

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, Britannia! rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

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, Britannia! rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

JAMES THOMSON.

THE END