

WATERLOO.

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WE do not curse thee, Waterloo ;  
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;  
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—  
Rising from each gory trunk—  
Like the water-spout from ocean,  
With a strong and growing motion—  
It soars, and mingles in the air,  
With that of lost LABEDOYERE—  
With that of him whose honour'd grave  
Contains the “ bravest of the brave ;”  
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
But shall return to whence it rose ;  
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—  
Never yet was heard such thunder  
As then shall shake the world with wonder—  
Never yet was seen such lightning  
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !  
The Chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo !  
When the soldier-citizen,  
Swayed not o'er his fellow men—  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son—