

# Banks Of The Nile

(A. L. Lloyd lyrics version)

Words & Music:  
Traditional English  
Arr: A. L. Lloyd

It was on a Monday morning, the twenty-ninth of May,  
Our ship she slipped her cable and we were ready for sea.  
The wind blew from the South-Sou'-West; to Egypt we were bound,  
And the Portsmouth hills were garnished with pretty girls all round.

There I beheld a handsome maid all in her bloom of years,  
A-making lamentation and her eyes were full of tears.  
"Oh, I'll cut off my yellow hair and sail along with you,  
And I'll dress myself in sailor's clothes and I'll see Egypt, too."

"Oh no, my dearest Nancy, sure that will never do.  
Lord Nelson have commanded no women there may go.  
We must stand to our colours, love, and hope that fortune smiles,  
As we fight with bold Lord Nelson on the banks of the Nile."

"Your waist is too slender and your fingers are too fine,  
Your delicate constitution couldn't stand the hot campaign.  
And the sultry suns of Egypt your complexion they would spoil,  
If you fought with bold Lord Nelson on the banks of the Nile."

"The cannons they do rattle so and the cannon balls do fly,  
And the silver whistles they sound out to drown our dismal cries.  
But let a hundred days be brightened, love, and then you'll give a smile  
And remember Nelson's victory on the banks of the Nile."