

# 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