

Ah ! how many a tale of the olden time,
 Of young joys and sadness my memory tells,
 My boyhood comes back as I list to the chime
 And hear the glad clang of those merry old bells.

Here my forefathers lived from far ancient date,
 A band of stout yeomen, proud, loyal and true,
 We'd ever a soldier to fight for the State
 And I won this medal at grim Waterloo.

For I fought for King George in life's early day
 Till vict'ry was ours and Boney gave in.
 Now battered my carcass, these locks thin and grey,
 I still love Old England and honor the Queen.

And e'er the last sands of my life shall be run
 And the great Captain issues his last command,
 I would muster again where my march first begun
 For a brief stand at ease in the dear old land.

And a rest neath the shade of that Old Oak Tree,
 The emblem of true British liberty,
 Oh ! my heart goes back and it yearns for thee ;
 I would sleep my last sleep in the Old Countrie.