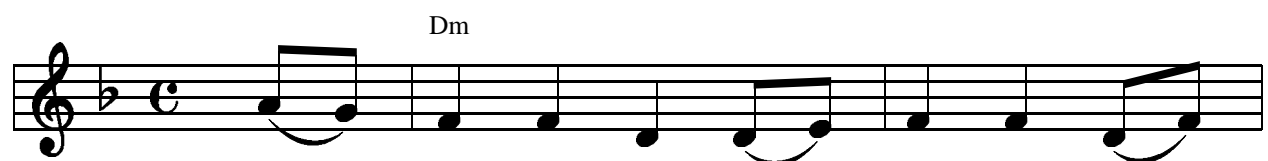


Boney's Lamentation [or Abdication]

No. 13.

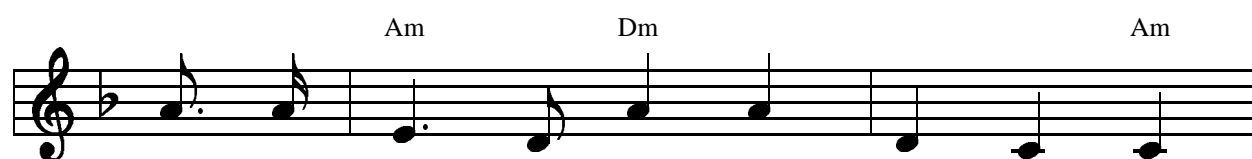
Boldly



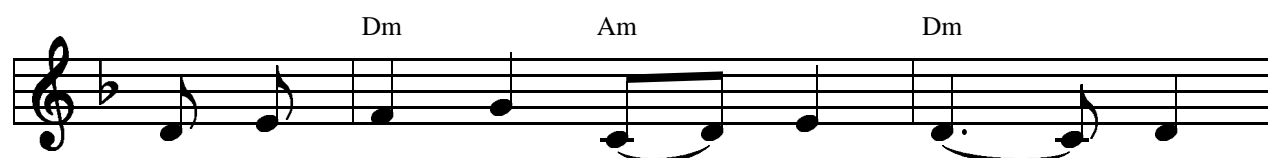
1. At - tend, you sons of high re - nown,
2. I did pur - sue the Eg - ypt - ians sore,
3. To Leip - sic town my sold - iers fled



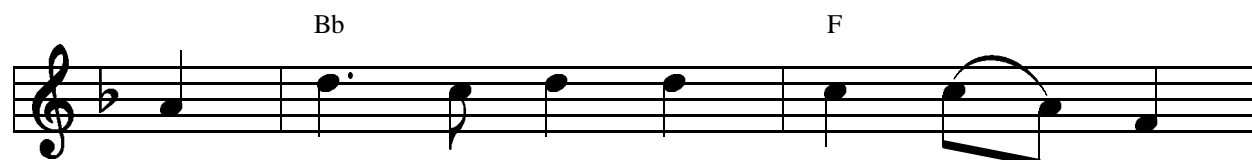
To these few lines which I pen down:
Till Turks and A - rabs lay in gore;
Mon - mart - re was strewed with Pruss - ian dead,



I was born to wear a state - ly crown,
The rights of France I did re - store
We marched (them) forth, in - vet - er - ate,



And to rule a weal - thy na - tion.
So long in con - fisc - a - tion.
To stop a bold in - va - sion.



I am the man that beat Beau - lieu,
I chased the my foes through mud and mire
Fare - well, my roy - al spouse, once more,

Eb C F
 And Wurm - ser's will did then sub - due;
 Till in desp - air my men did tire.
 And off - spring great, whom I a - dore!

Dm C Dm
 That great Arch - duke I o - ver - threw;
 Then Mosc - ow town was set on fire,
 And may you that great throne re - store,

C Dm Am Dm F C
 On ev - 'ry plain my men were slain.
 My men were lost way, Through wint - er frost;
 That is torn a way, With - out de - lay!

Dm Am
 Grand trea - sures, too, I did ob - tain,
 I ne'er be - fore re - ceived such a blast
 Those kings of me have made a prey,

F Am Dm C Dm
 And got ca - pi - tu - la - tion.
 Since the hour of my cre - a - tion.
 And caused my (la - ment - a - tion.)
 (ab - dic - a - tion.)