Rule, Britannia!

1. When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
   A rose from out the azure main;

2. The nations not so blest as thee,
   Must in their turn to tyrants fall;

   This was the charter, the charter of the land;
   And while thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
   The
guardian angels sung this strain:

“Rule, Britannia! Brit-

- tan-nia, rule the waves; Brit-tons ne-ver will be slaves.”

Chorus to be sung after each verse.

Soprano.

 Alto.

 Rule, Brit-tan-nia! Brit-tan-nia, rule the waves; Brit-tons ne-ver will be slaves.

Tenor.

 Bass.

 Rule, Brit-tan-nia! Brit-tan-nia, rule the waves; Brit-tons ne-ver will be slaves.

3.
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia! &c.

4.
Thee, haughty tyrants ne’er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
To work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule Britannia! &c.

5.
To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine, shall be the subject main,
And ev’ry shore it circles, thine.
Rule Britannia! &c.

6.
The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown’d,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia! &c.