

A
S E L E C T
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
E N G L I S H S O N G S.
P A R T T H E T H I R D.

D R I N K I N G - S O N G S.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. JOHNSON in St. Pauls Church-yard.
M D C C L X X X I I I.



DRINKING SONGS.

SONG I.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
Their face, and their air, and their mien—what a rout !
Here's to thee, my lad !—push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
Remember what topers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

SONG III.

SOME say women are like the seas,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks ;
 Some the rose that soon decays ;
 Some the weather, and some the cocks :
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
 As wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

Women are witches, when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine ;
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine ;
 They put a gig in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool :
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your visage so pale ?
 What is't that makes your looks divine ?
 What is't that makes your courage to fail ?
 Is it not women ? Is it not wine ?
 'Tis wine will make you sick when you're well ;
 'Tis women that make your forehead to swell :
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

SONG IV.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass ;
 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 a 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 heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends,

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

We

DRINKING SONGS.

5

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 title 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.

SONG V.

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
 And she thinks of a hogshead whene'er she sees me ;
 For I smell like a beast, and therefor must I,
 Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny.
 Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
 And I hope will continue so to my lifes end ?
 Must I leave it for her ? 'tis a very hard task :
 Let her go to the devil !—bring the other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear :
 Had she found out my Sally, up three pair of stairs,
 I had balk'd her and gone to St. Jameses to prayers.

Had she bid me read homilies three times a day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say ;
 But, at night, to deny me my bottle of red,
 Let her go to the devil ! — there's no more to be said.

SONG VI.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long ;
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

SONG VII.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

BY MR. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

A Book, a friend, a song, a glass,
 A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,
 To mortals various joys impart,
 Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice

Thrice happy they who, careless, laid
Beneath a kind-embowering shade,
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Mean while the Muses wake the lyre,
The Graces modest mirth inspire,
Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit ;
Well-temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

Let sacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there.
Music and wine in concert move
With beauty and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,
And bid her olives round us spring.
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest !
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone, ambition, riches, toys,
And splendid cares, and guilty joys :—
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,
And a chaste laughter-loving lass.

SONG VIII.

PLATOS ADVICE.*

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great ?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore ;
 The wealth and glory they possess'd,
 And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls :—
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls :—
 When Jove us calls we must obey.

* An alteration of a poem, written by the rev. Mr. Mathew (husband of the celebrated Letitia) Pilkington, beginning,
 "Why, Lycidas, should man be vain."

SONG

DRINKING SONGS.

9

SONG IX.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay,
I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
Nor love my brisk youth away :
Give me but an honest fellow,
That's pleasantest when he is mellow,
We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
But wine makes us doubly see.
The female is true to no man,
Deceit is inherent to woman,
But none in a brimner can be.

SONG X.

BID 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.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason, youth desire ;

Shall

Shall then that rebel man presume
 (Inverting natures law) to seize
 The dues of age in youths high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?

No—let me waste the frolic May
 In wanton joys and wild excess,
 In revel sport, and laughter gay,
 And mirth, and rosy chearfulness.
 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.

SONG XI.

BY MR. GAY.*

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone, who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow ;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.

* In the Beggars Opera.

SONG XII.

BY DR. DALTON. *

PREACH not to me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by ;
 An hour is long, if lost in care ;
 They only live, who life enjoy.

SONG XIII. †

COME now, all ye social powers,
 Shed your influence o'er us ;
 Crown with joy, the present hours,
 Enliven those before us.

Bring the flask, the music bring.
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing ;
 And cast dull care behind us.

Love thy godhead I adore,
 Source of generous passion ;
 But will ne'er bow down before
 Those idols wealth or fashion.
 Bring the flask, &c.

* In his excellent alteration of the *Masque of Comus*.† Altered and enlarged from the *finale* of Bickerstaff's *School for Fathers*.

DRINKING SONGS.

Friendship with thy smile divine,
 Brighten all our features ;
 What but friendship, love and wine
 Can make us happy creatures.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why the deuce should we be sad,
 While on earth we moulder ;
 Grave or gay, or wise or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away
 Spite of all our sorrow ;
 Heighten every joy to-day,
 Never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask, the music bring ;
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

SONG XIV.

CATO'S ADVICE.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
 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 to increase, while his health does decay,
 Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
 And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

All

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,
With some tender fair the 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.

SONG XV.

FROM ANACREON.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
It then should be my chiefest care,
To get a heap, that I might say,
When death came to demand his pay,
Thou slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since life is not to be bought,
Why should I plague myself for nought ;
Or foolishly disturb the skies
With vain complaints, or fruitless cries ?
For if the fatal destinies
Have all decreed it shall be so,
What good will gold or crying do ?

Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
The joys and comforts of the bowl ;
Freedom and health, and whilst I live,
Let me not want what love can give :
Then shall I die in peace, and have
This consolation in the grave,
That once I had the world my slave.

