

St Helena for

5/11

BONAPARTE;

To which is added

Go where Glory waits thee,

AND

PEGGY I MUST LOVE THEE. 1/2



MW
S

GLASGOW,

Published and Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
R. HUTCHISON and Co. Saltmarket.



St. Helena for Bonaparte.

LITTLE squalid Nap over Europe hecter'd,
And the upstart chap vanquish'd monarchs
lecter'd,
Tumbled from their thrones Kings of various na-
tions,
And reserv'd their Crowns to give his poor rela-
tions.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

To Louis gave a throne, reserved for Joe another,
To Jerry gave a Crown, and crown'd Murat his
brother:

Say, my friends around, don't it make you merry,
To hear the royal sound of Joe, Nap, and Jerry.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

How glorious was the life of little Nap's relations,
When each one chang'd his wife as often as their
stations;

Money every day from their friends did borrow,
 And when dun'd to pay, bade them call to-mor-
 row.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

But, hark, the cannons roar; and Boney's hopes
 are blighted,
 His reign at last is o'er, and Europe is united;
 See the tyrant flies, by his troops forsaken,
 Forc'd, by telling lies, to save his royal bacon.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

Hoist the white cockade all ye loyal people,
 Bourbon's flag's display'd on every tower and
 steeple,
 They've Boney's courage cool'd, now they've fix'd
 his doom sir,

He who nations rul'd, content with Elba room sir.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

They Nap to Elba sent, and of him they took leave
 sir,

He palace building went, the better to deceive sir,
 By break of day he rose, and rode all o'er his
 ground sir;

But soon he did suppose he had not Elba room sir.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

'Twas from his rocks he spied his late subjects, the
 Frenchmen,
 Were left by the allies; King Louis for to vex man,
 He thought he'd just step in, send Louis off be-
 fore sir,
 And thought it was no sin, since he was there a-
 fore sir.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

The British were not pleased, because he had so
 dup'd 'em,
 And Austria was teased about his grandson's duke-
 dom;
 The Bears again came down from their horrific
 station,
 And Prussia's force combined to humble the great
 nation.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

At Waterloo they met, and met wi' British spirit
 To Wellington they set, a chap of real merit,
 They fought for victory sure, but oh! alack a day
 sir, [sir

The British boys them beat, and fast they ran away
 Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

To England next he sped, and thought to live in
 quiet,
 But St Helena's his bed, and banishment his fate

King Louis reigns in France, and vive le Roi
sounds sir.

While he will do his best to heal up France's
wounds sir.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

Austria's Monarch cheer, hazza for Alexander,
Prussia's King revere, and thank each brave com-
mander,

Swartsinburgh let's praise, and Platoff's courage
carol,

Prince Blucher crown with bays, and Wellington
with laurel.

Too ral loo ral, loo, &c.

Go where glory waits thee.

Go where glory waits thee,

But while fame elates thee,

Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest,

To thine ear is sweetest

Oh! then remember me.

Other arms may press thee,

Dearer friends caress thee,

All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me:
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! thus remember me.

Oft, as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes,
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee;
 Think on her who wove them
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When around thee, dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And at night when gazing,
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.

Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee,
 Then let mem'ry bring thee,
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,

Oh! then remember me.

Peggy, I must love thee

As from a rock, past all relief,
 the shipwreckt Colin spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 half sunk in waves, and dying:
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes,
 with joy; and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd
 to be for ever parted:
 Thus droopt I till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face;

Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 but virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying:
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose,
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since Peggy, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 and deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 doating on a proud beauty:
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

FINIS.