



La Alondra ó sea una elegán-  
te colección de canciones antiguas  
y modernas en lengua inglesa.

S. XVIII

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BEING

an Elegant Collection of

the BEST and NEWEST SONGS in the  
*ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

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tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora.  
*Virgil. Georgicon. Lib. 4.*

---

L O N D O N .

Printed for J. EVANS, Pater-noster Row.



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C O N T E N T S.

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Nosegays



## C O N T E N T S.

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C O N T E N T S.

xi

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THE

## SKY - LARK.

**B**ID me, when forty winters more  
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow,  
 When from my head a scanty store,  
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow;  
 When the warm tide, that, bold and strong,  
 Now rolls impetuous on and free,  
 Languid and slow, scarce steals along;  
 Then bid me court sobriety,  
 Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the vary'd scene  
 Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,  
 Unerring guide, could only mean  
 That age should reason, youth desire.  
 Shall then that rebel man presume,  
 Inverted nature's law, to seize  
 The dues of age in youth's high bloom,  
 And join impossibilities?  
 And join impossibilities?

Let me waste the frolic May  
 In wanton joy and wild excess;  
 In revel sport, and laughter gay,  
 And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.  
 Woman, the soul of all delights,  
 And wine, the aid of love, be near;  
 All charms me that to joy incites,  
 And ev'ry she that's kind is fair,  
 And ev'ry she that's kind is fair.



**M**Y temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,  
 And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,  
 And barter all joys for a goblet of wine.  
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,  
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's ton ;  
 No longer I'll run,  
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's ton.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair ?  
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair ;  
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,  
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass ?

'Tis woman, whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,  
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart ;  
 The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,  
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,  
 And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed ;  
 While Age, in an ecstasy, hobb'ling along,  
 Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,  
 The largest and deepest that stands on his board ;  
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair ;  
 'Tis the thirst a lover—and pledge me who dare !

**H**EY my kitten, a kitten,  
 And hey my kitten a deary ;  
 Such a sweet babe as this,  
 Is neither far nor neary.  
 Here we go up up up,  
 And here we go down down downy,  
 Here we go backwards and forwards,  
 And here we go round round roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lily-cock,  
 See, see, see, sic a downy ;

Gallop



Gallop a trot trot trot,  
 And hey for Dublin towny.  
 This pig went to market,  
 Squeak mouse, squeak mouse, mousy ;  
 Shoe, shoe, shoe, the wild colt ;  
 And here's thy own dol dowfy.

Where was a jewel and pretty ?  
 And where was a sugar and spicy ?  
 Hush-a-by babe in a cradle,  
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy.  
 Did-a papa torment it ?  
 Did-e vex his own baby, did-e ?  
 Hush-a-by babe in a bosie ;  
 Take ous own sucky, did-e ?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke ;  
 Slaver's a thread of crystal ;  
 Now the sweet posset comes up ;  
 Who said my jewel was pifs'd-all ?  
 Come water, my chicken, come, cock ;  
 Leave off, or he'll crawl ye, he'll crawl ye.  
 Come, give me a hand, and I'll beat him :  
 Who was it vex'd my baby ?

Where was a laugh and a crow ?  
 And where was a giggling honey ?  
 Goody good child shall be fed,  
 But naughty child shall get noney.  
 Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody bones,  
 Here is a child that don't fear ye.  
 Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,  
 And ik ik ay, my deary.

---

**T**HERE was an old man ; and, though 'tis not  
 common,

Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman ;

B 2

And

And though 'tis incredible, yet I've been told,  
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for some meat ;  
And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat ;  
When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,  
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,  
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night ;  
He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,  
And has fall'n fast asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he  
talk'd,  
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he  
walk'd ;  
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd  
burst,  
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen ;  
For, if 'twere not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean.  
He shew'd his teeth most when he happen'd to grin,  
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his  
chin.

Among other strange things that befell this good  
yeoman,  
He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a wo-  
man ;  
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,  
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,  
And then, as folks said, he was not very well ;  
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,  
As he could not give fees, he could get no phys-  
cian.

What

What pity he dy'd ! yet 'tis said that his death  
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath.  
 But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder ;  
 Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd have been a day older.

---

**A** COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and  
 hall.

No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate ;  
 No ambition had he, nor yet duns at his gate.  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,  
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy ;  
 He'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most  
 sweet,  
 Saying, Just to a hair I've made both ends to meet.  
 Derry down, &c.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,  
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,  
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart ;  
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.  
 Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay :  
 Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,  
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way,  
 Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work ;  
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :  
 Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would  
 flee,  
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.  
 Derry down, &c.

