



## YOUNG *NAPOLÉON.*

By the side of the green ocean,  
One morning in the month of June;  
The feather'd warbling songsters  
Their charming notes so sweet did tune.  
There I espied a female,  
Seemingly in grief and woe;  
And conversing with young Buonaparte,  
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses, O.

"O then," said young Napoleon,  
And grasped ~~his~~ mother by the hand,  
"Do, Mother, pray, have patience,  
Until I'm able to command.  
I will raise a terrible army,  
And through tremendous dangers go;  
And, in spite of all the universe,  
I'll gain the bonny bunch of roses, O.

When first you saw great Buonaparte,  
You fell upon your bended knee,  
And ask'd your father's life of him—  
He granted it most manfully.  
'Twas then he took an army,  
And o'er frozen realms did go;  
He said I'll conquer Moscow,  
Then go to the bonny bunch of roses, O.

He took three hundred thousand men,  
And likewise kings to join his throng;  
He was so well provided,  
Enough to sweep the world along;  
But when he came near Moscow,  
Nearly o'erpowered by driven snow,  
All Moscow was a blazing—  
He lost the bonny bunch of roses, O.

O mother, adieu for ever!  
Now I'm on my dying bed;  
Had I but lived I had been clever,  
But now I droop my youthful head.  
Yet while our bones do moulder,  
And weeping willows o'er us grow,  
The deeds of bold Napoleon  
Will sting the bonny bunch of roses, O.

