

Grand Conversation of Napoleon - Mr Hilton



It was o - ver that wild bea - ten track a friend of bold - Buon - a - parte did



pace the sands and lof - ty shores of Saint He - len - a's shore. The



wind it blew a hur - ri - cane; the light - ning's flash a - round did dart. The



sea - gulls were shriek - ing and the waves a - round - did roar - . 'Ah!



hush, rude winds,' the stran - ger cried, 'a - while I range the drea - ry spot, where



last a gal - lant he - ro his env - ied eyes - did close - , but



while his val - ued limbs do rot, his name will ne - ver be for - got, this



grand con - ver - sa - tion on Na - po - le - on a - rose - .