

Bonny Bunch of Roses-O - Mr Jay

By the dan - gers of the o - cean, one morn - ing in the month - of June, the
feath - ered warb - ling song - sters - their charm - ing - notes - so sweet - ly did tune.

1
By the dangers of the ocean,
one morning in the month of June,
the feathered warbling songsters
their charming notes so sweetly did tune.

2
It was there I beheld a female,
seemingly in grief and woe,
conversing with young Napoleon,
concerning the bonny bunch of roses-Oh

3
'When first you saw young Bonaparte
you fell upon your bended knee.
You asked your father's life of him,
and he granted it most manfully.

4
It was then that he took an army
and over the frozen Alps did go.
He said, 'I will conquer Moscow
then I'll go to the bonny bunch of roses-Oh.'

5
'He took three hundred thousand men
and likewise kings to join his throng.
He was so well provided for;
enough to sweep the world along.

6
But when they came to Moscow,
overpowered by drifting snow,
old Moscow was a-blazing,
so they lost the bonny bunch of roses-Oh.'

7
'So son, don't speak so venturesome,
for England is the heart of oak.
There's England, Scotland and Ireland;
their unity has ne'er been broke.

8
So son, look at your father,
in St Helena his body lay low,
and you'll soon follow after,
so beware of the bonny bunch of roses-Oh.'

9
'Mother, adieu for ever,
now I am on my dying bed.
If I'd lived I should have been clever,
but now I droop my youthful head.

10
But whilst our bones do moulder,
and the weeping willows over us grow;
but the deeds of young Napoleon
they did sting the bonny bunch of roses-Oh.