

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

The Battle of
Waterloo

The Battle of Waterloo

TOOD roared the dreadful battle,
Near the woods of Charleroi,
When our enemies began to rally,
On the French Hussars my boys,
The dreadful scene to behold,
Gave horror to our hearts,
As we lay on that day,
Near the plains of Waterloo.

The rear advance of night,
Told us end to the contest,
I was weary to our sight,
To behold the place of rest,
Down to a sep they fell,
Our dreams were victory all,
As we lie, on that day,
Near the plains of Waterloo.

At length the wind for day,
Told us it did appear,
When our General to us did say,
Wellington the French will queer,
A case to us will make,
And the road to Brussels take,
Now we run, with our guns,
Upon the plains of Waterloo.

And now the day is come,
Which will be a tale of woe,
To the Frenchmen and the Dow,
Who led them to the blow,
The deed is all to us to say,
That happened on that day,
When we laid, on our side,
Waterloo the plains of Waterloo.

Two hundred pieces of Cannon,
Fell to the lot, but
Which is a grand victory,
It will never be forgot,
The Hussars had their share,
For Prince Blucher he was there,
Now we advance,
Take the road to France,
Leaving the plains of Waterloo.



A. Duke of Wellington,
B. Duke of Brunswick killed,
C. Fall of Haldridge shot in the
Knee,
D. The horse and rider hypostrophing
the French Carriers

This was the greatest battle ever fought, and the total Defeat of Bonaparte, and the French Army, and the British and Prussians were Computed, it was fought June 18th, 1815, it was the loss of 68,000 Men, 210 Cannon, Two Eagles, a great quantity of baggage, two Generals and a great number of Officers, The British and two Generals killed, Nine Carriers wounded, besides a great number of other Officers and about 12 or 13 Thousand Men.

E. Bonaparte lying with the
French Army,
F. Blucher pursuing him with
the Prussians,
G. Village of Waterloo

YOU Sons of Britain! awake,
To deeds of valiant arms,
Brave Wellington has added one,
More laurel to his name.

CHORUS.

His mighty arm with Blucher join'd
Has made proud Bonaparte yield,
And after a long fierce fighting
By both the oceans side,
Leave Wellington, &c.

At more by you, the British force,
Began the dreadful fight,
Continued with new resolute heat,
By both till darkness night,
Leave Wellington, &c.

Three hundred captive cannon show,
Our Victory complete,
While Bonaparte crouching low,
Now lies our Prussian foe,
Leave Wellington, &c.

For our brave men who nobly died,
If they're ever dead,
Rebuke their inglorious want
And give their orphan bread,
Leave Wellington, &c.

The Battle of Waterloo,

Bonaparte's Downfall.

WATERLOO.

THE oldest men of glory, they see all great men pass by,
And in our future story shall shine as great as they,
Our noble Father's all the same, that fought at Waterloo,
And long shall live their name, proud that they fought at Waterloo,
And long shall live their name, proud that they fought at Waterloo,
Which aged but flow that moment till the setting of the sun,
My pen I now can't half relate the glories of that day,
We fought the French at Waterloo till they could no longer say,
Brave Wellington no number as on this glorious day,
When many a gallant hero fell in every way,
We small arms they did raise and great guns they did rear,
And many a soldier had they by standing in their rear,
The fatal plains of Waterloo long shall recounted be,
Then Britain fought for honest great and just Liberty,
The great King of the Netherlands he very well did know
It was his honor and his country's good to see,
On the eighth of June, eighteen hundred and fifteen,
Both horse and foot they did advance when the battle did show,
Bonaparte and foot they did advance when the battle did show,
The sons of France we made to descend the plains of Waterloo,
Our cavalry advanced with true and noble bearing,
Our infantry and artillery did nobly ply their parts,
For a while they remained ever never on our side,
Until the hoarse proud Moser they consorted and musk yield
The French foot made a bold attack in front of our side,
Two of the best battalions though the village to gain,
Our infantry did them charge and made them there about,
The Sir William and his heavy brigade soon put them to the rout,
As for William Bonaparte I'm sorry for to say,
Leading the smouldering dragons he met his fate that day,
In pain he lay to be held which grave he never shall know,
I saw him lay as I could by the fountains in his eye,
The couriers like he could fought till they had their souls of
rest.

