



DRUMMER-BOY

OF

Waterloo.

Air.—Woodland Mary.

When battle rous'd each warlike band,
And carnage loud her trumpet blew,
Young Edwin left his native land,
A Drummer Boy for Waterloo.
His mother, when his lips she pressed,
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With wringing hands and aching breast,
Beheld him march for Waterloo.
With wringing hands, &c.

But he that knew no infant tears,
His Knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
And cried, 'Dear mother, dry those tears,
Till I return from Waterloo.'
He went—and e'er the set of sun
Beheld our arms the foe subdue,
The flash of death—the murderous gun,
Had laid him low at Waterloo.
The flash of death, &c.

SLOW.

'O comrades! comrades!' Edwin cried,
And proudly beam'd his eye of blue,
'Go tell my mother, Edwin died
A soldier's death at Waterloo.'
They plac'd his head upon his drum,
And 'neath the moonlight's mournful hue,
When night had stilled the battle's hum,
They dug his grave at Waterloo.
When night had still'd, &c.

HAIL! SMILING MORN!

A VERY POPULAR GLEE,

Hail! smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold;
Hail! hail! hail! hail!
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day;
Who the gay face of nature does unfold—
At whose bright presence Darkness flies away,
Hail! hail! hail! hail!



THE Orphan Child.

Air.—Young Henry of the raging main.

The night was dark as I did ramble,
I heard a voice in sorrow pine,
O'er a mountain came a damsel,
As the abbey clock struck nine.
She was weeping, slowly creeping,
Down the valley that's so wild,
Wandering Mary, wet and weary,
In her arms an Orphan Child.

Along the road she slowly trod,
O hush, dear baby, she did say,
This lonely road is our abode,
To wander until break of day.
Your father he is in the sea,
A prey unto the fishes wild,
Your mother's gone, for her I'll mourn,
And ne'er forsake her Orphan Child.

By chance a good old English farmer,
Overheard what she did say;
He declared that none should harm her,
To meet her he did go straightway.
Tears fell from his eyes in showers,
His honest heart with pity smiled,
Crying, come my dear you're welcome here
Likewise your little Orphan Child.

'Twas then beneath the farmer's dwelling,
Conversation still went on,
Her hardships to them she was telling,
As this maid they gazed upon.
They listened to her with attention,
In each bosom pity boil'd,
Said they, beneath our happy mansion,
Welcome with your Orphan Child.

Time passed away from day to day,
Until the child became a man,
Then pity was his bosom's sway,
And honesty his nobler plan.
He pities those in tatter'd clothing,
And gives advice to those beguill'd,
He sends relief, to soothe the grief,
Of every wandering Orphan Child.

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