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Grave of Bonaparte

Lyman Heath

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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.

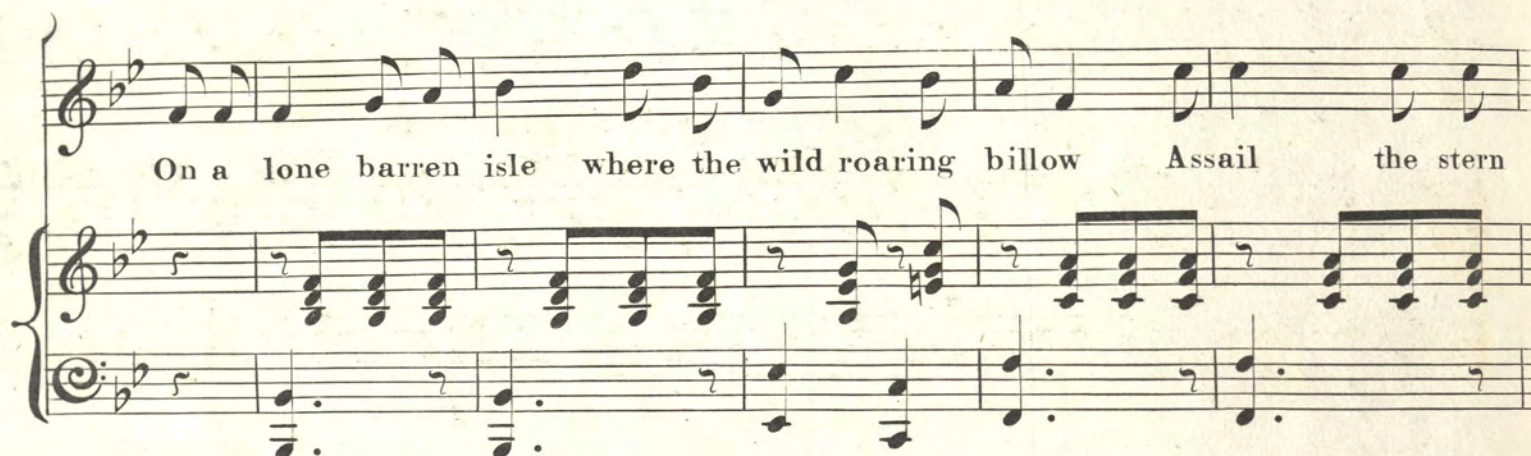
THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

CON ANIMA.



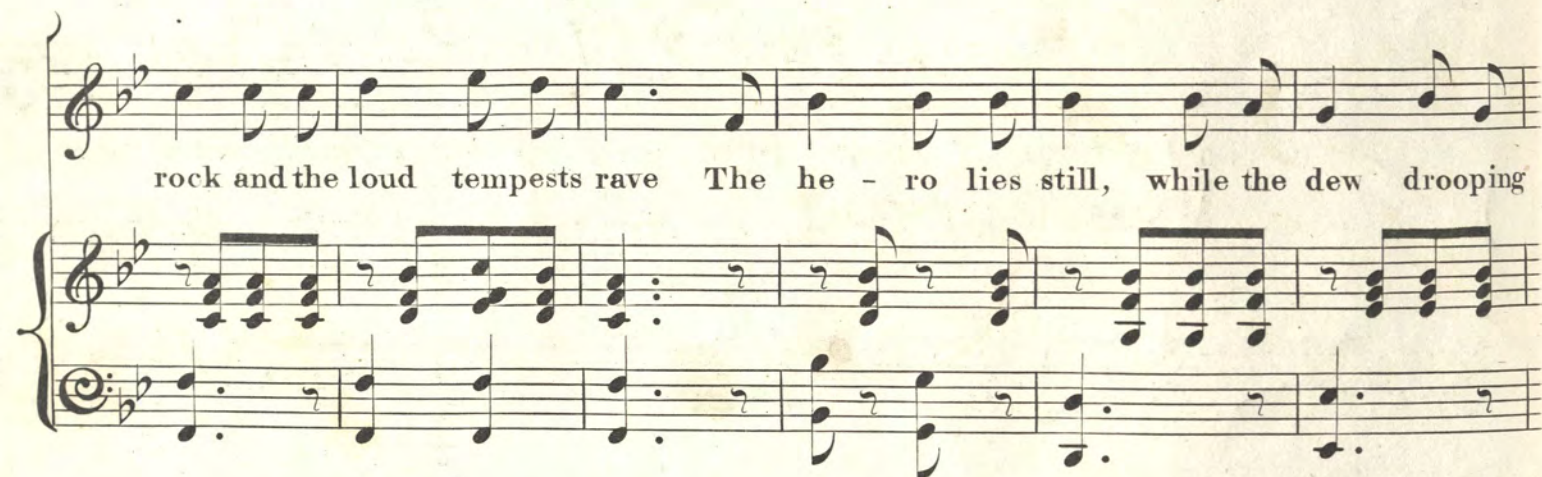
The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in a minor key.

