

**The Grave Of Bonaparte**  
**Norman Blake**

G C D  
On a lone, barren isle, where the wild, roaring billows  
G D  
Assail the stern rock and the loud tempest raves,  
G C G  
The hero lies still where the dew drooping willows  
C G D G  
Like fond, weeping mourners, lean over his grave  
D G C  
The lightning may flash and the loud thunder rattle.  
G D A D  
He eats not, he hears not, he s free from all pain.  
G C G  
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle.  
C G D G  
No sound can awake him to glory again.  
C D G  
No sound can awake him to glory again.

G C D  
Oh shade of the mighty, where now are the legions  
G D  
That rushed but to conquer, when thou ledst them on?  
G C G  
Alas, they have perished in far hilly regions,  
C G D G  
And all, save the fame, of their triumph is gone.  
D G C  
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle.  
G D A D  
They eat not, they hear not, they re free from all pain.  
G C G  
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle.  
C G D G  
No sound can awake them to glory again.  
C D G  
No sound can awake them to glory again.

G C D  
Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee.  
G D  
For like thine own eagle, that soared to the Sun,  
G C G  
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee,  
C G D G  
A name which, before thee, no mortal had won.  
D G C

Tho nations may combat, and war s thunder rattle,

**G D A D**

No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain.

**G C G**

Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle.

**C G D G**

No sound can awake thee to glory again.

**C D G**

No sound can awake thee to glory again.