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Jack Williams

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DREAM OF NAPOLEON

:o:

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