



Grand Conversation on Nelson

As some heroes bold, I will unfold, together were conversing,

It was in the praise of Nelson, as you shall quickly hear,

Said one unto the other, could we behold another

In old England like Nelson, we proudly would him cheer;

From Norfolk it is known he came, he was a man of noted fame,

He struggled hard for freedom as every Briton knows,

In battle he would boldly cry, I'll gain the victory or die,

This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Now at Copenhagen and the Nile he gave command and with a smile,

He said, stand firm my British tars the enemy to meet,

Prepare each gun all terror shun but never do surrender—

The champion of the briny waves was Nelson and his fleet:

And Captain Hardy you may see, who always done his duty free,

Brave Collingwood the enemy undaunted would oppse,

They caused some thousands to be slain while fighting on the raging main,

This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Many a youth, I tell the truth, in actions have been wounded,

Some left their friends and lovers in despair upon their native shore,

Others ne'er returned again but died upon the raging main,

Causing many a one to cry my son, and widows to deplore;

When war was raging, it is said, 'men for their labour where well paid,

Commerce and trade was flourishing but now it ebbs and flows,

And poverty it does increase, tho' Britons say they live in peace,

This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Some gallant tars they did survive in Greenwich College now alive,

Will tell the deeds of Nelson and the battles that he won,

He never fear'd a cannon ball till at Trafalger he did fall.

For finching from the enemy, that action he did shun,

He many powers did defeat but never was that hero beat,

Neither would he surrender but thrash'd his daring foes,

Altho' he'd lost an eye and wing, he was loyal and true unto his king,

This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Trafalgar I will mention, if you will give attention,

It long has been recorded where Nelson fell and bled;

The officers flocked round him all human aid was found him,

But were affected to the heart to find that he was dead;

The gallant tars were greived sore to find Lord Nelson was no more,

All was in confusion in the mid'st of dying woes,

In rum they put him it is said, and then to England him conveyed,

This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

In memory of that hero's loss we understand at Charing Cross,

A monument of Nelson has been erected there,

The ancient buildings were pull'd down & formed an open space of ground.

To commemorate the battle it is called Trafalgar Square;

So British tars as you pass by, look up aloft and you will spy

The visage of that hero, respected well it shows,

Now his remains are in decay grim death in action won the day,

This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.



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