

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 dew - drop - ping
wil - low, Like fond, weeping mourn - ers leans o - ver the grave. The light - nings may
flash, and the loud thun - der 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.

Oh, shades of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st 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.