



Sold Wholesale by Alex. Mayne, High-Street, Belfast.

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 horizon
With radiant light adorning the pure shining streams.
At eve when Cynthia does retire while oceans glide
like fire,
And the universe admires our merchandise and store,
Commanding Flora's fragrance the fertile fields to decorate
To illuminate that royal Corsican again on the French
shore.

My name is Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of
nations,
I've banish'd German legions and drove kings from their
throne,
I have trampled dukes and earls and splendd congregations,
Tho' they have now transported me to St. Helen's
shore;
Like Hannibal I've crossed the Alps, the burning sands
and rocky cliffs
O'er Russian hills thro' frost and snow, I still the
laurel wore,
I am on a desert island where the rats the devil would
affright,
Yet I hope to shine in armour bright through Europe
once more.

Some say the first of my downfall was parting with my
consort,
To wed the German's daughter wounded my heart sore
But the female train I ne'er will blame for she never did
me defame,
They saw my sword in battle and did me adore,
Now I severely felt the rod for meddling with the
house of god,
Coin and golden images in thousands away I bore,
I stole Malta's golden gate, I did the work of God disgrace
But if he'll give 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 told that afternoon on the eighteenth day of June
reinforce nent proved traitors which caused me to
yield,
I scorned the allied yoke with fire and sword I made them
smoke,
I've conquered Dutch and Danes and surprised the
grand seignor
I've defeated Austrians and Russians, both Portuguese
and Prussians,
Like Joshua, Alexander, or Caesar of yore.

And to the south Africa and the Atlantic ocean,
To view the wild emotions and the flowing of the tide,
Banish'd from the royal crown of imperial promotion,
From the French throne of gloom to see the billows
guide,
Three days I stood the plain liberty's cause for to main-
tain,

Thousands I left slain and covered 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.



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