

Richard Thompson, Bonny Bunch Of Roses

By the margin of the ocean,
One pleasant evening in the month of June,
When all those feathered songsters
Their liquid notes did sweetly tune,
'Twas there I spied a female,
And on her features the signs of woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte,
Concerning the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O.
2. Then up speaks young Napoleon,
And takes his mother by the hand,
Saying: "Mother dear, be patient
Until I'm able to take command;
And I'll raise a mighty army,
And through tremendous dangers go,
And I will never return again till
I've conquered the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

3. When first you saw great Bonaparte,
You fell upon your bended knee,
And you asked your father's life of him,
He granted it right manfully.
And 'twas then he took his army,
And o'er the frozen Alps did go,
And he said: "I'll conquer Moscow,
And return for the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

4. He took three hundred thousand men,
And kinds likewise to bear his train,
He was so well provided for,
That he could sweep the world for gain;
But when he came to Moscow,
He was overpowered by the sleet and snow,
With Moscow all a-blazing,
And he lost the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

5. "Now son, be not too venturesome,
For England is the heart of oak,
And England, Ireland, Scotland,
Their unity shall ne'er be broke;
Remember your brave father,
In Saint Helena he lies low,
And if you follow after,
Beware of the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

6. "O mother, adieu forever,
For now I lie on my dying bed,
If I lived I'd have been clever,
But now I droop my youthful head;
But when our bones lie mouldering
And weeping willow o'er us grow,
The name of young Napoleon
Will enshrine the Bonny Bunch of Roses, O."