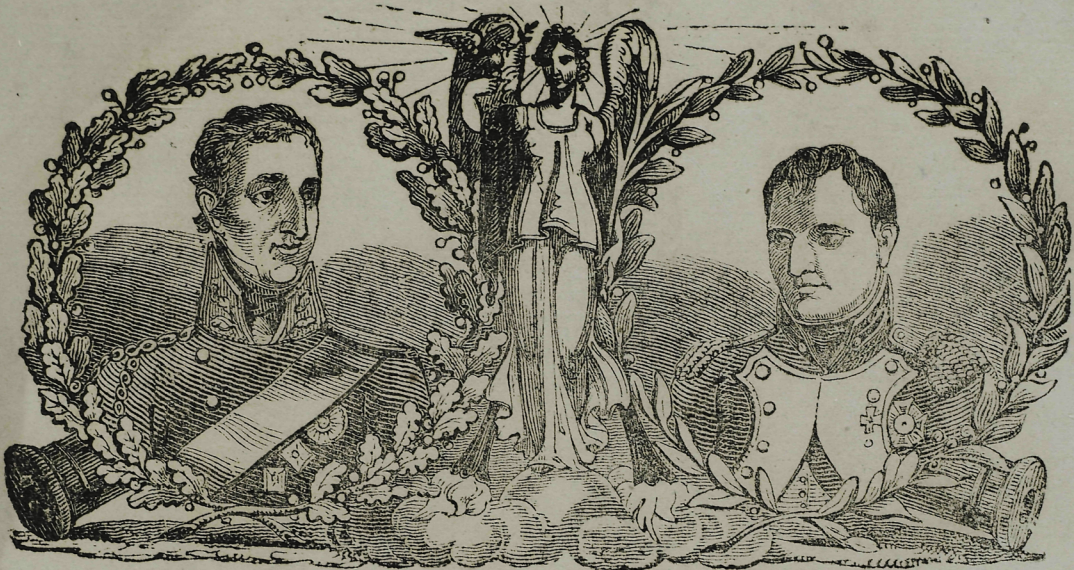


NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO PARIS.



FAREWELL ye splendid citadel, Metropolis, called Paris,

Where Phœbus every morning shoots forth refulgent beams ;
Where Flora's bright Aurora, advancing from the Orient,

With radiant light adorning the pure shining streams.
At eve when Centaur does retire, while the ocean gilds like fire,

And the universe admire our merchandize and store ;
Commanding Flora's fragrance, the fertile fields to decorate,

To illumine that Royal Corsican again on the French shore.

My name's Napoleon Bounaparte, the conqueror of nations,

I've banished German Legions and drove kings from their thrones,
I've trampled on Dukes and Earls and splendid congregations,

Tho' they have me now transported to St. Helana's shore.

Like Hannibal I've crossed the Alps, the burning sands and rocky cliffs,
O'er Russian hills through frost and snow I still the laurels wore—

I'm in a deseri island where the rats the devil would affright,

Yet I hope to shine in armour bright through Europe one more.

Some say the first of my downfall was parting from my consort,

To wed the German's daughter, who wounded my heart sore ;

But the female train I ne'er will blame, for they did never me defame,

They saw my sword in battle flame and did me adore.
Now I severely feel the rod, for meddling with the house of God—

Coin and golden images, by thousands away I tore ;
I stole Malta's golden gates, I did the work of God disgrace ;

But if he gives me time and place to him back I will restore.

My golden eagles were pulled down by Wellington's allied army,

My troops all in disorder could no longer stand the field ;

I was sold that afternoon, on the 18th day of June,
My reinforcement proved traitors, which caused me to yield.

I am allied oak, with fire and sword I made them smoke—

I have conquered Dutch and Danes, and surprised the grand Signor—

I have defeated Austrians and Russians, both Portuguese and Prussians,

Like Joshau, Alexander, or Cæsar of yore.

And to the south of Africa, and the Atlantic Ocean,
To view the wild emotion and flowings of the tide ;
Banish'd from the Royal Crown of imperial promotion,
From the French throne of glory to see those billows glide.

Three days I stood the plain, liberty's cause to maintain,

Thousands I left slain and cover'd in their gore ;
I never fled without revenge, nor to the allied army cring'd,

But now my sword is sheathed and Paris is no more.

BIRT, Printer, 29, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London.

1850

