

THE DRUMMER BOY FOR WATERLOO

When Britain called her warlike band
Loud cannons roared and trumpets blew
Young Edmund left his native land
A drummer boy for Waterloo

Young Edmund scarce a boy in years
His knapsack over his shoulder threw
Saying mother dear dry up your tears
For I'll return from Waterloo

He marched away at the set of sun
'Til the field of battle came in view
But a bullet from the enemy's guns
Did lie him low at Waterloo

O comrades dear young Edmund cried
As tears fell from his eyes so blue
Just tell my mother that I died
A drummer boy for Waterloo

So they laid his head down on his drum
The skin being damp with the morning dew
Midnight came and morning come
They laid him low at Waterloo

Traditional: Arranged Coe, Peters, Smyth
Published: Backshift Music PRS MCPS
www.theroadtopeterloo.com
From the CD "The Road To Peterloo"
BACKSHIFT MUSIC BASH CD65 © 2019