

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;
Mhe 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 harass'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,
Thus Boney's end is drawing near,
His glory's gone to wreck sir,
They've hemm'd him in both front & rear
He trembles for his neck sir,

CHORUS.

So drink to those victorious boys,
May fortune still befriend them,
Till peace shall crown their glorious toils
And happiness attend them.



BONAPARTE'S MISTAKE AT GERMANY,

Early last spring Buonaparte did begin,
On his journey to go his conquest to win,
The great Buonaparte got stoppt on his jaunts,
Which pulls down the pride and ambition of France,
By losing his honor, men, horses and guns,
They set fire to his tail so off Boney runs.

O poor Boney, long-headed Boney,
Short legged Boney we'll soon have you now.

October the 16th O begun the fray,
Brave Blucher defeated the proud Marshal Ney,
He is one of Buonaparte's Marshals of France,
Indeed on that day they stood a poor chance,
Twelve thousand of French kill'd wounded and ta'en,
Savs Boney the devil's deceived me again.

October the 18th the French fought very stout,
But indeed they put Buonaparte to the rout,
The Allied army so gallant push'd on,
Forty thousand more Frenchmen were lost in the throng
Boney casts his eyes round, savs where must I go,
I'm hobbled, I'm hobbled oh what must I do.

Yet Boney kept watching the Allies that night,
Not once clos'd his eyes he was in such a fright,
By nine in the morning got ready to start,
To make his escape did the great Buonaparte
The Frenchmen cries out don't leave us enthrall'd,
The devil go with you men, horses and all.

So off Boney went, him and his escort,
Savs this bangs all the battles that ever I fought,
For the Allied arms did so gallant display,
I'll fight no more says he if this be the way,
I'll fight no more says he I plain do see,
It's my life that they want in North Germany.

I fret at the sight of the Allies said he,
They lead me such a dance that you never did see,
I'll make my escape if I possibly can,
For against the Allies I can no longer stand,
But consider our horses, our men and our guns,
The devil go with you so off Boney runs.

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