

Where despots rule with iron rod,
 Regardless of the right,
Their vassals must obey their nod,
 And tremble at their might ;
But where Victoria's flag is seen,
 There Liberty must grow,
And loyal hearts that love their Queen,
 Spontaneous homage show.
 And let us first, &c.

God save our Royal Queen ! once more !
 And Albert at her side !
And choicest blessings freely pour
 On all her empire wide.
Still may her arms victorious be
 On every battle plain,
And, as of yore, triumphantly
 Her navy sweep the main !
 And let us first, &c.

No fear that Britons will be slaves,—
 That England's sun will set :
Britannia long has ruled the waves,
 And long shall rule them yet.
On every deck a gallant crew
 Stand, prompt for peace or war,
Another "Spithead Grand Review,"
 Or second Trafalgar !
 And let us first, &c.

Hail ! England's Queen ! in matron state,
 Fit subject for our songs ;