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Young Napoleon

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YOUNG NAPOLEON,

OR, THE
BUNCH OF ROSES.

London.—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union-st., Boro', S.H.

BY the dangers of the ocean,
One morning in the month of June,
The feathered warbling songsters,
Their charming notes so sweet did tune,
There I espied a female,
Seeming in grief and woe,
And conversing with young Buonaparte,
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses, O!

Oh! then said young Napoleon,
And grasped 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 the universe,
I will gain the bonny bunch of roses, O!

When first you saw great Buonaparte,
You fell upon your bended knees,
And ask'd your father's life of him,
He granted it right manfully;
'Twas then he took an army,
And o'er the 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,
He'd enough to sweep the world along;
But when he came near Moscow,
Nearly over-powered by driven snow,
All Moscow was a blazing,
Then he lost the bonny bunch of roses, O!

Now son ne'er speak so venturesome,
England is the heart of oak,
England, Ireland, and Scotland,
Their unity has ne'er 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 have been clever,
But now I droop on my youthful head;
But while our bones do moulder,
And weeping willows o'er us grow,
The deeds of bold Napoleon,
Will bring the bonny bunch of roses O!

THE STIRABOUT POT.

AT the outlets of our city lived
A widow woman, Mistress Keogh,
Who to goster, as old women do,
To neighbours' houses she'd not go.
No china, plate, or useless worth,
Bedecked her neat but humble cot,
Her principal bit of furniture was,
A ducky little stirabout pot.
Tel de rol, &c.

A widowed life she led, although,
She couldn't escape from scandal's tongue,
'Twas soon found out she had a beau,
A lad who at a tavern sung;
They said she had a tidy purse,
I can't say whether she had or not,
But every night he'd visit her,
His eyes were centered in her pot.

At meal times he was sure to come,
When the oatmeal was boiling stout,
And to all her questions he was dumb,
Except the pot she'd talk about,
He'd perch himself beside the hob,
'Till the dishes were filled up smoking hot,
And while he used the shovel and gob,
His whole discourse was—on the pot,

He kept working on the hungry dodge,
'Till the widow found him such a scoundrel,
She thought 'twas time for him to trudge,
Saying, it isn't myself the fellow wants;
One night she says, half joke, half gag,
You think you've a mighty warm spot,
The meal is out, so take the bag.
No, nor the devil a toe without the pot.

She thought it better to lose it, than
To lose a couple of feeds each day,
And he was scorched by the summer's ray,
While to his lodgings he made his way;
He found he had an awkward load,
So he rolled his cap into a knot,
And to make it handy on the road,
Like a helmet he stuck on the pot.

He stumped along the Circular-road,
Proud as a sweep in Sunday clothes,
But, stepping o'er a heap of mud,
The pot slipped down below his nose,
To get it off in vain he tried,
The more he tried, the tighter it got,
He sat down, and to himself he cried,
There's a cod's head stewing in the pot.

It was lucky the widow followed Jack,
To see what he was going to do,
For some children seeing him on his back,
Began to pelt the Buggaboo;
He cried, Oh! save me, widow dear,
When a lump of paving-stone she got,
And used until she split his ear,
That split their friendship and the pot.