He took up his **AWL** that he had in the world,  
 And to make away with himself he resolv'd ;  
 He pierc'd through his body, instead of the **SOLE** ;  
 So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise as a friend,  
 All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end ;  
 Keep your hearts out of love ; for we find by what's  
 past,

That love brings us all to an **END** at the **LAST**.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

**Y**OU may do as you will, but I'll fling away care :  
 I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with  
 the fair ;

For joys yet unknown I may find springing there,

For joys yet unknown I may find springing there :

And 'tis better by half

Love and nectar to quaff ;

All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh,

All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.

Till lately there liv'd not so wretched an elf :

I tended my flocks, and sought nothing but self ;

Car'd little for others, but much for myself :

But 'tis better by half, &c.

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,

And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but pain ;

Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain :

For 'tis better by half, &c.

Come over to me, all ye gay blooming throng,

And take it, the way to be blest the year long,

Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-cheering  
 song :

And 'tis better by half, &c.

Then

Then Care, with his wrinkles, I give to the wind ;  
 To mirth from this moment my heart is inclin'd ;  
 I'm sure of my bliss, for the nymphs will be kind ;  
     More happy by half,  
     Love and nectar to quaff ;  
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.

---

**T**HE women all tell me I'm false to my lass ;  
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my  
     glais :  
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;  
 And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare ;  
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :  
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,  
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;  
 But though she could smile, yet in truth she could  
     frown :  
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;  
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time ;  
 But, in wine from its age, such benefit flows,  
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been  
     cloy'd,  
 And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;  
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,  
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove  
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :

But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends ;  
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,  
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife ;  
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,  
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;  
It brings on diseases, and hastens old-age :  
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,  
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the  
grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,  
She had left me—to get an estate or a lord ;  
But my bumper, regarding nor titles nor pelf,  
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain :  
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;  
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy.—  
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

**I**N spite of love, at length I find  
A mistress that can please me :  
Her humour free and unconfin'd,  
Both day and night she'll ease me.  
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,  
Though she's enjoy'd by all mankind :  
Then drink and never spare it,  
'Tis a bottle of good claret.  
Chorus, Then drink, &c.

If you, through all her naked charms,  
Her little mouth discover,  
Then take her blushing to your arms,  
And use her like a lover :

Such

Such liquor she'll distill from thence,  
 As will transport your ravish'd sense :  
 Then kifs, and never spare it,  
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.  
 Then kifs, &c.

But, best of all ! she has no tongue ;  
 Submissive she obeys me ;  
 She's fully better old than young,  
 And still to smiling sways me :  
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,  
 And has a most delicious smack.  
 Then kifs, and never spare it,  
 'Tis a bottle of good claret :  
 Then kifs, &c.

If you her excellence would taste,  
 Be sure you use her kind, sir ;  
 Clap your hand about her waist,  
 And raise her up behind, sir,  
 As for her bottom, never doubt,  
 Push but home, and you'll find it out.  
 Then drink, and never spare it,  
 'Tis a bottle of good claret :  
 Then drink, &c.

**D**EAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams  
 with mild ale,  
 In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale,  
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,  
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.  
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,  
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.  
 He bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,  
 In a flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,  
 With

With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,  
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,  
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
 And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,  
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,  
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale ;  
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

**D**IOGENES, surly and proud,  
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,  
 Delighted in wine that was good,  
 Because in good wine there is truth ;  
 But growing as poor as a Job,  
 And unable to purchase a flask,  
 He chose for his mansion a tub,  
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.  
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus would never deny  
 A bumper to cherish his heart ;  
 And, when he was maudlin, would cry,  
 Because he had empty'd his quart :  
 Though some were so foolish to think  
 He wept at men's folly and vice,  
 'Twas only his custom to drink  
 Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad  
 To tittle, and cherish his soul ;  
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,  
 When over a jolly full bowl.  
 While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,  
 His liquor he'd merrily quaff ;  
 And, when he was drunk as a lord,  
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Coper-



Copernicus too, like the rest,  
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine ;  
 And knew that a cup of the best  
 Made reason the brighter to shine :  
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
 And made his philosophy reel ;  
 Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,  
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,  
 Had been but a dunce without wine ;  
 For what we ascribe to his parts,  
 Is due to the juice of the vine :  
 His belly, some authors agree,  
 Was as big as a watering trough ;  
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,  
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,  
 He saw that no object appear'd  
 Exactly the same as it was  
 Before he had liquor'd his beard ;  
 For things running round in his drink,  
 Which sober he motionless found,  
 Occasion'd the sceptic to think  
 There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,  
 Who wisely to virtue was prone ;  
 But, had it not been for good wine,  
 His merits had never been known.  
 By wine we are generous made ;  
 It furnishes fancy with wings ;  
 Without it, we ne'er should have had  
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

**W**HAT Cato advises, most certainly wise is,  
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,  
 To

To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,  
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day.

