victory
He was summoned from earth & departed
At the great age of Eighty and Three



Powell Printer 206 Brick Lane



1852