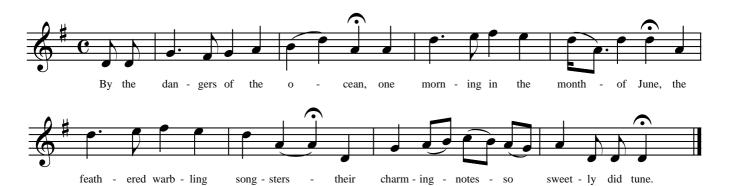
Bonny Bunch of Roses-O - Mr Jay



- 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
- 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.'
- '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.
- 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.