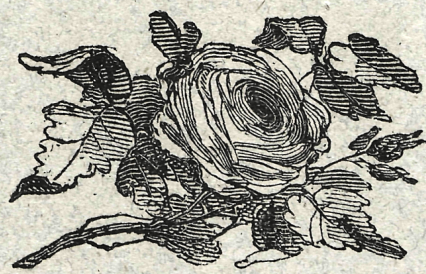


Queen Caroline



THE
Rose of Albion.

Evans, printer, Long-lane, London.

BLOW softly, ye breezes, and waft over
the billows
The bark which contains our lov'd Caroline
dear;
Ye Angels of Peace! O watch over her
pillow,
And ever befriend her when danger is near.

Be hush'd ev'ry rumour which malice in-
vented,
Her fair spotless fame will triumphantly
shine;
The fair Rose of Albion, its sweets yet un-
tainted,
Still blooms in our much-loved Queen
Caroline.

Long time each true Briton her absence did
mourn,
How gladly he welcom'd her to this lov'd
shore,
When Caroline did to Old England return,
With Britons to dwell, and to leave them
no more!



God save the Queen.

Evans, printer, Long-lane, London.

GOD save Queen Caroline,
Long live Queen Caroline,
God save the Queen;
Let her in triumph rise
Over her enemies,
Pure from their calumnies,
God save the Queen.

O Lord our God, arise,
Preserve our liberties,
Protect the Queen;
Inspire each Briton brave
Boldly his Queen to save,
Nor, like a grov'ling slave,
Desert his Queen.

Charlotte! whose mem'ry dear
Britons will long revere,
On us look down;
Descend, O spirit blest,
Sooth thy torn mother's breast,
Traduc'd, by foes opprest,
Our injur'd Queen.

Britons! with loud acclaim,
Shout the beloved name,
Queen Caroline;
Aid her with heart and hand,
That she may firm withs and
Corruption's servile band;
God save the Queen.



1820