



Howth Singing Circle, Thursday, 4 June, 2015

## Terry Moylan

(Na Piobairí Uilleann)

leads a night remembering the Battle of Waterloo, 18 June, 1815

**‘He Went Over the Lowlands Like Thunder ...’**



The Howth Singing Circle is delighted to welcome Terry Moylan as he leads a night in memory of the Battle of Waterloo. He has produced a lengthy and valuable Song Sheet for the occasion containing a wide range of songs inspired by Bonaparte and the events of the time. We hope you will make good use of it and enjoy a special evening.

## The Banks of the Nile

Hark, the drums are beating and no longer I can stay.  
I hear the bugle sounding and that call I must obey.  
We're ordered out to Portsmouth for many a weary mile,  
To fight the German soldiers on the Banks of the Nile.

'Oh! Willie, dearest Willie, don't leave me here to mourn  
For I will curse and rue the day that ever I was born.  
The parting of you my love, is the parting of my life.  
I'll go with you dear Willie, and I will be your wife'.

'Oh! Nancy, lovely Nancy, that's a thing that can't be so,  
Our colonel, he gave orders that no woman there should go.  
We must forsake our own sweethearts, likewise our native soil  
To fight the German soldiers on the Banks of the Nile'.

'Then I'll cut off my yellow locks and go along with you.  
I'll dress myself in man's attire and I'll see Egypt too.  
I'll march beneath your banner love, while fortune it does smile,  
And we'll comfort one another on the Banks of the Nile'.

'Your waist it is too slender love, and your figure is too small.  
I'm afraid you would not answer me when on you I would call.  
Your delicate constitution, could not bear that unwholesome clime,  
And the hot and sandy deserts on the Banks of the Nile'.

'My curse attend the bloody war, and the hour it first began.  
It has robbed poor old Ireland of many a gallant man.  
It took from me my own sweetheart the protection of our soil.  
Their blood it steeps the grasses deep on the Banks of the Nile'.

And when the war is over it's home we will return  
To our wives and sweethearts, we left behind to mourn.  
We will embrace them to our arms, until the end of time,  
And we'll go no more to battle on the Banks of the Nile.

## The Soldier Boy

As I walked out one evening in the springtime of the year,  
By the shady groves of sweet Glentarf I carelessly did steer.  
Why, then I espied a soldier and a charming fair young maid,  
A-gazing on each other, sequestered in the shade.

I was struck with great amazement when I saw this comely fair,  
Her jet-black hair was hanging down over her shoulders bare.  
Her fair form so majestic, it caused me to delay,

I stood awhile in ambush to hear what they would say.

At length he broke the silence and unto her did say,  
'Cheer up, my lovely Sally, cheer up and come away;  
Right well you know that I must go, no longer can I stay,  
For I hear the bugle sounding, yon call I must obey'.

She says, 'My dearest Johnny, how can you prove unkind,  
To go off to the battlefield and leave me here behind?  
For who would know but by the foe, my love, you might be slain,  
Now left and stretched on those cold heaps all on the battle plain'.

He says, 'My dearest Sally, cheer up and banish woe,  
The Irish boys were always brave wherever they did go.  
At Trafalgar, Copenhagen, the Nile and Waterloo,  
And on the plains of India, they showed what they could do'.

She says, 'My dearest Johnny, since you cannot stay at home,  
Along with you I'll venture, the wide world through to roam,  
And if now by those Russians you might receive a ball,  
To bandage up your bleeding wounds, my love, I'm at your call'.

He says, 'My dearest Sally, you cannot go with me,  
For hardships in a foreign clime with you might not agree,  
But I hope that I will soon return with lots of gold in store,  
And God will be our union when the wars they all are o'er'.

As thus cold they were parting, they blushed and tears did flow,  
Then they embraced each other with hearts oppressed with woe.  
'My blessing go along with you and victory crown your joy,  
My fervent prayer is your welfare, my fine young soldier boy'.

## Savourneen Deelish

Oh the moment was sad when my love and I parted  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!  
As I kissed off her tears, I was near broken-hearted!  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!  
Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder  
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,  
I felt that I never again should behold her,  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!

When the word of command put our men into motion,  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!  
I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!  
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,  
Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,

My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!  
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!  
Peace was proclaimed, escaped from the slaughter, D  
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;  
But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her,  
Savourneen Deelish, Eileen oge!

### **The Wounded Hussar**

Oh, alone to the banks of the dark rolling Danube  
Fair Adelaide did roam when the battle was o'er.  
'Where then', she cried, 'have you wandered my true  
love,  
Or where do you wither or bleed on the shore?'  
She travelled a while, the tears her eyes flooding,  
Through the dead and the dying she walked near and  
far,  
Till she found by the river all bleeding and dying  
By the light of the moon her own wounded hussar.

From his body that heaved the last torrent was  
streaming  
And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar.  
And dimmed was the eye once expressively beaming  
That had melted in love or had kindled in war.  
How sad was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight  
And how bitterly she wept o'er the victim of war.  
'Have you come, then', he cried, 'this last sorrowful  
night  
For to cheer the loved heart of your poor wounded  
hussar?'

"You shall live, then", she cried, 'Heaven's mercy  
relieving  
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn'.  
'Oh no', then he cried, 'for my life is fast fading,  
And no light of the morn shall to Henry return'.  
'Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,  
Take my love to my babes who do wait me afar'.  
Then his faltering tongue could scarce bid her adieu  
When he died in her arms, her poor wounded hussar.

### **The Bantry Girls' Lament**

Oh, who will plough the field now, or who will sell the  
corn?  
Oh, who will wash the sheep now, and have them nicely  
shorn?  
The stack that's in the haggard, unthrashed it may  
remain,  
Since Johnny went a-thrashing the dirty King of Spain.

The girls from the bawnoge in sorrow may retire,  
And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow  
the fire;  
For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailing o'er the main,  
Along with other patriarchs to fight the King of Spain.

The boys will sorely miss him when Moneyhore comes  
round,  
And grieve that their bold captain is nowhere to be  
found.

The peelers must stand idle against their will and grain,  
For the valiant boy who gave them work now peels the  
King of Spain.

At wakes or hurling matches, your like we'll never see,  
Till you come back to us again, a stóirín óg mo chroí,  
And won't you trounce the buckeens that show us much  
disdain,  
Because our eyes are not as bright as those you'll meet  
in Spain?

If cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return,  
His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn.  
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief and  
pain,  
Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign land  
of Spain.

### **Barrosa Plains**

'Twas on a Thursday morning that from Cadiz we set sail,  
As many a gallant Frenchman had good reason to  
bewail;  
Straight into Gibraltar Bay our gallant fleet did steer,  
And on the Saturday we went ashore at Algesir.  
For we are the lads of honour, boys, belonging to the  
Crown,  
And death to those who dare to oppose the saucy  
'Prince's Own'.

We marched along the coast until we reached Tarifa  
Bay,  
Where waiting for the Spaniards in a convent long we  
lay;  
But when the Spaniards joined us there we marched  
along both night and day,  
Determined when we met the foe to show them British  
play.

Our officers explained to us the hardships we should  
bear,  
Well knowing British courage would triumph ever  
where;  
O'er plains and lofty mountains our army marched  
along,  
And though our numbers were but few, our courage it  
was strong.

The Spaniards took the front, my boys, their country for  
to free,  
And bid our troops bring up the rear, that glorious day  
to see;  
But when Barrosa's plains appeared we never saw them  
more,  
Their column drew behind the woods upon St Petri's  
shore.

