

# Rule Britannia

Thomas Arne, set by the composer

Copied from this picture, found on the internet and transposed to C as in the original

The first system of the musical score for 'Rule Britannia'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system of the musical score. The treble staff continues with a melodic line, and the bass staff has a few rests followed by a continuation of the accompaniment.

The third system of the musical score, starting at measure 8. It includes the lyrics: "When Bri - tain first at Heaven's Co - mand". The treble staff features a trill on the eighth measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fourth system of the musical score, starting at measure 11. It includes the lyrics: "A - rose from out the a - zure Main,". The treble staff has a trill on the eleventh measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fifth system of the musical score, starting at measure 14. It includes the lyrics: "A rose A - rose From out the a - zure Main". The treble staff has a sharp sign on the fourteenth measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The sixth system of the musical score, starting at measure 17. It includes the lyrics: "This was the Char-ter, the Char - ter of the Land and guar - dian An - gels". The treble staff features a trill on the nineteenth measure. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

20 *tr*

sang this Strain Rule, Bri-tan-nia! Bri tan-nia, rule the Waves:

23 *tr*

Bri - tons ne - ver will be Slaves.

1 When Britain first, at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main;  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain:

"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves:  
"Britons never will be slaves."

2 The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

4 Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy generous flame;  
But work their woe, and thy renown.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.

6 The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest Isle! With matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves:  
"Britons never will be slaves."

**RULE BRITANNIA** Set by M. Arne.

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