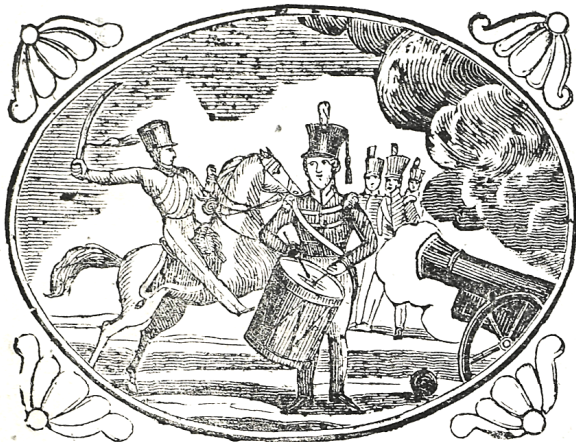


## REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE'S ASHES.



Attend, you gallant Britons bold,  
Unto those lines I will unfold,  
The deeds of valiant heroes I am going to relate,  
Who for centuries that is 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 in praise; 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 do depart,  
To bring away, as Britons say, and consecrate without  
delay,

In Paris town, the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We read of gallant Marlborough, we read of valiant Nelson,  
We read of noble Jarvis, brave Howe, and gallant Blake,  
Of Wolf 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 was undaunted, so noble was each heart,  
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 went across the Alps, he did the world amaze,  
He would never yield when in the field, but strive to gain a  
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 un-  
done,

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 ~~do~~  
French betray,

And brave Napoleon Bonaparte upon the ground was sold  
He in the field then valiant 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 brave Napoleon Bonaparte

He was by his friends forsaken, and prisoner he was taken,  
And he was sent to England, just like a convict bound,  
Far across the briny waves, a gallant soldier bold and brave  
On board the Bellorophon 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 every where, in droves from every  
part,

They were struck with wonder and amaze, as anxiously they  
on did gaze,

That valiant little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte

Then soon it was concluded, Napoleon should be ~~banished~~,  
Unto some distant island, where he no more should smile,  
And he was sent across the sea, a prisoner for life to be,  
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 sooth 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 mourned 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-  
soever 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. He-  
lena'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 lays mouldering in 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 who pass that way, will joyfully a tri-  
bute pay,

To the ashes and the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

JOHN MORGAN;



1840