SONG

SONG XVI.

AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LET us drink and be merry,
 Dance, joke, and rejoice,
 With claret and sherry,
 Theorboe and voice :
 The changeable world
 To our joy is unjust,
 All treasure's uncertain,
 Then down with your dust.
 In frolics dispose
 Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
 For we shall be nothing
 An hundred years hence.

We'll kiss and be free
 With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
 Have oysters and lobsters,
 And maids by the belly.
 Fish dinners will make
 A lass spring like a flea;
 Dame Venus, loves goddef,
 Was born of the sea:
 With Bacchus and her
 We'll tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it
 An hundred years hence.

Your

Your most beautiful bit,
That hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sells
For a hogoe of honour,
Whose lightness and brightnes
Doth shine in such splendour,
That none bnt the stars
Are thought fit to attend her ;
Though now she be pleasant,
And sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred years hence.

The usurer, that
In the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth,
And pines in his plenty ;
Lays up for a season
Which he shall ne'er see,
The year one thousand
Eight hundred and three :
His wit, and his wealth,
His learning, and sense,
Shall be turned to nothing
An hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-lawyers,
Whose subtilety thrives,
In spinning out suits
To the length of three lives ;

Such



DRINKING SONGS.

SONG I.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO ! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
Their face, and their air, and their mien—what a rout !
Here's to thee, my lad !—push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
Remember what topers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

VOL. II.

B

'Tis

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council board ;
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquering sword.

SONG XVIII.

AS swift as time put round the glass,
 And husband well lives little space ;
 Perhaps your sun, which shines so bright,
 May set in everlasting night.

Or, if the sun again should rise,
 Death, ere the morn, may close your eyes ;
 Then drink, before it be too late,
 And snatch the present hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round ;
 Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound ;
 In these alone true wisdom lies,
 For, to be merry's to be wise.

SONG XIX.*

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away.

* "Made extempore by a Gentleman, occasion'd by a Fly drinking out of his Cup of Ale."

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline:
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore ;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

SONG XX.

ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

BY THE REV. MR. FAWKES.

WHEN 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 expell,
 Sober counsels then farewell ;
 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 bowers,
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise lifes rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain,

When

DRINKING SONGS.

29

When from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the generous tide,
 All my soul abhors—I play,
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

SONG XXI.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure,
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
 Now the hours invite, comply ;
 Whilst you idly pause, they fly :
 Blest, a nimble pace they keep ;
 But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals learn your lives to measure,
 Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
 Soon your spring must have a fall ;
 Loosing youth, is losing all :
 Then you'll ask, but none will give you
 And may linger, but not live.

SONG XXII.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles :
 I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the Fates will ist
 You, my boy,
 Must go
 (The gods will have it so)
 To the siege of Troy ;
 Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those walls to be slain.

C 2

Ne'er

DRINKING SONGS.

25

Fill up the bowl, boys, fill it high ;
Fill all the glasses here; for why
Should every creature drink but I ?
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

SONG XXVIII.

BY ARTHUR DAWSON ESQ.*

YE good fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's claret good store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted,
With six bottles more:
Be sure you don't pass
The good house Money Glass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
'Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear :
Come hither, I'll show you
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
For what mortal so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

* Third baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Who is said to have translated it from one of the compositions of Carolan, a celebrated modern Irish bard.

Ye

SONG XXIV.

EVERY man take a glass in his hand,
 And drink a good health to the king ;
 Many years may he rule o'er this land ;
 May his laurels for ever fresh spring :
 Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,
 Let ev'ry man strive for his countrys peace ;
 Neither tory nor whig
 With their parties look big :
 Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name
 That proves a man loyal and just ;
 Let him fight for his countrys fame,
 Be impartial at home if in trust ;
 'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
 His health we'll drink in a brimful bowl :
 Then let's leave off debate,
 No confusion create ;
 Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
 With intent to be merry and gay,
 Their drooping spirits to whet,
 And drown the fatigues of the day ;
 What madness is it thus to dispute,
 When neither side can his man confute ?
 When you've said what you dare,
 You're but just where you were,
 Here's a health to all honest men.

DRINKING SONGS.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
 And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name ;
 Let your enemies trembling see,
 That an Englishman's always the same ;
 For our king, our church, our law, and right,
 Let's lay by all feuds, and straight unite,
 Then who need care a fig,
 Who's a tory or whig :
 Here's a health to all honest men.

SONG XXX.

BY TOM BROWN.

WINE, wine in a morning
 Makes us frolic and gay,
 That like eagles we soar,
 In the pride of the day ;
 Gouty sots of the night
 Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripes the grape,
 And to drinking gives light ;
 We imitate him,
 When by noon we're at height ;
 They steal wine, who take it
 When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines ;
 The higher he rises
 The more he refines,
 For wine and wit fall
 As their maker declines.

