

★ The Second

Downfall OF PARIS.

The Broad Swords of
Old Scotland,

Rule, Rule Britannia.

Make Hay while the
Sun shines.

The Joys of Harvest.



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THE
DOWNFALL OF PARIS.

GREAT News I have to tell you all,
of Bonaparte and a' that ;
How Paris it has got a fall,
he's lost his Plans, and a' that.

CHORUS.

Rise up, John Bull, rise up and sing,
your chanter loudly blaw that,
Long live our auld and worthy King
succes to Britons, a' that.

When Bonaparte began to rule,
to be a King, and a' that,
He laid his vile and cursed plans
to rob and plunder a' that.

Rise up, &c.

At Jassa he with poison strong
destroy'd the sick and a' that ;
And thousands sent to sleep in death
a very dreadful law that !

Rise up, &c.

Says Bonaparte, I'll be a King,
and rule in France, and a' that ;

I'll play the British King a spring,
with his allies, and a' that.

Rise up, &c.

So Bonnie he usurp'd the Throne,
the Crown and Sceptre, a' that ;
All Kings around he knock'd them down,
and plunder'd them, and a' that.

Rise up, &c.

Great Bonaparte did rob and steal,
contrary to just law that,

Till Wellington came at his heel,
and made him run for a' that.

Rise up, &c.

Says Wellington, You rogue begone,
my men are heroes, a' that ;

I'll make you tumble from your throne,
with shells, and shot, and a' that.

Rise up, &c.

Says Bonaparte, Good-day, good-day,
Lord Wellington, and a' that,

With you I can no longer stay,
then fare you well, and a' that.

Rise up, &c.

So Bonaparte was chac'd about,
Bourdeaux it fell, and a' that ;

His scatter'd army took the rout,
o'er hills and mountains, a' that.
Rise up, &c.

Paris has fall'n a second time,
the pride of France, and a' that;
And Boney sinks beneath the blow,
dethron'd, disgrac'd, and a' that.
Rise up, &c:

The tyrant's fall'n, and tumbled down,
Huzza! Huzza! and a' that,
No more to wear the Bourbons' crown,
or rule in France, and a' that.
Rise up, &c.

He's lost the game, and lost the race,
his honour's blasted, a' that;
May freedom's sons soon end the chace,
Huzza for Peace, and a' that.

Brave Wellington at Waterloo,
he gain'd the day, and a' that,
Beat Bonaparte, and his Guards too,
and made them flee, and a' that.

CHORUS.

Rise up, John Bull, rise up and sing,
your chanter loudly blaw that,
Long live our auld and worthy King,
success to Britons, a' that.

THE
BROAD SWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

WHEN our valiant ancestors did land in this isle
Brave Fergus commanded, & vict'ry did smile;
With their broad-swords in hand
They well cleared the foil.

O the broad-swords of Old Scotland,
And O the old Scottish broad-swords.

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too,
Us, by fraud, & by guile, did attempt to subdue;
But their schemes prov'd abortive,
While we did prove true.

O the broad-swords, &c.

Tho' some factious Nobles, to serve their
own end,
Would join with the English, themselves
to befriend,
And we lost at first, they did lose in the end.

O the broad-swords, &c.

Remember brave Wallace, who boldly did play,
Bruce at Rannockburn—what a glorious day!
The flowers of old England our heroes did slay.

O the broad-swords, &c.

See Edward, their King take his heels in
a fright,
Nor e'er look behind, but in Dunbar alight;
In an old fishing-boat he bade Scotland goodnight

O the broad-swords, &c.

Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,
In learning ne'er beat, nor in battle controul'd:
And in future ages their deeds will be told.

O the broad swords of Old Scotland,
And O the old Scottish bread-swords?

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RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, by Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain,
Hail Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
But thou shalt flourish,
Shalt flourish safe and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

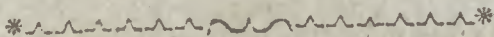
Hail Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 Their dire attempts ne'er bend thee down;
 This will but rouse,
 But rouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe in thy renown.

Hail Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair:
 Blest Isle! with beauty, with matchless beauty
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the Fair.

Hail! Britannia. Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves.



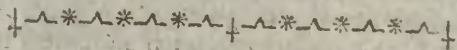
MAKE HAY
 WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

'Tis a maxim I hold, while I live to pursue,
 Not a thing to defer which to-day I can do:
 This piece of good counsel attend to, I pray,
 For while the sunshines is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an' arbour or grove,
 To her ear gently pour the sweet poison of love,
 With kisses and p'fles your rapture convey,
 For while the sunshines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind, and gives ear to your 'plaint,
 Declare your whole sentiments, free from
 Enforce your petition, and make no delay.
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

But, should you the present occasion let pass,
 The world may with justice proclaim you an ass,
 Then briskly attack her—if longer you stay,
 The sun may not shine, and you cannot make hay:



THE JOYS OF HARVEST.

Now pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
 plains,

And brightens the smiles of the damsels
 and swains,

As they follow the last team of harvest along,
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song:

Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
 Bleak Winter's approach they behold without
 fear,

And when tempests rattle, and hurricans roar,
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish
 for more.

Dear Jenny from them let us learn to be wise,
 And use every moment of time as it flies;

Gay youth is the Spring-time which all must
 improve,

For Summer to ripen, and Harvest to love.

F I N I S.