



## BRITONS UNITED,

Or the Downfal of Tyranny.

## Britain's Watch-Word.

Come all you true-bred Englishmen, where'er you may be,  
I pray you give attention, and listen unto me,  
Concerning of this British isle, by people termed free,  
But being an harbour for all nations has caus'd its poverty.

*Have Tyranny* CHORUS. *will put down*  
So unite yourselves together, as Britons ought to do,  
And the lofty borough-bunglers you'll shortly overthrow.

There's many worthy tradesmen, I'm sorry for to say,  
Breaking stones upon the road for a bare 6d. a day,  
For to maintain his family he knows not what to do,  
He often says unto himself, what must this world come to.

In 15 hundred and 72, as you must understand,  
There was 10 millions of Britons upon this English Land,  
In the time of queen Elizabeth, the truth I must unfold,  
Was work enough for every one to keep him from the cold.

For aged, lame, and orphans, free cottages were found,  
Landowners employed them to work upon their ground;  
And the rich upheld the poor, in every tender care,  
And every head united was, as brothers, I declare.

I own we had fair wages, tuo' provisions they were high,  
Masters then did give unto each man twopence per day;  
But 3lbs of beef a penny in the market it was bought,  
A fowl for 3-halfpence, and a fat Goose for a Groat.

Poor tailors did then lament, and were oppressed sore,  
For cabbage then were sold a penny for 2 score,  
The price of sheep 2s. if they were fat and sound,  
As for a bullock or an ox, it only cost a pound.

But now the times are alter'd, as you may plainly see,  
Some do contrive to do the poor in every degree;  
Great holders buy up the corn, and lay it up in store,  
Mice now stand with watery eyes at the cupboard door.

The poor do now uphold the rich, it does plainly show,  
And press'd so very hard, like negroes at the plow;  
By lofty pride and ambition we are looked on as slaves,  
The D— will give them a nip when laid into their graves.

Now to conclude my ditty, and finish up my song,  
Let's hope trade may flourish, the corn bill soon put down;  
When King William and Queen Adelaide are crown'd upon  
the throne,  
Let's drink their health in sparkling wine, and cheer them  
with a song.

Tune—"Rule Britannia."

W. King, Printer, near the Turnpike,  
St. Clement's, Oxford, (late Mrs. Price's.)

Hail, Britain! highly-favoured land!  
Surrounded by the azure main; [stand,  
Be this thy watch-word—here proudly take thy  
And bid thine infants lisp this holy strain:

"Rule Britannia! rule the subject wave,  
"Enslave not others—nor thyself be slave."

If nations, not so blest as thee,  
Should in their turns to tyrants fall,  
May'st thou still flourish, gen'rous, great and free,  
To save, instruct, inspire, and rescue all!

"Hail, Britannia! Empress of the Waves!  
"Thy sons shall perish—ere they sink to slaves."

Our Monarch, WILLIAM, justly dear,  
Shall spread thy name to realms afar,  
While peaceful Commerce, ranging free as air,  
Shall soon repair the waste of murderous War.

"Rule, Britannia! thus subdue the waves;  
"Be great, be free, & loose the bonds of Slaves."

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