



THE GRAND CONVERSATION OF
NAPOLEON.

It was over that wild beaten track, a friend of bold Buonaparte,
Did pace the sands and lofty rocks of St. Helena's shore.
The wind it blew a hurricane, the lightning's flash around did dart.

The sea gulls were shrieking and the waves around did roar ;
Ah ! hush, rude winds, the stranger cried, awhile I range the dreary spot,

Where last a gallant hero his envied eyes did close,
But while his valued limbs do rot, his name will never be forgot,
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Ah England ! he cried, did you persecute that hero bold,
Much better had you slain him on the plains of Waterloo ;
Napoleon he was a friend to heroes all, both young and old,
He caus'd the money for to fly wherever he did go ;
When plans were ranging night and day, the bold commander to betray.

He cried I'll go to Moscow, and then 'twill ease my woes,
If fortune shines without delay, then all the world shall me obey,
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Thousands of men he then did rise, to conquer Moscow by surprise,

He leads his men across the Alps oppressed by frost & snow,
But being near the Russian's land, he then began to ope his eyes,
For Moscow was a burning and the men drove to and fro,
Napoleon dauntless viewed the flame, and wept in anguish for the same,

He cried, retreat my gallant men, for time so swiftly goes ;
What thousands died on that retreat, some forced their horses for to eat.

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

At Waterloo his men they fought, commanded by great Buonaparte,

Attended by field-marshal Ney, and he was bribed with gold,
When Blucher led the Russians in, it nearly broke Napoleon's heart,

He cried my thirty thousand men are kill'd and I am sold ;
He view'd the plain and cried it's lost, he then his favourite charger cross'd.

The plain was in confusion with blood and dying woes,
The bunch of roses did advance, and boldly entered into France,
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Then Buonaparte was plann'd to be a prisoner across the sea,
The rocks of St. Helena, it was the fatal spot,
Doom'd as a prisoner there to be, till death did end his misery,
His son soon followed to the tomb, it was an awful plot.

It's long enough have they been dead, the blast of war around is spread,

And may our sapling float again to face the daring foes ;
And now my boys, when honour calls, we'll boldly mount the wooden walls,

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.



THE OPERA BOX

He. Miss Emily Chatter !

She. Well, what is the matter ?

He. My heart in my bosom goes bumpity bump ;
Whene'er you are near me, I feel so, oh, dear me,

Right out of my skin I am ready to jump.

She. Then distant pray keep, sir, for fear you leap, sir ;
Disappearing too sudden would make us all start,
'Tis useless your trying by jumping or flying,
You never will jump in a place in my heart.

He. Miss Emily Chatter, I don't wish to flatter,
But beauties like thine are would captivate rocks
I think them divine miss, and if they were mine miss,

How well we should look in a *noopera* box.

*SPOKEN.]—*Have me Emily, and you shall have one—
can you resist a *noopera* box.

Both. Fal lal, &c

He. Mis Emily Chatter, why, I keep a *nunter* !
And would'nt you like miss a horse of your own ?
Then wed me instanter and off we will canter,
To an house which I have seven miles out of town.

She. I pr'ythee give over—I don't want a love ;
Then go with your hunter a different course :
I'm not fond of sporting so take this for certain,
I'm not to be caught with an 'ouse nor an 'orse.

He. Oh, Emily Chatter, my senses you'd scatter,
Though fastened by one of the famed Bramah locks,

Come say you will choose me—how can you refuse me,

Who offers an 'orse and a *noopera* box.

*SPOKEN.]—*Can you resist a man what keeps a *nunter* ?
Both. Fal lal, &c

