

I use the best  
I use the rest  
I use the enemy  
I use anarchy

Pity would be no more  
If we did not make somebody poor  
Are we just another country  
Another council tenancy

When there's no future  
How can there be sin  
I mean it man:  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!  
Briton never shall be slaves.

-

he was a pretty-boy  
at first sight I was thinking  
backs to the wall girl!  
yeh know, chutney ferret!

but after a bit of him givin me the glad eye  
from across the pub I changed me mind

what a bit of stuff he was  
bags I went right over like  
and put one on him  
without sayin a word  
it was brilliant like

arse over tit for him I was  
he was box clever  
real clued up

was a while, since I got off with someone  
yeh know, got my end away!  
had a bit of a fluff, a while ago, but didn't last  
so I was a bit of a spare

I was gagging for it  
got him in me room  
got his kick off  
down to our under crackers we were

stood there all hands and shite  
him on me paps and neck  
me pitching his tent

then off comes the alans  
an what a brilliant donger!  
A real prize!

onto the bed  
getting off into a tangle  
his chopper bringing it off right  
me diddies in a swing  
toppin his lap  
carrying on on all fours  
sweatin and laughing like

oh, he was a good roll  
"give it some welly boy!"

"give it some welly!"  
he brought me off good and quick!  
and stayed around for some more

yeh he was a bit of all right  
a real good one to bunk with for a night.

**WILL**  
Shite, naybody spoke  
She was goin' down  
a monarchy sad as feck

Me sitting pleased as shite  
Watchin on the telly  
Another old girl gone down

So anyway, I'm feckin sick of it  
Is this the M.P.L.A.?  
Or the U.D.A.?  
Or the I.R.A.?  
It thought it was the U.K.!

Aye, I've gone an said it.  
Nah, I shouldnay  
But feck the Queen anyhow  
Yeh, feck the Queen anyhow

God save yer own bloody mad parade  
God save yer own god damned Englands Dreaming  
God save yer own bloody shat sod arse

Don't try feck all  
Cause God will save his damn Queen  
God saves his damn Queen  
Little room fer a sod like ye and me

Nay, I know shouldnay  
There's gonna be hell to pay  
I'll burn fre sher they say  
Taken them all in curse like that

But feck em anyhow  
Feck ye all anyhow  
Yeh, feck the Queen anyhow

I know what'll ye wehl say:  
Mind what ye say!  
Nah, ye shouldnay!  
But feck ye all anyhow

I mean it man, feckin hell  
Don't try feck all  
cause they made you a moron  
Potential a-bomb  
They made you love her man  
cuz tourists are money  
cuz yer god have mercy  
cuz it's the only way to be

I mean it man, feckin hell  
Don't try feck all  
Cause there's nay future  
Nay future fer ye  
Nay future, nay future fer me

That's right, I'm feckin sick of it  
Sad as fuck it is  
An I know what ye'll say:  
Mind what ye say!

But fecken hell anyhow  
Yeh, feck it:  
Feck the Queen anyhow!  
An feck what ye'll say!

**AND FATE**  
Newcastle United Football Team Song  
(to the tune of 'Daydream Believer')

Barnet Football Team Song  
(to the tune of 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina')

**FIXED FATE**  
(instrumental)

**FREE WILL**  
Arm yourselves men of valor  
Be in readiness for us to perish  
Our nation and our altar

Offer but blood  
Toil, tears and sweat

Still masters of our fate  
A child of the House of Commons  
Brought up to believe in democracy

I cannot help reflecting  
I cannot help  
I cannot

Men are proud to be the servants  
Of State  
Ashamed to be it's masters

This was their finest hour  
Never in the field of human conflict  
Was so much owed  
By so many  
To so few  
So many  
So few

This is not the end  
But perhaps it's the end of the beginning  
The beginning of the end  
The beginning of the end

This is the war of the unknown warriors  
We shall fight on the beaches  
We shall fight on the landing grounds  
We shall fight in the fields  
In the streets  
In the hills  
We shall never surrender

Never give in-never, never, never, never!  
In nothing great or small, large of petty  
Never yield to force

Or the overwhelming might of the enemy  
Never, never, never, never...

**FOREKNOWLEDGE ABSOLUTE**  
bolady Nora!  
I missed the bastarding show again  
on the telly, the Beep  
boched me fecken plan

so I calls up me mate Cara  
and we decide to go arse-about for a few  
just a few

the Britneys were flowing  
and we get chin wagging

Cara is a bit of a blooming idiot  
she's one of me bezzy mates  
take the piss out of eachother we do

and here comes the boss-eyed pervy  
common as muck: bloody prannet!  
Mr Action man!  
billy no mates!  
all mouth no trousers  
stands there borin the tits off us  
bangin on about every bastarding  
detail of his feckin bleeding life  
thick as pig shite he is  
poucing about like an barmcake

"crimp off a length of yr rubbish elsewhere"  
come out of Cara  
you wouldn't twatting believe it  
she dropped a clanger there.  
all to cock we were  
yelling an goin on

three sheets to the wind  
and getting a build-on in the throne  
we sparked the chunder and chonge on it till  
fully bollocksd

we were twatfaced!  
bevvi'd up and tear-arsing around the club  
with the beer goggles on  
twatting boxed we were!  
ballsed-up bladdered!  
trolley-blunted!

half way through  
Cara started driving the porcelain bus  
so I put her in a car and sent her off

I caught my hold with a few lines of Charley

and then he came on  
bump starting the party  
with a great starter set

oh, it was brillian as fuck!  
I was a firecracker goin off  
dancing and spinnin round  
I was grand as feck on that dance floor

got on in to it

the beats were bringing me off  
there was no stopin it  
I was the air  
I was the music  
it was me whole fucking life coming off on that  
moment  
the feckin whole place was coming off  
building with real clued-up DJ  
coming round  
brining us all around

it was a bloody great time!  
a bloody great time...

