Bonny Bunch Of Roses - song lyrics

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BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

By the boarders of the ocean, one morning in the month of June,
For to hear those warlike songsters, their cheerful notes and sweetly tone;
I overheard a female talking, who seemed to be in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte, concerning the bonny bunch of roses, oh,

Then up steps young Napoleon, and takes his mother by the hand,
Saying, mother dear, have patience until I am able to command,
Then I will take an army, through tremendous dangers I will go;
In spite of all the universe I will conquer the bonny bunch of roses, oh,

The first time that I saw young Bonaparte, down on his bended knees fell he;
He asked the pardon of his father, who granted it most mournfully.
Dear son, he said, I'll take an army, and over the frozen Alps will go,
Then I will conquer Moscow, and return to the bonny bunch of roses, oh,

He took five hundred thousand men, with kings likewise to bear his train-
He was so well provided for that be could sweep this world alone.
But when he came to Moscow, he was overpowered by the driven snow,
When Moscow was a-blazing, so he lost his bonny bunch of roses, oh,

Oh, son, don't speak so venturesome, for in England are the hearts of oak;
There is England, Ireland, Scotland, their unity was never broke.
Oh, son, think on thy father-on the Isle of St. Helena his body lies low,
And you must soon follow after him, so beware of the bonny bunch of roses, oh,

Now do believe me, dearest mother, now I lie on my dying bed;
If I had lived I would have been clever, but now I droop my youthful head.
But whilst our bodies lie moldering, and weeping willows over our bodies grow,
The deeds of great Nopoleon shall sling the bonny bunch of roses, oh,