

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Nelson's Farewell

Nelson's Farewell
(author: Joe Dolan)

Well, that poor old Admiral Nelson
Is no longer in the air,
Sing toora loora loora looraloo,
On the eighth day of March in Dublin City fair,
Sing toora loora loora looraloo,

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,
It's a service to the nation.
So poor Admiral Nelson Tooraloo.

Oh 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 ould Nelson standing there
But no-one tells the Irish what they'll view.

Now the Dublin Corporation can stop deliberations,
For the boys of Ireland showed them what to do.

For a hundred and fifty seven years it stood up there in state,
To mark ould Nelson's victory o'er the French and Spanish fleet,

But one-thirty in the morning, without a bit of warning,
Poor Nelson took a powder and he blew.

Oh at last the Irish nation has Parnell in higher station
Than poor old Admiral Nelson tooraloo.

Well the Russians and the Yanks with 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've got an astronaut up 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 Admiral Nelson tooraloo.

Another song on the blowing up of Nelson's statue in Dublin.

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