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,  
 His bags will decrease, while his health does decay ;

Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,  
 And pass the long evening in pleasures away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party ;  
 With some tender fair each bright bumper is  
 crown'd ;

Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,  
 While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See here's our physician, we know no ambition,  
 But where there's good wine and good company  
 found ;

Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,  
 'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

**W**HEN first to Cambridge we do come,  
 Tol lol lol lol lol lol la,

From mama's dear beloved home,

Tol lol lol lol lol lol la,

First we must have a new cap and gown,  
 And next the prettiest girl in town.

Tol lol, &c.

Then next a tutor we must have :

'Tis ten to one he proves a knave,

Who minds not what we do all day,

So we come home at night, and pray.

Then strait he buys us Aristotle,

Which we pawn often for a bottle ;

And Euclid's Elements must pack,

For a better element, good sack.

Then

Then he writes home unto our friends,  
 For money to serve his own ends,  
 Which he keeps safe lock'd up in trunk,  
 Whilst we abroad are getting drunk.

Item for Homer, that blind poet ;  
 Be sure your tutor does not know it :  
 But we'll smoke, and drink, and merry be,  
 Until we are as blind as he.

Then hang all studying to no end ;  
 Enjoy your bottle and your friend :  
 We'll drink, and smoke, and take our fill ;  
 We may be parsons when we will.

**N**OW we're free from college rules,  
 From common-place-book reason,  
 From trifling syllogistic schools,  
 And systems out of season.  
 Never more we'll have defin'd  
 If matter thinks or thinks not :  
 All the matter we shall mind,  
 Is he who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphysically to trace  
 The mind or soul abstracted,  
 Or prove infinity of space,  
 By cause on cause effected :  
 Better souls we can't become,  
 By immaterial thinking ;  
 And, as to space, we want no room,  
 But room enough to drink in.

*Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,*  
 Are learned words, and rare too ;  
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,  
 And those who please may hear too :

C

*A plenum*

A *plenum* in our wine we shew,  
 With *plus* and *plus* behind, fir ;  
 But, when our cast is *minus*, low,  
 A *vacuum* soon we find, fir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,  
 Dan Tycho's error proving,  
 Declares, in I can't tell what page,  
 The earth round Sol is moving :  
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?  
 Each is perhaps a notion ;  
 With earth and sun we make no fuss,  
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd  
 By superstitious fury ;  
 Antipodeans were abus'd  
 By ignoramus jury :  
 But feet to feet we dare attest,  
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy ;  
 For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,  
 We're tumbling topsy-turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,  
 And diff'rent colours knew, fir ;  
 But don't let us disturb our heads  
 With any more than two, fir :  
 White and red our glasses boast,  
 Reflection and refraction ;  
 Yet after him we'll name our toast,  
 The centre of attraction.

On that thesis we'll declaim,  
 With *stratum super stratum* ;  
 There's mighty magic in the name,  
 'Tis nature's *postulatum* :  
 Wine in nature's next to love,  
 Then wisely let us blend 'em ;  
 First, though, physically prove,  
 That *nunc tempus est bibendum*.

AT-

ATTEND all, I pray, to the words I've to say,  
In tablet of mem'ry insert 'em.

Rich wines do us raise to the honour of bays :

*Quam non fecere disertum ?*

Tol de rol de rol lol lol lol lol.

Of all the brisk juice the gods can produce,

Good claret preferr'd is before 'em ;

'Tis claret shall strait happy mortals create,

*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

We abandon all ale, and beer that is stale,

*Rosa solis, and damnable bum ;*

But sparkling bright red shall raise up its head

*Above omne quod exit in um.*

This, this is the wine, which, in former time,

Each wise-one of men they call'd Magi

Was wont to carouse in a chaplet of boughs,

*Recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Let the hop be their bane, let the rope be their  
shame,

Let the gout and the colic still pine 'em,

That offer to shrink, in taking their drink,

*Seu Græcum sive Latinum.*

Let the glass fly about till the bottle is out,

Let each do to each as he's done to ;

Avaunt those that hug th' abominable jug !