**AND FOUND NO END**

V1 I'm a feelin' a bit o' weakness in the knees  
V2 A bit of a wobble-on?  
V1 Week in the knees is all.  
V2 Is yeh' bein' metaporic love?  
V1 Nay love, quite specific like.  
V2 Are yeh' talkin' for the nation or yerself?  
V1 A bit of the both.  
V2 I'd – venture tis' the same.  
V1 Finished or what?  
V2 Are yea talking bout us, or it?  
V1 The thing love... the bloody thing!  
V2 The goings on yeh mean?  
V1 All the great bloody British shite- end of the  
nation an ol'  
V2 It is over... I'd think.  
V1 We'll I've got little else to say.  
V2 Nay shite... right bout' that!

**IN WANDERING MAZE LOST**

(God save the Queen/King)



**KENNETH DOREN** is a Canadian multi-media artist and composer whose art installations, videos and digital operas have been presented in Canada, China, Finland, and the U.S.A. His work and practice employs musical interventions and political discourse utilizing video and performance to decode the subject. Doren has developed a number of personal projects that he has termed 'digital operas' incorporating video and musical performance that challenge the parameters of composition, and the performance of western classical music and text. The digital operas and video work are performance spectacles in which Doren has appropriated historical texts and juxtaposed them with references to pop culture. Doren obtained his MFA from NSCAD University in 2005 and received an Alumni Award from Alberta College of Art and Design for recognition as one of the top 75 students throughout ACAD's seventy-five year history.

**RULE BRITANNIA: a low opera in grand shite style**

Writing, Directing and Music Composition: Kenneth Doren  
Mezzo Soprano: Patrice Jegou  
Libretto: Carl Ayling  
Pianists: Joseph Ferretti, Elaine Lau, Jane Wood, Stephanie Chua  
Music Transcription: Matt Firmston  
Videography and Editing: Kenneth Doren  
Technical support: Martin Eckart

- 1 *Overture*
- 2 *Of Providence*
- 3 *Foreknowledge*
- 4 *Will*
- 5 *And Fate*
- 6 *Fixed Fate*
- 7 *Free Will*
- 8 *Foreknowledge Absolute*
- 9 *And Found No End & In Wandering Maze Lost*

**OVERTURE**

**OF PROVIDENCE**

V1 Bollocksed.  
V2 Done!  
V1 Pathetic.  
V2 Sad as shite.  
V1 Bugged it right.  
V2 Thought we were so clued up.  
V1 Bothched up more like.  
V2 Bodged... bleeding bodged!  
V1 We've a right to cob on about it.  
V2 Argue the toss if we bloody want!  
V1 Bang on...  
V2 It's a bit of in the air...  
V1 – Had our day.  
V2 – An a bit of more.  
V1 Bloody right we did.  
V2 We fecken ruled.  
V1 Determined the future of bloody nations.  
V2 That's the stuff.  
V1 We crippled the fecken crippled piled the bodies centuries high.  
V2 To right!  
V1 Rule the waves we did.  
V2 By bloody sword, an' cross an'...  
V1 – bloody air!  
V2 – bloody air – dropped terror from the skies-  
V1 – and lye mark.  
V2 – we reined.  
V1 – Ruled.  
V2 – We ruled.  
V1 – made civil nations.  
V2 – made nations.  
V1 – had a bit of a time with history.  
V2 – bit of a spree.  
V1 – bit of tyranny.  
V2 Well shite THE CUT WORM FORGIVES THE PLOUGH!

V1 We bloody hope it does.  
V2 Yes, the road to excess leads to wisdom.  
V1 Yes, the bastarding nation of the bloody clued up.  
V2 Brilliant...  
V1 To say the least...  
V2 Bleeding brilliant like...  
V1 Like I said.  
V2 We heard yea.  
V1 Well I hope yeah heard me.  
V2 Did...  
V1 Well I hope so.  
V2 Did...  
V1 Britannia ruled – it fecken ruled... and none of you would know it as it is if we didn't.  
V2 Bloody rights.  
V1 That's box clever.  
V2 You said it.  
V1 We had our day so you could have all this.  
V2 You already said that.  
V1 Well it's worth saying again...  
V2 To right... To right.

**FOREKNOWLEDGE**

Pity would be no more  
If we did not make somebody poor

Our leaders march with fuses  
And we with hand grenades  
God save your mad parade  
All crimes are paid

And guardian angels sung the strain  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!  
Briton never shall be slaves.

Tore its chords asunder  
No chains shall sully thee  
Thou soul of love and bravery  
Songs made for the pure and free

Still with freedom found  
Thy happy coast repair  
Hearts to guard the fair  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!  
Briton never shall be slaves.

Oh God save history  
Oh lord God have mercy

I vow to thee my country  
All earthly things above  
Entire and whole and perfect  
The service of my love

Oh God save history  
Oh lord God have mercy  
There's no future no future

We're the flowers in the dustbin  
We're the poison in your human machine  
We're the future you're future  
England's dreaming