

And we'll pray for our King, and a few of
our Peers,
And may our true Commons live out their eight
years.

Derry down, &c.

XXV.

My loyalty's firm, and be hang'd I would
rather
Than dare to deny that our King is our fa-
ther;
But then 'tis as true, that our country's our
mother,
And that side we all know's much surer than
t'other.

Derry down, &c.

XXVI.

Then let us with shouts our brave patriots
pursue,
And firmly stick by them whatever they do;
For freemen were are, and will be to our
graves,
Since they, who have courage, need never
be slaves.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Y

F I N I S.