# SEA SHANTIES RELATED TO NELSON

BY LÉON BARIDEAU

## The Banks of the Nile

Broadside, date unknown.

It was on a Monday morning, the twenty-ninth of may
our ship she slipped her cable and we were ready for sea.
The wind blew from the South-Sou'-West, to Egypt we were bound,
and the Portsmouth hills were garnished with pretty girls all round.

There I beheld a handsome maid all in her bloom of years,
a-making lamentation and her eyes were full of tears.
Oh, I'll cut off my yellow hair and sail along with you
and I'll dress myself in sailor's clothes and I'll see Egypt too.

Oh no, my dearest Nancy, sure that will never do.
Lord Nelson have commanded no woman there may go.
We must stand to our colours, love, and hope that fortune smiles,
as we fight with bold Lord Nelson on the banks of the Nile.

Your waist it is too slender and your fingers are too fine,
your delicate constitution couldn't stand the hot campaign,
and the sultry suns of Egypt your complexion they would spoil,
if you fought with bold Lord Nelson on tbe banks of the Nile.

The cannons tbey do rattle so and the cannon balls do fly
and the silver whistles they sound out to drown our dismal cries.
But let a hundred days be brightened, love, and then you'll give a smile
and remember Nelson's victory on the banks of the Nile.

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## Nelson's Victory at Copenhagen

*Real sailor songs*, J. Ashton, 1891.

Draw near, you gallant seamen, while I the truth unfold
of a gallant victory as ever yet was told.
The second day of April last upon the Baltic main
our Nelson and his gallant men fresh laurels they did gain.

With their thundering and roaring
ratling and roaring
thundering and roaring bombs.

Brave Nelson volunteered and twelve ships formed a line;
in the roads of Copenhagen he began his grand design.
His tars with usual courage their valour did display:
they destroyed the Danish navy upon that glorious day.

And when the navy we'd destroyed, we anchored near the town
and with our bombs were fully bent to burn the city down.
At ten that glorious morning the fight begun it's true
and Copenhagen was ablaze before the clock struck two.

For the loss of an arm and an eye bold Nelson does declare
the foes of his country not an inch of em he'll spare.
The Danes he made to rue the day they ever Paul did join;
eight ships he burnt and four he sunk and took six of the line.

Here's a health to gallant Nelson, the wonder of the world.
All for his country's glory his thunder loud has hurled;
Here's a health to his bold valiant tars who plough the raging sea
and who never were afraid to face the daring enemy.

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# Nelson's Death

All Britons long expected, good news from our fleet,
commanded by Lord Nelson, the French for to meet,
till at length the news come over through the country was spread,
that the French were defeated, but Nelson was dead.

He was a bold commander, as sail the ocean wide,
he made the French to tremble with his terrible broadside;
one hundred fights he'd been in, and never once was beat,
though he'd one arm and one eye no power could him defeat.

This bold undaunted hero on the quater deck he stood,
you would admire his action with the decks a-wash with blood,
but aloft all in the rigging a Frenchman fired a ball,
and that was the cause of our bold Lord Nelson's fall.

Then up steps the doctor in a hurry he did say:
"my Lord indeed I'm sorry to see you bleed this way,"
"no matter, and no matter, whatever about me,
It's to my gallant seamen your first duty should be".

He called unto his captain: "how does the battle go ?
I hear our great guns rattle, oh death is near I know,"
"oh it's eighteen we have captured and our men they are on board,
and we'll blow the French from the ocean my Lord".

Come all you bold seamen, let the bottle go round,
for Nelson was loyal and true to the crown,
here's God bless all seamen that speak of his good,
and God bless our fleet and the brave Lord Collingwood;
but mourn, England, mourn, oh mourn and complain
for the loss of Lord Nelson that died on the main.

The lyrics are a combination of one broadside published by Such, London, and one by Firth, Rockington, first half of nineteenth century.

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## Bold Nelson's Praise

Bold Nelson's praise I am going to sing,
(Not forgetting our glorious King)
He always did good tidings bring,
For he was a bold commander.
There was Sydney Smith and Duncan too,
Lord Howe and all the glorious crew;
They were the men that were true blue.
Full of care, yet I swear
None with Nelson could compare,
Not even Alexander.

Bold Buonaparte he threaten'd war,
A man who fear'd not wound nor scar,
But still he lost at Trafalgar
Where Britain was victorious.
Lord Nelson's actions made him quake,
And all French pow'rs he made to shake;
He said his king he'd ne'er forsake.
These last words thus he spake,
Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak,
And the battle shall be glorious.

Lord Nelson bold, though threaten'd wide,
And many a time he had been tried,
He fought like a hero till he died
Amid the battle gory.
But the day was won, their line was broke,
While all around was lost in smoke,
And Nelson he got his death-stroke,
That's the man for old England!
He faced his foe with his sword in hand
And he lived and he died in his glory.

The tune appears in Walsh's *Complete Dancing Master*, circa 1730 as *The Princess Royal.*
The air is a variant of *Princess Royal* by Turlough O'Carolan.
The words, of course, are a later addition.

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