

The Grave of Bonaparte

On a lone bar - ren isle where the wild roar - ing bil - low As - sails the stern rock and the
wild tem - pests rave, The he - ro lies still while the low droop - ing wil - low, like
fond weep - ing mourn - ers lean o - ver the grave. The light - nings may flash and the
loud thun - ders rat - tle, He heeds not, he hears not, He's free from all pain. He
sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last bat - tle, No sound can a - wake him to
glo - ry a - gain, No sound can a - wake him to glo - ry a - gain.

O shades of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou leadst them on?
Alas, they have perished in far hilly regions
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle;
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain.
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle.
No sound can awake them to glory again.
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee,
For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat and war's thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain.
Thou sleepest thy last sleep; thou has fought thy last battle;
No sound can awake thee to glory again.
No sound can awake thee to glory again.