

# The Plains of Waterloo

*Harry Mallion, Fen Ditton Aug 27 1906 collected by RVW*



Text adapted from a Firth ballad sheet.

Come all you loyal lovers I pray you lend an ear  
And listen unto these few lines that I have written here  
While these few lines that I do write the tears my cheek bedew  
Lamenting for my darling boy that was slain at Waterloo.

My hands they are so feeble my pen I scarce can hold  
I'm troubled in my mind and my blood it does run cold  
I mourn like the turtle dove, what more can I do  
Bewailing for my darling boy that was slain at Waterloo?

I wish that I'd been near my love the sad day that he fell.  
Like a bold undaunted hero his enemies I'd expel.  
With a good sword and musket his foes I would subdue.  
I'd kill the man that shot my love on the plains of Waterloo.

I wish I was an eagle I would fly up in the air  
And search the country round about and hope to find him there.  
I wish I was a little fish the oceans to swim through  
Till I did find my darling boy that was slain at Waterloo.