Amongst us *heteroclitæ sunt.*

There's no such disease as he that doth please

His palate with beer, for to shame us :

'Tis claret that brings Madam Fancy her wings,

And says—*Musa, majora canamus.*

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,

That drinketh not wine as we men do :

The more wine a man drinks, the more like subtle  
 sphynx,  
*Tantum valet iste loquendo.*

Art thou weak, art thou lame, dost thou sigh after  
 fame ?

Call for wine, and thou quickly shalt have it :  
 It will make the lame rise, it will make the fool  
 wise,  
*Cui vim Natura negavit.*

The more wine in my brain, the more merry my  
 vein ;

And this to me wisdom and bliss is :  
 For him that's too wise I can justly despise ;  
*Mecum confertur Ulysses.*

---

**H**AIL, Burgundy, thou juice divine,  
 Inspirer of my song !  
 The praises giv'n to other wine  
 To thee alone belong.  
 Of poignant wit and rosy charms  
 Thou canst the pow'r improve ;  
 Care of its sting thy balm disarms,  
 Thou noblest gift of Jove !  
 Care of its sting thy balm disarms,  
 Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus, on the parent-vines  
 From whence thy current streams,  
 Sweet-smiling, through the tendril shines,  
 And lavish darts his beams.  
 The pregnant grape receives his fires,  
 And all his force retains ;  
 With that same warmth our brain inspires,  
 And animates our strains.  
 With that, &c.

From

From thee, my Chloe's radiant eye  
 New sparkling beams receives ;  
 Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye ;  
 Her beauteous bosom heaves.  
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms,  
 Oh ! with what nervous heat !  
 Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,  
 And oft our blifs repeat.  
 Worthy the fair, &c.

The stoic, prone to thought intense,  
 Thy softness can unbend ;  
 A cheerful gaiety dispense,  
 And make him taste a friend.  
 His brow grows clear, he feels content,  
 Forgets his pensive strife ;  
 And then concludes his time well spent  
 In honest social life.  
 And then, &c.

E'en beaux, those soft amphibious things,  
 Wrapt up in self and dress,  
 Quite lost to the delight that springs  
 From sense, thy pow'r confess.  
 The sop, with chitty maudlin face,  
 That dares but deeply drink,  
 Forgets his cue and stiff grimace,  
 Grows free, and seems to think.  
 Forgets his cue, &c.

**R**AIL no more, ye learned asses,  
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;  
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses ;  
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.  
 Fill them higher still and higher,  
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;

Sipping quenches all our fire,  
 Bumpers light it up again.  
 Sipping quenches, &c.

Draw the scene for Wit and Pleasure ;  
 Enter Jollity and Joy ;  
 We for thinking have no leisure,  
 Manly mirth is our employ.  
 Since in life there's nothing certain,  
 We'll the present hour engage ;  
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,  
 With applause we'll quit the stage.  
 And, when Death, &c.

**W**HEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
 Joy exhilarates my soul ;  
 To the Nine I raise my song,  
 Ever fair and ever young.  
 When full cups my cares expel,  
 Sober counsel then farewell.  
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep  
 All my sorrows to the deep.  
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep  
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,  
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,  
 Leads me to delightful bow'rs,  
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.  
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,  
 And my locks with roses twine,  
 Then I praise life's rural scene,  
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,  
 (Richest fragrance flowing round),  
 And some lovely nymph detain,  
 Venus then inspires the strain.

When,



When, from goblets deep and wide,  
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,  
 All my soul unbends—I play  
 Gamefome with the young and gay.

---

**B**Y the gaily-circling glafs,  
 We can fee how minutes pafs ;  
 By the hollow cask are told  
 How the waning night grows old.  
 Soon, too soon, the busy day  
 Drives us from our fport away.  
 What have we with day to do ?  
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you !

By the filence of the owl,  
 By the chirping on the thorn,  
 By the butts that empty roll,  
 We foretell th' approach of morn.  
 Fill, then, fill the vacant glafs,  
 Let no precious moment flip :—  
 Flout the moralizing afs ;  
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

---

**F**LY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive  
 The namelefs soft transports that beauty can  
 give.

The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,  
 And ſhe in return yield the raptures of love,  
 And ſhe in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,  
 All grandeur inſipid, and riches a pain.  
 The fair ſplendid palace grows dark as the grave.  
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye gave.  
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye gave.

THE

**T**HE wanton god, who pierces hearts,  
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;  
 But the nymph disdains to pine,  
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.  
 Then farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd ;  
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,  
 Sure the puny fops are free,  
 To rid me of dull company.  
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,  
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please :  
 I love them much, but more my ease.  
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest :  
 Why should they e'er give me pain.  
 Who to give me joy disdain ?  
 All I hope of mortal man  
 Is to love me whilst he can.

