

Noble Lads of Canada

AND

BONAPART'S EXILE.

COME all you British heroes I pray you lend an ear—
I draw up your British forces and then your volunteers—
We're going to fight the Yankee boys by water and by land,
And we never will return until we conquer sword in hand;
We'er the noble lads of Canada—come to arms, boys, come.

O! now the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yankees' line,
We remember they were rebels once & conquer'd John Burgoyne
We'll subdue those haughty Democrats & pull their dwellings down
And we'll have the States inhabited with subjects to the Crown.
We're the noble lads, &c.

We've as choice a British army as ever cross'd the seas—
We'll burn both town and city and with smoke becloud the skies,
We'll subdue the old green mountain boys, their Washington is gone
And we'll play them Yankee Doodle, as the Yankees did Burgoyne
We're the noble lads, &c.

Now we've reached the Plattsburg banks my boys & here we'll make
Until we take the Yankee fleet Mc Donough doth command [a stand
We've the Growler and the Eagle, that from Smith we took away ;
And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchor'd in the bay—
We're the noble lads, &c.

O! our fleet has hove in view, my boys, the cannons loudly roar,
With death upon our cannon balls we'll drench their decks with gore
We've a water craft sufficient to sink them in an hour ;
But our orders are to board and the Yankee flag destroy.
We're the noble lads, &c.

O! what bitter groans and sighing we heard on board the fleet,
While Mc Donough's cocks are crowing boys I fear we shall get beat
If we lose the cause by sea my boys we'll make a quick return,
For as sure as hell is hell we shall all be Burgoyne'd.
We're the noble lads of Canada—stand at arms boys stand

Now the battle's growing hot my boys, I don't know how 'twill turn,
While Mc Donough's boats on swivels-hung continually do burn—
We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds the day,
And our larger boats they've struck and our smaller run away,
O we've got too far from Canada—run for life boys run.

O! Provost he sigh'd aloud and to his officers he said,
"I wish the Devil and those Yankees could but sail along side—
"For the tars of France and England can't stand before them well,
"For I think they'd flog the devils and drive them back to hell,
O we've got too far, &c.

Now prepare for your retreat, my boys make all the speed you can,
The Yankees are surrounding us we'll surely be Burgoyne'd—
Behind the hedges and the ditches and the trees and every stump,
You can see the sons of bitches and the cursed Yankees jump.
O we've got too far, &c.

Now we've reached Chazy heights my boys we'll make a short delay
For to rest our weary limbs, and to feed our beasts on hay—
Soon Mc Donough's cocks began to crow was heard at Stark's barn,
And a report throughout the camp was the general alarm,
O we've got too far, &c.

O! Provost he sigh'd aloud and to his officers did say,
"The Yankee troops are hove in sight and hell will be to pay,
'Shall we fight like men of courage and do the best we can,

"When we know they'll flog us two to one I think we'd better run
O we've got too far, &c.

O! if ever I reach Quebec alive I'll surely stay at home,
For Mc Donough's gained the Victory the Devil fight M. Comb—
I had rather fight a thousand troops as e'er cross'd the seas,
Than fifty of those Yankee Boys behind the stumps and trees,
O we've got too far, &c.

They told us that the Federalists were friendly to the crown ;
They'd join our Royal Army and the Democrats pull down ;
But they all unite together as a bond of brothers join'd ;
They will fight for independence till they die upon the ground.
O we've got too far, &c.

The old 76's have sallied forth upon her crutches she doth lean ;
With their rifles level'd on us with their specks they take good aim
For there's no retreat to those my boys, who'd rather die than run
And we make no doubt but these are those that conquered John Bur-
when he got too far, &c. [goyne.

Now we've reach'd the British ground, my boys we'll have a day of
And I wish my soul that I could say 'twould be a day of mirth, [rest
But I have left so many troops behind, it causes me to mourn ;
And if ever I fight the Yankees more I'll surely stay at home.
Now we've all got back to Canada—stay at home, boys, stay.

Here's a health to all the British troops likewise to Provost
And to our respective families and to the girls who love us most,
To Mc Donough and Mc Comb and to every Yankee boy ;
Now fill up your tumblers full for I never was so dry.
Now we've all got back to Canada—stay at home boys stay.

BONAPARTE'S EXILE.

BONA is away from his wars and his fighting,
He has gone to the place where he can't take delight in,
He may sit down and tell all the battles he's been in,
Whilst forlorn he does mourn on the Isle of St. Helena,
He may look to the moon by the great Mounteanna,
With his eyes on the waves that surround St. Helena.

Now Louisa she weeps and for her husband's departure,
She mourns when she sleeps and she wakes broken hearted,
Not a friend to console her even those who might bewale her,
She mourns when she thinks of the Isle of St. Helena,
He may look to the Moon by the great Mounteanna,
With his eyes on the waves that surrounds St. Helena.

No more in St. Cloud will he appear in great splendour
Nor come forth with his troops like the great Alexander,
By the rude rushing waves that around him is washing,
And the lofty billows wave round the shore a dashing
He may look to the moon by the great Mounteanna,
With his eyes on the waves that surround St. Helena.

Come all you of great wealth beware of ambition,
For some decree of fate may change your condition,
Be stedfast in time for what is to come you don't know
It may be your turn like Bona to die in St. Helena.
He may look to the moon by the great Mounteanna,
With his eyes on the waves that surround St. Helena.