

x The Emperor's

# Wedding,

OR,

Bonaparte's 2d Marriage,  
*to Maria Louisa Daughter of Emperor of Austria*  
Mariners of England,

Are ye sleepin' Maggie,

Bonny Kate Kearny,

The Answer.



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## BUONAPARTE'S WEDDING.

HAVE you heard the news ?

Boney wants a baby ;

Austria can't refuse,

Whate'er his wishes may be

For his iron crown,

All the girls coquet it,

And gladly wou'd lay down

Their pretty lives to get it.

Toora loo ra loo, too ra loo ra laddy,

Toora loo ra la, too ra loo ra laddy.

Soon as it was known,

Continental Misses,

Anxious for a throne,

Began to practise kisses ;

Every spinster wish'd,

The work she may go thro' it ;

While Josephine, quite dish'd,

Cried, O he'll never do it !

Boney isn't nice ;

At nought this hero wince ;

Francis in a trice,

He'll get a brace of Princes :

Thirty years he'll try,  
 The work of education,  
 And when convenient die,  
 And all to save the nation.

How the bells did ring,  
 Thro' Paris at the wedding;  
 How the bride, poor thing,  
 Did tremble at the bedding!  
 Chamberlains of state,  
 To hear imperial wooing,  
 At the door did wait,  
 While the deed was doing!

Quite on the *qui vive*,  
 To think what wonders he did,  
 His bride see Bonéy leave,  
 Cock sure he had succeeded;  
 She the maid did call,  
 And looking slyly at her,  
 Cried, Well! his little all,  
 Is no prodigious matter!

Then to crown their joy,  
 Nine months hence will shew it,  
 Th' Emperor cries, A bay!  
 If 'tis, pray let me know it.

Then the joke to clinch,  
The midwife on that gay day,  
Says, yes! within an inch,  
For bliss you 'tis a lady.

Now of this first of men,  
The wisdom surely sickens;  
Who'er has got a hen,  
Begins to count his chickens;  
And says, with proudest scorn,  
His offspring shall attack us;  
But yet, the child's unborn  
That knows the way to whack us.

†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†\*†

### MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England,  
that guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years,  
the battle and the breeze,  
Your glorious Standard launch again,  
to match another foe,  
And sweep thro' the deep,  
while the stormy tempests blow  
While the battle rages long and loud,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers  
shall start from sv'ry wave,  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
the ocean was their grave ;  
Where Blake (the boast of freedom) fought,  
your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep o'er the deep,  
while the stormy tempests blow.

While the battle rages, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
no tow'r along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,  
her home is on the deep :  
With thunder from her native oak,  
she quells the floods below,  
Lide the roar on the shore,  
when the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor Flag of England  
shall yet terrific burn !  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
and the Star of Peace return ;  
Then, then ye ocean-warriors,  
our song and feast shall flow

To the fame of your name,  
when the trumpets cease to blow.

When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the trumpets cease to blow.

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O ARE YE SLEEPIN' MAGGIE.

O are ye sleepin' Maggie?

O are ye sleepin' Maggie?

Let me in, for loud the linn

Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk an' rainy is the night,

Ne'er a starn keeks thro' the carry,

Lightnings gleam athwart the list,

An' winds drive wi' winter's fury!

Fearfu' foughs the boor-tree bank!

The rifted wood roars wild an' dreary

Loud the iron yate does clank,

An' cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,

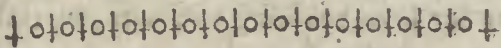
For fear I rouse your waukrife Daddy,

Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,

O rise, rise my bonny Lady!

She op'd the door, she let me in,  
 I cuist aside my dreepin' plaidie ;  
 " Blaw your warst ye win's an' rain,  
 " Since Maggie now I'm in aside ye."

Now since ye're wauken Maggie,  
 Now since ye're wauken Maggie,  
 What care I for howlets' cry,  
 For bour-tree bank, or warlock craigie.



BONNY KATE KEARNY.

O did you not hear of Kate Kearney ?  
 She lives on the banks of Killarney ;  
 From the glance of her eye, shun danger,  
 and fly,  
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney:

For that eye is so modestly beaming,  
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,  
 Yet oh ! I can tell h-w fatal the spell,  
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh ! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she look so bewitchingly simple,  
 There's mischief in every dimple;  
 And who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale,  
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

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 ANSWER TO KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,  
 Who lives near the lake of Killarney,  
 From her love-beaming eye what mortal  
     can fly,  
 Unsubdu'd by the glance of Kate Kearney?  
 For that eye, so seducingly beaming,  
 Assures me of mischief she's dreaming,  
 And I feel 'tis in vain to fly from the chain  
     That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.  
 At eye when I've met this Kate Kearney,  
 On the flow'r-mantled banks of Killarney,  
 Her smile would impart thrilling joy to  
     my heart,  
 As I gaz'd on the charming Kate Kearney.  
 On the banks of Killarney reclining,  
 My bosom to rapture resigning,  
 I've felt the keen smart of love's fatal dart,  
 And inhal'd the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

F I N I S.