



LINES ON THE REMOVAL OF THE **REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.**

From St. Helena.

Attention pay both young and old, unto the lines I will unfold,
 The deeds of famed Napoleon I am going to relate,
 Who for many years that are gone by, for freedom fought most manfully
 And in the ancient records it's there you'll find the date;
 It's of a valiant Corsian as ever stood on Europe's land,
 I'm inclined to sing his praise, and honour was in his heart,
 In every battle manfully he struggled hard for liberty.
 And to the world a terror was 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 not yield when in the field, but strove to gain a victory,
 Europe will long remember how Moscow did blaze;
 But fatal June, at Waterloo did make Napoleon for to rue,
 To see the tricks of Blücher 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 Napoleon was led astray,
 And the great battle of Waterloo was bought by English gold,
 Long may we recollect the day, when Grouchy did the French betray,
 And brave Napoleon Bonaparte upon the ground was sold,
 He in the field then valiant stood, saying, while that I have life or 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 a 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 Belerophon man-of-war, for Plymouth town:
 What a little time he had, 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 on him they gazed,
 That gallant little Corsikan Napoleon Bonaparte.

Then soon it was concluded that Napoleon should be banished,
 Unto a distant Island where he no more should smile,
 And he was sent across the sea a prisoner for his life to be,
 His days to end in misery on St. Helena's Isle,
 Louisa for her husband wept and day or night she seldom slept,
 The briny tears rolled from her eyes to sooth her aching heart;
 There is my Emperor; she cried, O cursed be the gold that bribed
 False Grouchy, to betray bold Napoleon Bonaparte.

Some years he lived an exile and mourned in St. Helena's Isle,
 And there, alas, he was deprived of every bosom friend,
 He was respected by high and low, thro' Europe wherever he did go,
 On the Island of St. Helena he there his days did end,
 He cried my glass is nearly run I can't behold my darling son,
 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 body of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Now to erect a monument agreed was every soldier,
 The peer, likewise the peasant, every Frenchman bold and free,
 And in a very short time they brought from St. Helena's Isle,
 The bones of brave Napoleon that lay mouldering in the grave,
 In the great city of Paris a tomb has been erected,
 So splendidly to contain his ashes and his heart.
 Rich and poor who go that way do joyfully a tribute pay
 To the immortal memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

