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The
GRAVE OF BONAPARTE

A SONG,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Principal Services
of the
Hutchinson Family.

Music by

L. H. HAYES

*"He sleeps his last sleep he has fought his last battle,
his sword can awake him to glory again."*

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.



Entered according to Act of Congress, 1842, by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

CON ANIM. 1.

p *r.f*

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

f

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-

-wake him to glo- - - ry a- - - gain No sound can a - wake him to

glo- - - ry 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 sleepest thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
 No sound can awake thee to glory again,
 No sound &c.

