

Oyster Band

"The Rose Of England"

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Taking nothing but his daddy's old bone-grip knife

He traded but a little for the wayward life

Faint heart never won fair hand

So says the Rose of England

So says the Rose of England

>From high on a hill came the clarion call

To win young men, come one, come all

Make muster 'gainst the foreign hand

That's raised to the Rose of England

Raised to the Rose of England

For her feckless boys she did weep and wail

Crying, Lord have mercy where did I fail?

Out of my belly and the pick up a gun

And fall for the Rose of England

Fall for the Rose of England

God knows it's cold outside

It's a fire by day and a freeze at night

I know it's a hell out there

How loud the mouth when the heart don't care

He's damned if he don't, he's damned if he do

He'd die if he ever found out we knew

Hot potato, drop it and run

Far from the Rose of England

Far from the Rose of England

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