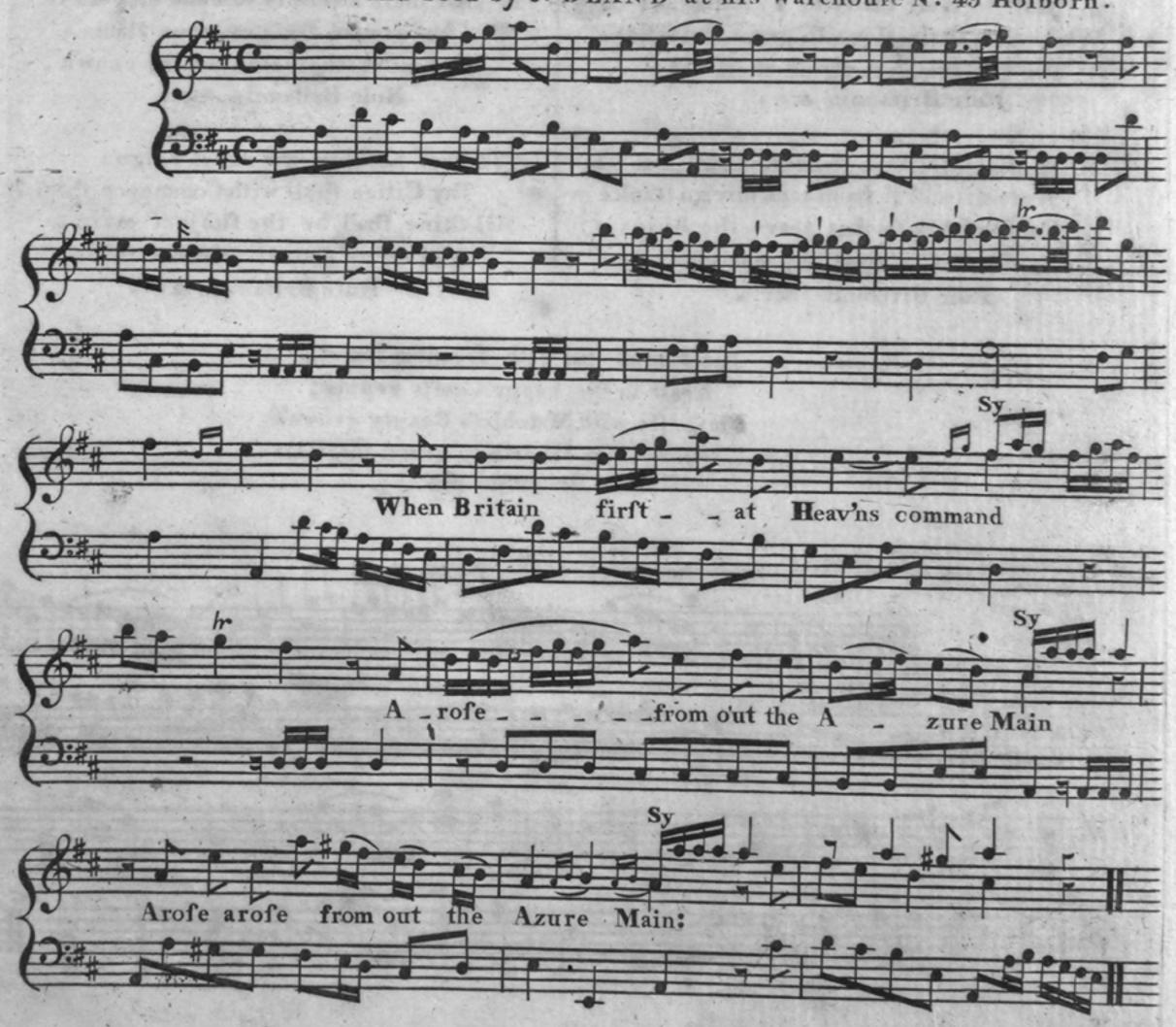
Rule Britainnia

a favorite Song by

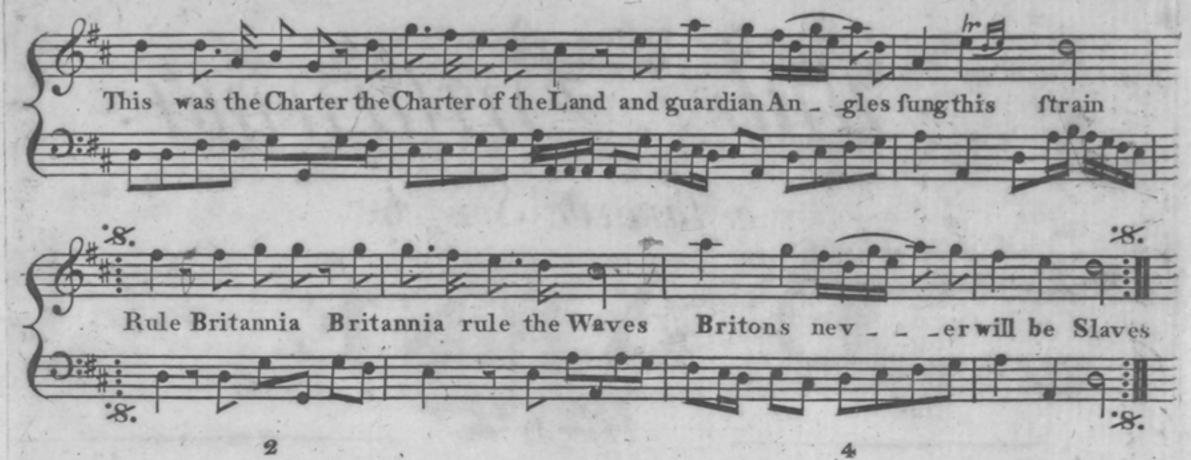
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Lester Leny



The Nations not so blest as thee,

Must in their turns to Tyrants fall;

While thou shalt flourish great and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia &c.

Still more Majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadfull from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blasts that tears the Skies,
