

**NAPOLEON  
BONAPARTE  
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Napoleon Bonaparte and other poems by Sara Geneva Chafa

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**SARA GENEVRA CHAFA**

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# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

SARA GENEVRA CHAFA.

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## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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"Thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die."— F. G. HALLECK.

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### CANTO THE FIRST.

ON an isle begirt by ocean,  
Where the waves in restless motion  
    Dash against the shore ;  
When the people had uprisen,  
And had sacked this spot Elysian,  
And each dwelling was a prison,  
    Or was dreaded more ;  
'Mid these scenes of blood and sorrow,  
Darker growing every morrow,  
There was born a child whom Fate  
Had ordained to high estate.  
Though when first he breathed the air  
'Round him shone the battle's glare,  
And he heard such thrilling sound  
As when swords from scabbards bound,  
Born 'mid tumult, 'twas to be  
Raised, afar from Corsica,  
To a royal destiny.

Riot runs o'er sunny France,  
And on graves the people dance ;  
Ne'er before saw Heaven a sight  
Equal that in horror quite.  
Men seemed demons, and each form  
Helped to spread the awful storm ;  
Drunk with blood, they wildly cursed  
Those who did not do their worst ;  
And poor France became a hell,  
And the people graced it well.  
Lo! they dare to mock at God,  
For, above each grave-yard sod,  
There are words of import deep :  
"Death is an eternal sleep."

He who sat upon the throne,  
Listening to his people's groan,  
Durst not call his life his own,  
For the mass was maddened.  
Scaffolds raised their gory heads,  
Graves were then the softest beds  
Which the nobles gladdened.  
Beauty, wealth, and lofty mien  
Graced the horrid guillotine.  
To this scene of wild confusion,  
From a young life's strange seclusion,  
Came the hero of my song ;  
Came to this distracted land,  
Guided by an Unseen Hand,  
To oppose the wrong.  
Sunny France before him lay