

A NEW SONG ON THE
TRIUMPHANT ENTRY

Of the Allies into Paris;

Being the Sure Prelude to

UNIVERSAL PEACE!!!

TUNE—"Hearts of Oak."

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COME, Britons, attend to the theme of my song,
Since the PEACE is arriv'd that we've wish'd for
so long

And poor Boney's done over, as plainly is shewn;
Such glorious successes sure never were known.

CHORUS.

Then sing, "The brave Allies!" through Earth's
wide expanse,

For now they have conquer'd,

For now they have conquer'd,

The Corsican tyrant, the despot of France.

His overgrown sway is at last at an end

Though so stubborn of late to no terms would he bend;

But the balance has turn'd, and we hear Boney sue,

Par bien! Nappy says, Now I'll any thing do.

Then sing, &c.

The Allies, with their armies, to Paris were bent.

While Boney, behind them, knew not their intent;

Victory crowns their endeavours while Frenchmen re-
joice,

And proclaim Lewis king with the Great Nation's voice.

Then sing, &c.

Then they call'd upon Boney to give up the throne;

So I will, he replied, only let me alone.

But suppose now, the young King of Rome takes my
place?—

By no means! cries all Europe, we're sick of your race.

Then sing, &c.

When he found he had fail'd in this modest request,

In a different tone he the nation address;

Says he, "France! to serve you I'll part e'en with life."

—So they've let him go play with his son and his wife.

Then sing, &c.

Now Boney discarded may take a long Nap,

And the French have well fitted his head with a cap;

If sleepless, no matter how loudly he rails,

For they've pull'd all his teeth out and left him no nails.

Then sing, &c.

After twenty-five years of red Slaughter and Death,

This great change calls for praise upon all that have
breath.

Then lift up your hearts to the Sovereign Supreme,

And ascribe this great good, in the first place, to Him.

Then sing, &c.

