

Bonny Bunch of Roses O

(a)

1. By the dan-gers of the o - - cean one mor-ning in the month of June A
 scarling war-bling song - - ster Their char - ming notes so sweet did tune 'Twas
 there I spied a fe - - male See-ming - ly in grief and woe A con -
 ver - sing with young Buo - na-parto Con - - cer - ning the bunch of ro - ses O

(a) Variant

2. [Then up and spoke young Napoleon as he held his mother by the hand
 "Oh, mother dear have patience until I'm able to take command."
 He says "I'll take an army and over the frozen realms I'll go,
 And in spite of all the universe I will con-quer the bonny bunch of ro-ses O."]
3. "O son never speak so venturesome For England is the Hearts of Oak
 England and Ireland and Scotland Their unity has never been broke.
 [Now son, think on your father, in St Helena his body lies low
 And you might follow after, so beware of the bonny bunch of roses O."]
4. [For he took three hundred thousand men, and kings and queens to join his throng
 He was so well provided for, enough to sweep the world along
 For when he came to Moscow, he was overpowered by driving snow
 And Moscow was a-blazing, so he lost the bonny bunch of roses O.]
5. ["O mother adieu for ever, for now I'm on my dying bed.
 If I'd lived, I might have been clever, but now I droop my youthful head.
 But while my bones do moulder and weeping willows o'er me grow
 The deeds of bold Napoleon will sting the bonny bunch of roses O."]

Source: Sung by Charles Smith, Coates. Collected by Cecil Sharp on April 10th 1911.

Notes: Tune and some words collected from Mr Smith. Words in brackets from another version.