**Y**OU know that our ancient philosophers hold,  
 There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or  
 gold ;  
 That bliss in externals no mortal can find :  
 And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their  
 mind.

What makes a man happy I never can doubt ;  
 'Tis something within him, and nothing without.  
 This something, they say, was the source of con-  
 tent ;  
 And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they  
 meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin ;  
 But, ye gods ! how divine, if ye get it within !

'Tis

'Tis then of all blessings the flourishing root ;  
And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting, the soul is deprest'd,  
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast :  
But, with wine at our hearts, we are always in love ;  
We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richest and greatest are poor, and repine,  
If with gold and with grandeur you give them no  
wine ;

But, wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,  
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a King.

With wine at my heart I am happy and free ;  
Externals without it are nothing to me.  
Come, fill ; and this truth from a bumper you'll  
know :—

That wine, wine alone, is our blessing below.

**Y**E lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,  
Releas'd from the the trouble of thinking :  
A fool long ago said we could nothing know ;  
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.  
To pore over Plato, or practise with Cato,  
Dispassionate dunces might make us :  
But men, now more wise, self-denial despise,  
And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor approach ;  
He solemnly up the stairs paces ;  
Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger to  
vein,  
And counts the repeats with grimaces.  
As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at stand—  
A tofs-up which party shall take us.

Away

Away with such cant—no prescriptions we want,  
But the nourishing noitrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,  
While misers 'midst plenty are pining ;  
While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,  
We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.  
Drink, drink, now 'tis prime ; tofs a bottle to  
Time,  
He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us :  
His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,  
By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What work is there made by the newspaper trade,  
Of this man's and t'other man's station !  
The ins are all bad, and the outs are all mad ;  
In and out is the cry of the nation.  
The politic patter which both parties chatter  
From bumpering freely shan't shake us :  
With half-pints in hand, independent we'll stand  
To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd ; be all charg'd and all  
prim'd :  
Have a care—right and left—and make ready.  
Right hand to glass join—at your lips rest your wine—  
Be all in your exercise steady.  
Our levels we boast, when our women we toast ;  
May graciously they undertake us !  
No more we desire—so drink and give fire,  
A volley to Beauty and Bacchus !

---

**L**ET a set of sober asses  
Rail against the joys of drinking,  
While water, tea,  
And milk, agree  
To set cold brains a thinking.

Power

Power and wealth,  
Beauty, health,  
Wit and mirth, in wine are crown'd ;  
Joys abound,  
Pleasure's found,  
Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness  
All differ'd in opinion ;  
But wiser rules  
Of modern schools  
In wine fix her dominion.  
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,  
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty ;  
Makes poets write,  
And soldiers fight,  
And friendship do its duty.  
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon  
Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;  
'Twas no other main  
Than brisk champaign,  
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.  
Power and wealth, &c.

When heaven in Pandora's box  
All kind of ill had sent us,  
In a merry mood  
A bottle of good  
Was cork'd up to content us.  
Power and wealth, &c.

All virtues wine is nurse to,  
Of ev'ry vice destroyer ;

Gives

Gives dullards wit,  
 Makes just the cit,  
 Truth forces from the lawyer.  
 Power and wealth, &c.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,  
 Our care and sorrow drowning.  
 Who rails at the bowl,  
 Is a Turk in's soul,  
 And a Christian ne'er should own him.  
 Power and wealth, &c.

---

**F**ILL your glasses, banish grief,  
 Laugh, and wordly care despise;  
 Sorrow ne'er will bring relief;  
 Joy from drinking will arise.  
 Why should we, with wrinkled care,  
 Change what nature made so fair?  
 Drink, and set the heart at rest;  
 Of a bad market make the best.

Busy brains we know, alas!  
 With imaginations run;  
 Like the sand i'th' hour-glass,  
 Turn'd and turn'd, and still run on,  
 Never knowing where to stay,  
 But uneasy every way.  
 Drink, and set the heart at rest;  
 Peace of mind is always best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,  
 Some to honours high aspire:  
 Give me freedom, give me health;  
 There's the sum of my desire.  
 What the world can more present,  
 Will not add to my content.

Drink,

Drink, and set your hearts at rest ;  
Of a bad market make the best.

---

**C**ONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be ;  
For what can this world more afford,  
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,  
And a cellar with liquor well stor'd,  
My brave boys,  
And a cellar with liquor well stor'd ?

