

August 2019

# William Tell

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk)



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "William Tell" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1056.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides\\_uk/1056](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1056)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

# THE TRUMPET.

## WILLIAM TELL.

When William Tell was doomed to die,  
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head,  
The signal tolled, the hour was nigh,  
And soldiers marched with grief and dread  
And now each valient swiss his grief partake  
For they sigh, and wildly cry,  
Poor William Tell, poor William Tell,  
Once hero of the lakes,

At length the muffled drum,  
And straight the pointed arrow flies.  
The trembling boy expects his doom,  
And all shriek out, he dies, he dies,  
Poor William Tell &

When bark! the trumpet sounds,  
The mark his hit! my child is free?  
Into his fathers arms he bounds,  
Inspired by love and liberty.  
Live William Tell, live William Tell,  
For mountains ring, whilst they sing,  
Long live William Tell, long live William  
Tell  
the hero of the lakes.

---

## LET FAME SOUND THE TRUMPET

Let fame sound the trumpet and cry to the war  
Let glory re-echo the strain.  
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar  
And heroes may smile at their pain.

The treasures of autum let bacchus display  
And stagger about with his bowl,  
On science let Sol, beam the lustre of clay  
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,  
Each virtue, each joy to improve,  
O give me the friend that I know to be true,  
And the fair that I tenderly love.

What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,  
And riot the pleasure of wine,  
What's riches but trouble, and title's a name;  
But friendship and love are divine.