

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Dream of Napoleon

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One night sad and languid I went to my bed
And had scarcely reclined on my pillow
Then a vision surprising came into my head
And methought I was crossing the billow;
I thought as my vessel sped over the deep
I beheld that rude rock that grows craggy and steep
Where the willow (the willow) is now seen to weep
O'er the grave of the once famed Napoleon

Methought as my vessel drew near to the land
I beheld clad in green his bold figure
With the trumpet of fame he had clasped in his hand
On his brow there shone valor and rigor
He says noble stranger you have ventured to me
From that land of your fathers who boast they are free
If so then a tale I will tell unto thee
'Tis concerning that once famed Napoleon
You remember the day so immortal he cried
When we crossed o'er the Alps famed in story
With the legions of France whose sons were my pride
As I marched them to honor and glory
On the fields of Marien lo I tyranny hurled
Where the banners of France were to me first unfurled
As a standard of liberty all over the world
And a signal of fame cried Napoleon

Like a hero I've borne both the heat and the cold
I have marched to the trumpet and cymbal
But by dark deeds of treachery I now have been sold
Though monarchs before me have trembled
Ye princes and rulers whose station ye bemean
Like scorpions ye spit forth venom and spleen
But liberty all over the world shall be seen
As I woke from my dream cried Napoleon

From Songs the Whalemens sang, Huntington

Note: Napoleon was a folk hero to the Irish: the enemy of my
enemy is my friend, etc.

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