The Grand Conversation of Napoleon

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Ye war-beaten tribes,
Who were friends of brave Bonaparte
Who come to view the rocks and cliffs
    On St. Helen's shore;
The wind it blew a hurricane
And the lightning on our decks did flash
The gulls they were screaming
    And the billows loud did roar.
"Those proud waves," the stranger said
As he viewed that lone and dreary spot
Where once Napoleon Bonaparte
    His painful eyes did close;
"While in the grave his bones may rot
His name will never be forgot
    The grand conversation of Napoleon arose.

A dreadful army he did rise,
To conquer Moscow by surprise;
He led his men across the Alps,
    Oppressed by frost and snow
But being near the Russian line,
He then began to open his eyes,
For Moscow was a-burning,
    And his men went to and fro.
With dauntless eyes he viewed the flames,
Then in wildest accents he exclaimed:
"Retreat:.yet gallant heroes,
While time so gently!: flows!"
There were thousands died in that retreat,
And many did their horses eat.
 The grand conversation of Napoleon arose.

Next at Waterloo those F;renchmen fought
Commanded by brave Bonaparte,
Assisted by7 F'ield Marshal Ney
Who never was bribed by gold
Then Blucher led those Prussians in,
It broke Napoleon's heart within:
"Where is my thirtv thousand men!
Alas! for I am old!
He made one gallant charge across,

Saying, "Alas, brave boys. I fear t'is lost'"
The field is in confusion With blood and dying woes; The
Bunch of roses did advance, Those English entered into France.
The Grand conversation of Napoleon arose.

And now Bonarparte is doomed to be
A prisoner across the sea, On St. Helena`s isle.
That lone and dreary spot;
It's there that he is doomed to he,
Which soon will end his misery7.
His true son followed after him
That was another plot.
It's long enough they have been dead,
The blast of war around is spread;
And may our sapling sprout again,
To face our daring foes,
For if fortune smiles without delay,
The whole world soon will him obey.
The grand conversation of Napoleon arose.

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