

48 Napoleon's Farewell - Mr Woods



Fare - well ye splen - did ci - ta - del; me - tro - po - lis called Pa - ris, where Pho - bus ev - 'ry morn - ing shoots forth e - ful - gent beams. Where - Flo - ra's bright au - ro - ra ad - van - cing from the o - ri - ent, with ra - diant light a - dorn - ing the pure - shin - ing streams. At - eve when Cen - ture does re - tire, the o - cean glides like fire - , and the un - i - verse ad - mires our mer - chan - dise and - store: com - man - ding Flo - ra's fra - grance the fer - tile fields to de - cor - ate, to il - lum - in - ate the Cor - si - can a - gain on the French shore.

1
Farewell ye splendid citadel; metropolis called Paris,
where Phoebus ev'ry morning shoots forth efulgent beams.
Where Flora's bright aurora advancing from the orient,
with radiant light adorning the pure shining streams.
At eve when Centure does retire, the ocean glides like fire,
and the universe admires our merchandise and store:
commanding Flora's fragrance the fertile fields to decorate,
to illuminate the Corsican again on the French shore.

2
My name's Napoleon Bonaparte, I'm the conqu'or of all
nations,
I have banished German legions and sent Kings from their
throne.
I have banished Dukes and Earls and splendid congregations,
but now they have transported me to Saint Helena's shore.
Like Hannibal I crossed the Alps, the burning sands and rocky
cliffs;
over Russia's hills through frost and snow I still the laurels
wore.
Now I'm on this desert island where the rats the devil would
affright.
Still I hope to shine in armour bright throughout Europe's land
once more.

3
Some say the cause of my downfall was the parting with my
consort
to wed the German's daughter which grieved my heart full sore.
But the female train I n'eer shall blame for they did never me
defame,
when they saw my sword in battle flame they then did me adore.

But I severely felt the rod for meddling with the house of God;
icons and golden images in thousands down I tore.
I then stole Malta's golden gate, I did the works of God
disgrace,
but if He grants me time and place back to him I'll them restore.

4
Well I am in the allied yoke but with fire and sword I made
them smoke,
I have conquered Dutch and Danes and I surprised the Grand
Signeur.
I defeated Austrians and Russians, Portuguese and Prussians,
Like the great King Alexander or proud Caesar of yore.
But my golden eagles were torn down by Wellington's allied
armies,
and my troops all in disorder could no longer stand the field.
I was sold that very afternoon all on the eighteenth day of June,
through lack of reinforcements I was forced then for to yield.

5
Exiled off the coast of Africa out in the Atlantic ocean,
for to view the wild commotion and the flowing of the tide.
Banished from the royal court of imperial promotion,
from the French throne of glory for to watch the billows glide.
For full three days I stood the plain my freedom's course for to
maintain;
many thousands there I did leave slain and covered in their
gore.
I never fled without revenge nor to the allied armies cringed,
but now my sword is sheathed and Paris is no more.