

Second of August

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The first system of musical notation for 'Second of August' is in 3/4 time. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff is a set of three staves for guitar tablature, with the first staff indicating the 3rd and 4th frets. The tablature includes numbers 2, 3, 4, and 5, along with fret circles and ties.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody from the first system. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff is a set of three staves for guitar tablature, with the first staff indicating the 3rd and 4th frets. The tablature includes numbers 2, 3, 4, and 5, along with fret circles and ties.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody from the second system. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff is a set of three staves for guitar tablature, with the first staff indicating the 3rd and 4th frets. The tablature includes numbers 2, 3, 4, and 5, along with fret circles and ties.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody from the third system. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. Below the staff is a set of three staves for guitar tablature, with the first staff indicating the 3rd and 4th frets. The tablature includes numbers 2, 3, 4, and 5, along with fret circles and ties.

On the second of August, eighteen hundred and one,
As we sailed with Lord Nelson to the port of Boulogne
For to cut out some shipping, which proved in vain: To our misfortune they were all moored with chain.

Our boats being well-manned by eleven at night
To cut out their shipping, not expecting to fight;
But the grape from their batteries so smartly did play
That nine hundred brave seamen killed and wounded there lay.

We hoisted our colors, and so bold did them spread,
With the British flag flying at the royal mast head;
For the honour of old England we'll always maintain
While bold British seamen plough the watery main.

Exposed to the fire of the enemy we lay
While ninety bright pieces of cannon did play;
There many brave seamen did lay in their gore,
And the shots from the batteries most smartly did pour.

Our noble commander with his heart full of grief
Used every endeavour to afford us relief.
No ship could assist us as well he did know;
In this wounded condition we were tossed to and fro.

All you who relieve us the Lord will you bless
For relieving poor seamen in times of distress.
May the Lord put an end to all cruel wars,
Send peace and contentment to all British tars.