My vault-door is open—descend and improve :  
That cask, fir, aye, that we will try ;  
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,  
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck ;  
'Twill light us the bottle to hand.  
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,  
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound these pipes, they're in tune ; search the bins,  
they're well fill'd ;  
View that heap of old hock in the rear.  
Yon bottles are Burgundy ; mark how they're  
pil'd,  
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp ; my soldiers my flasks,  
All gloriously rang'd in review :  
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks  
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my glass I'll enjoy,  
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout.  
He cry'd, when he had no more worlds to destroy :  
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

D

'Tis



'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
 No HIC JACET be cut on my stone;  
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
 And say that his drinking is done.

---

SINCE there's so small diff'rence 'twixt drowning  
 and drinking,  
 We'll tipple, and pray too, like mariners finking.  
 While they drink salt-water, we'll pledge 'em in  
 wine,  
 And pay our devotion at Bacchus's shrine.  
 O Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,  
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us!

From cens'ring the State, and what passes above,  
 From a surfeit of cabbage, from law-suits, and love,  
 From meddling with swords, and such dangerous  
 things,  
 And handling of guns in defending of kings,  
 O Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will start at a feather,  
 From ending a journey with loss of much leather,  
 From the folly of dying with grief or despair,  
 With our heads in the water, or heels in the air,  
 O Bacchus, &c.

From the usurer's gripe, from the knaves who tre-  
 pan,  
 That boldly pretend to do more than they can,  
 From the scolding of women, and bite of mad dogs,  
 And wandering over wild Irish bogs,  
 O Bacchus, &c.

From hunger and thirst, empty bottles and glasses,  
 From those whose religion consists in grimaces,  
 From



From e'er being cheated by female decoys,  
 From hum'ring old men, and from reas'ning with  
 boys,  
 O Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome insects and flies,  
 That think themselves pretty, or witty, or wise,—  
 From carrying a quartan, for mortification,  
 As long as a Ratifbon consultation,—  
 O Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us ;  
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us !

---

**I**N Charles the Second's merry days,  
 For wanton frolics noted,  
 A lover of cabals I was,  
 With wine like Bacchus bloated.  
 I preach'd unto my crowded pews,  
 Wine was by God's command, fir ;  
 And damn'd was he who did refuse  
 To drink while he could stand, fir.  
 And this is law I will maintain  
 Unto my dying day, fir :—  
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,  
 I'll drink a gallon a day, fir.

When James the sot assum'd the throne,  
 He strove to stand alone, fir ;  
 But quickly got so drunk, that down  
 He tumbled from the throne, fir.  
 One morning,—crop-sick, pale, and queer,  
 By sitting up with gay men,—  
 He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe  
 Deny the cup to laymen.  
 And this is law, &c.

Then Will, the tippling Dutchman sav'd  
 Our liberties from sinking ;

We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd  
 The privilege of thinking.  
 He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis said,  
 And held predestination :  
 Fool ! not to to know the tippling trade  
 Admits no trepidation !  
 And this is law, &c.

When brandy-Nan became our queen,  
 'Twas all a drunken story ;  
 I fat and drank from morn till e'en,  
 And so was thought a Tory.  
 Brim full of wine, all sober folks  
 We damn'd, and moderation ;  
 And for right Nantz, we pawn'd to France  
 Our dearest reputation.  
 And this is law, I will maintain,  
 For ever and for aye, fir :  
 That, whether king or queen shall reign,  
 I'll drink a gallon a day, fir.

King George the First then fill'd the throne,  
 And took the resolution  
 To drink all sorts of liquors known,  
 To save the Constitution.  
 He drank success in rare old rum,  
 Unto the State and Church, fir,  
 Till with a dose of Brunswick mum,  
 He dropp'd from off the perch, fir.  
 And this is law, &c.

King George the Second then arose,  
 A wise and valiant soul, fir :  
 He lov'd his people, beat his foes,  
 And push'd about the bowl, fir.  
 He drank his fill to Chatham Will,  
 To heroes, for he chose 'em ;  
 With us true Whigs he drank until  
 He slept in Abra'm's bosom.  
 And this is law, &c.

His

His present Majesty then came,  
 Whom heaven long preserve, fir !  
 He glory'd in a Briton's name,  
 And swore he'd never swerve, fir.  
 Though evil counsellors may think  
 His love from us to sever,  
 Yet let us loyal Britons drink—  
 King George the Third for ever !  
 And this is law I will maintain,  
 For ever and for aye, fir :—  
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,  
 I'll drink both night and day, fir.

---

**T**WO gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo,  
 One famous in music, the other in wine,  
 In heaven were raving, disputing, and braving,  
 Whose theme was the noblest, and trade most di-  
 vine.

