

## A WATERLOO VETERANS SONG

*Written after hearing an old friend, at the age of eighty years, recount the deeds of the British Army on the field of Waterloo.*

At Waterloo I lost a leg,  
    Now sixty years ago,  
An tho' I'm old, if need there be,  
    I'll face again the foe;  
O, England, my dear country,  
    The home of brave men free,  
The dearest blood which fills my veins,  
    Shall freely flow for thee.

Ah, well I recollect the time,  
    When once it flow'd for thee,  
Yes, well I realize that scene,  
    'Tis vivid now to me;  
For oh! it was a glorious sight,  
    And glorious is the story,  
Of the iron Duke and his brave men,  
    Who fought for England's glory.

Then hurrah for merry England!  
    Sings a man of Waterloo,  
And any danger I will brave,  
    E'en now to serve her true;  
For martial ardour fills my breast,  
    Even tho' near eighty years,  
Yet time can never change the heart,  
    Which stranger is to fears.

Should foes alarm, or ever dare,

Invade this little land,  
Away I'd go, and in the ranks,  
Again I'd take my stand,  
So long's this fleeting breath held out,  
I'd face the bloody strife,  
To defend my Queen and country,  
Yes, I'd lay down my life.