

**SO THIS THEN IS THE
BATTLE OF
WATERLOO, PP. 1-105**

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So This Then Is The Battle of Waterloo, pp. 1-105 by Victor Hugo

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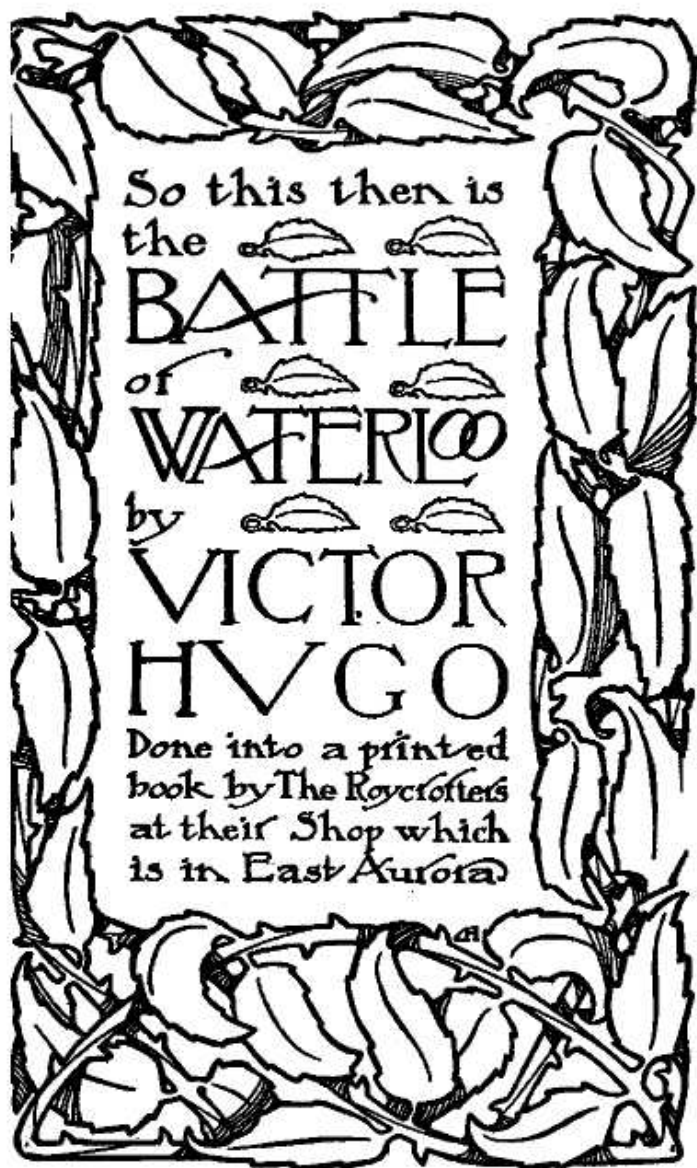
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WATERLOO







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1947
By Elbert Hubbard



Waterloo

Byron



HERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth & Pleasure
meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying
feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in
once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar!

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Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did
hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear.
And when they smiled because he deemed
it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too
well
Which stretched his father on a bloody
bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,
fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and
fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of dis-
tress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as
press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise!

