

# The Death Of Nelson - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Recitative.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,  
Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest;  
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,  
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

Air.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay  
We saw the Frenchmen lay.  
Each heart was bounding then;  
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,  
Our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men;  
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,  
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,  
Nor thought of home or beauty;  
Along the line the signal ran-  
"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannons roar  
Along the affrighted shore-  
Our Nelson led the way;  
His ship, the Vict'ry nam'd,  
Long be that vict'ry famed  
For vict'ry crown'd the day;  
But dearly was that conquest bought,  
Too well the gallant hero fought  
For England, home, and beauty;  
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,  
"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,  
Which spread dismay around,  
The hero's breast receiv'd;  
"Heav'n fights on our side-  
The day's our own." he cried;  
"Now long enough I've liv'd.  
In honor's cause my life was past.  
In honor's cause I fall at last,  
For England, home, and beauty I"  
Thus ending life as he began,  
England confess'd that every man  
That day had done his duty.