

# RULE BRITANNIA,

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When Britain first at Heav'n's command, A  
rose from out the a - zure main, A rose a rose from out the a - zure Main

This was the Charter, The Charter of the Land, And Guardian An - gels sung this Strain.

the 2d time Chorus  
Rule Britannia, Bri tannia rule the waves, Bri tons ne - ver shall be Slaves.

The Nations not so blest as thee,  
Must, in their turns, to Tyrants fall,  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia:

3  
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
As the loud blast that tears the Skies.  
Serves but to roōt thy native Oak

Rule Britannia:

Thee, haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
But work their woe and thy renown.

Rule Britannia:

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:

6  
The Muses still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy Coasts repair,  
Blest Isle with matchless Beauty crown'd,  
And MANLY hearts to guard the FAIR.

Rule Britannia: