

## Nelson's Farewell

Oh well, poor aul' Admiral Nelson is no longer in the air  
On the eighth day of March, in Dublin city fair  
from his stand of stones and mortar  
he fell crashing through the quarter  
where once he stood so stiff and proud and rude!  
So let's sing our celebration  
as a service to the nation  
so poor aul' admiral Nelson, toodle-oo!

Of fifty pounds of gelignite it sped him on his way  
and the lad that laid the charge, we're in debt to him today!  
In Trafalgar Square it might be fair  
to leave aul' Nelson standing there  
but no one tells the Irish what they'll view!  
So the Dublin Corporation  
can stop deliberations  
for the boys of Ireland showed them what to do

A hundred and fifty-seven years it stood up there in state  
to mark aul' Nelson's victory o'er the French and Spanish fleet  
But 1:30 in the morning  
without a bit of warning  
aul' Nelson took a powder, and he blew!  
So at last the Irish nation  
had Parnell in higher station  
than good old admiral Nelson, toodle-oo!

Oh the Russians and the Yanks with their lunar probes they play  
and I hear the French are trying hard to make up lost headway  
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  
as a service to the nation  
so poor aul' admiral Nelson, toodle-oo!