

What tho' the zea - lots pull down the pre - lates, Push at the  
Shall we then ne - ver once more en - dea - vour And strive to

pul - pit, and kick at the crown, Shall not the Round - head  
pur - chase 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, *f* boys, Then we'll re - turn with tri - umph and joy.  
king, boys, Cast up your caps, and cry Vive le Roy