But Graham, our commander, didn't know of their  
design,

And swore that British infantry should never stay  
behind;  
But as we marched to join the Dons, not dreading any  
snare,  
The Frenchmen in an ambush lay, and closed upon our  
rear.

Some watchful eye the foe espied and to the General  
flew,  
Which news an oath of anger from the gallant Graham  
drew;  
'Oh cursed is my lot', he cried, 'this is a wretched day,  
When Britons must deplore their fate  
By Spaniards led astray'.

'Turn to the right-about, my boys  
For Britons know no fear;  
Extend your files, my Irish lads, and keep your out flanks  
clear;  
Look back to Cape Trafalgar, boys, where Nelson bled  
before:  
The blood that conquered on the sea shall triumph on  
the shore!'

We jumped into their lines, my boys; their ranks were  
overthrown,  
And in confusion forced to fly, charged by the 'Prince's  
Own';  
Two generals left behind them their guns, and eagle,  
too,  
Whilst the 'Faugh-a-Ballaughs' cheered and charged,  
and boldly did pursue.

Here's health to Gough and Graham, and the soldiers on  
that field,  
Who, though they fought them ten to one, soon taught  
their foes to yield;  
Who put them in confusion and their eagle took away:  
Long live our Irish boys to cheer on each Barrosa day.

Then this cup to all the living and in memory of the slain,  
Who bravely fought for freedom's cause upon Barrosa's  
plain;  
Pass it round beside the eagle which our soldiers bore  
away,  
Long live our Irish lads to cheer on each Barrosa day.

### **The Spanish Volunteer**

Ye broken-hearted heroes that love your liberty  
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me.  
It being of a bold militia man who has lately  
volunteered.  
He has left his lovely Sally, the girl that he loved dear.

Lovely Sally she conveyed him as far as Belfast.  
They could go no further, they had to part at last.  
With a loud lamentation, she cried out on the shore,  
Saying, 'Jamie, lovely Jamie, will I ever see you more?'

As they were discoursing he heard a bugle sound,  
They kissed shook hands and parted. He says, 'I must be  
gone'.

With his pocket handkerchief the tears he did wipe awa'  
Saying, 'Go home, lovely Sally, to the county of Armagh'.

'Twas all that long night over she thought her love to see  
no more,  
That he was claimed a victim all on the Spanish shore.  
'How can I be contented, and he so far awa'?  
With him I thought I would live and die in the county of  
Armagh'.

Now to conclude and to finish, we'll sing and drink again  
To the volunteers of Ireland, who've lately gone to  
Spain;  
For they're the boys that fear no noise, where the  
thundering cannons roar.  
With hearts of steel they'll stand the field all on the  
Spanish shore.

### **Mrs McGrath**

'Oh Mrs McGrath', the sergeant said,  
'Would you like to make a soldier out of your son, Ted,  
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat,  
Now, Mrs McGrath, wouldn't like that?'  
With your too-ri-aa, fol-the-diddle-aa,  
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa,  
With your too-ri-aa, fol-the-diddle-aa  
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.  
Láv beg, the Cracker, O.

So Mrs McGrath lived on the sea-shore  
For the space of seven long years or more  
Till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay  
'Here's my son Ted, wisha, clear the way'.

'Oh, Captain dear, where have you been?  
Have you been sailing on the Meditereen,  
Or have you any news of my son Ted,  
Is the poor boy living, now, or is he dead?'

Then up comes Ted without any legs  
And in their place he had two wooden pegs.  
She kissed him a dozen times or two  
Saying, 'Glory be to God, sure it couldn't be you'.

'Well were you drunk or were you blind  
When you left your two fine legs behind,  
Or was it walking upon the sea  
Wore your two fine legs from the knees away?'

'Oh I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind  
That I left my two fine legs behind,  
But a cannon ball on the fifth of May  
Took my two fine legs from the knees away'.

'Oh then, Teddy my boy', the widow cried,  
'Them two fine legs were your mammy's pride.  
Them stumps of a tree won't do at all,  
Why didn't you run from the big cannon-ball?'

All foreign wars I do proclaim  
Between Don John and the King of Spain  
And by herrin's, I'll make them rue the time

That they swept the legs from a child of mine.

Oh then, if I had you back again  
I'd never let you go to fight the King of Spain  
For I'd rather my Ted as he used to be  
Than the King of France and his whole navy.

### **Whiskey You're The Devil**

O now, brave boys, we're on for marching  
Off to Portugal or Spain,  
The drums are beating, banners flying  
The devil a home we'll come tonight.  
Love fare thee well.

With my tithery idle uddle um a da  
Me tithery idle uddle um a da  
Me reicks fol turle addy  
O there's whiskey in the jar.  
Whiskey, you're the devil, you're leading me astray,  
Over hills and mountains, and to Amerikay;  
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than  
tae,  
O whiskey, you're me darlin, drunk or sober.

Says the mother, do not wrong me,  
Don't take my daughter from me,  
Or if you do I will torment you  
And after death my ghost will haunt you.  
Love fare thee well.

The French are fighting boldly,  
Men are dying hot and coldly.  
Give every man his flask of powder,  
His firelock on his shoulder.  
Love fare thee well.

Come now brave boys, we're on for marching,  
First for France and then for Holland,  
While cannons roar and men are dying,  
March, brave boys, there's no denying,  
Love, farewell!

I think I hear the Colonel crying,  
March, brave boys, there's no denying,  
Colours flying, drums a-beating,  
March, brave boys, there's no retreating  
Love, farewell!

The mother cries, 'Boys, do not wrong me,  
Do not take my daughter from me,  
For if you do I will torment you,  
And after death my ghost will haunt you'.  
Love, farewell!

Now Molly dear, do not grieve for me,  
I'm going to fight for Ireland's glory.  
If we live we live victorious,  
If we die our souls are glorious,  
Love, farewell!

### **The Bonny Light Horseman**

When Bonaparte he commanded his troops for to stand,  
And he planted his cannons all over the land;  
He has levelled his cannons the whole victory to gain,  
And he's killed my light horseman, returning from Spain.  
Broken-hearted I'll wander, for the loss of my lover,  
He's my bonny light horseman, in the wars he was slain.

If you saw my love on sentry on a cold winter's day  
With his red rosy cheeks and his flowing brown hair,  
All mounted on horseback the whole victory to gain  
And it's over the battlefield great honour to gain.

Sure if I was a blackbird and had wings to fly,  
I would fly to the spot where my true love does lie;  
And with my little fluttering wings, his wounds I would  
heal,  
And it's all the long night on his breast I'd remain.

The dove she laments for her mate as she flies,  
'Oh where, tell me where, is my true love?' she cries,  
And where in the world is there one to compare  
With my bonny light horseman who was slain in the war.

I will dress in men's apparel, to his regiment I'll go,  
And I'll be a soldier for to fight all his foes.  
And I'll count it an honour if I could obtain  
For to die on the field where my true love was slain.

Oh Boney, oh Boney, I've done you no harm.  
So why, tell me why have you caused this alarm.  
We were happy together, my true love and me  
But now you have stretched him in his death over the  
sea.

### **The Bonny Bunch of Roses**

By the margin of the ocean, one pleasant evening  
in the month of June,  
When all those feathered songsters their liquid  
notes did sweetly tune,  
'Twas there I spied a female, and on her features  
the signs of woe,  
Conversing with young Bonaparte, concerning the  
Bonny Bunch of Roses O.

