

# 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.  
 bat - tle shall be glo - rious. 2. Bold 3. Lord

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*