

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 clear ship, 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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