

ING 041

[Anónimo]

“The Isle of the Ocean
is Tyranny’s Foe”

1811

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[Anónimo], "The Isle of the Ocean is Tyranny's Foe" (1811)

When the Sons of a FREDERICK at France were dismay'd,
And the Princes of Prussia their country betray'd;
When the Armies of Austria reluctantly fled,
And abandon'd to Frenchmen the soil where they bled;
When PORTUGAL'S PRINCE sought Brazil's peaceful shore,
And the Patriot Swiss sung his war song no more,
This hope caus'd each bosom with freedom to glow,
That the Isle of the Ocean was Tyranny's foe.

When France and Oppression have Europe enslav'd,
Spain, bursting her shackles, French treachery brav'd,
Yet mindful lest Fury all order should blast,
Nail'd Royalty's Standard to Liberty's mast;
Then BRITAIN eclipsing the glory of Rome,
Re-echoed the mandate, Brave Spaniards strike home;
And proclaims to the world, as she seconds the blow,
That the Isle of the Ocean is Tyranny's foe.

Resistless to faction and slavery's yoke,
Each true Britons heart's like the heart of his oak,
Though its leaves may be shiver'd, unshatter'd the stem,
His love to his Monarch is the crown's brightest gem.
Then may Victory crown our brave troops on the plain,
And the Conquerors of Europe be conquer'd again;
While our Tars on the billows teach Frenchmen to know,
That the Isle of the Ocean is Tyranny's foe!