

# Rule, Britannia!

DR. ARNE. 1740.

*Maestoso.*

PIANO. *f*

*mp*

1. When Bri - tain first,..... at Heav'n's com-mand, A -  
2. The na - tions not..... so blest as thee, Must

- rose..... from out the a - - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the  
in..... their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in their turn..... to

a - zure main, This was the char-ter, the char - ter of the land, And  
ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flour-ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The

guardian and angels sung this strain: } "Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-  
dread and envy of them all.

-tan-nia, rule the waves; Bri-tons ne-ver will be slaves."

Chorus to be sung after each verse.

Soprano.

Alto.  
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves; Bri-tons ne-ver will be slaves.

Tenor.  
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves; Bri-tons ne-ver will be slaves.

Bass.  
Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri-tan-nia, rule the waves; Bri-tons ne-ver will be slaves.

3.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule Britannia! &c.

4.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
To work *their* woe, and *thy* renown.  
Rule Britannia! &c.

5.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
All thine, shall be the subject main,  
And ev'ry shore it circles, *thine*.  
Rule Britannia! &c.

6.

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! &c.