

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, &c.

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

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine:  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore it circles thine.  
 Rule, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

*Father Christmas.*—We will now gladly hear a recitation  
 from the worthy Toyman.

*Toyman recites.*—

### TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

There are two ways to live on earth;—  
 Two ways to judge—to act—to view,—  
 For all things here have double birth,  
 A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks  
 To make that sweet which seemeth small:  
 Where every lip in fondness speaks—  
 And every mind hath care for all!

Whose inmates live in glad exchange  
 Of pleasures free from vain expense,  
 Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,  
 Nor wise denials give offence!