

The Bonny Bunch Of Roses

John Wesley Harding

By the margin of the ocean
One pleasant evening in the month of June
The pleasant singing blackbird
His charming notes to tune
Then I saw a woman
All in great grief and woe
Conversing with young Bonaparte
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses

And then up and spoke the young Napoleon
And he took hold of his mother's hand
Oh mother dear be patient
And soon I will take command
I'll raise a terrible army
And through tremendous danger go
And in spite of all of the universe
I'll conquer the bonny bunch of roses, oh

And when first you saw the great Napoleon
You fell down on your bended knee
And you asked your father's life of him
And he's granted it most manfully
Then he took an army
And over the frozen Alps did go
He said I'll conquer Moscow
I'll come back for the bonny bunch of roses, oh

And so he's took three hundred thousand fighting men
And kings likewise for to join his throng
He was as well provided for
Enough to take the whole world on
But when he came to Moscow
All overpowered by driving snow
And Moscow was a-blazing
And he lost the bonny bunch of roses, oh

My son don't speak so venturesome
For England she has a heart of oak
And England, Ireland and Scotland
Their unity has never been broke
So son think on your father
In St. Helena, his body it lies low
And you will follow after
Beware of the bonny bunch of roses, oh

And it's goodbye to my mother, forever
For I am on my dying bed
Had I lived, I might have been clever
But now I bow my youthful head
And while our bodies do molder
And weeping willows over us do grow
The deeds of brave Napoleon
Will sting the bonny bunch of roses, oh