Plains of Waterloo (3)

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Come all you brisk and lively lads, come listen unto me
While I relate how I have fought through the wars of Germany
I have fought through Spain, through Portugal,
    through France and Flanders, too
But it's little I thought I'd be reserved for the plains of Waterloo

On the eigtheenth day of June, brave boys, as you shall now soon hear
And the drums and fifes they played so sweet, we knew the French were near
There was Boney with his gallant troops, his numbers being not few
He boldly went and pitched his tents on the plains of Waterloo.

There was Wellington, our countryman, he commanded us that day
While Boney commanded the Prussian troops, he swore would gain the day
The French they gained the first two days and would the third one, too
While Blucher deceived poor Boneparte on the plains of Waterloo.

It would fill your heart with grief, brave boys, for to see those
    Frenchmen's wives
Likewise their little children with tears flowing from their eyes
Crying, "Mother dear, o mother, we shall forever rue
The day we lost our dear fathers on the plains of Waterloo."

It's manys the river I've crossed o'er through water and through mud
And it's manys the battle I've fought through with my ankles deep in mud
But Providence being kind to me in all that I've come through
'Twas there we pitched our last campaign on the plains of Waterloo.

DT #547
Laws J3
From MacKenzie, Ballads and Sea Songs From Nova Scotia
Collected from Harry Sutherland of River John, NS
Grieg reported that this was said to be written by John Robertson, a bugler
  in the 92nd Highlanders [WRM]
SOF
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