

Dear friend tis true, I will begin
for friendship is a goodly thing
of friend you've been in time of need,
Which proves you are a friend indeed
O could I write a lively lay
and touch it with the poet's fire
of fishing or of hunting day
for in these sports you never tire
When through the woods we used to go
for there we've often seen you knock
with our dogs for dogs we had
as good as any ever known
let others call them good or bad
they can't find better for there's none
such dogs as Rover's venture I'll
forget I'm sure I never shall
but Rover's dead and Sal is gone
you don't know where and as Rover
has been hunting rabbits and caught one
his hunting too is almost over
for he's beginning to get old
then good bye to our dogs so bold

the grave of Bonaparte

billow
On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring
assail the stern rock and the loud tempest rave
the hero lies still while the dew drooping willow
like fond weeping mourners leaned over the grave
the lightnings may flash and the loud thunders ^{rattle}
he heeds not he hears not he's free from all pain
he sleeps his last sleep he has fought his
lost battle
no sound can awake him to glory again
no sound can awake him to glory again
oh shade of the mighty where now are thy legions
that rush but to conquer when thus test them on
alas they have perished in far hill regions
and all save the fame of triumph is gone
the trumpet may sound and the loud cannon ^{rattle}
they heed not they hear not they're free from
all pain
they sleep