

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Plains of Waterloo (5)

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One fine summer's morning as I went a-walking
All down by the banks of some clear-flowing stream
There I spied a fair maiden making sad lamentation
And I drew myself in ambush for to hear her sad complaint
Through the woods she marched along, made the valleys to ring oh
While the small feathered songsters around her head they flew
Saying, The war it is all over and peace is returning
But my Willie's not returning from the plains of Waterloo

I approached this young maiden and I said, My fond creature
May I make enquiry as to what's your true love's name
For I have been in battle where the loud cannons rattle
And by his description well I think I know the same
Willie Reilly's my love's name, he's a hero of great fame
Although he's gone and left me in sorrow now 'tis true
And no man will me enjoy but my own darling boy
Although he's not returning from the plains of Waterloo

If Willie Reilly's your love's name then he's a hero of great fame
He and I have been in battle through many a long campaign
Through Italy and Russia, through Germany and Prussia
He was my loyal comrade in France and in Spain
But alas there at length by the French we were surrounded
And like heroes of old we did them subdue
We fought for three days till at last we defeated him
That bold Napoleon Boney on the plains of Waterloo

On the fourteenth of June it be an end in the battle
Leaving many a gallant hero in sorrow to complain
Where the drums they do beat and the loud cannons rattle
'Twas by a Frenchman's bullet your young Willie he was slain
And as I drew near to the spot where he lay bleeding
Scarcely had I time for to bid him adieu
And as he lay dying these words he kept repeating
Farewell my lovely Annie you are far from Waterloo

When this maiden she heard all this sad declaration
Her red rosy cheeks they grew pale and woeful wan
And when he heard the sound of her sad lamentations
He drew her in his arms and said, I am your loving one
Oh see here is the ring that between us was broken
In the midst of all danger it reminded me of you

And now this young couple well they are reunited
No more will Willie battle on the plains of Waterloo

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