

BRITONS TRIUMPH

OR

BONAPARTES KNEEL.

1

Come, with all thy slaves around thee,
BONAPARTE! haughty foe!
This little Island shall confound thee,
And lay thy giant projects low
Yet proud Chief before thy sailing
Bid thy State a long farewell
The shouts thy rash departure hailing
Cruel Tyrant, sound thy Knell.

2

Lo! Holland to the dust is crumbled,
Her busy crowds are heard no more,
Spain's once aspiring pride is humbled,
The Swiss thy treach'rous aid deplore;
For freedom gone, they drooping languish
And silent pace each rocky dell
To Heaven they raise their hands in anguish
And pray for some avenging Tell*.

3

Poor Italy! her honours blighted,
Her Roman virtue all forgot,
Bows beneath the yoke affrighted;
And Belgium shares her wretched lot.
France, too, enchain'd in base subjection,
Lies prostrate, trembling at thy Name,
Nor Marks what deeds, of dark complexion,
Obscure and blacken all thy fame.

4

Behold the hapless victims lying,
Stretch'd on Jaffa's burning sand,
Behold them mangled, groaning, dying,
Then think 'twas done by thy command.
Yes, yes, their shades for vengeance calling,
Shall hurl destruction on thy head,
And in the fight thy soul appalling,
Shall shake thy guilty frame with dread.

5

And wouldst thou now, with wild ambition,
To this blest Isle thy Vessels steer.
What, wouldst thou seek thy own perdition.
The general cry of Britons hear;
Come, come, but, Chief, before thy sailing,
Bid thy state a long farewell;
The shouts thy rash departure hailing,
Cruel Tyrant sound thy Knell.

* W.^m Tell the Celebrated Swiss Patriot
† 4000 Men penn'd together like Sheep (without Arms) and basely Slaughtered

