

Uncle Earl

"Bony On The Isle Of St. Helena"

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Bonaparte is away from his wars and his fighting.
He has gone to a place he can take no delight in.
He may sit there and dwell on the glories he's seen, oh,
While alone he remains on the Isle of St. Helena.

No more in St. Cloud he'll be seen in such splendor.
Or go on with his wars like the great Alexander.
He sees his victories and how fleeting they all were.
While his eyes are on the waves that surround St.
Helena.

Oh Louisy, she weeps for her husband's departin'.
And she dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes
broken-hearted.
Not a friend to console her, in the past there were so
many..
Now alone, she does mourn when she thinks of St.
Helena.

Come all you's got wealth, pray beware of ambition.
It's just one degree of fate that may change your
condition.
Be steadfast in time, what's to come you know not.
Your race, it could end on the Isle of St. Helena.

Now the rude rushing waves, all around they are
washing.
And the white billows heave. On the rocks, they are
crashing.
He may list to the wind o'er the great Mt. Diana.
While alone, he remains on the Isle of St. Helena.

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