

Grave Of Bonaparte - N N Blake

Grave Of Bonaparte-N. & N. Blake  
Traditional}

[G]On a lone, barren isle, where the [C]wild, roaring [D]billows  
Assail the stern rock and the [G]loud tempest [D]raves,  
The [G]hero lies still where the [C]dew drooping [G]willows  
Like [C]fond, weeping [G]mourners, lean [D]over his [G]grave  
The [D]lightning may flash and the [G]loud thunder [C]rattle.  
He eats not, [G]he hears not, he's [D]free f[A]rom all [D]pain.  
He [G]sleeps his last sleep, he has [C]fought his last [G]battle.  
No [C]sound can [G]awake him to [D]glory a[G]gain.  
No sound can a[C]wake him to [D]glory a[G]gain.  
[G]Oh shade of the mighty, where [C]now are the [D]legions  
That rushed but to conquer, when [G]thou ledst them [D]on?  
A[G]las, they have perished in [C]far hilly [G]regions,  
And [C]all, save the [G]fame, of their [D]triumph is [G]gone.  
The [D]trumpet may sound and the [G]loud cannon [C]rattle.  
They eat not, they [G]hear not, they're [D]free [A]from all [D]pain.  
They [G]sleep their last sleep, they have [C]fought their last [G]battle.  
No [C]sound can a[G]wake them to [D]glory a[G]gain.  
No sound can a[C]wake them to [D]glory a[G]gain.  
[G]Yet, spirit immortal, the [C]tomb cannot [D]bind thee.  
For like thine own eagle, that [G]soared to the [D]Sun,  
Thou [G]springest from bondage, and [C]leavest be[G]hind thee,  
A [C]name which, be[G]fore thee, no [D]mortal had [G]won.  
Tho' [D]nations may combat, and [G]war's thunder [C]rattle,  
No more on thy [G]steed wilt thou [D]sweep [A]o'er the [D]plain.  
Thou [G]sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast [C]fought thy last [G]battle.  
No [C]sound can a[G]wake thee to [D]glory a[G]gain.  
No sound can a[C]wake thee to [D]glory a[G]gain.