

# Battle of Waterloo.

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**T**HE trumpet sounds to victory with  
wars alarms,

Once more the tyrant calls to arms,  
Drums beat to arms once more its true,  
To face our enemy at Waterloo,  
Where the thund'ring cannons roar,  
On the Frenchmen's native shore,  
Drums beat to arms ! what shall we do,  
Our enemy s too strong at Waterloo,

CHORUS.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and hand,  
and every one that true did stand,  
Drink a health to Wellington and Blucher too,  
And Soldiers that fought at Waterloo.

Now Duke Wellington he did say,  
On this glorious seventeenth day,  
Let us my lads this day go thro',  
Against the enemy at Waterloo,  
Blucher now lays in the rear,  
When his army doth appear,  
A charge we'll make so firm and true;  
At the battle of Waterloo,  
The old forty second a solid square form'd  
Musket and cannon balls pour'd hot and  
warm,

The French cavalry came down so true,  
And slew all that regiment at Waterloo;  
The old Forty-fourth made the next at-  
tack, [crack,

Cannon and muskets like thunder did  
The French cavalry came down so true,  
And slew both these regiments at Waterloo

Now Duke Wellington was sore in a rage  
To see bold Britons so sorely engag'd,  
Once more let's make a charge so true,  
And try to break their lines at Waterloo.  
A charge was made without delay,

On the glorious eighteenth day,  
Britons so swift their swords they drew,  
And broke the French lines at Waterloo.

When Duke Wellington he did come on  
The tyrant look'd both pale and wan,  
He from his army like an arrow flew,  
And left them to fight at Waterloo;  
To the left about let's advance,  
Against the haughty pride of France,  
Britons they stood so firm and true,  
They fought for the victory at Waterloo.

Where the thund'ring cannons roar,  
Men lay bleeding in their gore;  
Shot from the enemy like hail did fly,  
In the field where thousands lie:  
Volley for volley so swift was fired,  
Which made the French for to retire;  
With three huzzas we shout so true,  
That we gain'd the battle of Waterloo.

Rejoice, rejoice Duke Wellington he said,  
And every soldier that's on the parade.  
In a bumper of wine we'll rejoice and sing,  
Success to Old England, & God save the King

1815

