

XXIX,

Ye friends to England, and her cause,
Her glorious liberty and laws,
Let discord now give way ;
Behold the tuneful band combine,
The *Fiddle*, *Flute* and *Bagpipe* join,
To hail the coming day.

XXX.

And here (and then I'll quite conclude)
The Muse with prophecy endu'd,
One thing must needs declare ;
As time around his course shall roll,
The B—nn—t high upon a p—le,
Shall shine !—on T—mp—e B—r.

F I N I S.