

The Death of Colonel Cadogan

Of the 71st Regiment.



TUNE—*“The Flowers of the Forest.”*

How lovely is Clydsdale in the dawn of the
morning,
Where the river does meander along the gay
vale,
Where the daisies and blue bells the hills are
adorning,
The black bird is piping his notes in the dale.
But nae mair to me will those pleasures a-
waken,
My brave gallant hero lies cold in the clay,
And now I must wander alone and forsaken
The sweet flowers of Clydsdale is all wed away.
At the fight of Vittoria by thousands sur-
rounded,
Those band of brave warriors dealt death
'midst their foe,
Till a shriek of despair, pale bleeding and
wounded,
They saw their brave chieftain, my Henry
laid low,
O, bear me to yon height, he exclaimed we
are victorious,
He smil'd at their flight, till his life ebb'd
away,
Now ladies, if you'll hear me, Cadogan died
glorious,
The flowers of Clydsdale bloomed sweetly
that day.
I'll go to his grave, and I'll deck it with flowers
I'll brave all the dangers that dwells in the
waves,
On the green sod that wraps him, I'll spend
my night hours,
And wander all day, 'midst the tombs of the
brave,
If the lasses of Spain, would on the mourn-
er take pity,
They would weep as at eve with their lovers
they stray,
And Vittoria's high mountains would re-echo
the ditty,
The sweet flowers of Clydsdale is all wede
away.