



## AFTER WATERLOO.

On the field of Waterloo we made Napoleon rue  
That ever out of Elba he decided for to come,  
For we finished him that day and he had to run away,  
And yield himself a prisoner on the Billyruffium.

'Twas a stubborn fight, no doubt, and the fortune wheeled about,  
And the brave Mossoos kept coming most uncomfortable near,  
And says Wellington, the hero, as his hopes went down to zero,  
"I wish to God that Blucher or the night was only here!"

But Blucher came at length, and we broke Napoleon's strength;  
And the flower of his army—that's the wonderful Old Guard—  
They made a final sally, but they found they could not rally,  
And at last they broke and fled after fighting bitter hard.

Now Napoleon he had thought, when a British ship he sought,  
And gave himself uncalled-for, in a manner you might say,  
He'd be treated like a king, with the best of everything,  
And maybe have a palace for to live in every day.

He was treated very well, as became a noble swell,  
But we couldn't leave him loose, not in Europe anywhere,  
For we knew he would be making some gigantic undertaking  
While the trustful British lion was reposing in his lair.

We tried him once before near the European shore,  
Having planted him in Elba, where he promised to remain;

But when he saw his chance, why he bolted off to France,  
And he made a lot of trouble—but it wouldn't do again.

Says King George to him, "You know, far away you'll have  
to go,

To a pleasant little island off the coast of Africay,  
Where they tell me that the view of the ocean, deep and blue,  
Is remarkable extensive, and it's there you'll have to stay."

So Napoleon wiped his eye, and he wished King George good  
bye,

And being stony-broke made the best of it he could;  
And they built a pleasant dwelling on the island of St. Helen,  
And Napoleon Buonaparty is provided for for good.

Now of that I don't complain, but I ask, and ask in vain,  
Why me, a British soldier, as has lost a useful arm  
Through fighting of the foe, when the trumpets cease to blare,  
Should be forced to feed the pigs on a little Surrey farm.

While him, as fought with us, and created such a fuss,  
And in the whole of Europe did a mighty deal of harm,  
Should be kept upon a rock, like a precious fighting cock,  
And do no work whatever, which would suit me to a charm.

R. F. MURRAY in *Longman's Magazine*