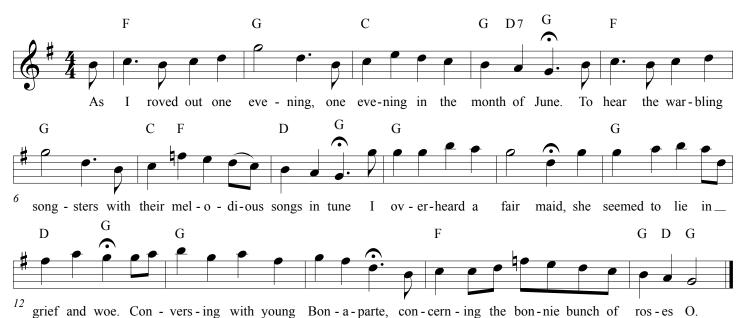
The Bonnie Bunch of Roses O

As sung by Joseph Chisholm Chord Suggestions by Ian Bell



Up steps young Napoleon
And he took his mother by the hand
Saying, "Mother plaease have patience
Till I'll be able to rule the land"
I'll raise a powerful army
And over the frozen alps I'll go
And I will conquer Moscow
And return with the bonny bunch of roses, O

O son don't speak so venturesome Old England is a heart of oak There's England, Ireland, Scotland Their unity was never broke O son think on your father Who in St. Helena his body lies low And you'll soon follow after So beware of the bonnie bunch of roses, O

He raised ten hundred thousand men
And likewise kings for to bear him through
He was so well provided for
That he might have swept this whole world through
But when he came to Moscow
He was overpowered with the drifting snow
And Moscow was a blazing
And he lost the bonny bunch of roses, O

O mother dear draw near to me
For I am on my dying bed
I've I had lived I'd been clever
But now down goes my youthful head
And when my bones are mouldering
And the weeping willows o'er them grow
The deeds of great Naploleon
Will stain the bonnie bunch of roses, O