

# The Bonny Bunch of Roses

Fairport Convention

Near by the swelling ocean,  
One morning in the month of June,  
While feather'd warbling songsters  
Their charming notes did sweetly tune,  
I overheard a lady

Lamenting in sad grief and woe,  
And talking with young Bonaparte  
Concerning the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

Thus spake the young Napoleon,  
And grasp'd his mother by the hand:-  
"Oh, mother dear have patience,  
Till I am able to command

I'll raise a numerous army,  
And through tremendous dangers go,  
And in spite of all the universe,  
I'll gain the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

Oh, son, speak not so venturesome  
For England is the heart of oak  
Of England, Scotland, and Ireland,  
The unity can ne'er be broke.  
And think you on your father

In the Island where he now lies low,  
He is not yet interred in France,  
So beware of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

Your father raised great armies,  
And likewise kings did join the throng,  
He was so well provided.  
Enough to sweep the world along.

But when he went to Moscow,  
He was o'erpower'd by drifting snow,  
And though Moscow was blazing  
He lost the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

"Oh, mother, adieu for ever,  
I am now on my dying bed,  
If I had liv'd I'd have been brave  
But now I droop my youthful head.

And when our bones do moulder,  
And weeping-willows o'er us grow,  
Its deeds to bold Napoleon  
Will stain the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."