

The Score of The celebrated ODE, in Honour of, 84
Great BRITAIN call'd Rule BRITANNIA.

1st Tromba
2^d Tromba
Tym:
Vio 1^{mo}
Vio 2^{do}
Obue 1^o
Obue 2^o
Viola
ALFRE
Basson
Basso

1^{mo} Solo

When BRITAIN first at Heav'n's Command

The image shows a page of a musical score for the Ode 'Rule Britannia'. It features multiple staves for various instruments and voices. The instruments listed on the left are Tromba 1st and 2nd, Tympani, Violin 1st and 2nd, Oboe 1st and 2nd, Viola, Bassoon, and Bass. The vocal parts are labeled ALFRE, Basson, and Basso. The score includes a '1^{mo} Solo' marking for the Tromba 1st part. The lyrics 'When BRITAIN first at Heav'n's Command' are written below the vocal staves. The music is written in a historical style with various note values and rests.

A musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of 18 staves. The top two staves are for the voice, and the remaining staves are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "A rose - - - from out the A-zure main A rose a rose from out the A-zure". The piano part includes various markings such as *fe*, *po*, *ff*, *me*, and *pp*. There are also performance markings like "Solo epia" and "main". The score includes a variety of musical notations including treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and ornaments. At the bottom, there are additional lyrics: "This was the Charter The Charter of the Land and Guardian An - - gels".

Tromba 1^a e 2^a (Corno 1^a & 2^a) 80

Tympano

No. 1^a e 2^a

Oboi 1^a e 2^a

Viola

Soprano

Rule BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the Waves; BRITONS ne - - ver

Con Alto

Rule BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the Waves; BRITONS ne - - ver

Tenore

Sung this Strain Rule BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the Waves; BRITONS ne - - ver

Voce Basso

Rule BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the Waves; BRITONS ne - - ver

6 5 4 3 2

1. Basso

6 5 4 3 2

1. Basso

will be Slaves

will be Slaves

will be Slaves

will be Slaves

4 3 2 1

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, Rule &c

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: Rule &c.

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. Rule &c.

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. Rule &c

The Muses, still with Freedom sound,
Shall to thy happy Coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless Beauty crown'd
And many Hearts to guard the Fair. Rule &c.