SONG

SONG XXVI.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his brine,
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain !
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking ;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetises lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine ;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals when bless'd with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again !
Nay even the beggar that has ne'er a dish
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every ones brow,
Hob as great as a prince dancing after the plow !
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

SONG XXVII.

FROM ANACREON.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY ESQ.

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts, and gapes for drink again;
The plants set in the earth, they are
By constant drinking fresh and fair:

The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need to drink,
Drinks many a thousand rivers up,
Into his overflowing cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
By his drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when that's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.

They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night ;
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.

Fill

DRINKING SONGS.

25

Fill up the bowl, boys, fill it high ;
Fill all the glasses here; for why
Should every creature drink but I ?
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

SONG XXVIII.

BY ARTHUR DAWSON ESQ.*

YE good fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's claret good store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted,
With six bottles more:
Be sure you don't pass
The good house Money Glass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
'Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear :

Come hither, I'll show you
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
For what mortal so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

* Third baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Who is said to have translated it from one of the compositions of Carolan, a celebrated modern Irish bard.

Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking fain'd Helicon's brook,
 Though all you get by't
 Is a dinner oft-times,
 In reward of your rhimes,
 With Humphrey the duke :
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the muses, those senseless old crones ;
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhiming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders
 Who serv'd us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne :
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who mylt'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
 How worthy to rise !
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year :

Come

Come here without failing,
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;
 Says the text so divine,
 What is life without wine ?
 Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust !
 You know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right,
 As you chance to be fee'd :
 Leave masty reports,
 And forsake the kings courts,
 Where Dulness and Discord have set up their thrones ;
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
 With all your damn'd entries,
 And away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowlege consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe
 Have at your devotion
 Pills, bolus, or potion,
 Be what will the case :
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister, and bleed ?
 When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

DRINKING SONGS.

Ye foxhunters eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake,
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the brake
 Where the vermin is found :
 Leave Piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Duchefs and Trueman ;
 No music is found in such dissonant tones :
 Would you ravish your ears
 With the songs of the spheres,
 Hark away to the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

SONG XXIX.

IN THE PRAISE OF SACK.

BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

L ISTEN all, I pray,
 To the words I've to say,
 In memory sure insert 'em ;
 Rich wines do us raise
 To the honour of bays ;
Quem non fecere desertum ?

Of all the juice
 Which the gods produce,
 Sack shall be preferr'd before 'em ;
 'Tis sack that shall
 Create us all
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

DRINKING SONGS.

29

We abandon all ale,
And beer that is stale,
Rosa Solis and damnable hum;
But we will crack
In the praise of sack,
'Gainst *omne quod exit in uinum.*

This is the wine
Which in former time
Each wife one of the Magi
Was wont to carouse
In a frolicsome blouse,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane
And a rope be their shame,
Let the gout and the cholic pine 'em
That offer to shrink
In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, siue Latinum.

Let the glass go round,
Let the quart pot sound;
Let each one do as he's done to;
Avaunt ye that hug
The abominable jug.
'Mongst us *beteroclita sunt.*

There's

There's no such disease
 As he that doth please
 His palate with *beer* for to frame us ;
 'Tis sack makes us *big*,
 Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute
 Or does poorly dispute,
 That drinks not wine as we ~~men~~ do ;
 The more a man drinks,
 Like a subtile sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

'Tis true our souls,
 By the lousy bowls
 Of beer that doth naught but swill us,
 Do go into swine,
 (Pythagoras 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutatis et illas.

When I've sack in my brain
 I'm in a merry vein,
 And this to me a bliss is ;
 Him that is wise
 I can justly despise,
Mecum confertur Ulysses ?

How

DRINKING SONGS.

31

How it clears the brains !
How it warms the veins !
How against all crosses it arms us !
How it makes him that's poor
Courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his *ale* ;
By sack he that waxes,
In our syntaxis,
Eft verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame,
Or thy wits to blame ?
Call for sack and thou shalt have it ;
'Twill make him rise,
And be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolic roundas,
We have merry go-downs.
Yet nothing is done at random ;
For when we're to pay,
We club and away,
Id est commune notandum.

The

DRINKING SONGS.

The blades that want cash,
 Have credit for crash,
 They'll have sack whatever it cost'em ;
 They do not pay
 Till another day,
Manet alta mente reposum.

Who ne'er fails to drink
 All clear from the brink,
 With a smooth and even swallow,
 I'll offer at his shrine,
 And call it divine,
Et erit mibi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still,
 And ne'er has his fill,
 Hath a passage like a conduit :
 The sack doth inspire
 In rapture and fire,
Sic æther ætbera fundit.

When you merrily quaff,
 If any go off,
 And slyly offer to pass ye,
 Give their nose a twitch,
 And kick 'em in the breech
Nam componuntur ab æsti.

