

Waterloo

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.

Source: Sung by an unidentified "old man" at Adlestrop.
Collected by Cecil Sharp on 18 August 1909. (No tune).

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