Serves but to root thy native Oak,
Rule Britannia &c.

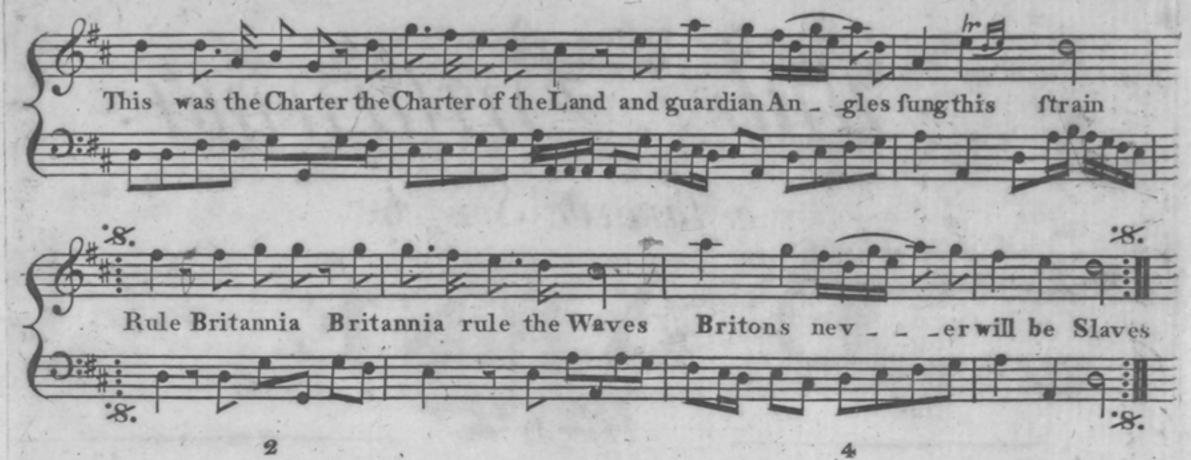
Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouze thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renwn.
Rule Britannia &c.

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.

The Muses still with freedom found,
Shall to the happy Coasts repair;
Blest Isle with Matchless Beauty crown'd,
And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule Britannia &c.



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