



Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena.

Bony is gone from the wars of all fighting,
He has gone to the place where he never took delight in,
Oh there he may sit and tell the scenes he seen ah!
While forlorn he may mourn on the Isle of St. Helena.

Louisa doth mourn for her husband departed,
She dreams when she sleeps and awakes broken-hearted
Not a friend to console her, even those that might be with
her,
But she mourns when she thinks on the Isle of St Helena.

Come all you that have got wealth beware of ambition,
For it is a decree in fate that might change your condition,
Be ye steadfast in time for what is to come you know not,
For fear ye might be changed like he on the Isle of St.
Helena.

The rude rushing waves all around the shores are washing,
And the great billows heave and the wild rocks dashing,
He may look to the moon of the great Mount Diana,
Brave Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena.

No more in St. Clends will he be seen in such splendour.
Or go with his crowds with the great Alexander,
For the young Prince of Rome and the king of Ganah,
Says he will bring his father home from the Isle of St. Helena

The Parliament of England and your Holy Alliance,
To a prisoner of war you may now bid defiance,
For your base intrigues and your base misdemeanors,
Have caused him to die on the Isle of St. Helena.

A NEW SONG ON THE

Downfall of the Chignons

Good people all now pay attention while I unto you relate,
All the curious fashions the ladies has to decorate their pate,
They have got another fashion since the crinolines are gone
A great big thing all full of hair on their poles called a chignon

CHORUS

So old and young both lame and lassy, ladies they must everyone
No matter whether crooked or crazy have a thundering big
chignon.

The other day as I was walking just by chance I did meet,
With two old women and they were talking going down the
street,
One of them was really gummy the other about ninety one
And each did wear I do declare a grenadiers hat for a chignon

You'd think they were recruiting parties all that you would
meet

Going promenading at half-past seven down the street,
They have so many ribbons flying to decorate their head,
And for a chignon they have folded the bolsters on their head

I saw upon a dairymans daughter the other day on the coombe,
A big chignon and help me bob it looked just looked an air
balloon,
It was such a weight on her pate that all the hair pins gave
way,
When out did drop a hatters block, and just about a stone of
hay.

They have those chignons in every form the skull crackers
can invent,
From a bee-hive to a barrel knittty pole to ornament,
It makes no differ about ages old or ugly, short or long,
Humpy-backed, or fiddle-faced, all must have a big chignon.

You'd really think these dandy asses by their looks were all
serene
Since they dropped wearing whiskers, bussel'd, and hooped
crinoline,
But since they got the saucer bonnets, light dresses, and big
chignon,
They look like things to frighten crows the same shape as the
kitchen tongs.

Now I wonder the next new fashion the girls intend to wear,
To entice the boys it is their study night and day, I do declare
Each one is vicing with the other trying which will take the
lead,
And form a plan to get a man, for fear of dying an old maid.

