
Weak heads may from pure codes depart,
While bold and upright is the heart.

Am I exposed to scorn and hate ?
May Heav'n defend my abject state ;
Prepare me for the ills that come,
'Till I shall reach my distant home.

Do I succeed among the good,
My bosom glows with gratitude ;
The best returns I can prepare,
My old BASS VIOL shall declare
In untaught strains, while I shall sing,
God save the people and their King.