

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 musical score is written for a full orchestra and vocal soloist. It includes parts for two trumpets (1st and 2nd), timpani, two violins (1st and 2nd), two oboes (1st and 2nd), viola, bassoon, and bass. The vocal part is for a soloist named ALFRE. The score is in common time (C) and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The lyrics 'When BRITAIN first at Heav'n's Command' are written below the vocal line. The score is marked with '1^{mo} Solo' and includes performance instructions like '6' and '7'.

Handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score is written on ten systems of staves. The first system includes a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a vocal line and a 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 dynamics such as *ff*, *fe*, *po*, and *pe*. There are also performance markings like "Solo epia" and "main". The score concludes with the lyrics: "This was the Charter The Charter of the Land and Guardian An - - gels". The piano part includes complex rhythmic patterns and fingerings, with some notes marked with numbers 1-7.

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

Timpano

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

1. Basso

2

will be Slaves

will be Slaves

will be Slaves

will be Slaves

4 3

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.