

Bonaparte On Saint Helena - song lyrics

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Bonaparte on Saint Helena.

Bony is gone from the wars of all fighting,
He's gone to the place he never took delight in;
Oh, there may he sit down and tell the scenes he's seen, nh!
While forlorn he doth mourn on the isle of Saint Helena.

Louisa does mourn for her husband departed,
She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes broken hearted;
Not a friend to console her. even those that might be with her,
But she mourns when she thinks of the isle of Saint Helena.

Come all ye that have got wealth, pray, beware of ambition,
For it is a decree in fate that might change your condition;
Be ye steadfast in time, for what is to come ye know not,
For fear ye might be changed, like he, on the isle of Saint Helena

The rude rushing waves all around the shores are washing,
And the great billows heave, And the wild rocks dashing;
He may look to the moon of the great Mount Diana,
With his eyes o'er the waves that surround Saint Helena.

No more in Saint Cloud's will he be seen In such splendor.
Or go on with his crowds with the Great Alexander-
For the young King of Rome, and the Prince of Ganah,
Says he will bring his father home from the isle of Saint Helena.

The parliaments of England, and your holy alliance,
To the prisoner of war you may now bid defiance;
For your base intrigues and your baser misdemeanors.
Have caused him to die on the isle of Saint Helena.