

BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto maestoso

VOICE

1 Bold Nel-son's praise I'm go-ing to sing,
Buo-na - parte he threat - en'd war, A

PIANO

mf

dim.

p

mf

(Not for - get-ting our glo - rious King) He al - ways did good ti - dings bring, For
man who fear'd not wound nor scar, But still he lost at Tra - fal - gar Where

he was a bold com - man - der. There was Syd-ney Smith and Dun-can too, Lord
Bri - tain was vic - to - rious. Lord Nel-son's ac - tions made him quake, And

marcato

Howe and all the glo-rious crew; They were the men that were true blue.
 all French pow'rs he made to shake; He said his king he'd ne'er for-sake.

Full of care, Yet I swear None with Nel-son could com-pare, Not
 These last words Thus he spake: Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak, And the

e - ven Al - ex - an - der. 1. 2. Bold 3. Lord
 bat - tle shall be glo - rious.

Nel-son bold, though threat-en'd wide, And ma-ny a time he had been tried, He

fought like a he - ro till he died A - mid the bat - tle go - ry. But the

marcato

day was won, their line was broke, While all a - round was lost in smoke, And

sfz

Nel - son he got his death-stroke. That's the man For old Eng - land! He

mf

faced his foe with his sword in hand And he lived and he died in his glo - ry.

cresc. *f* *ff colla voce* *sfz*