

Freedom or Slavery.

A NEW SONG.

*Tune---*Rule Britannia.

I.

THE haughty French, with malice fraught,
Swear to invade our blest domain ;
Swear to invade our blest domain ;
But we will fet their—will fet their threats at nought,
And boldly drive them back again.
Then arm, ye Britons, your happy life to save,
Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

II.

Shall gallant Britons ever yield,
And bow beneath a tyrant's chain ?
And bow beneath a tyrant's chain ?
No ; we will perish—will perish on the field,
Or boldly drive them back again.
Then arm, ye Britons, your happy life to save,
Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

III.

We'll shew them that the noble fame
Our fathers won on Creffy's plains,
Our fathers won on Creffy's plains,
Is not yet wither'd—not wither'd, but the fame
Bold spirit in our bosoms reigns.
Then arm, ye Britons, your happy life to save,
Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

IV.

Your wives and daughters call you on,
To save them from rapacious lust ;
To save them from rapacious lust ;
By all the glory—the glory you have won,
Save them—on you alone they trust.
Then arm, ye Britons, your lovely females save,
Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

V.

Shall we, who long have been the dread
And envy of surrounding shores,
And envy of surrounding shores,
Bow to a foreign—a foreign yoke, our heads,
And yield to yon Usurper's power ?
Forbid it, Britons ! still, still your country save,
Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

VI.

Arm, Sons of Freedom, in this cause,
And let surrounding nations hear ;
And let surrounding nations hear ;
We will defend our—defend our Country's laws,
Britons never yield to fear.
Still shall Britannia—Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

A FRIEND TO OLD ENGLAND.

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