I have

I have told you plain,
 And will tell you again,
 Be he furious as Orlando,
 He is an ass
 That from hence doth pass,
Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.

SONG XXX.

COME fill me a glass, fill it high,
 A bumper, a bumper I'll have ;
 He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate him an inch,
 Though I drink myself into the grave.

Here's a health then to those jolly fools,
 Who like me will ne'er give o'er ;
 Who no danger controuls, but will take off their bowls,
 And merry stickle for more.

Drown reason, and all such weak foes,
 I scorn to obey her command,
 Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
 And let my glass idly stand ?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
 A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
 Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
 And bring us to positive thinking.

Tell'em all, I'll have six in my hand,
 For I've trifled an age away :
 'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
 We'll drink the universe dry ;
 We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
 If once we grow sober we die.

SONG XXXI.

RAIL no more ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Suck 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,
 Bumper: light it up again.

Draw the scene for Wit and Pleasure,
 Easter 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.

SONG XXXII.

THE TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.*

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

* Consisted originally of but six verses. The author afterwards inserted a number of additional stanzas, of which, those included within crochets have been sometimes printed as part of the song. The whole is contained in a little pamphlet, intituled *Wine and Wisdom, or the Tipling Philosophers*, a lyric poem. Lond. 1710.

Heraclitus

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to comfort his heart,
But when he was maudlin would cry,
Because he had emptied his quart :
Though some are so foolish to think
He wept at mans folly and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul ;
And would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a full flowing bowl :
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

[Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Croesus a slave,
Though a king, to his coffers of gold ;
He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
But, drinking, much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heightened his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
Late hours he certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.]

[Old Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts
 Which he drank like a miser at home :
 And to show he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, we may truly aver it,
 That he tinctur'd the bath with his blood,
 So fancied he died in his claret.]

Pythag'ras did silence enjoin
 On his pupils, who wisdom would seek,
 Because that he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak :
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conciev'd transmigration of souls.]

Copernicus, like to the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And fancied a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancied the world like his brains,
 Run round like a chariot wheel.

[Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,
 By Athens so greatly ador'd,
 With a bottle would boldly engage,
 When mellow, was brisk as a bird ;
 Would chat, tell a story, and jest,
 Most pleasantly over a glass,
 And thought a dumb guest at a feast,
 But a dull philosophical ass.]

{ Anaxarchus,

[Anaxarchus, more patient than Job,
 By pestles was pounded to death,
 Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob
 Should waste the remains of his breath :
 But sure he was free with the glass,
 And drank to a pitch of disdain,
 Or the strength of his wisdom, alas !
 I fear would have flinch'd at the pain.]

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was as large as a watering trough ;
 He therefore jump'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 skeptic to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.]

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

SONG XXXIII.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY. *

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
 All were lovers of the bottle ;
 Poets, painters, and musicians,
 Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
 All admire a pretty lass,
 All require a cheerful glass :
 Ev'ry pleasure has its season,
 Love and drinking are no treason.

SONG XXXIV.

FROM MILTON. †

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity ;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head,
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave laws in slumber lie.

* In the burlesque opera of the Dragon of Wantley.

† In the Masque of Comus.

SONG

SONG XXXV.

BY DR. DALTON. *

BY the gayly circling glass
 We can see how the minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play.
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care ! 'twas made for you.

SONG XXVI.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN ESQ. †

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine ;
 We -- planets that are not able
 Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound !
 You'll soon grow bright
 With borrow'd light,
 And shine as he goes round.

SONG XXXVII.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Show all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.

* In the Masque of Comus.

† In the Duenna.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts in the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
 With war I've nought to do ;
 I'm none of those that took Macstrick,
 Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars or constellations ;
 For I am no sir Sydraphel,
 Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
 Then add two lovely boys ;
 Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
 May drink and love still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

SONG XXXVIII.

FROM ANACREON.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul ;
 Vast as my thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave ;
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I design to bury't there.

Let

DRINKING SONGS.

41

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup amongst the stars.
 Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul.

SONG XXXIX.

YOU 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 said, was the source of content,
 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 we get it within ;
 '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,
 And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast ;
 But with wine in our hearts we are always in love,
 We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The

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 is, of blessings, the blessing below.

SONG XL.

IN PRAISE OF WINE.

BY BEN JONSON?

LET soldiers fight for pay and praise,
And money be the misers wish;
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish:
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls,
Therefor give me the clearing bowls.

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

Your 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.

DRINKING SONGS.

43

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

Some have the tisic, some the rheum,
Some have the palsey, 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 me the clearing bowls.

SONG XLI.

A BACCHANALIAN RANT.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine ;
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine !
Stock'd with nothing else but wine ;
Let wine its only product be,
Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Le

Let other mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care ;
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink,
 My sole ambition is to drink.

SONG XLII.

