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# Dream of Napoleon

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**DREAM**  
OF  
**NAPOLEON**

ONE night sad and languid I went to my bed,  
And scarce had reclined on my pillow,  
When a vision surprising came into my head,  
Me-thought I was crossing the billow ;  
Me-thought as my vessel dashed over the deep,  
I beheld the huge rocks rising craggy and steep,  
Ah ! the spot where the widows are seen for to weep,  
O'er the grave of the once famed Napoleon.

I dreamt as my vessel drew near to the land,  
I beheld clad in green his bold figure,  
The trumpet of fame he held in his hand,  
On his brow there sat valour and vigour.  
Ah, stranger ! he cried, hast thou ventured to me,  
From the land of my sires where they boast they are  
free ?

A true story I'll tell unto thee,  
Concerning the once famed Napoleon.

Remember that year so immortal, he cried,  
When I crossed the rude Alps, famed in story,  
With the legions of France—for her sons were my  
pride—

When I led them to honour and glory :  
On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurled,  
And wherever my banner, the Eagle, unfurled,  
'Twas the standard of freedom all over the world,  
The signal of Fame, said Napoleon.

As a soldier I've borne both the heat and the cold,  
I have marched to the trumpet and cymbal,  
But by dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,  
Tho' monarchs before me did tremble ;  
Now rulers and princes their station demean,  
Like scorpions they spit out their venom and spleen,  
But liberty soon o'er the world shall be seen,  
As I woke from my dream, cried Napoleon



**JACK WILLIAMS.**

London :—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Pub-  
lisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'. S. E.

I AM a boatman by my trade,  
Jack Williams is my name,  
And by a false deluding girl,  
I was brought to grief and shame.  
Since to Catherine-street I did resort,  
Where people did me know,  
And on that girl I fixed my mind,  
Which proved my overthrow.

I went robbing night and day,  
To maintain her fine and gay,  
Whate'er I got I valued not,  
But took to her straightway ;  
Till at length to Newgate I was brought,  
Bound down in irons strong,  
With these rattling chains about my heels  
She longed to see them on.

I sent a letter to my love,  
Some comfort for to find,  
Instead of proving as a friend,  
She proved to me unkind ;  
She in a scornful manner said,  
" I'll shun his company,  
So as you've made your bed young man,  
Down on it you must lie.

My trial's o'er, my sentence pass'd—  
That hanged I must be,  
It grieves my parents to the heart,  
To hear of my destiny ;  
But if I should gain my sweet liberty,  
A solemn vow I'd make,  
I'd shun all evil company  
For that proud strumpet's sake