And our high Jubilee

And our high Jubilee

Make the Globe ring,

May all his enemies

Know no such reign as his,

For signal victories,

God save the KING.

5 Give him of gifts the best,
Crown his last days with rest,
Peace may they bring:
And when he's call'd away,
Far distant be the day,
Give such a Prince we pray,
God are the KING.

UBLIN.

eat!

Waken cach harp and voice,
Strike every string;
Let the loud song proclaim
Praise to Jehovah's name,
And sound Britannia's fame,
God save the KING.

## LORD NELSON'S MONUMENT.

Tune, "Rule Britannia."

Nor once forget the worthy name,
For whom you column greets the sky,
A warrior of immortal fame.

Rule, Britannia; rule the waves, Keep thy sons from being slaves.