

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

*Larghetto.*

Composed by BRAHAM.

PIANO.

RECITATIVE.

O'er Nel-son's tomb, with si-lent grief op-press'd, Bri-tan-nia mourns her he-ro now at rest: But those bright  
lau-rels ne'er shall fade with years, Whose leaves, whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

ARIA.

PIANO.

*ff Allegro*

1. "Twas in Tra-fal-gar's bay      We saw the Frenchmen lay,      Each  
2. And now the can-nons roar      Along th'a-frighted shore,      Our

*ff*

heart was bound - ing then,  
Nel - son led the way; We scorn'd the fo - reign yoke,  
His ship the Vic - t'ry nam'd, For our ships were Brit - ish oak,  
Long be that Vic - t'ry fam'd, And  
For

8ves.~~~~~ 8ves.~~~~~ 8ves.~~~~~

hearts of oak our men;  
vic - t'ry crown'd the day ! Our Nel - son mark'd them on the wave, Three cheers our gal - lant sea - men gave, Nor  
But dear - ly was that conquest bought, Too well the gal - lant he - ro fought, For

f

8ves.~~~~~

thought of home or beau-ty,  
Eng - land home and beau-ty, Nor thought of home or beau-ty,  
For Eng - land home and beau-ty, A - long the line this sig - nal ran,  
He cried as 'midst the fire he ran,

Eng - land ex - pects that ev - e - ry man, This day will do his du - ty! This  
Eng - land shall find that ev - e - ry man, This day will do his du - ty! This

day will do his du - ty.  
ff

3. At last the fa - tal wound, Which spread dis-may a-round, The he - ro's breast, the he - ro's breast re - ceiv'd,

*p*      *f*      *p*      *f*

Heav'n fights on our side, The day's our own, he cried! Now long e - nough I've liv'd! In  
*cres.*

ho-nour's cause my life was pass'd, In ho-nour's cause I fall at last, For Eng-land, home, and beauty, For

Eng-land, home, and beau-ty, Thus end - ing life as he be - gan, Eng - land con-fess'd that e - ve-ry  
 man That day had done his du - ty, That day had done his du - ty.

*ff*