

Nelson's Farewell
The Dubliners

[C]Oh, poor old Admiral Nelson is no longer in the air.
[F]Toora loora[G7] loora loora loo!
[C]On the eighth day of March in Dublin City fair,
[F]Toora loora[G7] loora loora loo!
[G7]From his stand of stones and mortar
He fell crashing through the quarter,
Where once he stood so stiff and proud and[C] rude.
So let's sing our cele[F]bration,
It's a service to the nation.
So[C] poor old Admiral[G7] Nelson, toora loo!

Oh, fifty pounds of gelignite it sped him on his way,
Toora loora loora loora loo!
And the lad that laid the charge, we're in debt to him today.
Toora loora loora loora loo!
In Trafalgar Square it might be fair
To leave old Nelson standing there
But no one tells the Irish what they'll view.
Now the Dublin Corporation
Can stop deliberation
For the boys of Ireland showed them what to do!

For a hundred and fifty-seven years it stood up there in state
Toora loora loora loora loo!
To mark old Nelson's victory o'er the French and Spanish fleet,
Toora loora loora loora loo!
But one-thirty in the morning,
Without a bit of warning,
Old Nelson took a powder and he blew!
Now at last the Irish nation
Has Parnell in higher station
Than poor old Admiral Nelson, toora loo!

Oh the Russians and the Yanks, with lunar probes they play,
Toora loora loora loora loo!
And I hear the French are trying hard to make up lost headway,
Toora loora loora loora loo!
But now the Irish join the race,
We have an astronaut in space,
Ireland, boys, is now a world power too!
So let's sing our celebration,
It's a service to the nation.
So poor old Admiral Nelson, toora loo!