The Death Of Nelson - song lyrics

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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 bouuding 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.

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