Then up speaks young Napoleon, and takes his  
mother by the hand,  
Saying: 'Mother dear, be patient until I'm able to  
take command;  
And I'll raise a mighty army, and through  
tremendous dangers go,  
And I never will return again till I've conquered the  
Bonny Bunch of Roses, O'.

'When first you saw great Bonaparte, you fell upon  
your bended knee,  
And you asked your father's life of him, he granted it  
right manfully.

And 'twas then he took his army, and o'er the  
frozen Alps did go,  
And he said: 'I'll conquer Moscow, and return for  
the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O'.

He took three hundred thousand men, and kings  
likewise to bear his train,  
He was so well provided for, that he could sweep  
the world for gain;  
But when he came to Moscow, he was  
overpowered by the driving snow,  
And with Moscow all a-blazing, he lost the Bonny  
Bunch of Roses, O.

'Now son, be not too venturesome, for England is  
the heart of oak,  
And England, Ireland, Scotland, their unity shall  
ne'er be broke;  
Remember your brave father, in Saint Helena his  
bones lie low,  
And if you follow after, beware of the Bonny  
Bunch of Roses, O'.

'O mother, adieu for ever, for now I lie on my  
dying bed,  
If I lived I'd have been clever, but now I droop my  
youthful head;  
But when our bones lie mouldering and weeping  
willows o'er us grow,  
The name of young Napoleon will enshrine the  
Bonny Bunch of Roses, O'.

### **I Am Napoleon Bonaparte**

I am Napoleon Bonaparte the conqueror of nations  
I banished German legions and drove kings from their  
throne.  
I've trampled dukes and earls and splendid  
congregations,  
And now I am transported to St Helena's shore.

Like a Hannibal I crossed the Alps o'er burning sands and  
rocky cliffs,  
O'er Russian hills, through frost and snow and still the  
laurel bore.  
Now I'm on a desert isle, the very devil it would affright.  
I thought to shine in armour bright through Europe once  
more.

My eagles proud they were pulled down by Wellington's  
bold army.  
My troops, in disorder, could no longer stand the field.  
I was sold that afternoon on the eighteenth day of June;  
My reinforcements proved traitors which forced me for  
to yield.

Ah! though I'm in the allied yoke with fire and sword I'd  
make them smoke,

For I conquered Dutch and Danes and surprised the  
Grand Seigneur.  
I beat the Austrians and Russians, the Portuguese and  
Prussians  
Like Joshua, Alexander and the great Caesars of yore.

Some say it was my first downfall, the parting of my  
consort  
And to wed the German's daughter, which grieved my  
heart full sore.  
The female train I do not blame, they never yet did me  
defame.  
They saw my sword in battle flame and then did me  
adore.

Sincerely I do feel the rod for meddling with the house  
of God.  
Icons and golden images, in thousands down I tore.  
The sacrilege does grieve me much for robbing of the  
Christian Church,  
But had they gave me time and place I would it all  
restore.

Unto the south of Africa, unto the Atlantic Ocean,  
To view the wild commotion and the flowing of the tide,  
I was banished from my royal throne of imperial  
promotion,  
From the French throne of glory to see the billows glide.

Liberty's cause I did maintain for full three days on  
Waterloo's plain,  
Many thousand troops I left slain and Wellington did  
annoy.  
I did not fly without revenge nor from their allied army  
cringe,  
But now my sword is full sheathed and Boney is no  
more.

### **Napoleon Bonaparte's Farewell to Paris**

Farewell you splendid citadel, the metropolis called Paris  
Where Phoebus every morning shoots forth refulgent  
beams.  
And where Flora's bright aurora is advancing from the  
Orient  
With radiant light adorning the clear shining streams.  
At eve when Cynthia does retire to where the ocean  
gilds like fire  
And the universe stands to admire her merchandise in  
store,  
Commanding Flora's fragrance the fertile fields to  
decorate  
And to illuminate the royal Corsican once more upon the  
French shore.

My name's Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of  
nations.  
I've vanquished German legions and drove kings from  
their thrones.  
I've conquered dukes and earls and splendid  
congregations,  
But now I am transported to St Helena's shore.

Like Hannibal I crossed the Alps, the burning shores and the rocky cliffs.

Over Russia's hills, through frost and snow, I still the laurels wore

Now I'm on this desert island where the rats, the Devil they would affright.

Still I hope to shine in armour bright throughout Europe's lands once more.

Some say the cause of my downfall was the parting with my consort,

For to wed the German's daughter, it grieved my heart full sore.

But the female frame I'll never blame for they did never me disdain

When they saw my sword in battle flame, they then did me adore.

But I severely felt the rod, for meddling in the house of God.

Icons and golden images in thousands down I tore.

I then stole Malta's golden gates, I did the work of God disgrace,

But if He grants me time and space to Him I'll them restore.

Now, I'm in the allied yoke, with fire and steel I've made them smoke.

I've conquered Dutch and Danes and I've surprised the Grand Seigneur.

I've conquered Austrians and Russians, both Portuguese and Prussians,

Like the great King Alexander or proud Caesar of yore.

But my golden eagles were torn down by Wellington's allied army

And my troops all in disorder, they were forced to quit the field.

I was sold that very afternoon, all on the eighteenth day of June

For lack of reinforcements I was forced then for to yield.

Exiled off the coast of Africa, in the Atlantic Ocean  
For to hear the wild commotion and the flowing of the tide.

Banished from the royal court of imperial promotion  
To the French throne of glory, to watch the fishes glide.  
For three full days I stood the plain, freedom's cause for to maintain.

Many thousands there I did leave slain and covered in their gore.

I never fled without revenge nor to the allied armies cringed

But now my sword is sheathed and Paris is no more.

### The Mantle So Green

As I went out walking one morning in June,  
To view the fair fields and the meadows in bloom,  
I spied a young damsel she appeared like a queen  
With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green.

I stood with amazement and was struck with surprise  
I thought her an angel that fell from the skies,  
Her eyes were like diamonds, her cheeks like the rose

She is one of the fairest that nature composed.

I said, 'My pretty fair maid, if you will come with me  
We'll both join in wedlock, and married we'll be,  
I'll dress you in rich vesture, you'll appear like a queen,  
With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green'.

She answered me, 'Young man, you must me excuse,  
For I'll wed with no man, you must be refused;  
To the woods I will wander to shun all men's view,  
For the lad that I love fell in famed Waterloo'.

'O, then, if you won't marry, tell me your love's name,  
For I being in that battle, I might know the same'.  
'Draw near to my garment and there will be seen,  
His name all embroidered on my mantle of green'.

In raising her mantle there I did behold  
His name and his surname were in letters of gold;  
Young William O'Reilly appeared to my view  
He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo.

'We fought so victorious where the bullets did fly  
In the far field of honour your true love does lie,  
We fought for three days till the fourth afternoon,  
He received his death summons on the 16th of June.

But when he was dying I heard his last cry  
'If you were here, Lovely Nancy, contented I'd die';  
Now Peace is proclaimed, and the truth I declare  
Here is your love token, the gold ring I wear'.

She stood in amazement, then pale did she grow,  
She flew to my arms with a heart full of woe,  
'To the woods I will wander for the lad I adore',  
'Rise up, lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove.

Oh! Nancy, dear Nancy, 'tis I won your heart  
In your father's garden that day we did part'.  
Now the wars are all over, no trouble is seen  
And I'll wed with my true love in her mantle so green.

### The Plains of Waterloo

As I roved out on a fine summer's morning  
Down by a flowery garden I fearlessly did stray.  
It was there I beheld a most beautiful damsel,  
I held myself in ambush to hear what she might say.  
The song that she sang made the valleys to ring.  
The little feathered songsters, around her they flew.  
Saying, 'The wars are all over, and peace is proclaimed,  
But my Willie's not returned from the Plains of Waterloo'.

