

THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES

Performed by: Tom & Minnie Murphy

By the margin of the ocean, one morning in the month of June,
The flowers they were blooming and the birds they sang their joyful tune;
There spoke a gracious lady, who seemed to be in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte, concerning the bonny bunch of roses-o.

When up stepped young Napoleon, he took his mother by the hand,
Saying, 'Mother, dear, have patience until I get orders to command;
I'll raise the greatest army, and through tremendous danger go,
I'll fight and conquer Russia then, return for the bonny bunch of roses-o.'

Well he raised three hundred thousand men, and he had kings to join the throne,
He was so well provided for he thought to sweep this world alone;
But when he came to Russia he was overpowered by the frost and snow,
While Moscow town guns were blazing, oh he lost the bonny bunch of roses-o.

'Now son, don't speak so venturesome, for England has a heart of stone,
There's Ireland, England, and Scotland, and their unity will ne'er be broke;
And son, think on your father, on St Helena he lies low,
And you may follow after him, beware of the bonny bunch of roses-o.'

'Now mother, dearest mother, now I am on my dying bed,
If I had lived I'd have conquered, but now I bow my youthful head;
And while my bones are mouldering, and the weeping willows o'er me grow,
And the deeds of young Napoleon will be sang o'er the bonny bunch of roses-o,
And the deeds of young Napoleon will be sang o'er the bonny bunch of roses-o.'