



Grave of Bonaparte.

Boston: Oliver Ditson (135 Washington St.), 1843

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/KH6T7QGBW4IAD8X>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

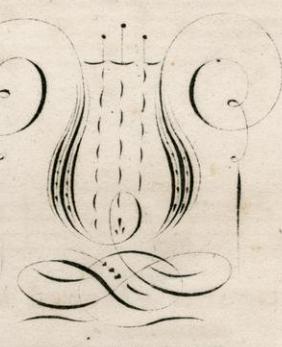
When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

The
GRAVE OF BONAPARTE
A SONG,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
Principal Concerts,
of the Hutchinson Family.
Music by
L. HEATH.

"He sleeps his last sleep he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again."

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON 135 Washington St.



Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1843 by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

CON ANIMA.

On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring billow Assail the stern
 rock and the loud tempests rave The he - ro lies still, while the dew drooping
 willow Like fond weeping mourners leaned o - ver the grave. The lightnings may

flash, and the loud thunders rattle, He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all
pain; He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can a -
p wake him to glo - ry a - gain . . . No sound can a - wake him to
glory a - gain.

Oh shade of the mighty, where now are the legions That rushed but to conquer when
 thou ledst them on A - las! 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 a -
 wake them to glo - ry a - gain No sound can a-wake them to
 glo - ry a - gain.

3

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot 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 the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
 Thou sleepst thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
 No sound can awake thee to glory again,
 No sound &c.