Says I, 'My fond creature, the pride of all nature,  
Since I must make so bold for to ask your true love's name.  
For I being in that battle where the great guns did rattle,  
For I being in that battle I might know the same'.  
'Willie Reilly's my true love's name, he's a soldier of fame,  
He enlisted as a soldier which caused me to rue.

And there's no-one I'll enjoy but my own darling soldier boy,  
That's when he does return from the Plains of Waterloo'.

`If Willie Reilly's your true love's name then he's a hero of great fame,  
For it was alongside of him I spent many's the campaign.  
Through Germany and Prussia, through Italy and Russia,  
He was my loyal comrade when marching through Spain.  
Until by those Frenchmen we were so surrounded,  
Like heroes of old we did them subdue.  
We fought them for three days till at last we them defeated,  
That bold Napoleon Boney on the Plains of Waterloo'.

`It was on the fourth day we ended our battle,  
Which caused many a hero to bitterly complain.  
Their great guns loud did roar and our cannons loud did rattle.  
It was by a French soldier your true love was slain.  
And as I passed him by I saw him lie bleeding  
I scarcely had time for to bid him adieu.  
As I bent o'er him low, these words to me did whisper,  
Saying `adieu to lovely Nancy, you are far from Waterloo'.

Her eyes they grew dim and her colour it soon changed,  
And her red rosy cheeks they grew pale and wan.  
But when that I saw her in this sad situation  
I boldly stepped forward saying, `Nancy I'm the one.  
Here is the ring that between us was broken,  
In the midst of all the danger it reminded me of you'.  
She flew into his arms soon as she saw his token,  
Saying, `You're welcome, lovely Willie, from the Plains of Waterloo'.

### **The Plains of Waterloo**

Oh, come all you fair young lovers of high and low degree,  
I pray you pay attention and listen unto me,  
It's all about a young man and his tale I'll tell to you,  
How he fought in Spain and Portugal and was slain at Waterloo.

This young man that I speak about, he was proper tall and thin,  
He's mild in his behaviour, he's complete in every limb,  
His cheeks they were a rosy red and his eyes a sparkling blue,  
Ah, there's no one here that I would compare with my love at Waterloo.

My love, he was a soldier with his knapsack and his gun;  
When Ireland fell and traitors rowed, his rambles first begun.  
To Bonaparte he was faithful and he wore the soldiers' blue,  
How little he thought that would be his lot, to be slain at Waterloo.

When bonny stars were in the sky, my love he went away.  
He told me that he loved me and would marry me someday.  
He stood upright with his sword so bright, like the timeless one so true.  
Ah, but now he lies with sightless eyes on the plains of Waterloo.

When Bathurst was taken and our leaders all were dead,  
The plains around with carnage lay to show how much we'd bled.  
Ten thousand men lay in their gore and those that ran were few,  
Ah, but we marched on to fight once more on the plains of Waterloo.

And it's many the river I have crossed, through water and through mud,  
And many the battle I have fought though ankle deep in blood  
Though heart and home were calling me, I left them all for you,  
To see you fight for our land once more, on the plains of Waterloo.

And if I can't have the man I love, no man on earth I'll take.  
Down lonely roads and shady groves, I'll wander for his sake;  
Down lonely roads and shady groves, o'er hills and valleys too,  
I'll wander far for my love was slain on the plains of Waterloo.

### **The Plains of Waterloo**

Come all ye loyal lovers, I pray you to draw near,  
Till I indite a verse or two I mean to let you hear  
In the praises of a worthy youth who was always just and true,  
Who fought through Spain and Portugal and fell at Waterloo.

This young man that I sing about was proper, tall and trim,  
His body like the waxwork, there were few could equal him.  
His cheeks they were a rosy red, his eyes a dark, dark blue.  
With my charming fair none could compare on the Plains of Waterloo.

At the taking of Salamanca, the Frenchmen topped the hill.  
The small guns loud did rattle, betwixt shot and shell did kill.  
My love he fell a victim 'mongst thousands that lay slew,  
Far from his own to hear his moan on the Plains of Waterloo.

When the fight was at its fiercest they fought with heart and will



When guns did loudly rattle and shot and shell did kill.  
My love he fell a victim 'mongst thousands that fate  
slew,  
Far from his own to hear his moan on the Plains of  
Waterloo.

My love he lay the whole night o'er, my love he lay in  
pain,  
When the war was spread he raised his head and  
daylight came again.  
When that his comrades found him 'mongst thousands  
that fate slew,  
They discoursed my love an hour or more on the Plains  
of Waterloo.

'Farewell, farewell my comrades dear, likewise to my  
sweetheart'.  
They were the last words that he said and then he did  
depart.  
They dug my love a silent grave, their tears they were  
not few.  
They laid him away in the cold, cold clay on the Plains of  
Waterloo.

The more he's gone and left me, no other will I take.  
Through lonesome woods and shady groves I'll wander  
for his sake.  
Through lonesome woods and shady groves I'll wander  
through and through,  
And mourn for him that's dead and gone on the Plains of  
Waterloo.

### **The Plains of Waterloo**

It being on the eight of June, brave boys, eighteen  
hundred and fifteen,  
With horse and foot we did advance, most glorious to be  
seen.  
With horse and foot we did advance to the trumpet  
horn that blew  
And the sons of France, we made them dance on the  
Plains of Waterloo.

In yon Britannia's mountains I do see, yon place where I  
have been,  
And likewise too, my brown-haired girl, her fair face I  
have seen.  
The very last words I spoke to her, it was, 'My love,  
adieu,  
I must go and fight my foe, or fall at Waterloo'.

On the sixteenth day of June, brave boys, a letter I  
received  
From off a mounted cavalry belonging to the Scots  
Greys,  
And these few lines I will indite and oftentimes will renew,  
Oh, when I think of my darling boy who's bound for  
Waterloo.

My love embarked from the Cove of Cork and crossed  
the stormy main,  
And many's the battle he has fought through Portugal  
and Spain.

Many's the battle he has fought, ay, and oh, he had  
come through  
But alas, he lies to mould away on the Plains of  
Waterloo.

The man who did my darling kill, no pardon need he  
crave,  
Who left my darling boy to lie, alas, in that cold grave.  
Oh, there to lie and mould away, with many's a hero,  
too.  
Oh, when I think on my darling boy, I dream of  
Waterloo.

### **Laurel Hill**

When war had oppressed every nation with horror,  
And Irishmen ventured their lives o'er the main,  
To pull down our enemies, and make them surrender,  
For the sake of old Erin I ventured the same.  
Then I left those green braes where I sported with  
Nancy;  
She said, 'My dear Jamie, be true to me still.  
Till you gain the vict'ry and return from the slaughter  
I will mourn round these valleys of sweet Laurel Hill'.

When we landed in Spain we were almost exhausted,  
Being tossed by the wind and the billows so high,  
Pursuing our foes over yon snowy mountains,  
Where many brave heroes were obliged for to die.  
But at length we survived through the hottest of battle,  
Over yon mountains we fought with great skill,  
Where thousands lay bleeding in gore all around me,  
I smiled at all danger far from Laurel Hill.

Our commander being brave, and we being  
stouthearted,  
Every army in Europe knew what we could do,  
We fought many a battle and great was the slaughter,  
From the fields of Cassano to famed Waterloo.  
Now the wars are all over, and we are returning,  
From the dangers of war to rest for a while,  
And we gave three long cheers as we sailed for old Erin,  
That long-looked-for valley and beautiful isle.

