

Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame, of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

Rule Britannia.

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule Britannia—Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves !

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

Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that rends 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
Shall but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, &c.