

# Man Of The Hour

Falconer

Heading into the battle  
Against inferior foe.  
Early morning's sea lies so silent and clear.  
Let them feel a broadside  
From our three decker of pride.  
Let the enemy fleet shatter for the wind.

The Man of the Hour  
In a challenging game,  
He rose to power  
By his family name.  
The Man of the Hour  
In the lion's den,  
Wielding his power  
While dooming his men.

With gun ports open  
And without striking sail  
He turned the ship around to chase the Danes away.  
The wind made the ship heel  
Causing panic aboard.  
Cannons, men and cargo they all broke astray.

Lower decks were flooded,  
Chaos and agony.  
The morning air was filled with an aria of cries.  
Crewmen jumped the rail now  
Choosing ice before the fire.  
Down from powder deck they saw the smoke arise.

Danes in confusion  
Surprisingly greet  
The self termination  
Of the Swedish fleet.  
Without firing a round  
On the stronger foe  
They're victory bound  
As "The Crown" went below.