

# 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!"