Your music, says Bacchus, would stun us, and rack us,  
 Did claret not soften the discord you make,  
 Songs are not inviting, nor verses delighting,  
 Till poets of my great influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from melan-  
 choly ;

Who ever grew fat by the sound of a string ?  
 Rogues doom'd to a gibbet, do often contribute  
 To purchase a bottle before they dare swing.  
 In love I am noted, by old and young courted :  
 A girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won.  
 So great are the motions of one of my potions,  
 The Muses, though maids, I could whore ev'ry  
 one.

---

When mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indebted,  
 To me, as a father, for succour they cry :

In their sad conditions, I hear their petitions ;  
 A bottle revives the oppress'd votary.  
 Then leave off your tooting, your fiddling and fluting ;  
 Afide throw your harp, and now bow to a flask.  
 My joys they are riper than songs from a piper :  
 What music is sweeter than sounding a cask ?

Says Phœbus—This fellow is drunk, sure, or mellow,  
 To prize music less than wine and October ;  
 When those who love drinking are past thoughts of thinking,  
 And want so much wit as to keep themselves sober.  
 As they were thus wrangling, a scolding, and jangling,  
 Came buxom bright Venus, to end the dispute :  
 Says she—Now to ease ye, Mars best of all pleas'd me,  
 When arm'd with a bottle, and charm'd with a flute.

Your music has charm'd me, your wine has alarm'd me,  
 When I have been coy, and been hard to be won :  
 When both have been moving, I could not help loving ;  
 And wine has completed what music begun.  
 The gods, struck with wonder, vow'd both, by Jove's thunder,  
 They'd mutually join in supplying love's flame,  
 Since each, in their function, mov'd on in conjunction,  
 To melt with soft pleasures the amorous Dame.

---

**A**RIADNE one morning to Theseus was turning,  
 When, missing her man, to the beach down she flew.

Her

Her cries unavailing, she saw, far off sailing,  
His ship, 'fore the wind, lefs'ning swift to her  
view.

She tore her fine hair, beat her breast in despair ;  
Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down in a  
fwoon ;

When Bacchus, 'midst æther, begg'd leave of his fa-  
ther  
To comfort the Lady : Jove granted the boon.

Then, gently descending, her sorrows befriending,  
His *thyrsus* he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd  
earth,

When o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring tra-  
vel,

A spring of Champaign at her head bubbled  
forth.

She, wak'd with the scent, gave her sorrows fresh  
vent ;

Yet to drink she determin'd, exhausted by tears.

She tastes the Champaign, licks her lips—tastes  
again,

And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

As still she kept sipping, her heart lightly leaping,  
She look'd upon Thef. as a pitiful elf.

Wine turn'd her to singing, in hopes it would bring in  
A lover——'twas lonely to drink by herself.

The god, her adorer, confess'd stood before her ;

She hail'd the celestial, she welcom'd the guest :

Champaign stopp'd resistance, she kept not her dis-  
tance,

But jollily clasp'd the young buck to her breast.

Each girl, given over, betray'd by her lover,

To harts-horn, or salts, or salt-water, may fly ;

But we've an-elixir will properly fix her,

If properly she'll the prescription apply.

The

The recipe's wholesome, 'tis beauty's best balsam ;  
 For which we refuse, though, to pocket a fee.  
 As gratis we give it, girls grateful receive it—  
 So here's to the practice of love's *beaume de vie*.

---

**B**ACCHUS, one day gaily striding  
 On his never-failing ton,  
 Sneaking empty pots deriding,  
 Thus address'd each toping fon :—  
 Praise the joys that never vary,  
 And adore the liquid shrine ;  
 All things noble, gay, and airy,  
 Are perform'd by generous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,  
 Owe their noble rise to me ;  
 Poets wrote the flaming story,  
 Fir'd by my divinity.  
 If my influence is wanting,  
 Music's charms but slowly move ;  
 Beauty, too, in vain lies panting,  
 Till I fill the swains with love.

If you crave a lasting pleasure,  
 Mortals, this way bend your eyes ;  
 From my ever-flowing treasure,  
 Charming scenes of bliss arise.  
 Here's the soothing balmy blessing,  
 Sole dispeller of your pain ;  
 Gloomy souls from care releasing.  
 He, who drinks not, lives in vain !

---

**W**HEN once the gods, like us below,  
 To keep it up design,  
 Their goblets with fresh nectar flow,  
 Which makes them more divine.

Since

Since drinking deifies the soul,  
 Let's push about the flowing bowl.  
 Since drinking, &c.