[I Am the king and prince of 'drinkers,'
 Ranting, rattling, jovial boys :
 We despise your sullen thinkers,
 And fill the tavern with 'our' noise.
 We sing and we roar,
 And we drink and call for more,
 And make more noise than twenty can ;
 'Tis therefore all we swear,
 That the man who knows no care,
 He only deserves the name of a man.]

My friend and I we drank whole pifspots
 Full of sack up to the brim :
 I drank to my friend, and he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim :
 Three bottles and a quart,
 We swallow'd down our throat,
 But hang such puny fips as these ;
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
 And tipp'd whole hogsheads off with ease,
 I heard of a fop that drank whole tankards,
 Stil'd himself the prince of sots :
 But I say now hang such silly drunkards,
 Melt their flaggons, break their pots.

My

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

Some have the tisic, some the rheum,
 Some have the palsey, 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 me the clearing bowls.

SONG XLI.

A BACCHANALIAN RANT.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
 I am the only god of wine;
 It is not fit the wretch should be
 In competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine!
 Stock'd with nothing else but wine;
 Let wine its only product be,
 Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,
 And let that wine be all for me.

Le

'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a beast ;
 But when we carouse it fix in hand,
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

SONG XLII.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care,
 He needs neither Parthian quiver nor spear :
 The Moors poison'd dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out, with my skin full of wine,
 Incumbered neither with care nor with coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible dun,
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he ran.

No monster could put you in half so much fear,
 Should he in Apulias forest appear ;
 In Africas desart there never was seen
 A monster so hated by gods and by men.

Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
 Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine ;
 O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
 Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or

DRINKING SONGS.

42

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,
And had I Homers pen;
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who made them soon agree;
And had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some dart to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And beauty close embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely fit
In fat unwieldy state.

E

Bacchus

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
 Near Comus Jocus plac'd ;
 Thus wine makes love forget its care,
 And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the spritely god,
 Each sweet engaging grace
 Put on some clothes to come abroad,
 And took a waiters place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
 A lady of the sky,
 While Bacchus swore he'd drink the 12's,
 And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus tost'd his brimmer o'er,
 And always got the most ;
 Jocus took care to fill him more,
 Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch,
 Then fill'd and drank again ;
 And if the gods can take too much
 'Tis said, they did so then.

Free jests run all the table round,
 And with the wine conspire
 (While they by fly reflection wound)
 To set their heads on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
 By reck'ning his deceits ;
 And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
 With all his stagg'ring gaits.

And

DRINKING SONGS.

42

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest ;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,
And had I Homers pen ;
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who made them soon agree ;
And had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow ;
But kept some dart to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And beauty close embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely fit
In fat unwieldy state.

E

Bacchus

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
 For one fresh glass prepare ;
 They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
 And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
 This our instructive song ;
 For though such friendships may be dear,
 They can't continue long.

SONG XLV.

A TRUE AND LAMENTABLE BALLAD;

CALLED

THE EARLS DEFEAT.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chase.

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

On both sides slaughter and gigantick deeds. MILTON.

GOD 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.

* A pint bumper at sir Christopher Musgraves.

The

DRINKING SONGS.

51

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 true and worthy knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

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

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The earl of Harolds ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus slighted by my peers?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick;
And, master sheriff, come you too;
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo! yonder doth earl Harold come;
(Did one at table say;)
'Tis well, replied 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, sure this
You did not learn in France.

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

But, trust me, Wharton, pity it were,
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

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

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

When, at the laft, the duke espied
He had the earl secure;
He plied him with a full pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downward funk,
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 the pint.

Alack!

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,
Faft by the river Swale.

Who said he would not have it told,
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he should fit by ;
So, sheriff, I'm your man.

Now when these tidings reach'd the room,
Where the duke lay in bed,
How that the 'squire suddenly
Upon the floor was laid.

O heavy tidings ! (quoth the duke)
Cumberland witness be,
I have not any toper more,
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,
Within as short a space,
How that the under-sheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him (said the earl)
 Sith 'twill no better be,
 I trust I have within my town,
 As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
 Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield ;
 But with a bumper in his hand,
 He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end ;
 And each man of the slain
 Were quickly carried off to bed,
 Their senses to regain.

God bless the king, the duchess fat,
 And keep the land in peace,
 And grant that drunkenness henceforth
 'Mong noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our royal prince,
 The nations other hope,
 And give us grace for to defy
 The Devil and the Pope.

SONG XLVI.

COME, come, my hearts of gold,
 Let us be merry and wise,
 It is a proverb of old,
 Suspicion has double eyes :

Whatever

Whatever we say or do,
Let's not drink to disturb the brain,
Let's laugh for an hour or two,
And ne'er be drunk again.

A cup of old sack is good,
To drive the cold winter away ;
'Twill cherish and comfort the blood
Most when a man's spirits decay :
But he that drinks too much,
Of his head he will complain
Then let's have a gentle touch,
And ne'er be drunk again.

