

# Drummer Boy Of Waterloo - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO.

When battle rous'd each warlike band,  
And carnage loud her trumpet blew.  
Young Edwiu left his native land,  
A drummer boy of Waterloo.  
His mother, when his lips she press'd,  
And bade her noble boy adieu,  
With wringing hands and aching breast,  
Beheld him march for Waterloo.  
But he that knew no infant fears,  
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,  
And cried, "Dear mother, dry those tears.  
Till I return from Waterloo."  
He went-and e'er the set of sun,  
Beheld our arms the foe subdue,  
The flash of death-the murd'rous gun,  
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

Slow.

"O, my comrades 1 comrades!" Edwin cried,  
And proudly beamed his eye of blue,  
"Go, tell my mother. Edwin died  
A soldier's death at Waterloo."  
They plac'd his head upon his drum,  
And 'neath the moonlight's mournful hue,  
When night had still'd the battle's hum,  
They dug his grave at Waterloo.