

The Mantle So Green

As I went a - walk - ing one eve - ning in spring, To
view the green fields, hear the night - in - gale sing, I es -
pied a fair dam - sel, She was dressed like a queen, in her
fine cost - ly robes and her man - tle so green.

I says, "My pretty fair maid, if you'll come with me
We will join hands in wedlock and sweet unity.
You shall dress in rich attire as fine as a queen
In your fine costly robes and your mantle so green."

She answered me, "Young man, I must you refuse,
For I will wed with no man; you must me excuse.
Through the green fields I'll wander forsaking men's view,
For the lad that I love lies in famed Waterloo."

I says, "My pretty fair maid, what was your love's name?
For I have been in battle, I might have known the same."
"Draw nigh unto my mantle; 'tis plain to be seen
Embroidered in gold on my mantle so green."

I gently stepped up to her and there did behold
The name of her true love in letters of fine gold,
The name of William Riley appeared to my view.
"He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo.

"He fought so victorious where bullets did fly,
And on the field of battle your true love he doth lie.
He fought for three days till the fourth afternoon
And received his death wound on the eighteenth of June.

"As he was a-dying, I heard his last cry,
'Were you here, lovely Nancy, content I would die.'
Now peace it is proclaimed and the truth I declare
This is your love token, the ring that I wear."

She stood in amaze and the paler she grew.

She fell to her knees with her heart full of woe.

“Through the green fields I’ll wander for the lad that I love.”

“Rise up, lovely Nancy, your fears I’ll remove.

“Oh, Nancy, lovely Nancy, ‘twas I won your heart,

All in your father’s garden that day when we did part,

Now since peace has been proclaimed and the war it is o’er,

You are welcome to my arms, lovely Nancy, once more.”