Then at length I arrived on the banks of yon river,  
Where I spied my dear maid by the side of yon mill,  
Near the Leap of Coleraine, where I last parted with her,  
To gain Irish valour far from Laurel Hill.  
She appeared unto me like one dressed in deep  
mourning;  
I asked her the reason she roamed the Bann shore,  
'My Jamie's a soldier, and all are returning,  
But, Jamie, alas! I will ne'er see him more'.

'He has left me to wander these dark, gloomy valleys,  
Where the wild fox and otter do sport with free will,  
And the trout seeks its mate in the lovely Bann water,  
But I can't find my Jamie round Laurel Hill'.  
'Oh, it's I am your Jamie, your long absent soldier,  
Although my tongue's altered and I'm in disguise.  
Don't you mind on old Kyle's flowery braes when we  
parted,

When I last touched your hair and gazed on your sweet eyes'.

'It was there we stood viewing the ships in yon harbour,  
And the wild sporting angler whose aim was to kill,  
And the trout as it played in the lovely Bann water,  
Still adding more beauty to grace Laurel Hill'.  
She fell in my arms like one pale and distracted,  
The tears falling down like the dew from the thorn,  
And her eyes were inviting each one that beheld her,  
To welcome her long-looked-for soldier's return.

Now the joybells of Erin may ring and be merry,  
And with great shouts of gladness fill valley and plain;  
We'll never part more since we've joined together  
In a neat little cottage near the town of Coleraine.  
And now to conclude I'll sing Ireland's loud praises,  
The birthplace of heroes, unconquered in will;  
Their fame will be sounded when kings are forgotten,  
And sung round those valleys of sweet Laurel Hill.

### **Napoleon's Lamentation**

Attend you sons of high renown  
To these few words that I pen down;  
I was born to wear a stately crown  
And to rule a wealthy nation.  
I am the man that beat Beaulieu,  
At Warner's Hill did them subdue.  
The brave Archduke I overthrew.  
On every plain my men were slain.  
Bad reverses I did obtain  
And got capitulation.

We chased them on the Egyptian shore  
Where the Algerians lay in their gore.  
The rights of France to restore  
Which long had been confiscated.  
We pursued them on through mud and mire  
Till in despair my men retired,  
And Moscow Town was set on fire.  
My men were lost through cold and frost.  
I ne'er before received such a blast  
Since the hour I was first created

In Leipzig town my soldiers fled.  
Montmartre was strewn with the Russian dead.  
We marched them forth, inveterate streams  
For to stop a bold invasion.  
So it's fare thee well, my royal spouse,  
And offspring great that I adore,  
And may you reinstate the throne  
That's torn away this very day.  
These Kings of me have made a prey  
And they've caused my lamentation.

### **The Grand Conversation on Napoleon**

It was over that wild beaten track, a friend of bold  
Bonaparte,  
Did pace the sands and lofty rocks of St Helena's shore.  
The wind it blew a hurricane, the lightning's flash around  
did dart,

The sea gulls were shrieking, and the waves around did  
roar.

Ah! hush, rude winds the stranger cried awhile I range  
the dreary spot,  
Where last a gallant hero his envied eyes did close.  
But while his valiant limbs do rot, his name will never be  
forgot,  
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Ah England! he cried, you did persecute that hero bold,  
Much better had you slain him on the plains of  
Waterloo;  
Napoleon he was a friend to heroes all, both young and  
old,  
He caused the money for to fly wherever he did go.  
When plans were ranging night and day, the bold  
commander to betray,  
He cried, 'I'll go to Moscow, and then 'twill ease my  
woes,  
If fortune shines without delay, then all the world shall  
me obey;'  
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Thousands of men he then did rise, to conquer Moscow  
by surprise,  
He led his men across the Alps, oppressed by frost and  
snow,  
But being near the Russian land, he then began to open  
his eyes,  
For Moscow was a-burning and the men drove to and  
fro.  
Napoleon dauntless viewed the flame, and wept in  
anguish for the same,  
He cried, 'Retreat my gallant men, for time so swiftly  
goes;'  
What thousands died on that retreat, some forced their  
horses for to eat;  
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

At Waterloo his men they fought, commanded by great  
Bonaparte,  
Attended by field-marshal Ney, and he was bribed with  
gold;  
When BluÈcher led the Prussians in, it nearly broke  
Napoleon's heart,  
He cried, 'My thirty thousand men are killed, and I am  
sold'.  
He viewed the plain, and cried, 'It's lost', he then his  
favourite charger crossed,  
The plain was in confusion with blood and dying woes.  
The Bunch of Roses did advance, and boldly entered into  
France  
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

But Bonaparte was planned to be a prisoner across the  
sea  
The rocks of St Helena, it was the fatal spot,  
And as a prisoner there to be, till death did end his  
misery.  
His son soon followed to the tomb, it was an awful plot.  
And long enough they have been dead, the blast of war  
is round us spread,  
And may our shipping float again, to face the daring foe;

And now my boys when honour calls, we'll boldly mount  
the wooden walls;  
This grand conversation on Napoleon did close.

### **The Grand Conversation Under the Rose**

As Mars and Minerva were viewing some implements,  
Belona stepped forward and asked them the news;  
Or were they repairing those fine warlike instruments  
That now are growing rusty for want of being used.  
Saying, the money is withdrawing and the traffic is  
diminishing,  
Mechanics they are walking without shoes or hose;  
Come, stir up a war and the world will be flourishing,  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

See how they transact in the States of America,  
Renowned independence there sits on the throne;  
They are not misguided by the schemes of their ministry  
That would extract the marrow from the centre of the  
bone.

Let us enlarge that hero that set the world a-trembling,  
Whose name was a terror to his imperious foes.  
Although the day he lost, 'twas by dissembling.  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

He was a fine statesman and noble fine general.  
His equal was never in influence before.  
His abilities are brighter than diamond or mineral  
As thousands can verify that lie in their gore.  
The active Napoleon did make the money fly about  
Until came combining policy, at last did him depose.  
These numbers who contested him would now rejoice  
to see him out.  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

The Farm and Comedian would wish the great  
Bonaparte  
Was brought on the stage to act a new play.  
They find their industry drawn by ministerial art  
But all is not sufficient their vast debts to pay.  
He had not been contented with more than Alexander  
done,  
But planting requisitions, just as he did propose;  
But the All-seeing Eye would not let him o'er the world  
run.  
This grand conversation was under the rose.

### **Ye Sons of Old Ireland**

Ye sons of old Ireland, I'm sorry to hear,  
There is no money stirring this present new year;  
We thought we'd live well if the markets were  
down;  
We could eat and drink better when the pork was  
three pound.

Bonaparte taught some men for to ride a fine  
horse  
That some time ago couldn't ride a jackass.

'By the silver of my whip!' was their oath then in  
town;  
'By the nails of my brogues!' since Boney is down!

Our gentry who fed upon turtle and wine  
Must now on wet lumpers and salt herrings dine;  
Their bellies that swelled with Napoleon's renown  
Will grow flat like old air-bags since Boney is down.

### **Napoloen is the Boy For Kicking Up a Row**

Arrah, murther, but times is hard,  
And poverty makes no man civil,  
Gutta percha has spoiled our trade,  
Shoemaking's gone to the devil.  
Arrah, don't I mind the good ould time,  
That I was 'prentice to Mick McCarthy,  
Sure, the money was plenty as paving stones  
In the days of General Bonaparte.