The glitt'ring star, and ribband blue,  
 That deck the courtier's breast,  
 May hide a heart of blackest hue,  
 Though by a king carefs'd.  
 Let him in pride and splendour roll :  
 We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.  
 A flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriots rave,  
 And damn the courtly crew,  
 Because, like them, they want to have  
 The loaves and fishes too.  
 I care not who divides the coles,  
 So I can share a flowing bowl.  
 A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord-Chief-Justice be,  
 Sir Fletcher Speaker still;  
 At home let Sandwich rule the sea,  
 And North the Treasury fill.  
 No place I want throughout the whole,  
 But one that's near a flowing bowl.  
 A flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants Square-toes at old Nick,  
 And Miss is mad to wed ;  
 The doctor wants us to be sick ;  
 The undertaker, dead.  
 All have their wants from pole to pole :  
 I want an ever-flowing bowl.  
 A flowing bowl, &c.

**L**ET soldiers fight for pay and praise,  
 And money be the miser's wish ;

Peer



Poor scholars study all their days,  
 And gluttons glory in their dish.  
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls ;  
 Therefore give us cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal in their hair,  
 And in a lover's lock delight ;  
 And artificial colours wear ;  
 We have the native red and white.  
 'Tis wine, &c.

On pheasant, pout, and culver-salmon,  
 And how to please your palates, think ;  
 Give us a salt Westphalia gammon,  
 Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.  
 'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,  
 Those lively that before were dull ;  
 Those grow good fellows that were grave,  
 For kindness flows from cups brim-full.  
 'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the pthific, some the rheum ;  
 Some have the palsy, some the gout ;  
 Some swell with fat, and some consume ;  
 But they are found that drink all out.  
 'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,  
 Some want a wife, and some a punk ;  
 Some men want wit, and some want wealth ;  
 But he wants nothing that is drunk.  
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls ;  
 Therefore give us cheering bowls.

**F**ROM good liquor ne'er shrink ;  
 In friendship we'll drink,

And



And drown all grim care and pale sorrow,  
 Let us husband to-day ;  
 For time flies swift away,  
 And no one's assur'd of to-morrow.

Of all the grave sages  
 That grac'd the past ages,  
 Dad Noah the most did excel :  
 He first planted the vine,  
 First tasted the wine,  
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we  
 Get as bosky as he,  
 Since here's liquor as well will inspire ?  
 Thus I fill up my glass ;  
 I'll see that it pass  
 To the manes of that good old Sire.

**G**OD prosper long from being broke  
 The \* luck of Eden-hall :  
 A doleful drinking-bout I sing,  
 There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and can,  
 Duke Philip took his way ;  
 Babes yet unborn shall never see  
 The like of such a day.

The stout and ever-thirsty Duke  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure within Cumberland  
 Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave, too, of Martindale,  
 A brave and worthy knight,

Eftsoon

\* *A pint bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.*

Eftsoon with him a bargain made,  
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pafs about,  
Six in a hand went round ;  
And, with their calling for more wine,  
They made the hall refound.

Now, when thefe merry tidings reach'd  
The Earl of Harold's ears,  
And am I (quoth he with an oath)  
Thus flighted by my peers ?

Saddle my fteed, bring forth my boots,  
I'll be with them right quick ;  
And, mafter fheriff, come you too :  
We'll know this fcurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come,  
One did at table fay.  
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled Duke ;  
How will he get away ?

When thus the Earl began : Great Duke,  
I'll know how this did chance,  
Without inviting me ; fure this  
You did not learn in France ?

One of us two, for this offence,  
Under the board fhall lie.  
I know thee well ; a Duke thou art ;  
So fome years hence fhall I.

But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere  
So much good wine to fpill,  
As thefe companions here may drink  
Ere they have had their fill.

Let

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,  
 This grand affair decide.  
 Accurs'd be he, Duke Wharton said,  
 By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,  
 Many a pint went round ;  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd  
 He had the Earl secure,  
 He ply'd him with a full pint glass,  
 And laid him on the floor :

Who never spoke more words than these,  
 After he downwards sunk :—  
 My, worthy friends, revenge my fall ;  
 Duke Wharton sees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, Duke Philip took  
 The sick man by the joint ;  
 And said—Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,  
 Would I had drunk this pint.

Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,  
 And doth within me sink ;  
 For surely a more sober Earl  
 Did never swallow drink.

With that, the sheriff, in a rage,  
 To see the Earl so smit,  
 Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer  
 Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'Squire forth,  
 Of visage thin and pale !  
 Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,  
 Fast by the River Twale :

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Who