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The Sons of Albion

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THE
Sons of Albion.

Evans, Printer, Long-lane, London.

1

YOU sons of Albion, take up your arms,
And meet the haughty band;
They threaten us with war's alarms,
To invade our native land.

CHORUS.

Neither rebels, French, or Sansculotte,
Nor the dupes of tyranny boast,
Shall conquer the English, the Irish, or the
Scotch,
Nor shall land upon our coast.

2

There's hopeless Holland, wears the yoke,
And so does faithless Spain;
But we will give them Hearts of Oak,
And drive them off the main.
Neither rebels, French, &c.

3

The commanders of the universe,
(Or else they wish to be;)
But we will shew them the reverse,
And set Old England free.