Young Edward (Drummer Boy of Waterloo)

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In battle row, deep warlike times
In cornet loud the trumpet blew,
Young Edward left his native land
A drummer's boy for Waterloo.

He who knew no infant fear
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
Sayin' mother, mother, dry those tears
Till I return from Waterloo.

His mother in her lips she pressed,
An' bid her noble boy adieu,
With wringin' hands an' achin' heart
Beheld his march to Waterloo.

"Ho comrades, comrades, Edward cried,
His beaming face and eyes so blue,
Go tell my mother Edward died
A soldier's death at Waterloo.

We laid his head upon his drum
Beneath the moon like mournful dew,
The night was still, the battle hummed,
We dug his grave at Waterloo.

Note: A confused variant of The Drummer Boy of Waterloo, a well-
`known English song... VR
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