Good claret was made for man,
But man was not made for it ;
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our wit ;
Good fellowship is abus'd,
And wine will infect the brain ;
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with good fellows we meet,
A quart among three or four,
'Twill make us stand on our feet,
While others lie drunk on the floor.
Then, drawer, go fill us a quart,
And let it be claret in grain ;
'Twill cherish and comfort the heart,
But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Here's a health to our noble king,
 And to the queen of his heart;
 Let's laugh, and merrily sing,
 And he's a coward that will start:
 Here's a health to our general,
 And to those that were in Spain,
 And to our colonel,
 And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a feast,
 If a man did but measure know;
 A drunkard's worse than a beast,
 For he'll drink till he cannot go.
 If a man could time recall,
 In a tavern that's spent in vain,
 We'd learn to be sober all,
 And we'd ne'er be drunk again.

SONG XLVII.

BY M.R. GARRICK.

YE true honest Britons who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.
 Let us sing our own treasures, old Englands good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd fruit,
 But we who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with our
 poles,
 We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-jaws ring,
 For your beef-eating, beer-drinking britons are souls,
 Who will spend their last drop for their country and
 king.

Let us sing our own treasures, old Englands good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

SONG XLVIII.

IN PRAISE OF ALE.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
 And winter tells a heavy tale,
 When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
 Do sit and curse the frosts and snows,
 Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
 Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
 Quickens the poets wit and pen,
 Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
 And forms the march of Swedish drum,
 Disputes with princes, laws and rights,
 What's done and past tells mortal wights
 And what's to come,

Ale,

Ale, that the plowmans heart upkeeps,
 And equals it to tyrants thrones,
 That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps,
 The o'er wearied bones.

Grand child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
 Wines emulous neighbour if but stale,
 Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
 And filling each mans heart with laighter,
 Oh ! give me ale.

O.

SONG XLIX.

THE EX-ALE-TATION OF ALE.

NOT drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,
 I met with a friend in Alesbury vale ;
 He saw by my face, that I was in good case
 To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

Then did he me greet, and said, since we meet,
 (And he put me in mind of the name of the dale)
 For Alesburys sake some pains I would take,
 And not bury the praise of a pot of good ale.

The more to procure me, then he did adjure me
 If the ale I drank last were nappy and stale,
 To do it its right, and stir up my sprite,
 And fall to commend a pot of good ale.

Quoth

Quoth I, to commend it I dare not begin,
Lest therein my credit might happen to fail;
For many men now do count it a sin,
But once to look toward a pot of good ale.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,
Nor any thing else my courage to quail:
For this we do find, that take it in kind,
Much virtue there is in a pot of good ale.

And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grac'd,
Nor the merry-go-down without pull or hale,
Perfuming the throat, when the stomach's afloat,
With the fragrant sweet scent of a pot of good ale.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the fight,
To see how it flowers and mantles in graile,
As green as a leek, with a smile in the cheek,
The true orient colour of a pot of good ale.

But I mean the mind and the good it doth find;
Not only the body so feeble and frail;
For body and soul may bless the black bowl,
Since both are beholden to a pot of good ale.

For when heaviness the mind doth oppress,
And sorrow and grief the heart do assaile,
No remedy quicker than to take off your liquor,
And to wash away cares with a pot of good ale.

The widow that buried her husband of late,
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail.
And think every day twain, till she marry again,
If she read the contents of a pot of good ale.

It is like the belly-blast to a cold heart,
And warms and engenders the spirits vitale,
To keep them from damage all sp'rits owe their homage,
To the sprite of the buttery, a pot of good ale.

And down the legs to the virtue doth go,
And to a bad footman is as good as a sail ;
When it fills the veins, and makes light the brains :
No lacky so nimble as a pot of good ale.

The naked complains not for want of a coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tail ;
All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his nose,
If he be but well wrapp'd in a pot of good ale.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Though his stomach would brook a ten-penny nail ;
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparks of a pot of good ale.

The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the year eats neither partridge nor quail,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast,
With a crust of brown bread, and a pot of good ale.

The shepherd, the sower, the thresher, the mower,
The one with his scythe, the other with his flail,
Take them out by the poll, on the peril of my soul,
All will hold up their hands to a pot of good ale.

The blacksmith whose bellows all summer do blow,
With the fire in his face still without e'er a veil,
Though his throat be full dry he will tell you no lie
But where you may be sure of a pot of good ale.

Whoever

Whoever denies it, the pris'ners will praise it,
That beg at the grate and, lie in the jail,
For even in their fetters, they think themselves better,
May they get but a twopenny black pot of good ale.

The beggar whose portion is always his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his tail,
Is as rich in his rags as the churl in his bags,
If he once but shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
Forgetting his brown bread, his wallet and mail,
He walks in the house like a six-footed louse,
If he once be enrich'd with a pot of good ale.