Whack row de dow,  
Old Boney was the boy, you know,  
For kicking up a row.

He was the greatest man alive,  
He far exceeded Nebuchadnezzar,  
The great Mogul or Brian Boromhe,  
Or Hannibal or Julius Caesar.  
He crossed the Alps in an open boat,  
Which made the heathen much enraged,  
He defeated General Musselman,  
And conquered the pyramids of Egypt.

He swore he'd be an Emperor soon,  
And like the conqueror Alexander,  
He'd blaze away both night and day  
Until the whole world was knocked under.  
He said he'd blow up the broad Atlantic,  
And then knock down the walls of China,  
But little thought he how soon he'd be  
A prisoner in St Helena.

To Elba's Isle he went for a while,  
But such solitude was not delighting,  
For he said he couldn't find peace in his mind  
Unless he was engaged in fighting.  
So he must go, and he marched thro' snow,  
But they burned the place and that's what sold him,  
And the reason why de didn't stop,  
Was the devil a house they'd left to hold him.

The French say it was by treason vile  
And British gold he was defeated  
He was sent off to a barren isle,  
Where he was murdered and ill-treated.  
But his nephew's on the throne of France,  
And maybe when his plans are riper,  
He'll treat Old England to a dance,  
And try to make her pay the piper.

### **The Wheels of the World**

Come all your true sons of Erin  
 Attend to these few simple rhymes.  
 I'll sing you a song about spinning;  
 It was a good trade in its time.  
 Some, they spun worsted and yarn,  
 And others, they spun flax and tow,  
 By experience, my boys, you will learn  
 How the wheels of the world, they do go.

Billy Pitt, he was a great spinner,  
 As also was Lord Castlereagh.  
 They spun up the Union for Ireland  
 To England they shipped it away.  
 Poor Pitt, he spun out his existence  
 By taking a trip on a boat.  
 Lord Castlereagh saved the distance  
 By cutting the rim of his throat.

Napoleon, he was a great spinner  
 And freedom did always advance.  
 Over deserts and high lofty mountains  
 He marched the brave sons of France.  
 But Wellington, he went a-spinning;  
 His wheels, they were at Waterloo,  
 And if Grouchy had not been bribed,  
 The French would have split him in two.

John Mitchell, that true son of Erin  
 Declared that a spinner he'd be.  
 He set the wheels in motion  
 His dear native land to set free.  
 But John Bull, that crafty old tyrant,  
 At spinning he was fully bent,  
 And to Van Dieman's Land  
 The sons of old Ireland were sent.

The factory owners are spinners,  
 Their wheels, they are turning away.  
 Now they are wanting their hands  
 To work thirteen hours a day.  
 They don't care a fig for the poor.  
 They heed not their sighs or their moans.  
 They don't care a pin if you work  
 Till you spin all the flesh off your bones.

The rich, they are all famous spinners;  
 Of that, we are all very sure.  
 They're always contriving and scheming  
 To crush down the rights of the poor.  
 So if you're compelled to go spinning  
 Be sure that your spindles are steel.  
 Let Liberty then be your motto  
 And glory will drive your big wheel.

### **The Green Linnet**

Curiosity led a young native of Erin  
 To view the gay banks of the Rhine,  
 When an empress he saw and the robe she was wearing  
 All over with diamonds did shine.  
 No goddess in splendour was ever yet seen,  
 To equal this fair one so mild and serene,  
 In soft murmurs she cried, 'My sweet linnet so green,

Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more?'

The cold, lofty Alps you freely crossed over,  
 Which Nature had placed in your way,  
 At Marengo, Bellona, around you did hover,  
 And all Paris rejoiced the next day,  
 It grieved me the hardships you did undergo,  
 Over mountains you travelled all covered with snow  
 And the balance of power your courage laid low,  
 Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more?

The crowned heads of Europe they were in great  
 splendour  
 And swore that they would you subdue,  
 But the Goddess of freedom soon bade them surrender  
 And lower their standards to you,  
 Old Frederick's colours in France you did bring,  
 Yet his offspring found shelter under your wing,  
 That year in Vienna you sweetly did sing.  
 Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more?

When bloodhound tyrants were eager to slay you,  
 Their malice you viewed with a smile,  
 Their gold through all Europe they sowed to betray you,  
 And they joined the Mamelukes on the Nile.  
 These ravenous vultures, their vile passions did burn,  
 The orphans they slew and caused widows to mourn,  
 Now my Linnet is gone and ne'er will return,  
 Is he gone will I ne'er see him more?

When the trumpets of war the grand eagle sounded,  
 You marched to the north with good will,  
 To relieve the poor slave in vile shackles surrounded  
 You used all exertion and skill.  
 You spread out the wings of your bright envied train,  
 Whilst tyrants great Caesar's old nest set in flames.  
 Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the  
 plain,  
 Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more?

On great Waterloo, where great numbers lay sprawling,  
 In every field high and low,  
 Great fame on their trumpets through Frenchmen were  
 calling,  
 Fresh laurels to place on her brow.  
 Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,  
 Their old Babel's new buildings did fall,  
 The Spaniards their fleet in the harbour did call,  
 Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more?

I have roamed through the deserts of wild Abyssinia,  
 But could yet find no cure for my pain.  
 I will go and enquire in the Isle of St Helena,  
 But soft murmurs whisper 'Tis vain.  
 Come tell me you critics, now tell me in time,  
 What countries I might range, my Green Linnet to find,  
 Was he slain at Waterloo, in Spain or on the Rhine?  
 No, he's dead on St Helena's bleak shore.

### **Fallen Boney (Hugh McWilliam)**

Ah! what's the matter now in France?  
 The crown has Boney abdicated

The Frenchmen he has taught to dance,  
And Louis is again reinstated.  
See what ambition now has done,  
He has lost his friend and bosom crony,  
His regal ensigns all are gone  
And Frenchmen have deserted Boney.

When he the Consul was of state,  
His actions were both great and noble,  
And while he did for freedom fight,  
Success did always crown his eagle;  
But when the crown he did assume,  
He lost the love of Teague and Sawney,  
His glories also lost their bloom,  
He grew a lawless tyrant Boney

Josephine next he did discard,  
And this created some alarms,  
She bowed submission, this was hard  
He brought a princess to his arms;  
To bring an heir, Louisa came  
From Austria, (was this not funny?)  
To be styled the King of Rome,  
So great a man was fallen Boney.

He might been happy still in France,  
Had he but rul'd with moderation,  
But as his fortune did advance,  
His power grew to usurpation.  
When Europe saw his great design,  
Against him joined the few and many,  
And unto ruin did consign,  
That warlike chief, the Emperor Boney.

But fortune's fickle, so is life,  
They're here today, away tomorrow,  
Since he has lost both crown and wife,  
No wonder he does mourn in sorrow.  
Let Kings not with their subjects play,  
To spill their blood or waste their money,  
Lest they should fall some other day,

And mourn their fate, as well as Boney.  
In politics I've little skill,  
I rhyme away when I'm in humour  
I've work now plenty for my quill,  
And will, I think, throughout the summer.  
'Bout great folks I do little care.  
I'll take my glass, and kiss my Annie,  
For I partake of comforts here,  
Unknown to Emperors, Kings, or Boney.

### The Royal Eagle

In a green flowery mead, in a shade near Vienna,  
Wherein a royal lady bewailed her sad fate  
My Eagle, she cried, now lies in St Helena,  
Though most parts of Europe he ruled of late;  
My friends they deceived me, and forced him to leave  
me,  
And left me forlorn most melancholy,  
With foreign nations they combined against me,  
And sent my dear Eagle away far from me.

