

FAIN WATERLOO

Performed by: Caroline Brennan

It happened to be on a fine dewy morning,
Down by the banks of a clear purling stream;
Who there should I spy but my own pride and joy,
And I stood awhile ambushed to hear what she'd say.

The song that sang made the valleys to ring,
While the small feathered songsters around us they flew,
'The war is all over and peace it is proclaimed,
Yet my Willy ain't returned home from fain Waterloo.'

I said, 'My dearest creature, you're the pride of all nature;
I wish you would tell me your true lover's name;
Perhaps you might forget him and fix your mind on me,
Never more to mourn down by yon purling stream.'

'William Smith is his name, he's a hero of fame,
Forever until death unto him I'll prove true;
No man will gain this bride but my own darling boy
When he do return home from fain Waterloo.'

'William Smith is his name, he's a hero of fame,
Well he and I together spent many a campaign,
Through Portugal and France where we boldly did advance,
And he was my loyal comrade whilst marching through Spain.

Through Portugal and France where we marched along together,
Like bold undaunted heroes he bid us adieu;
We fought them three days till at length we did defeat them,
Grand Napoleon's forces on the plains of Waterloo.

The eighteenth of June being the day of our battle,
Corpse they bleeding on every plain;
Cannon loud did rattle and bullets fell like hail,
And by a French soldier your true love was slain.

'Twas there on the ground where I saw your love bleeding,
I scarcely had time to bid him adieu;
His last dying accents, those words I heard him say:
"Here's adieu to lovely Sally, she's far from Waterloo."

As soon as she heard of this sad lamentation,
Her cheeks they got pale and her eyes they grew dim,
And when he saw her in such a sad situation,
He drew her in his arms saying, 'Sally I'm the man.'

He showed her the ring that between them was broken,
'In the midst of all dangers it reminded me of you.'
Soon as she saw the token she fell into his arms,
'You're welcome home, dear Willy, from fain Waterloo.'