

BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
Arose, arose, arose from out the a-azure main,  
This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain:

Rule Britania!  
Britannia rule the waves.  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

Rule Britannia!  
Britannia rule the waves.  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

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