In France once my Eagle he reigned most victorious,  
The Tuileries was his chief royal nest,  
The birds of the Country they loved and adored him,  
Because one and all they thought him the best;  
When from Elba he landed, with their wings expanded  
They flew to his standard, and that speedily;  
It was at Grenoble they raised their notes  
To the sweet tune of 'Viva l'Eagle', said she.

In Paris my Eagle and I were together,  
At St Cloud, at Versailles, and at great Fontainebleau,  
Where the lily had faded and greatly did wither,  
And almost decayed, then, she said, it is true;  
In garden or bower, there was no such flower,  
He vied with the rose, and outshone the lily;  
The shamrock of Erin to him it was pleasing,  
When the palm he wore it victorious and free.

The birds of each country I'll summon them quickly,  
From all parts of Europe, drawn in rank and file,  
To implore their aid and crave their assistance,  
To rescue my Eagle from that barren Isle;  
The Mediterranean, all round I will range it,  
Sardinia and Naples I'll hail as I flee;  
I hope some kind nation would commiserate me  
And bring back my Eagle again unto me.

If I cannot find him, I'll fly to old Erin,  
Perhaps that my Eagle once there I may find,  
For an account of that people I have seen in my Cary,  
That author he says, unto strangers they're kind.  
If all things both fail me, the great wood Shillelagh  
I will search it daily, each shady fine tree,  
And if I can meet him, with love I will greet him,  
And dwell with that people in sweet harmony.

### The New Granuwale

Nature exhausted a maid of great splendour,  
In sorrow she was, in despair,  
The distress of Erin she sorely lamented,  
And the fetters she had for to wear;  
She said, 'You're distress'd in slavery's chains,  
Deprived of all comfort you have to remain,  
Until the time comes your freedom to gain,  
Old Erin will you ever be free?'

In former ages you were bold and courageous,  
Your armour with valour did shine,  
It's little you did know the dangers would approach you,  
Or the distress for to be in your isle.  
You rolled in great splendour and little you did know,  
Tho' hardships you had to undergo,  
While now you remain in sorrow and woe.  
Old Erin will you ever be free?

When the trumpet of honour extended its valour  
And sounded for sweet liberty,  
The brave sons of Erin were no way undaunted,  
Their foes they met on their knees;  
They fought for old England and her cause did maintain,  
They conquered the proud hosts on the plains,

But in slavery's chains now we have to remain,  
Old Erin will you ever be free?

But when England got the power at her command,  
She did show it with cruel disdain,  
She used no discretion nor any exertion,  
But oppressed poor old Granuwale,  
Her tithes, taxes and duties, she laid on without  
remorse,  
To afflict poor old Erin that maintained her cause,  
And from foreign nations had gained great applause.  
Are you bound? But you now must be free!

When the grand Eagle she spreads forth her wings,  
And do fly to the Star of the North,  
There she sees the distress of poor old Erin's Isle,  
Where once there was treasures shone forth;  
She returns with sorrow and does droop her wings,  
Lamenting the distress of poor old Granuwale,  
Where once there was trade and money without fail

Old Erin will you ever be free?

I'll go to some strange nation and mourn with vexation,  
In hopes to find cure for my woe,  
The distress of Erin I will there make mention,  
And the burden we do undergo.  
The truth of all secrets I will there obtain,  
I will tell the distress of poor old Granuwale,  
Where once her great courage strong nations did quell.  
Are you bound? But you now must be free.

You pole of the West that was once famed with  
treasure,  
With valour your robes they did shine;  
Since the Linnet so green he is banished away,  
Caused sorrow to be in our isle.  
To the Isle of St Helena he was banished to remain,  
Which caused you Erin to wear convict chains,  
But now is the time your freedom you'll gain,  
Old Erin then you now must be free.



*William Sadler's painting of the Battle*

### **Napoleon Bonaparte**

Attention pay both young and old to these few lines that  
I'll unfold  
'Tis the deeds of great Napoleon I'm going to relate.  
He was as valiant a Corsican as ever stood in Europe's  
land  
I'm inclined to sing his praises so ennobled was his  
heart.  
For in every battle, manfully, he strove to gain the  
victory,  
And to the world a terror was Napoleon Bonaparte.

That fatal June at Waterloo, it caused Napoleon for to  
rue,

When he saw the tricks of Grouchy, it struck terror to his  
heart,  
For it was there upon that fatal day he was forced to  
yield or run away.  
Like a bullock sold in Smithfield was Napoleon  
Bonaparte.

Marie Louisa for him wept all day or night she seldom  
slept,  
For she could find no rest for to sooth her aching heart.  
'Where is my Emperor?' she cried, 'Cursed be the the  
gold that did him bribe.  
False Grouchy has betrayed brave Napoleon Bonaparte'.

In the great city of Paris they did erect a monument  
All for to contain the ashes of his heart,

And every Frenchman that passes by respectfully a  
tribute pays  
To the immortal remembrance of Napoleon Bonaparte.

### **The Removal of Bonaparte's Ashes**

Attend you gallant Britons bold, unto these lines I will  
unfold,  
The deeds of valiant heroes I am going to relate,  
Who for centuries that are gone by, for England fought  
most manfully,  
And in the British records, there you will find the date.  
But of a gallant Corsican, as ever stood on Europe's land,  
I am inclined to sing in praise, how noble was his heart,  
In every battle manfully, he struggled hard for liberty,  
And to the world a terror was, Napoleon Bonaparte.

#### **Chorus**

And now across the foaming waves to fetch from St  
Helena's grave,  
The proud and gallant Frenchmen, so boldly do depart,  
To bring away, as Britons say, and consecrate without  
delay,  
In Paris town, the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We read of gallant Marlborough, we read of valiant  
Nelson,  
We read of noble Jarvis, brave Howe, and gallant Blake,  
Of Wolfe and Abercrombie, great men who fought by  
land and sea,  
Back from the days of Wellington, unto Sir Francis  
Drake.  
They all were men of courage true, and fought like  
Britons of true blue,  
Always was undaunted, so noble was each heart,  
But Europe we must understand, could not boast of late  
of such a man,  
As the valiant little Corsican Napoleon Bonaparte.

When at the Isle of Elba, Napoleon fought for liberty,  
And when he went across the Alps he did the world  
amaze,  
He would never yield when in the field, but strive to gain  
a victory.  
Europe will long remember, how Moscow it did blaze;  
But fatal June at Waterloo did make Napoleon for to  
rue,  
To see the tricks of BluËcher, struck terror to his heart;  
It was then he had to fight or run, he cried, alas, I am  
undone,  
Like a bullock sold in Smithfield, was Napoleon  
Bonaparte.

It was the day of Castlereagh, brave Bonaparte was led  
astray  
And the battle of great Waterloo was bought for English  
gold.  
We long may recollect the day when Grouchy did the  
French betray  
And brave Napoleon Bonaparte upon the ground was  
sold.  
He in the field then valiant stood, saying while I have life  
and blood

I will not die a coward, with his hand upon his heart,  
I always proved myself a man, but now I can no longer  
stand,  
My glass is nearly run, cried Napoleon Bonaparte.