On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring billow Assail the stern



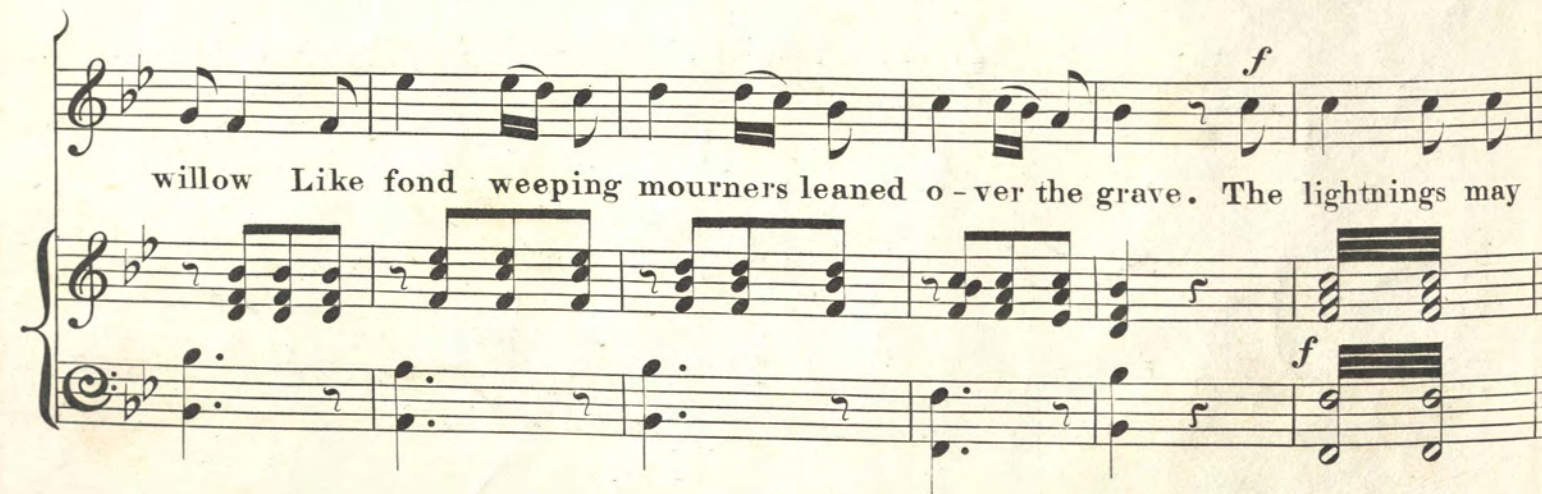
The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring billow Assail the stern".

rock and the loud tempests rave The he - ro lies still, while the dew drooping



The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "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



The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "willow Like fond weeping mourners leaned o - ver the grave. The lightnings may". The piece ends with a forte (f) dynamic.

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

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 -

p

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.

