

Bloody Waterloo

The Corries

A lassie she was walkin'
Along the banks of Clyde
A tear run doon her rosie cheeks
As I walked by her side
I saw her bosom heavin'
Her voice was sweet and low
She was weepin' for her Willie lad
That sailed for Waterloo
A soldier he was passin'
He did the fair maid spy
He said "My love, what ails ye
Your bosom heavin' high?"
"I lost my ain' dear Willie,
The lad that I love true!
I hav'ne seen my Willie since
He sailed for Waterloo!"
"What were the marks your Willie wore?"
The soldiere did inquire
"He wore a hie'land bonnet,
His feather standin' high!
His broad claymore was by his side,
And his dark suit sae true!
These were the marks ma' Willie wore
When he sailed for Waterloo."
"I was your Willie's comrade!
I saw your Willie die!
Six bayonet wounds were in his side,
Afore he doon-ward lie!
Then flingin' up his arms he cried,
'Some Frenchmans slain me noo!'
It was I that closed your Willie's eyes,
On bloody Waterloo!"
"Oh Willie, dearest Willie!"
Then she could say no more
She flew intae the soldier's arms
And thus the tidings bore
"Death, open wide your gaping jaws,
And swallow me up too!
For my Willie lies among the slain,
On bloody Waterloo!"
"Stand up, my fairest maiden!
Stand up!" And then he frowned
Then flingin' up his arms and
His tartans they hung doon
His broad claymore was by his side
And his dark suit sae true
"I am yer ain' dear Willie lad,
Just back frae Waterloo!"
"Stand up, my fairest maiden!
Stand up!" And then he frowned
Then flingin' off his grey grey coat
His tartans they hung doon
"Since we have met,
We ne'er will part!
Till death do us divide!
And hand in hand, in wedlock band,
We'll walk the banks of Clyde!"

"By hand in hand, in wedlock band,
We'll walk the banks of Clyde!"