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# Plains of Waterloo

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# PLAINS OF WATERLOO.

**T**HE ancient sons of glory were all great men they say,  
And we, in future story will be as great as they,  
Our noble fathers' valiant sons shall conquer every foe,  
And long shall fame their names proclaim, who fought at Waterloo.

At ten o'clock on Sunday, the bloody fight began,  
It raged from that moment, to the setting of the sun,  
My pen I'm sure can't half relate the glories of that day  
We fought the French at Waterloo, and made them run away.

On the eighteenth 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 were made to dance, on the plains of Waterloo.

Our cavalry advanced with true and valiant hearts,  
Our infantry and artillery did nobly play their parts,  
While the small arms did rattle and great guns did roar,  
And many a valiant soldier lay bleeding in his gore.

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,  
But William with his heavy brigade, soon put them to the rout.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 names proclaim, who fought at Waterloo.

The valiant Duke of Brunswick fell in the field that day,  
And many a valiant officer dropt in the awful fray,  
And many British soldiers lay bleeding in their gore,  
On the plains of Waterloo, where thundering cannons roar.

Lord Wellington commanded us all on that glorious day,  
Where many a brave soldier in death's cold arms did lay,  
Where small arms did rattle, and cannons loud did roar,  
At Waterloo, where Frenchmen their fate did deplore.

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.

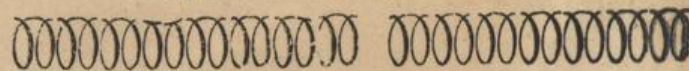
Brave General Hill, so much renowned, commanded the left wing  
And with his British hearts of oak, destruction did bring,  
Brave Picton of heroic fame, his squadron on he drew,  
Where sublime his deeds do shine in fame at Waterloo.

Now tender 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.

## WILL YOU LOVE ME Then as Now.



London :—Printed & Published, by H. SUCH  
177, Union Street, Boro'—S.E.



**Y**OU have told me that you love me,  
And your heart's thoughts seem to speak,

As you look on me so fondly,  
And the life-blood tints your cheek ;  
May I trust that these warm feelings,  
Never will grow cold and strange,  
And that you'll remain unaltered,  
In this weary world of change ?

When the shades of care and sorrow—  
Dim my eyes and cloud my brow,  
And my spirit sinks within me,—  
Will you love me then as now ?  
Though our youth may pass unclouded,  
In a peaceful happy home,  
Yet as year on year advances,  
Changes must upon us come ;

For the step will lose its lightness,  
And the hair be changed to grey,  
Eyes once bright, give up their lustre,  
And the hopes of youth decay :  
When all these have pass'd upon me,  
And stern age has touched my brow,  
Will the change find you unchanging,  
Will you love me then as now ?

## Plains of Waterloo, (Continued.)

When Buonaparte 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.

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.

So let us give our praise to God, who did the victory give,  
And may we all remember Him as long as we do live,  
To God above give all the praise and we'll remember too,  
That he gave to us the victory on the plains of Waterloo.

