BATTLE OF THE BALTIC,

A Ballad

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL ESQRE.

FROM

A Set of Songs

Composed and Dedicated to

THOMAS MOORE ESQRE.

BY

MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

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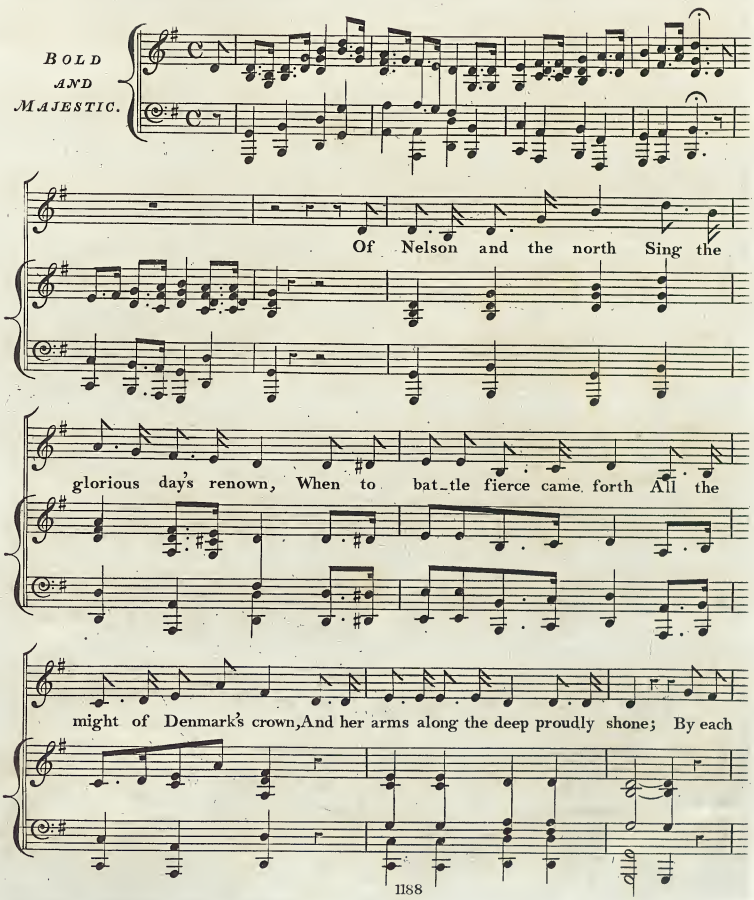
HUNTER.

Battle of the Baltic.



gun the lighted brand, In a bold de_ter_min'd hand, And the

Prince of all the land Led them on.

Like Le_vi_a_thans a_float, Lay their bulwarks on the brine; While the

sign of battle flew On the lof_ty British line: It was

a little slower

ten of April morn by the chime: As they drifted on their path, There was

ad lib:

silence deep as death; And the boldest held his breath, For a time.

But the might of England flush'd To an-

with animation

-ticipate the scene; And her van the fleeter rush'd O'er the deadly space between. "Hearts of

Oak! our Captains cried; when each gun From its ad_amantine lips Spread a

with impetuosity

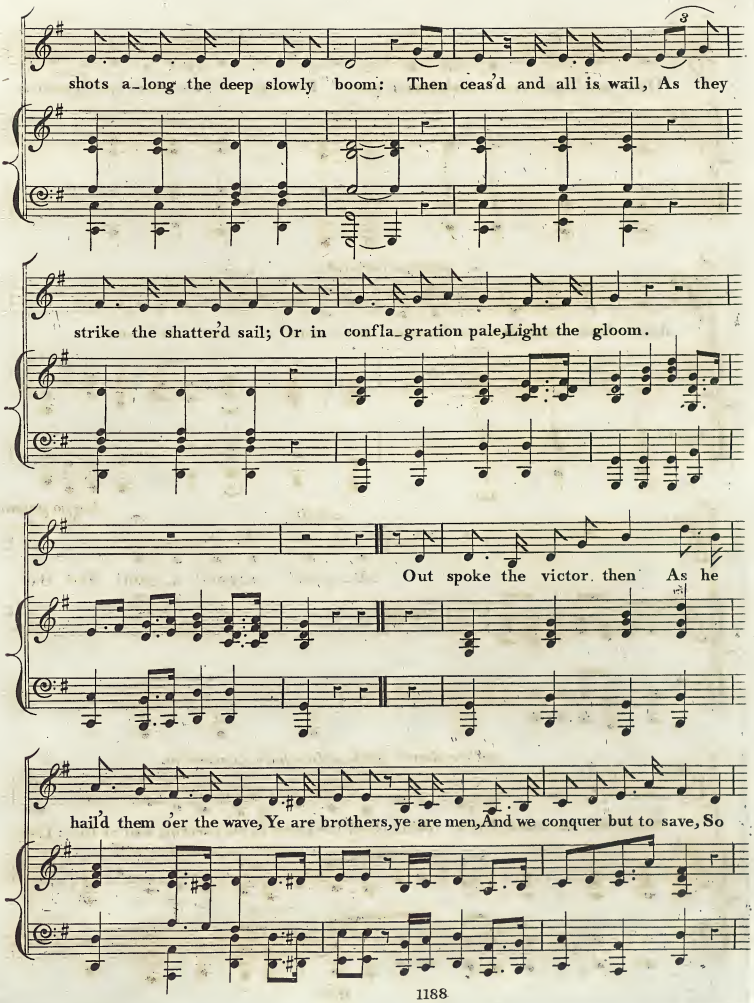
death shade round the ships Like the hur_ricane e_clipse of the sun.

ad lib: *tempo primo*

A_gain! a_gain! a_gain! And the

rather slower with melancholy expression.

havoc did not slack, Till a feeble cheer the Dane To our cheering sent us back; Their


shots a_long the deep slowly boom: Then ceas'd and all is wail, As they
strike the shatter'd sail; Or in confla_gration pale, Light the gloom.
Out spoke the victor then As he
hail'd them o'er the wave, Ye are brothers, ye are men, And we conquer but to save, So

boldly

peace instead of death let us bring, But yield, proud foe, your fleet, With the

crews at England's feet, And make submission meet To our King.

Then Denmark blest our chief That he

gave her wounds re_pose, While the sounds of joy and grief From her

people wildly rose, As death withdrew his shades from the day; While the

Sun look'd smiling bright O'er a wide and woeful sight, Where the

ritardando

fires of fun'ral light Died a_way.

Now joy, old En_gland, raise For the tidings of your might, By the

festal ci_ty's blaze, While the wine cup shines in light; And

Mournfully.

yet, amid'st that joy and up_roar, Let us think of them that sleep Full

Slower

ma_ny a fathom deep, By thy wild and stormy steep, El_si_

nore!