

The earth is Heaven's footstool, and the might
Of earthly nations shrivels, when the blight
Of Heaven's wrath doth touch them with its force.
The British Empire, to continue, must
To Heaven give the glory, not to man:
All ancient empires tell beneath the ban
Of Heaven, and their courses quickly ran:
The British Empire must in Heaven trust,
Or, like proud Babylon, be levelled with the dust.

IV.

Ye Britons, wake your country's lyre!
Evoke sweet music from the strings!
May strains of joy your hearts inspire!
Your paeans rise on soaring wings!
From every sea, from every zone,
Come forward with deep loyalty!
The proud and ancient British throne,
Begird with Britain's chivalry!
Hail! Hail! Hail! Britannia!
Mother of a virile brood,
Who will from all ills protect thee,
Grateful for thy motherhood.

A thousand years that throne has stood,
Unshaken by the jars of time,
And now a mighty brotherhood
Of nations, with a faith sublime,
Around it stands, a wall august,
That doth its permanence secure:
The thrones of old are in the dust,
The British throne doth yet endure.
Hail! Hail! Hail! Britannia!
Wreaths unfading deck thy brow;
Though a thousand years existent,
In the pride of youth art thou.

The sun surveys our planet's track,
Flag after flag his vision flees;
But in his sight the Union Jack
Doth ever float upon the breeze.
Land after land his rays adorn,
And each the robe of night doth wear
In turn; but it is ever morn