Being thus secure they did a vain chance to make to yield
But our dragons were ahead in hand and ever answer they
And now that day at Waterloo what Britons they could do,
Nobility like a chameleon soon was mounted on a car,
You might have thought he represented great Mars the God of
War,
On a platform that day he rode and loudly he did roar,
But he drop he was and never to be seen at Waterloo,
The valiant Duke of Brunswick fell the field that day,
And many more brave officers I'm sorry for to say,
And many a gallant soldier by bleeding in their way,
All on the plains of Waterloo were thundering cannon roar,
There a noble General Foy was slain of our army,
Upon that day he did command the British Cavalry,
His valiant spirit conspicuous to those who were by,
He lay his flesh charging them that day at Waterloo,
The patient Prince of Orange, looking and light when did come
And raise a price more valiant ever took sword in hand (and
His Highness wounded and met they charging the heavy foot,
And history will record his deeds that day at Waterloo,
Brave General Hill so much renown'd commended our
sell then,
And with our British hearts of gold destruction to be bring,
As history like he did believe where thousands we had low,
In verse sublime his deeds shall shine that day at Waterloo,
Many tender husbands but left their wives to mourn,
And children crying many hold that will our detest roar,
Our country will do us no more honor we may well do know,
And if they reward only noble hold that fought at Waterloo,
When Bonaparte did perceive that the victory was won,
He did say he I longer tears cryer, my darling son,
I will set off this, straight and here his own did say
Before we hear some order on the plains of Waterloo,
Noble George our ancient King, my voice I mean to raise
And then the Prince of Orange, my voice I mean to raise,
The Duke of York and Francis and Wellington also,
And the soldiers both that bleed that on the plains of Waterloo
lay.



On the sixteenth day of June my boys in Flanders where
to be lay,
Our battle before the break of day,
The British, Belgians, Dutch, Prussians and Hannoverians too,
We left Bonaparte that morning for the plains of Waterloo,
By a forced march we did proceed till three in the afternoon,
Each British heart with light hearts to meet the great Duke,
Near Quatre Bras we met the French their shape to us soon
showed,
For in steel armor they were clothed on the plains near
Waterloo,
Napoleon to his Soldiers said, before the fight began,
My horses if this day we lose, our nation is all gone,
The Prussians we have already lost we will the English to
And display victorious eagles on the plains of Waterloo,
Our immortal hero Wellington no speech to us did make,
We were Peninsular heroes and had often made them shake,
At Vittoria, and Salamanca, Tolouse and Bayona too,
They beheld their former conquerors near the plains of Water
loo,
Then this bloody fight began and the seasons they did soar,
But long shots of Cavalry they pressed on an full score,
Three British hearts we gave to them and volleys not a few,
Which made them thus themselves in France and May in this
Waterloo,
For full five hours and longer we sustain'd this bloody fray,
And for a long and darkness night we on our arms did stay,
The order of our General next day we did persevere,
And retire in file for full six miles, to the plains of Waterloo,
The seventeenth both armies to a their ground where septer
a blood stain,
The French did boast of victory because we had retired,
This was the end of General Bonaparte from their approach to
us and got their by fighting lay, on the plains of Waterloo,
On the eighteenth in the morning both armies did advance,
On this side stood brave Allison's oak that the pride of
France,
The fate of Europe in their hands' each man his sabre drew,
And deeds of victory was the word on the plains of Waterloo,
In light array British stood to view for some time day
And too her much loved hero went and thus to him did say,
If you the wreath of laurel press from your conqueror's brow,
Through ages you shall be called the Prince of Waterloo,
Upon the night the light began, Prince Jerome fell the van
With imperial Canada and cartridges though nothing could
be done,
But British soon made them yield, but our numbers
were more than made, but more they did the rest like light
ning flew,
Next on our left hand their course in disappointed rear,
The Belgic line fought for some time but could not stand
their charge,
Then the Cavalry took up their arms and loud her chunter flew,
Philip Marshall they attack'd the French, the British
Waterloo
Before the town was half play'd off the French had done
the deed,
Ten thousand of their warriors lay dead upon the field,
Ten thousand prisoners we took with imperial crown,
And British nation was shaken on the plains of Waterloo
by bloody fight began, till the setting of the sun,
The French were scattered and lay on the ground,
But Napoleon held his Corps of old, bold to Paris flew,
There he robes his own soldiers on the plains of Waterloo,
Here's a health to the King, long may he so govern,
I hope that the Duke of Wellington will be the
two years they're added to our time for pay and pension too
And now we are recorded as men of Waterloo.

Now Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Street St. An-
drews Street, 7 Dale.