

What tho' the zealots pull down the prelates, Push at the  
Shall we then never once more endeavour And strive to

pul-pit, and kick at the crown, Shall not the Round - head  
purchase our an-cient re-nown? Then we'll be mer - ry, drink

soon be con - found - ed? *p* Sa, sa, sa, Say boys, Ha, ha, ha,  
cla - ret and sher - ry, Then we will sing, boys, God bless the

ha, boys, Then we'll re - turn with tri-umph and joy.  
king, boys, Cast up your caps, and cry *Vive le Roy*