

THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN.

A LOYAL SONG.—1803.

Tune — “*Hearts of Oak.*”

FROM THE BRITISH NEPTUNE,
SUNDAY, AUG. 28, 1803.

1.

MY friends, ye have heard, in the late British wars,
Of our navy—our admirals—brave British tars!
But the ship I would bring to your notice and view
Is THE ISLAND OF BRITON, *her Captain and Crew.*

*Heart of oak is this ship,
Hearts of oak are our men:
We always are ready, steady boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

2.

For ages safe moor'd, in the Channel she's laid,
Made fast to a rock, of no danger afraid;
But now she is threatened to stay there no more,
To be boarded and plunder'd, or driven on shore.

Heart of oak is this ship, &c.

3.

Her CAPTAIN, God bless him! is lov'd by us all;
With HIM we're determined to stand or to fall;
United in hand and in heart we await
The lot which Great Providence seals as our fate.

Heart of oak is this ship, &c.

4.

But the means in our hands we will ardently use;
We'll fight—and no danger or hazard refuse;
For our lives—for our property—children and wives
We'll fight—for the old British spirit survives.

Heart of oak is this ship, &c.

5.

The ship is staunch good, and her timbers are sound;
Still fast to the rock we trust she'll be found;
Her hull, stores, and rigging all malice defy;
I name not her sails—for *she don't mean to FLY!*

Heart of oak is this ship, &c.

6.

Then clearship, my boys! and each man to his gun;
If they board us, UNITE, and we'll soon make them
run;

And ages to come shall still have in view
THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN, *her Captain, and Crew.*

Heart of oak is this ship, &c.

NEW

GOD SAVE THE KING.

FROM THE BRITISH NEPTUNE,
SUNDAY, SEPT. 4, 1803.

SOUND trumpets, beat your drums,
See our lov'd Sov'reign comes,
Long may he reign.

Oh! may his virtues find,
True friends in all mankind;
Sure, he's by heav'n design'd
All hearts to gain.

See the *Corse* threat'ning stands,
Midst all his fire-brands,
Vomiting flame!

Soon shall his insolence,
Sink into impotence;
Britannia's sure defence
Is GEORGE'S name.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;

Cause civil broils to cease,
Commerce and trade t' increase,
With safety, joy, and peace,
God bless us all!

Bounteous to this bless'd isle,
On our lov'd Sov'reign smile,
With mildest rays;

Oh! let thy light divine,
On Brunswic's Royal Line,
With fadeless lustre shine,
To latest days!

God save great George, our King,
Long live our noble King;
God save the King:

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

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