

GLORIOUS NEWS,

*Wellington in France and Bonaparte
out of Germany!!*

Tune—"Mrs. Casey."

WHAT famous times are coming on,
For Bonaparte's descending;
The tyrant's power is almost gone,
His influence is ending;
The German powers are all combin'd,
To curb his vain pretences,
They'll thrash him soundly till they find,
They've brought him to his senses,
So fill your glasses to the brim,
And laugh at Nap's presumption,
These victories have given him,
A galloping consumption.
Such vanishing notions he possess'd
His pride surpass'd all bound sir,
His neighbours must not be at rest,
He pillag'd them all round sir.
Bold Russia said this ne'er will do,
To him we'll ne'er be clingers,
Boney replied I'll conquer you,
But Moscow burnt his fingers.
So fill your glasses &c.
Yet still his cure was not complete
New conscripts were assembled,
The Allies gave him fresh defeat,
With rage and fear he trembled:
'Twas near Leipzig ancient walls,
They harra's'd him about, sir,
And though he said he wanted balls,
He'd quite enough of routs, sir.
So fill your glasses, &c.
Through Germany he led the way,
And danc'd against his will sir,
Such thundering music there did play,
'Twould ne'er let him be still sir,
The Rhine he cross'd in dismal plight,
His troops dispers'd and slain sir,
And when with them he dares to fight,
They'll beat him o'er again sir.
So fill your glasses, &c.
Brave Wellington's got into France,
By victory surrounded,
He made the vaulting Soult to prance,
And all his schemes confounded,
His end is drawing near,
He's gone to wreck sir,
And him in both front & rear
His neck sir,
DRUS.
These victorious boys,
Still befriend them,
Own their glorious toils
And attend them.



BONEY IN ENGLAND.

Should Boney come here some Englishmen swear
They would flog the dog well with his buttocks all
bare,

While others avow they would hang him as high,
As Hamon was hung between earth and the sky.

Some say they would treat him no better than flies,
Between finger and thumb they would give him a
squeeze,

And others would pin him close up in the tower,
Bread and water alone for his food to devour.

Pray who is this Boney come tell unto me,
And of what generation or what family,
Some call him a bastard found by the sea shore,
His father a cuckold his mother a whore.

Pray where was he born I would wish for to know,
Or what is the reason he troubles us so,
He was stole out of hell while the devil was asleep,
And sent into France disturbances to keep

Says the barber I'd shave him, the tailor my sheers
Are open to give him a clip in the ears,
Says the cook I will baste him and humble his pride,
Says the tanner g—d d—m him I'll curry his hide.

Cries the saddle I long on his shoulder to ride,
I'll warrant a good pair of spurs I'll provide,
Says the welchman I will toast him as I would my
cheefe,

Says Paddy I'll whack him as long as you please.
The soldier will trounce him the sailor he cries,
He'll never come here the rascal's too wise,
He knows the tars of England never will shrink,
For him and his flat bottomed vessels would sink.

It would weary your patience to hear the folks
repeat

How him and his crew of proud Frenchmen would
treat,

Success to old England and let your voice ring,
We'll fight till we die for our country and king.



1815