

But I had my fill of vengeance when again the Austrian fled  
From the woods of Austerlitz, where every tree and bush was red,  
For we chased the flying foemen, slaying all nor sparing one,  
So the bloody carnage lasted till the setting of the sun.  
Then I crossed the Spanish hills, at Talavera did we feel  
Even our all-conquering weapons could not meet the English  
steel.

Many leagues o'er frozen rivers, plains snowbound and desolate,  
Was I borne, until we halted outside Moscow's iron gate;  
Soon red tongues of flame upleaping told the Russian near and  
far  
That the arms of France had triumphed in the city of the Czar.

But the armies of all Europe chased the tiger to his den;  
He was caged on Elba's isle, and for a year peace reigned again.  
Still his mighty heart was beating and his soul athirst for war,  
His sun of glory could not set till Waterloo was o'er.

On a balmy, soft, spring morning, went a whisper through the  
land—  
Bonaparte is coming to us, and a sword is in his hand:  
Like a man from sleep awaking, Europe waked from her repose,  
And from valley, plain, and mountain, came the squadrons of  
his foes.

Yes, our master met his conqueror on the slopes of Waterloo;  
From the blush of dawn we struggled on until the evening dew,  
But English squares were steady, beating back our horse like  
foam  
Rebounding from some rocky cliff that mocks at every storm;  
Our life-blood flowed like water, yet, alas! 'twas all in vain,  
And the British lion trampled on the lilies of Lorraine.