

THE
LOSS of one HERO
ON THE
Plains of Waterloo

William McColl, Printer, 4, Cartwright Place, Byrom-street
Liverpool.

Come all you lovers that are true and constant
Attuned unto my mournful song,
Come pity my sad situation,
For in this world I can't live long.
All for the loss of my sweet William,
He is the lad I do adore,
But in the wars he has got wounded,
I never shall see sweet William more.

When first my love was enlisted,
He went on board to cross the main,
And like a hero fought so boldly,
Through Portugal and Spain.
In the last decisive battle,
There he was struck the fatal blow,
There my sweet William was mortally wounded,
All on the plains of Waterloo.

My William wrote to me a letter,
As he lay bleeding in his gore,
Farewell, Nancy, charming creature,
Never alive shall I see you more.
Know that you loved me dearly,
Though you have been constant been,
If I had lived to have seen it over,
Married to you I would have been.
Farewell, Nancy, charming creature,
My mortal breath I must resign,
Know that thou didst love me dearly
But do not now for me repine.
Farewell, vain world, I must give up,
And to all joys I bid adieu,
For here my shattered bones must moulder,
All on the plains of Waterloo.

My William was tall and handsome,
I speak no lies but tell the truth,
Near six feet high, made in proportion,
Indeed he was a clever youth.
Now Nancy she lies broken hearted,
She is full of sorrow, grief, and wee,
All for the loss of her sweet William,
Who was killed at Waterloo.

My lovely Nancy,
Did receive,
wounded,
grave.
And ma,

DEEDS
OF
NAPOLEON.

TUNE—"The Mouth of the Nile"

You heroes of the day, who are lively, brave, and gay,
Only think of former champions by land and sea,
'Midst the battles fierce array, when cannons round did play,
Like hearts of oak they smil'd, and met their enemy.

The total pride of France, with his eagles did advance,
That hero came from Corsica, and proved himself a den,
Tho' Kings he did dethrone, and some thousands caused to groan
Yet we miss the long lost Emperor, Napoleon.

Duncan, Jarvis, and Lord Howe, long the ocean they did plough,
They fought the French, the Spaniards, and the Danish fleet,
When the crimson gore did flow, then true courage they did shew
They fought with desperation and never was beat.

The French did cry "Mon Dieu!" while their decks to pieces flew,
The Spaniards did surrender, the Danish fleet was quite undone
Bold Bony fought on land, like an Emperor so grand,
And the soldiers cried "long life to Napoleon."

Then the Norfolk hero bold, he was never brub'd by gold,
Great honour to Lord Nelson, now a long time dead,
Copenhagen, and the Nile, he led them rank and file
But, alas! at Trafalgar, he fell and bled;

When Captain Hardy, he did his duty so free,
And Collingwood he acted like a true Britannia's son,
He made a dreadful crash, and their enemies did thrash,
But I must now tell the deeds of Napoleon.

Then Bony in a rage did his enemies engage,
And 'twas on the Peninsula he declar'd a war;
He manœuvred his men, like the council of ten,
When he was at Valenciennes and Vittoria.

Then at Burasco hill, where the blood would turn a mill,
But whence to Egypt he did go, but soon away did run,
To France he went again, and rose a powerful train,
Now "Come on to Moscow," cried Napoleon.

'Twas over the Alps so wild, he led his men and smil'd,
Over hills and lofty mountains, and a barren plain;
When Moscow was in view, they their trumpets loudly blew,
But soon it turn'd their joy to grief and pain.

For Bony in amaze, beheld Moscow blaze,
Then his gallant army vanish'd like snow before the sun
To France he went near cras'd, and another army rais'd,
Now "Come on to death or glory," cried Napoleon.

Then he away from France, with his army did advance,
He made the Dutch and Germans before him fly,
And then at Quatre Bras, he let loose the dogs of war,
Where many thousand Prussians did fall and die.

And then at Waterloo, many thousands he slew,
Causing many a mother to weep for her son,—
Many a maid to shed a tear for her lover so dear,
Who died in the battles of Napoleon.

Tho' so bravely he fought, he at Waterloo was bought,
He was took to St. Helena, where he pined and died;
Long time he there did lay, till Scott did come this way,
To beg the bones of Buonaparte, the Frenchman's pride!

Oh! bring him back as soon, it will ease the Frenchman's pain,
And in a tomb of marble we will lay him with his son;
We will decorate his tomb, with the plumes he has won,
And in letters of bright gold inscribe his name.

