

Young Napoleon,
OR THE
BUNCH OF ROSES.

By the dangers of the ocean,
One morning in the month of June,
The favourite warbling songsters,
Their charming notes so sweetly did tune.
Their 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 grasp'd his mother by the hand,
Do, mother, pray have patience,
Until I am able to command;
I will raise a terrible army,
And through tremendous dangers go,
And in spite of all this universe,
I will gain the bonny bunch of roses, O.

When first you saw great Buonaparte,
You fell upon your bended knee,
And asked 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,
And then 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 to Moscow,
Near overpowered by driven snow,
All Moscow was a blazing,
Then he lost the bonny bunch of roses, O.

Now, son, ne'er speak so venturesome,
For England is the Heart of Oak;
England, Ireland, and Scotland,
Their unity has not been broke.
And, son, look at your father,
In St. Helena his body lies low,
And you will follow after,
So beware of the bonny bunch of roses, O.

Oh, mother, adieu for ever!
Now I am on my dying bed,
If I had lived I should been clever,
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.

THE
SILLY MAID.
Or, 'Tis time to look about me now.

I'm fourteen summers old I trow,
'Tis time to look about me now;
'Twas only yesterday they said
I was a silly, silly maid;—
'Tis time to look about me now.

The shepherd swains so rudely stare,
I must reprove them, I declare;
This talks of beauty—that of love—
I'm such a fool, I can't reprove—
I must reprove them, I declare.

'Tis strange—but yet I hope no sin;
Something unwonted speaks within;
Love's language is a mystery,
And yet I feel, and yet I see,—
Oh, what is this that speaks within?

The shepherd cries, "I love thee, sweet!"
"And I love thee," my lips repeat:
Kind words they sound so sweet to me,
As music's fairest melody:
"I love thee!" oft my lips repeat.

His pledge he brings,—I'll not reprove;
To thee my guardian dog I'd give,
Oh no, my father gave it me—
Could I without that guardian live:
But still I take the pledge of love.

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee;
Oh no my father gave it me—
And treasure by a parent given
From a fond child should ne'er be riven—
Oh no! my father gave it me.

But thou shalt have your lambkin fair—
Nay 'tis my mother's fondest care,
For every day she joys to count
The snowy lambkins on the mount:—
I'll give thee, then, no lambkin fair.

But stay my shepherd! thou wilt be
For ever faithful—fond to me?
A sweeter gift I'll then impart,
And thou shalt have a maiden's heart,
If thou wilt give thy heart to me.

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