

# THE PRIDE OF PETERLOO

Tell no more tales and make no boast of victory gained at Waterloo  
But raise your glass and drink a toast to the glorious deeds of Peterloo  
Sing no more of Wellington and of his warlike conquering crew  
How dim the glory of their sun before the blaze of Peterloo

Our soldiers sailed to distant shores those foreign armies to subdue  
But our brave yeomen spilt the gore of their own kind at Peterloo  
To face the foe was the delight that former British soldiers knew  
To slaughter those who could not fight was all the pride of Peterloo

With bloody sabres they cut down our men and women, children too  
Such matchless courage there was shown on the great day of Peterloo  
From East to West, the story tell of valiant deeds by men so true  
Yes, let them tell, how women fell on the red plain of Peterloo

Let all the history books record what unarmed hosts these warriors slew  
Let all the Earth with one accord shout in praise of Peterloo  
So must we keep old England free those deadly radicals subdue  
Call to our aid the Yeomanry who fought so well at Peterloo

*Tune: Brian Peters; Words: Traditional; Arranged Coe, Peters, Smyth*

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[www.theroadtopeterloo.com](http://www.theroadtopeterloo.com)

*From the CD "The Road To Peterloo"*

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