

Mary Black

"Isle of St. Helena"

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Now Bony he has gone from his wars all a-fightin'
He has gone to the place where he takes no delight in.
And there he may sit down and tell the sights he's seen
of
When full long doth he mourn on the Isle of St. Helena.

No more in St. Cloud will he'll appear in great splendor
Nor step forth from the crowd like the great Alexander,
He may look to the east, while he thinks of Hana,
with his heart full of war, on the Isle of St. Helena

The wide rushing waves all around the shores a-
washin'
And the wide billows heaves on the wild rocks are
dashin'.
He may look over the main to the great Mount Diana
With his eyes on the waves that surround St. Helena.

Oh, Louisy she weeps for her husband's departin'
And she dreams while she sleeps and she wakes
broken-hearted.
There is none to console her, thought there is many to
be with her
While alone she does mourn while she thinks of St.
Helena.

So you that have wealth, beware of ambition
For there is some twist of fate could soon change your
condition.
Be steadfast in time what's to come change you cannot
For maybe your race will end on the Isle of St. Helena.

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