The Rose of York

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My name it is McBrennan, I am a Yorkshire man
I earns my living by my pen, tell stirring tale I can;
But the tale I tell you now, boys, was writ by foolish men
And petals fell from the Rose of York, never to bloom again.

Come all you young unmarried men, boys of the bulldog breed,
We're looking for the strong in frame, that's what Britania needs.
To fight the Huns in France, boys, or the Germans on the Seine,
And petals fell from the Rose of York, never to bloom again.

We first sailed out for Egypt, the heat was hard to bear
We were waiting for the call to France, where the boys were fighting there
And we talked of what we'd do then, brother son and friend
And petals fell from the Rose of York, never to bloom again.

Now the call it came, the push was on, we sailed across the Med
We little thought in three months time we'd most of us be dead,
And the girls at home would grieve us with tears that's hard to mend
And petals fell from the Rose of York, never to bloom again.

With rousing cheer we led the charge against the enemy wire
And those handsome lads began to fall as the guns began to fire,
But they were no longer handsome, but set in death and pain
And petals fell from the Rose of York, never to bloom again.

Well, we are stalwart men and bold, by nature and by name
But enemy guns don't pick and choose, the bold die just the same,
And thousands followed after, their youth and hopes in vain
And petals fell from the Rose of York, never to bloom again.

Well, we didn't want to lose you, but we thought you ought to go
Your king and country needed you, Lord Kitchener told us so
But the tale I've told you now, boys, was writ by foolish men
And petals fell from the Rose of York, never to bloom again.

From the singing of Bill Price
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