

**WATERLOO, A LAY
OF JUBILEE FOR
JUNE 18, A. D., 1815**

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Waterloo, a lay of jubilee for june 18, A. D., 1815 by William Selwyn

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WILLIAM SELWYN

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WATERLOO
A LAY OF JUBILEE

FOR

June 18,
A. D.
1815.



It was a day of Giants,
Wellington.



Cambridge:
DEIGHTON, BELL AND CO.
LONDON: BELL AND DALDY.
A. D. 1865.

280. i. 24.

15

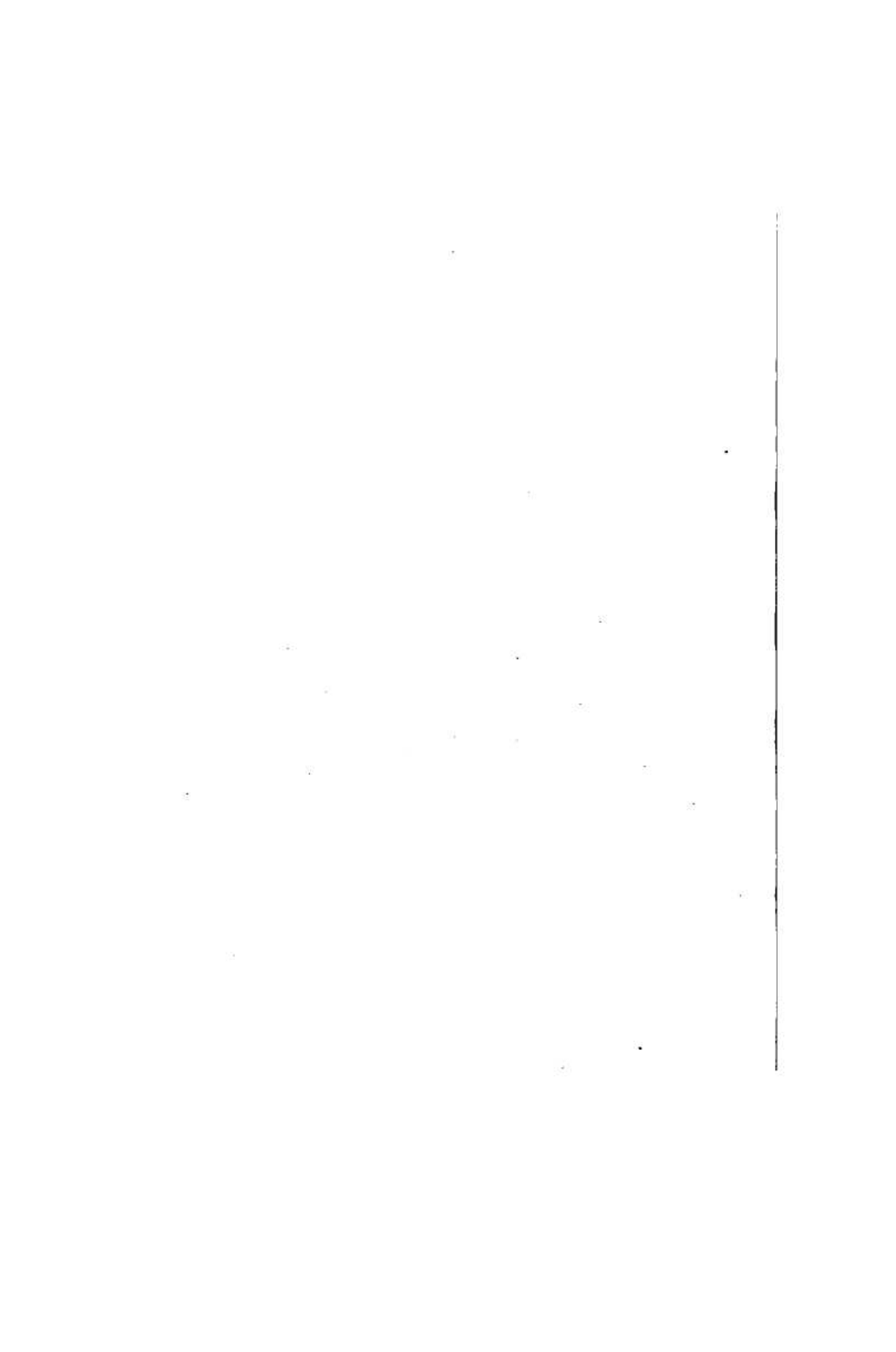
Cambridge:
Printed by J. Ball & Son.

CORRECTIONS.

Page 22, for line 12 substitute the following—
"Where Baring and his Germans watch; the rest"
Page 25, line 16, for "two days since" read "yester-ere"
— 80, — 14, *delete* and.
— 82, — 7, *insert* "and" *before* "from both armies rang"

To those who fell in arms, that glorious day,
But falling help'd to win it; and to those
Who shared the triumph, now have follow'd them;
To him who sleeps beneath the golden Cross;
And to the few remaining, ere the last
Shall pass away from earth,—this thankful lay.

For brave deeds, held in memory, will revive
In after days, when peril calls them forth;
God give us lasting Peace; God save the QUEEN.



It is the day of rest; the matin-bells
Are sounding forth from every village-tower
Glad notes of Peace on Earth, good will to men;
And in the vale, between two gentle heights,
A little onward from the forest edge,
The fields are standing thick with rising corn,
Rejoicing in the plenteous rain of heaven.

But other sights ere long will meet the eye,
 And other sounds will drown the Sabbath-bells,
 And mar the Sabbath quiet; and the hopes
 Of harvest from those fertile fields must fail;
 For here two mighty hosts are met, to try,
 Within the compass of a summer's day,
 The last great issues of a long-fought war.

Where then are all the golden dreams of peace,
 That smiled on Europe but a year ago?
 All rudely shatter'd! while the council sate,
 Meting out kingdoms, and arranging terms
 Of treaty, that should bind the world to peace,
 Curb the strong powers of earth, and guard the weak,
 By the firm sanctions of the general league;
 Upon the council-table, in their midst,
 Fell, like a thunderbolt from cloudless sky,
 The startling word 'Napoleon is in France'!
 And all their counsels turn'd from Peace to War.

Then fast and frequent came the posts, that told
 Of his triumphal march; how Lyon rose

And welcomed him; how strong battalions, sent
 To bar his way, turn'd round and follow'd him;
 And he, who boasted he would bring him caged
 To Paris, caught the madness of the hour,
 And rode once more as Marshal by his side:
 Thus with glad welcome moving through the land,
 Without a battle, daily gathering force,
 He wins the city, mounts the vacant throne,
 An Emperor, with his army, once again.

Then, master of an hundred thousand men,
 He claims his right to be received once more
 Among the brotherhood of sovran powers;
 Accepts the will of Europe as his law,
 And promises an Empire bent on peace.

In vain! short, stern, and hopeless was the word;
 All Europe holds him outlaw; his return
 Is breach of compact, troubling the world's peace;
 If he will still have empire, he must hold
 His empire by the sword; for Europe's will
 Is bent on crushing all his power to harm.