



THE Death of Nelson.

*As Sung by Mr Huckel, at the Theatre, North Shields, with
unbounded Applause.*



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 ;
Hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our seamen gave,
No thoughts of home or beauty ;
Along the line this signal run,
'England expects that ev'ry man,
This day will do his duty.'

And now the cannons roar,
Along the affrighted shore ;
Our Nelson led the way :
His ship the Victory nam'd,
Long be that victory fam'd,
For victory 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 smoke he came,
'England expects that ev'ry man
This day will do his duty.'

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

Pollock, Printer, North Shields.

