

Britons' Defiance to France.

Tune---"Can of Grog."

1.

MAD with the plunder of the world,
France like a fury raves,
And shakes her blood-stain'd lance to fight
The masters of the waves.
Firm as the rocks that skirt our coast,
At all her threats we smile,
And swear upon our unsheath'd swords
That free shall be our isle.
And swear, &c.

2.

A bastard Briton he must be,
His heart contain no oak,
Whose base-born mind could tamely bend
To bear the Gallic yoke.
No! let her pale-faced standard fly
Where Freedom ne'er was known;
And tho' all Europe bend the knee,
Let England stand alone.
And tho' all, &c.

3.

And should these *Sons of Plunder* come
To Albion's rocky shore,
Their frantic troops shall see a sight
They never saw before:
A Nation, generous and great,
In one determin'd band,
Prepar'd to crush them at a blow,
And save their native land.
Prepar'd to crush, &c.

4.

Oh! call to mind the gallant deeds
Your noble Sires have done,
And may the Spirit of the Sires
Descend upon the Son!
Then BRITONS of the good old breed
Affrighted France shall see,
And find, when ENGLISHMEN unite,
OLD ENGLAND must be free.
And find, &c.

R. B.

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