

THE ASHES OF NAPOLEON.

William Pratt, Printer, 82, Digbeth, Birmingham.

Attend ye gallant heroes bold, unto these lines I will unfold,
The deeds of valiant heroes I am going to relate,
Who for centuries that are gone by, for England fought most
manfully,
And in the British records there you will find the date;
But of a valiant Corsican as ever stood on Europe's land,
I am inclined to sing praises, how noble was his heart,
In every battle manfully, he struggled hard for liberty,
And to the world a terror was Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHORUS.

And now across the foaming waves, to fetch from St. Helena's
grave,
The proud and gallant Frenchmen so boldly depart;
To bring away as Britons say, and consecrate without delay,
In Paris town the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.
We read of Marlborough, we read of valiant Nelson,
We read of noble Jarvis, brave Howe and valiant Blake,
Of Wolfe and Abercrombie, great men who fought by land
and sea,
Back from the days of Wellington unto Sir Francis Drake.
They all were men of courage true, and fought like Britons
of true blue,
Always were undaunted so noble were their hearts;
But Europe we must understand, could not boast of late of
such a man,
As the valiant little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte.
When at the Isle of Elba Napoleon fought for liberty,
And when he cross'd the Alps he did the world amaze,
He would never yield when in the field, but strive to gain
the victory,
Europe will long remember how Moscow it did blaze;
But fatal June at Waterloo, did make Napoleon for to rue,
To see the tricks of Blucher struck terror to his heart.
It was then he had to fight or run, he cried alas, I am undone,
Like a bullock sold in Smithfield was Napoleon Bonaparte.
It was in the days of Castlereagh, brave Bonaparte was led
astray,
And the battle of great Waterloo was bought for English
gold,
We long may recollect the day, when Grouchy did the French
betray,
And brave Napoleon Bonaparte upon the ground was sold;
He in the field then boldly stood, saying while I have life
and blood,
I will not die a coward, with his hand upon his heart,
I always proved myself a man, but now I can no longer stand,
My glass is nearly run, cried Napoleon Bonaparte.

He was by friends forsaken, and prisoner was taken,
And he was sent to England just like a convict slave,
Far across the briny waves, a gallant soldier bold and brave,
On board the Bellerophon Man-of War to Plymouth Sound
Where he a little time did lay, and thousands flocked by night
and day,
From here and there and everywhere, in droves from every
part,
They were struck with wonder and amaze, as anxiously they
on did gaze,
The valiant little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Then soon it was concluded Napoleon should be banished,
Unto some distant Island where he no more should smile,
But grieve and fret, oh! how hard his fate,
His days to end in misery on St. Helena's Isle:
Louisa for her husband wept, and day nor night she seldom
slept,
The briny tears rolled from her eyes to soothe her aching
heart,
Where is my Emperor, she cried, oh! cursed be the gold
that bribed,
False Grouchy to betray my brave Napoleon Bonaparte.

Some years he lived an exile, and mounted on St. Helena's
shore,
And there, alas! he was deprived of every bosom friend,
He respected was by high and low, through Europe where-
so'er you go,
On the Isle of St. Helena he there his days did end;
He cried, my glass is nearly run, I can behold my setting sun,
And while he spoke he gently laid his hand upon his heart,
He looked around and gave a smile, and died on St. Helena's
Isle,
And there they laid the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Now to erect a monument, agreed has every soldier,
The peer, likewise the peasant, every Frenchman bold and
brave,
And in a very little while, they'll bring from St. Helena's
Isle,
The ashes of Napoleon that lies mouldering the grave;
In the city of great Paris a tomb will be erected,
So splendidly for to contain his ashes and his heart,
And rich and poor that pass that way, will joyfully a tribute
pay,
To the ashes and memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

1838

