

## WHILE BRITAIN RULES THE SEA

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**N**OW by the light of Nelson's fame,  
The soul of Francis Drake,  
By bold Sir Walter Raleigh's name,  
And Collingwood, and Blake—  
There is no need that British men  
Should ever bend the knee;  
The sword is mightier than the pen  
While Britain rules the sea.

Her faith is centred in the past,  
Her loyal hearts of oak,  
Shall never, while her navies last,  
Endure an alien yoke.  
Her fleets have furrowed all the tides,  
Wherever tides may be;  
The Empire safe at anchor rides  
While Britain rules the sea.

From far Australia's shining sands,  
From Canada's wide shores,  
From India's coral-cruised sands,  
To London's very doors—  
One voice is heard, one call goes back,  
Its echo sounding free:  
We'll fly aloft the Union Jack  
While Britain rules the sea.