

Bonaparte's 120
Farewell,

The Bay of Biscay O,
THE WOODPECKER,
TOM STARBOARD,
LASH'D TO THE HELM,
AND,
Kitty of Colrain.



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Bonaparte's Farewell.

Farewell to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershaded the earth with her name,
She abandons me now, but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame
I have warred with a world which vanquish'd me
only,

when the meteor of conquest allur'd me too far,
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
lonely,

the last single captive to millions in war!

Farewell to thee France—when thy diadem crown'd
me,

I made thee the glory and pride of the earth;
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
thee,

decayed in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.

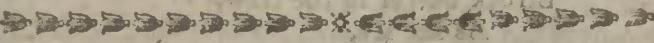
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
in strife with the storm when their battles were
won.

Then the eagle whose gaze in that moment was
blasted,

had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun.

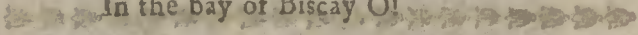
Farewell to thee France—but when liberty rallies
once more in thy regions remember me then;

The violet grows in the depths of thy vallies,
 though wither'd thy tears shall unfold it again;
 Yet, yet I may baffle the nests that surround us,
 and yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice,
 There are links which must break in the chain
 that has bound us;
 then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice!



THE BAY OF BISCAY O

Lo! roar'd the dreadful thunder,
 the rain in deluge showers!
 The clouds were rent asunder,
 by lightning's vivid powers!
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the bay of Biscay O!



Now dash'd upon the billow,
 her op'ning timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 none stops the dreadful leak!
 To climb to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,

As she lay,
Till next day,
In the bay of Biscay O!

At length the wish'd for morrow
broke through the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
each heav'd a bitter sigh:
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay,
On that day,
In the bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
her pitchy seams are rent;
When heav'n, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent!
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail,
With the gale,
From the bay of Biscay O!



THE WOODPECKER.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
over yonder green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
the heart that is humble might hope for it here.

Every leaf was at rest and I heard not a sound,
But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And here, in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd,
with a maid that's delightful to soul and to eye;
Who would blush when I prais'd her, would weep
if I blam'd,
how contented I'd live, and how calm could I die.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berries dip
in the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
which never were sigh'd on by any but mine.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.



TOM STARBOARD.

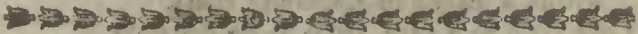
Tom Starboard was a lover true,
as brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure, from being drown'd;
for all the crew but Tom was lost,

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,
true to his love as e'er was man;

Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
 rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.
 But scarce five miles poor Tom had gain'd,
 when he was press'd; he heav'd a sigh,
 And said, though cruel was his lot,
 ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
 nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,
 Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
 had sav'd his life, and fate was kind,
 The war being ended, Tom return'd;
 his lost limb serv'd him for a joke;
 For still his manly bosom burn'd
 with love—his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore, in haste Tom nimbly ran
 to cheer his love, his destin'd bride,
 But false report had brought to Nan,
 six months before, that Tom had died.
 With grief she daily pin'd away,
 no remedy her life could save;
 And Tom arriv'd that very day
 they laid his Nancy in her grave.



LASH'D TO THE HELM.

In storms when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,

In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide;
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my bosom cheers:

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

But should the gracious powers be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore,

No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

KITTY OF COLRAIN.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
 with a pitcher of milk to the town of Colrain,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tum-
 bled,

and all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.

“ Ah! what shall I do now,

“ ’Twas looking at you now,

“ Sure, sure such a pitcher I’ll ne’er see again;

“ ’Twas the pride of my dairy,

“ O Barney M’Leary

“ You’re sent as a plague to the girls of Colrain.”

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
 A kiss then I gave her, before I did leave her,
 She vow’d for such pleasure she’d break it again.

’Twas hay-making season—

I can’t tell the reason,

But single misfortunes come seldom, that’s plain,

For ve rysoon after

Poor Kitty’s disaster,

The devil a pitcher was whole in Colrain!

FINIS.