

21 Dream of Napoleon - Mr Crisp



One - - night sad and lan - guid I went - to my - bed, but I scarce had re-clined - on the
pil - low, when a vi - sion sur - pri - sing came in - to my - head; me -
thought I was tra - ver - sing the bil - low. One night as my ves - sel dashed
o - ver the deep I be - held a rude - rock - that was crag - gy and steep, the -
rock where the wil - lows now seem - èd to weep o'er the grave of the once - famed Na - po - leon.

1
One night sad and languid I went to my bed,
but I scarce had reclined on my pillow,
when a vision surprising came into my head;
methought I was traversing the billow.
One night as my vessel dashed over the deep
I beheld a rude rock that was craggy and steep,
the rock [where] the willows now seemèd to weep
o'er the grave of the once famed Napoleon.

2
Methought as my vessel drew near to the land
I beheld clad in green this bold figure,
with the trumpet of fame claspèd firm in his hand;
on his brow there was valour and vigour.
'O stranger,' he cried, 'hast thou ventured to me
from the land of thy fathers who boast they are free?
If so [then] a tale I'll tell unto thee
concerning the once famed Napoleon.

3
Remember that year so immortal,' he cried,
'when I crossed the rude Alps, famed in story
with the legions of France - for her sons were my pride -
and I led them to honour and to glory.
On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurled,
and whenever my banner, the Eagle, was unfurled,
'twas the standard of freedom all over the world -
the signal of fame,' cried Napoleon.

4
Like a soldier I've been in the heat and the cold,
as I marched to the trumpet and the cymbal,
but by dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,
while monarchs before me have trembled.
Now rulers and princes their stations demean
and like scorpions spit forth their venom and spleen,
but Liberty all o'er the world shall be seen,
as I woke from my dream, cried Napoleon.