And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,
And wearies himself quite at the plough-tail,
Will speak no less things than of queens and of kings,
If he touch but the top of a pot of good ale.

'Tis like a whetstone to a blunt wit,
And makes a supply where nature doth fail ;
The dullest wit soon will look quite through the moon,
If his temples be wet with a pot of good ale.

Then Dick to his dearling full boldly dares speak,
Though before (silly fellow) his courage did quail,
He gives her the smouch, with his hand on his pouch,
If he meet by the way with a pot of good ale.

And it makes the carter a courtier straitway,
With rhetorical terms he will tell his tale,
With courtesies great store, and his cap up before,
Being school'd but a little with a pot of good ale.

The

The old man whose tongue wags faster than his teeth,
 (For old age by nature doth drivel and drale)
 Will frig and will fling like a dog in a string,
 If he warm his cold blood with a pot of good ale.

And the good old clerk whose sight waxeth dark,
 And ever he thinks the print is too small,
 He will see every letter, and say service better,
 If he glaze but his eyes with a pot of good ale.

The cheeks and the jaws to commend it have cause ;
 For where they were late but even wan and pale,
 They will get them a colour, no crimson is fuller,
 By the true dye and tincture of a pot of good ale.

Mark her enemies, though they think themselves wise,
 How meagre they look, with how low a wale,
 How their cheeks do fall, without spirits at all,
 That alien their minds from a pot of good ale.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,
 Methinks I were able to give by retail,
 Commodities store, a dozen and more,
 That flow to mankind from a pot of good ale.

The Muses would muse any should it misuse :
 For it makes them to sing like a nightingale,
 With a lofty trim note, having washed their throat,
 With the Caballine spring of a pot of good ale.

And the musician of any condition,
 It will make him reach to the top of his scale ;
 It will clear his pipes, and moisten his lights,
 If he drink *alternatim* a pot of good ale.

The poet divine that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times fail,
Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,
If he be but inspir'd with a pot of good ale.

For ballads Elderton never had beer,
How went his wit in them, with how merry a gale ;
And with all the sails up, had he been at the cup,
And washed his beard with a pot of good ale.

And the power of it shows, no whit less in prose,
It will fill ones phrase, and set forth his tale :
Fill him but a bowl, it will make his tongue troul,
For flowing speech flows from a pot of good ale.

And master philosopher, if he drink his part,
Will not trifle his time in the husk or the shale,
But go to the kernel by the depth of his art,
To be found in the bottom of a pot of good ale.

Give a scholar of Oxford a pot of sixteen,
And put him to prove that an ape hath no tail,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from Botley a pot of good ale.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not a whit,
But rather doth further the virtues morale,
Then think it not much if a little I touch,
The good moral parts of a pot of good ale.

To the church and religion it is a good friend,
Or else our forefathers their wisdom did fail,
That at every mile, next to the church stile,
Set a consecrate house to a pot of good ale.

But now, as they say, beer bears it away ;
 The more is the pity, if right might prevail ;
 For with this same beer, came up heresy here,
 The old catholic drink is a pot of good ale.

The churches much owe, as we all do know,
 For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
 By a Whitsun or Church-ale up again they shall go,
 And owe their repairing to a pot of good ale.

Truth will do it right, it brings truth to light,
 And many bad matters it helps to reveal ;
 For they that will drink, will speak what they think :
 Tom Tell-troth lies hid in a pot of good ale.

It is Justices friend, she will it commend,
 For all is here served by measure and tale ;
 Now true-tale, and good measure are Justices treasure,
 And much to the praise of a pot of good ale.

And next I alledge it is Fortitudes edge,
 For a very cow-herd, that shrinks like a snail,
 Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his dagger,
 If he be but arm'd with a pot of good ale.

Yea ale hath her knights and squires of degree,
 That never wore corslet, nor yet shirt of mail,
 But have fought their fights all, 'twixt the pot and the wall,
 When once they were dubb'd with a pot of good ale.

And sure it will make a man suddenly wise,
 Ere-while was scarce able to tell a right tale :
 It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,
 As made a right bencher of a pot of good ale.

Or

Or he that will make a bargain to gain,
In buying or setting his goods forth to sale,
Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
And seal up his match with a pot of good ale.

But for soberness needs must I confess,
The matter goes hard; and few do prevail
Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,
Such is the attractive of a pot of good ale.

But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
And ever doth tend to the best avail;
If you take it too deep it will make you but sleep;
So comes no great harm of a pot of good ale.

If, reeling, they happen to fall to the ground;
The fall is not great, they may hold by the rail:
If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
For that gift is given to a pot of good ale.

If drinking about they chance to fall out,
Fear not that alarm, though flesh be but frail,
It will prove that some blows, or at most a bloody nose,
And friends again strait with a pot of good ale.

And physic will favour ale as it is bound,
And be against beer both tooth and nail;
They send up and down, all over the town,
To get for their patients a pot of good ale.

