

THE  
Downfall of Paris,  
AND  
Bonaparte Dethron'd.

15.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
Every Inch a Sailor,  
THE  
Disconsolate Sailor,  
AND  
The Lovely Soldier. / 4



Falkirk, Printed by T J Kinaston,  
1814.

NATIONAL LIBRARY  
OF SCOTLAND  
EDINBURGH

THE  
DOWNFALL OF PARIS,

AND

BONAPARTE Dethron'd.

GREAT News I have to tell you all,  
Of BONAPARTE, and a' that,  
How Paris it has got a fall,  
He lost his plans and a' that:

CHORUS. ♪

Rise up John Bull, rise up and sing,  
Your chanter loudly baw that,  
Long live our auld and worthy King,  
Success to Britons, a' that

When BONAPARTE, the rogue, began  
to be a King, and a' that,  
He laid his vile and curst plan  
to rob and plunder, a' that.

Rise up, &c.

At Jaffa, first with poison strong,  
he turn'd to murder, a' that,  
And thousand 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;  
The D-vil to my help I'll bring,  
my trusty friend, and a' that,

Rise up, &c.



So off run BONEY, for the Crown,  
the Throne and Sceptre, a' that ;  
All other Kings he knock'd them down,  
and plunder'd them, and a' that.

Rise up, &c.

And thus the rogue goes on and steals,  
contrary to each law that,  
Till WELLINGTON's come at his heels,  
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,  
Lore WELLINGTON, and a' that,  
With you I can no longer stay,  
Then fare you well and a' that.

Rise up &c.

So BONAPARTE was crac'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.

Now Paris' fallen fallen low,  
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 falls, he tumbles down,  
Huzza ! he falls, and a' that,

4  
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 blasted, a' that;

May freedom's sons soon end the chace,  
Huzza for Peace, and a' that.

CHORUS.

Rise up, John Bull rise up and sing,  
Your chaunter loudly blaw that,

Long live our auld and worthy King,  
Success to Britons, a' that.

\*\*\*\*\* || \*\*\*\*\*

### EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,  
The dingy scud drove cross the sky,  
All was safe stow'd, the bowl was flang,  
When careless thus Ned Haulyard lung:

A Sailor's life's the life for me,  
He takes his duty merrily;  
If winds can whistle, he can sing,  
Still faithful to his friends and King:  
He gets belov'd by all his ship,  
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.



Down topfail, boys, the gale comes on,  
The strike top-gallant yards they run;  
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,  
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard,

A Sailor's life, &c.

A leak!—a leak!—come lads, be bold,  
There's five feet water in the hold!  
E-ger on deck see Haulyard jump,  
And, hark! while singing at the pump,

A Sailor's life, &c.

And seeing the vessel nought can save,  
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave:  
Yet Ned preserv'd, with a few more,  
Sings, as he trades a foreign shore,

A Sailor's life, &c.

And now unnumber'd perils past,  
On land as well as sea, at last,  
In tatters to his Pll at home,  
See honest Haulyard singing come,

A Sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard, what disgrace!  
Poll swears she never saw his face:  
He d—d her for a faithless she,  
And singing goes again to sea,

A Sailor's life, &c.

THE  
DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone  
 which I gain'd in the wars,  
 And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,  
 What matter'd my zeal,  
 or my hon'ur'd scars,  
 When a difference stood at each gate:

The face that would smile,  
 when my purse was well lin'd,  
 Sh w'd a different aspect to me;  
 And when I could n'ight but ingratitude  
 I tried once again to the sea. (find,

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,  
 or to bear with cold looks on the shore,  
 S<sup>t</sup> I pack'd up the trifling remnants I got,  
 and a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
 which over my sh oulder I threw; (lad,  
 Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather  
 to join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my  
mind,

for when the wide main I survey'd,  
I could not help thinking the world was  
unkind,

and Fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once I could take her in tow,

I'd let the ungrateful ones see,  
That the turbulent winds and the billows  
could show

more kindness than they did to me.

STU + ||||| ||||| S ||||| ||||| S

### THE LOVELY SOLDIER.

ABROAD as I was walking,  
down by a shady grove,  
Where I heard a Soldier talking  
of pretty tales of love:

The tears did trickle down  
his lovely rosy cheek,  
Which fill'd my heart with fatal love,  
altho' I dare not speak.

The Soldier call'd her jewel,  
 and swore he never would  
 Be unkind and cruel  
 to the girly he dearly lov'd.

The tears did trickle down  
 her lovely rosy cheek;  
 She was so fill'd with love,  
 a word she scarce could speak.

She said, My dear, much rather  
 I would go along with you,  
 And leave my aged father,  
 and loving mother too:  
 For there can be no pleasure,  
 neither for you or me,  
 But sorrow without measure,  
 when you are gone to sea.

Farewell, my dearest Nancy,  
 my joy and heart's delight,  
 For I am going to the Indies,  
 my country's foes to fight.

F I N I S .

Talkirk, Printed by T. Johnson,

1814.