

Waterloo

The an - cient sons of glo - ry were all great men so they — say And
we, in fu - - ture — sto - ry, will be just as good as they. Our
no - ble fa - thers' — val - iant sons shall con - quer ev - 'ry — foe, — And
long shall fame their names pro - claim, who — fought at Wa - ter — loo.

2. At ten o'clock on Sunday that bloody fray began
And so it did enrage until the setting of the sun.
There's no pen can describe to us the glories of the day,
We fought the French at Waterloo and made them run away.
3. On the eighteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and fifteen,
Both horse and foot they did advance; most glorious to be seen,
Both horse and foot they did advance and the bugle-horn did blow,
The sons of France we made them dance on the plains of Waterloo.
4. Our cavalry advanced with true and valiant hearts,
Our infantry and artillery did nobly play their parts;
While the small arms did rattle and the great guns they did roar,
And many a valiant soldier lay bleeding in his gore.
5. The French dogs made a bold attack in front of Mount St Jean,
Two of their best battalions thought the village to gain;
Our infantry first charged them and made them face about,
Sir William with his heavy brigade soon put them to the rout.
6. As for Sir William Ponsonby, I'm sorry for to say,
Leading the Enniskillen dragoons, he met his fate that day;
In front of his brigade he fell, which grieves me very sore,
I saw him lie as I passed by, with many thousands more.
7. The cuirassiers so nobly fought, armed in coats of steel,
And boldly they did advance, thinking to make us yield;
But our dragoons with sword in hand soon cut their armour through,
And showed that day at Waterloo, what Britons they could do.
8. Napoleon, like a fighting cock, far mounted on a car,
He much did wish to represent great Mars, the god of war,
On a high platform he did stand and loudly he did crow,
He dropt his wings and turned his tail to us at Waterloo.

9. The fertile field of Brabant shall long recorded be,
Where Britons fought for honour and Belgic liberty,
The Sovereign of the Netherlands, he very well does know,
For honour and his country, we fought at Waterloo.
10. The Prince of Orange the hussars and right wing did command,
And sure a Prince more valiant ne'er took a sword in hand;
His Highness wounded was that day, charging the haughty foe,
And long shall fame their name proclaim, who fought at Waterloo.
11. The valiant Duke of Brunswick fell in the field that day,
And many a valliant officer dropt in the awful fray,
And many British soldiers lay bleeding in their gore,
On the plains of Waterloo, where thundering cannons roar.
12. Lord Wellington commanded us all on the glorious day,
Where many a brave soldier in death's cold arms did lay;
Where many arms did rattle, and cannons loud did roar,
At Waterloo, where Frenchmen their fate did deplore.
13. As for General Paget, Marquis of Anglesea,
The commander of the brigade of British cavalry,
His honour most conspicuous shone wherever he did go,
A limb he lost in a gallant charge that day at Waterloo.
14. Brave General Hill, so much renowned, commanded the left wing,
And with his British hearts of oak, destruction did bring;
Brave Picton of heroic fame his squadron on he drew,
Where all sublime his deeds do shine in fame at Waterloo.
15. Now, tender hearted husbands here have left their wives to mourn,
And children, weeping, cry, "When will our dads return?"
Our country will dry up their tears, we feel rejoiced to know,
They will reward each soldier that fought at Waterloo.
16. When Bonaparte he did perceive the victory we had won,
He did lament in bitter tears, saying, "Oh! my darling son,
I will set off to Paris straight, and have him crowned also,
Before they hear of my defeat on the plains of Waterloo."
17. So unto George, our gracious King, my voice I mean to raise,
And to all gallant commanders I wish to sing their praise;
The Duke of York and family, and Wellington also,
And the soldiers brave that fought that day on the plains of Waterloo.
18. So let us give our praise to God, who did the victory give,
And may we all remeber Him as long as we do live;
To God above give all the praise, and we'll remember, too,
That He gave us the victory on the plains of Waterloo.

Source: Sung by an unidentified "old man" at Adlestrop.
2nd verse only collected by Cecil Sharp on 18 August 1909. (No tune).
Words and tune completed from a version collected by Frank Kidson

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