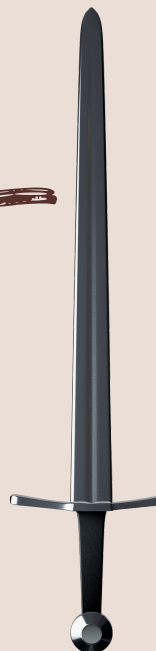


Murat



*Murat: Greatest Cavalry Commander  
that Napoleon hath on his side.  
Every entry in the Napoleonic Calendar  
an abode where men like thou abide*



As the steps of thy horse  
resonated in the battlefield,  
the enemies were filled with remorse  
due to the power that thou wield.





As thy horse ran with grace  
embellishin' every aspect of thy valour.  
No one dreamt to move that apace  
as thy grave glistens in thy honour.



Be it in Jena, Austerlitz or Paris  
thou displayed thy art of War.  
Thy efforts hath got Fortune to Kiss;  
thy Glory gleams as my praises pour.



Grace! Thou art inculcated  
in every aspect of a warrior.  
Every drop of thy blood lay cultivated  
in the flag of the greatest Saviour





*"My Friends, if you wish to spare  
me, aim at my heart."  
where thou forc'd thy men to dare  
to obey the orders of thy counterpart.*



O Murat! Warriors never die,  
they pay the price of their piety.  
In the grave doth thy body lie  
as it lies cover'd in the dust of dubiety

