[illegible]

Here Lies Buonaparte.

Here lies the great Napoleon—he
Who fought and conquered like a devil,
Who made the nations bow the knee,
And shook their thrones to their foundation.

Here lies the Corsican, who made
The mighty monarchs of the earth
Tremble with fear, and who displayed
Such prowess as no other hero.

Here lies the man of blood and crime,
Who, like a whirlwind, swept the land,
And left behind him, in his time,
Destruction and the blackest ruin.

Here lies the man who, like a flood,
Poured down his legions on the plain,
And deluged with the purest blood
The fields of Europe and of Asia.

Here lies the man who, like a fiend,
Let loose the dogs of war to prey
On human flesh, and who, unseen,
Directed all the fearful carnage.

Here lies the man who, like a wolf,
Thirsted for blood and human gore,
And who, with his destructive gulf,
Swallowed up millions in his progress.

Here lies the man who, like a snake,
Crept through the grass with silent tread,
And left behind him, in his track,
Pestilence, famine and the dead.

Here lies the man who, like a bear,
Broke through the ranks of men, and tore
His victims with his deadly fangs,
And crushed them with his iron paw.

Here lies the man who, like a hound,
Tracked his victims to their graves,
And hunted them with fearful sound,
Through all the regions of the earth.

Here lies the man who, like a hawk,
Pounced on his victims from the sky,
And, with his talons, deep did mark
The fatal spot where he would kill.

Here lies the man who, like a shark,
Lay in the ocean's depths in wait,
And, when he saw his victim sink,
Rushed on and tore him to pieces.

Here lies the man who, like a fox,
Was cunning, sly and full of wiles,
And who, by his deceitful tricks,
Ensnared his victims in his toils.

Here lies the man who, like a lion,
Was fierce and terrible in war,
And who, in battle, like a scion
Of royalty, was ever foremost.

Here lies the man who, like a king,
Was loved by all his warlike band,
And who, in battle, like a thing
Of life, was present at the onset.

Here lies the man who, like a god,
Was thought invincible in fight,
And who, by his unerring rod,
Was victor in a hundred battles.

Here lies the man who, like a star,
Rose in the east and shone afar,
And who, like it, sunk in the west,
And sought in death a place of rest.

Here lies the man who, like a sun,
Rose, reigned and set, and then was gone,
And left behind him, in his race,
Light, glory and a dazzling blaze.

Here lies the man who, like the moon,
Was changeful, and who, like it, soon
Was hid in darkness, and who set
In blood, and left a sanguine light.

Here lies the man who, like a star,
Was seen in heaven, and who, from far,
Was hailed with joy, and who, like it,
Was lost in darkness and in night.

Here lies the man who, like a cloud,
Was dark and fearful, and who, loud
As thunder, poured his fiery rain
Upon the earth, and then was gone.

Here lies the man who, like a wind,
Was fierce and terrible, and who
Left desolation in his track,
And ruin and destruction strewed.

Here lies the man who, like a flame,
Was fierce and terrible, and who
Left ashes in his track, and came
To nothing, and was nothing more.

Here lies the man who, like a wave,
Was fierce and terrible, and who
Left wrecks behind him, and a grave
Where he was buried in the sea.

Here lies the man who, like a rock,
Was firm and terrible, and who
Was hurled from heaven, and who, like it,
Was shattered in a thousand pieces.

Here lies the man who, like a tree,
Was fair and beautiful, and who
Was blasted by the lightning's flash,
And withered in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a flower,
Was fair and beautiful, and who
Was cut down in the midst of bloom,
And withered in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a bird,
Was free and beautiful, and who
Was caught in a fowler's snare,
And caged and killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a fish,
Was free and beautiful, and who
Was caught in a fisherman's net,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a beast,
Was fierce and terrible, and who
Was hunted down by dogs and men,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a worm,
Was crushed and trodden on, and who
Was crushed by the foot of a passer-by,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a flea,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a louse,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a mite,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a nothing,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a shadow,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a dream,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a thought,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a wish,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a hope,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a fear,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a love,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a hate,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a joy,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a sorrow,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a pain,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a death,
Was small and insignificant, and who
Was crushed by the hand of a child,
And killed in a single hour.

Here lies the man who, like a life