The Battle of the Nile

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'Twas on the ninth day of August in the year ninety-eight
We'll sing the praise of Nelson and the bold British fleet;
For the victory we've gained o'er the rebellious crew,
And to the Mediterannean Sea, brave boys, we'll bid adieu.

cho: So come, you British tars, let your hands and hearts agree
To protect the lives and liberties of the mother country.

At four o'clock that evening he brought that fleet in sight
And like undaunted heroes we were eager for the fight,
They were lying at an anchor near the Egyptian shore,
Superior to the British fleet, and to take us they made sure.

Our noble captain he was slain soon after we began;
Brave Cuthbert in succession he boldly took command,
For four full hors that evening we engaged them on the main,
And early the next morning we renewed the fight again.

Full fifty seamen we had slain, which grieved our hearts full sore
Two hundred more were wounded, lay bleeding in their gore.
But early the next morning most glorious to see
Our British ships of war, brave boys, were crowned with victory.

Buonapartes pride we demolished, and that very soon
We made his crew to rue the day that they ever left Toulon,
But now he's got among the Turks where he'll be forced to stay
And besides he has lost the title of The Conqueror of Italy.

A building castles in the air and doing these great feats,
And thretening of Albania's plans in our united states,
Planting the Tree of Liberty all on our native shore,
But Nelson's stars have nipped the bud will never flourish more.

And now the fight is over and we have gained the day
Nine sails we took and four we burnt, the rest they ran away.
But when we come hole to England, so loudly we will sing,
"Success to our Majestic, boys, and long live George the King!"

From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie
Collected from John Henderson