

Rose of York

TYG 135

Words and music by
Lesley Hale and Ken Thompson



My name it is Mark Fen-ner and I am a York - shire - man_ I



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pet-als fell from a Rose of York, nev - er to bloom a - gain.____

Lyrics



Rose of York

1. My name it is Mark Fenner and I am a Yorkshireman;
I earn my living by my pen, tell a stirring tale I can,
But the one I tell you now, boys, was writ by foolish men,
When petals fell from a Rose of York, never to bloom again.
2. Come, all you young unmarried men, the boys of the Bulldog breed,
We're looking for the strong and brave, that's what Britannia needs;
We'll fight the Huns in France and drown them in the Seine;
But petals fell from a Rose of York, never to bloom again.
3. Well, we first shipped out to Egypt where the heat was hard to bear;
We were waiting for the call to France, for the Bosche were fighting there;
We talked of what we'd do boys, brother, son and friend;
But petals fell from a Rose of York, never to bloom again.
4. At last we heard the Push was on and we sailed across the Med,
We little thought in two weeks time we'd most of us be dead,
And the girls at home would weep with a grief that's hard to mend;
And petals fell from a Rose of York, never to bloom again.
5. With shouts of joy we led the charge towards the German wire;
The handsome Mason was first to fall as the guns they opened fire;
His face no longer handsome on the barbs he met his end;
And petals fell from a Rose of York, never to bloom again.
6. We had a sergeant major, bold by nature, Bold by name,
But German guns don't pick and choose and Bold died just the same;
And the other gallants followed, the coin of life to spend;
And petals fell from a Rose of York, never to bloom again.
7. Well, we didn't want to lose you, but we thought you ought to go;
Your King and country need you, Lord Kitchener told you so,
But the story I have told you was writ by foolish men;
When petals fell from a Rose of York, never to bloom again.