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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.

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