

**Mozart – O Calpe** lyrics by Robin Willow  
**10/8/2007 copyright**

**Verse 1**                   \*\*\*

**Calpe, oh Calpe, there's thunder at your feet  
Your ancient rock looks calmly on  
Your foolish foe's defeat.  
Your ancient rock in regal glance  
Surveys the western waves  
The distant clouds are growing large / dark  
With promised rain perchance**

**Verse 2**

**Calpe, oh Calpe, the fluttering clouds of sail  
Britannia's flag, salvation's wings  
Will never Calpe fail.  
The black unholy raven wings  
Cover with falling night  
The pale sailor's death & broken hulls  
The howling throat that sings**

**Verse 3**

**Calpe, oh Calpe, waves rising to the sky  
The debris of their broken ships  
Our foe now cannot fly  
Waves bursting crash, the swell now dips  
And onward, onward roars  
To crash again with anger fierce  
And bruise their battered lips**

**Verse 4**

**Calpe, oh Calpe, a mighty army stands  
Now covering our sacred shore  
Fiery mouths and cruel hands  
Spain and France join'ed as before  
Banners high swim in the tide  
This terrible squadron in the bay  
To wound us to the core           [To bind us with iron bands]**

**Verse 5**

**Calpe, oh Calpe, the night is filled with storms  
They come these masters of the seas  
Cold breasts and fearless forms  
Again they come to see us freed  
They are Albion's offspring  
With deadly power they approach  
To aid us in our need**

**Verse 6**

**Calpe, oh Calpe, vainly strive envious night  
The shadows of your raven plumage  
Can't hide proud Calpe's might  
Nor stop the bard's glimmering message  
Which tells our great venture  
To beat this fearless enemy  
Their cold cruel visage**

**Verse 7**

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**Calpe, oh Calpe, vainly cries the wind's bride  
Raging mountainous waves now roar  
Let Howe the tamer ride  
His hero squadron this world o'er  
Is known and feared by all  
This forest of masts, France and Spain  
Yet cannot hold our shore**

**Verse 8**

**Verse 9**

**\*\*\***

**Calpe, oh Calpe, your fearsome strength renewed  
Elliot, hero of Fingal's land  
Is still as human viewed  
While fearsome fires of war are fanned  
The rock of rocks stands firm  
And in the gruesome work of death  
He'll soon victorious stand**

### **Verse 10**

**Calpe, oh Calpe, as brothers now embrace  
Our hero brother's strength to share  
Gladly to see his face  
Our absent mother yet with care  
Sent us aid in our need  
And now [surround] declares the glorious man  
You'll win if you will dare**

[Who did not fear the race / Who  
turned not from the race ]

### **Verse 11**

**Calpe, oh Calpe, the bard now hopeful sings  
Of this great tree which gives Earth shade  
Yet not as mortal strings  
Eternal fruit that does not fade  
Will glow and give Earth light  
To remember with gratitude  
The price that has been paid**