He was by his friends forsaken, and prisoner he was  
taken,  
And he was sent to England, just like a convict bound.  
Far across the briny waves, a gallant soldier bold and  
brave  
On board the Bellerophon man-of-war, to Plymouth  
Sound.  
Where he a little time did lay, and thousands flocked by  
night and day,  
From here and there, and everywhere, in droves from  
every part.  
They were struck with wonder and amaze, as anxiously  
they on did gaze,  
That valiant little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Then soon it was concluded, Napoleon should be  
banished  
Unto some distant island, where he no more shall smile,  
And he was sent across the sea, a prisoner for life to be,  
His days to end in misery, on St Helena's Isle.  
Louisa for her husband wept, and day or night she  
seldom slept  
The briny tears rolled from her eyes to sooth her aching  
heart,  
Where is my Emperor? she cried, O cursed be the gold  
that bribed  
False Grouchy to betray my brave Napoleon Bonaparte.

Some years he lived in exile, and mourned on St  
Helena's shore  
And there, alas! he was deprived of every bosom friend,  
He respected was by high and low, through Europe  
wheresoever you go,  
On the Isle of St Helena, he there his days did end.  
He cried, my glass is nearly run, I can behold the setting  
sun,  
And while he spoke he gently laid his hand upon his  
heart,  
He looked round and gave a smile, and died on St  
Helena's Isle,  
And there they laid the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Now to erect a monument, agreed was every soldier,  
The peer, likewise the peasant, every Frenchman bold  
and brave.  
And in a very little while, they bring from St Helena's  
Isle,  
The ashes of Napoleon that lay mouldering in the grave.  
In the city of great Paris, a tomb will be erected,  
So splendidly for to contain his ashes and his heart,  
And rich and poor who pass that way, will cheerfully a  
tribute pay  
To the ashes and the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

### **Napoleon's Dream**

One night sad and languid as I lay on my bed,  
I scarce had reclined on my pillow,

When a vision surprising came into my head,  
 I thought I was crossing the billow.  
 I dreamed, as my vessel dashed over the deep,  
 I beheld a huge rock standing craggy and steep.  
 That rock where the willows then seemed to weep  
 O'er the grave of the once famed Napoleon.

I dreamt, as my vessel came near to the land,  
 I beheld, clad in green, his bold figure;  
 With the trumpet of fame clasped in his hand,  
 On his brow there was valour and vigour.  
 'Oh, stranger', he cried, 'hast thou ventured to me,  
 From the land of my sires where they boast they are  
 free?  
 Now a story, a true story, I'll tell unto thee,  
 Concerning the once-famed Napoleon'.

'I remember the year, when immortal', he cried,  
 'I crossed the rude Alps, famed in story,  
 With the legions of France, whose sons were my pride,  
 I have led them to honour and glory.  
 On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurled,  
 Wherever my banner the eagle unfurled,  
 'Twas the standard of freedom all over the world,  
 And a signal of war', cried Napoleon.

'To Liberty's temple I guided mankind,  
 And slavery sought to keep under;  
 The fetters of bondsmen I oft did unbind.  
 Tyrant's treaties I tore them asunder.  
 But O! beloved France, you yet shall arise,  
 The nations around you shall look with surprise,  
 When freedom to you my descendant supplies'.  
 Such were the words of Napoleon.

'As a soldier I've borne both the heat and the cold,  
 I've marched to the trumpet and cymbal.  
 By the dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,  
 Though monarchs before me did tremble.  
 Those rulers and princes, their stations demean,  
 Like scorpions, they spit forth their venom and spleen,  
 But Liberty soon o'er the world shall be seen',  
 And I woke from the dream of Napoleon.

### **Bonaparte's Farewell**

Farewell to the land, where the gloom of my glory  
 Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name!  
 She abandons me now but the page of her story,  
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame;  
 I have war'd with a world which vanquished me only  
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;  
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus  
 lonely,  
 The last single captive to millions in war!

Farewell to thee, France! When thy diadem crown'd  
 me,  
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth!  
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,  
 Decay'd in thy glory and sunk in thy worth!  
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won  
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,  
 Had still soar'd with eyes fixed on Victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France! But when Liberty rallies  
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then  
 The violet grows in the depth of thy valleys:  
 Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again;  
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround me,  
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice!  
 They are links which must break in the chain that has  
 bound us;  
 Then turn thee, and call on the Chief of thy choice!

### **The Isle of Saint Helena**

Now Boney's away from his warring and fighting.  
 He has gone to a place where naught can delight him.  
 He may sit now and tell of the sights he has seen-o  
 While forlorn he does mourn on the Isle of Saint Helena.

No more in St Cloud will he appear in great splendour.  
 Nor step forth from the crowd like the great Alexander.  
 He may look to the east while he thinks on Lucana  
 With his heart full of woe on the Isle of Saint Helena.

The wild rushing waves 'round our shore they are  
 washing.  
 And the wild billows deep, on our rocks they are lashing.  
 He may look o'er the main to the great Mount Diana  
 With his eyes on the waves that surround Saint Helena.

Louise, as she weeps, from her husband is parted.  
 And she dreams while she sleeps and awakes broken  
 hearted.  
 There is none to console her though there's many'd be  
 with her  
 While alone she does mourn when she thinks on Saint  
 Helena.

You Parliaments of war, and your Holy Alliance,  
 To the prisoner of war you may now bid defiance.  
 For your base intrigues and your baser misdemeanours  
 Have caused him to die on the Isle of Saint Helena.

So all you that have wealth, beware of ambition.  
 For there's some twist of fate could soon change your  
 condition.  
 Be steadfast in time what's to come, change you cannot  
 For maybe your race will end on the Isle of Saint Helena





Alain Martineau's 'Napoleon Returns From the Island'

## News From the Club

### ***The Sweet Nightingale***

We have revived our Newsletter, *The Sweet Nightingale*, and have a few hard copies available tonight for your perusal. It is easier and more cost effective to distribute such things electronically nowadays, however, and so please take the chance to read all our Club news on <http://howthsingingcircle.com/sweet-nightingale/> Niamh Parsons has also added some older editions of *The Sweet Nightingale* so you can have some happy hours re-living memories of older days.

### **HSC Web Page**

Similarly, please save <http://howthsingingcircle.com/> as a favourite page. Your Committee are working hard to bring you as much information as possible and all our events are advertised on the page

### **HSC Facebook Pages**

You can also track HSC news at the Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Howth-Singing-Circle/233809083299916> where you can also comment and make suggestions.

### **The Bird Song Project**

HSC stalwarts Eugene McElowney and Niamh Parsons – as well as regular visitors Annette Buckley, Tony McGaley and the mighty Luke Cheevers – recently sang at the Bird Song project Concert in the National Library of Ireland. You can see the full Concert video at

<https://www.facebook.com/thebirdsongproject/posts/1582390875345297> Eugene and Niamh performed beautifully and enhanced our Club's reputation. Indeed all those mentioned sang well and contributed to a lovely evening.

### **Fiddle Bus Twa**

What a wonderful few days were spent on Deeside in April as The Fiddle Bus came to the area. Charlie Ritchie's evocative video of some of the events is up on the HSC web page - <http://howthsingingcircle.com/> - and is well worth the look.

### **Francy Devine at An Góilín**

Francy Devine will be the guest in An Góilín Traditional Singers' Club on Friday, 26 June at 9.30 in The Teachers' Club, Parnell Square, Dublin at 9.30. It would be nice to see Club members giving Francy their support.

### **Thank You**

Thank you for your continuing support for all our ventures and, if you wish to make suggestions you can contact any of the committee or e-mail [howthsingingcircle@gmail.com](mailto:howthsingingcircle@gmail.com)

Your Committee are Paddy Daly, Francy Devine, Brian Doyle, Diarmuid Ó Cathasaigh, Stuíofán Ó hAoiáin, Niamh Parsons and Ann Riordan.