Their ale-berries, caudles, and possets each one,
And syllabubs made at the milking pail,
Although they be many, beer comes not in any,
But all are composed with a pot of good ale.

And in very deed the hop's but a weed,
 Brought o'er against law, and here set to sale :
 Would the law were renew'd, and no more beer brew'd,
 But, all men betake them to a pot of good ale.

The law that will take it under his wing,
 For, at every law-day, or moot of the hale,
 One is sworn to serve our sovereign lord the king,
 In the ancient office of conner of ale.

There's never a lord of a manor or of a town,
 By strand or by land, by hill or by dale,
 But thinks it a franchise, and a flow'r of the crown,
 To hold the assize of a pot of good ale.

And though there lie writs from the courts paramount,
 To stay the proceedings of the courts paravaile ;
 Law favours it so, you may come, you may go,
 There lies no prohibition to a pot of good ale.

They talk much of state, both early and late,
 But if Gascoigne and Spain their wine should but fail,
 No remedy then with us Englishmen,
 But the state it must stand by a pot of good ale.

But they that sit by it, are good men and quiet,
 No dangerous plotters in the common-weal,
 Of treason and murder; for they never go further
 Than to call for, and pay for a pot of good ale.

To the praise of Gambrivius, that good British king,
 That devis'd for the nation (by the Welshmens tale)
 Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,
 The happy invention of a pot of good ale.

They

The North they will praise it, and praise it with passion,
 Where every river gives name to a dale :
 There men are yet living that are of th'old fashion,
 No nectar they know but a pot of good ale.

The Picts and the Scots for ale were at lots,
 So high was the skill, and so kept under seal :
 The Picts were undone, slain each mothers son,
 For not teaching the Scots to make hether ale.

But hither and thither, it skills not much whether :
 For drink must be had, men live not by kail,
 Nor by haver-banocks, nor by haver-janocks,
 The thing the Scots live on is a pot of good ale.

Now, if ye will say it, I will not denay it,
 That many a man it brings to his bale :
 Yet what fairer end can one wish to his friend,
 Than to die by the part of a pot of good ale.

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
 It is their own doings to break o'er the pale :
 And neither the malt, nor the good wife in fault,
 If any be potted with a pot of good ale.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,
 How many a man liveth both sound and hale,
 Though he drink no beer any day in the year,
 By the radical humour of a pot of good ale.

But to speak of killing them am I not willing ;
 For that in a madner were but to rail ;
 But beer hath its name, 'cause it brings to the bier,
 Therefor well fare say I to a pot of go d ale.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths prove this,
 And therefor (if ancient records do not fail)
 He that first brew'd the hop was rewarded with a rope,
 And found his beer far more bitter than ale.

O ale *ab alendo*, the liquor of life !
 That I had but a mouth as big as a whale !
 For mine is but little to touch the least tittle
 That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale,

Thus (I trow) some virtues I have mark'd you out,
 And never a vice in all this long trail,
 But that after the pot there cometh a shot,
 And that's th'only blot of a pot of good ale.

With that my friend said, that blot will I bear,
 You have done very well, it is time to strike fail,
 We'll have six pots more, though I die on the score,
 To make all this good of a pot of good ale.

O.

SONG LI.

ON ALE.*

WHILST some in epic strains delight,
 Whilst others pastorals invite,
 As taste or whim prevail,
 Assist me, all ye tuneful nine !
 Support me in the great design,
 To sing of nappy ale.

* This ballad is printed as Mr. Gay's, in some editions of his works.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,
 And cyder's well enough no doubt,
 When better liquors fail ;
 But wine, that's richer, better still,
 E'en wine itself (deny't who will)
 Must yield to nappy ale. .

Rum, brandy, gin with choicest smack,
 From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack.
 All these will nought avail ;
 To chear a truly British heart,
 And lively spirits to impart,
 Like humming nappy ale.

Oh ! whether thee I closely hug
 In honest can, or nut-brown jug,
 Or in the tankard hail ;
 In barrel or in bottle pent,
 I give the gen'rous spirit vent,
 Still may I feast on ale,

But chief when to the chearful glass,
 From vessel pure thy streamlets pass,
 Then most thy charms prevail ;
 Then, then I'll bett, and take the odds,
 That nectar, drink of heathen gods,
 Was poor compar'd to ale.

Give me a bumper, fill it up :
See how it sparkles in the cup ;
 Oh ! how shall I regale !
Can any taste this drink divine,
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
 Or aught with nappy ale ?

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover woos, the poet writes,
 And pens the pleasing tale ;
And still in Britains isle confest,
Nought animates the patriots breast
 Like gen'rous nappy ale.

High church and low oft raise a strife,
And oft endanger limb and life,
 Each studious to prevail ;
Yet Whig and Tory, opposite
In all things else do both unite
 In praise of nappy ale,

Inspir'd by thee, shall Crispin fing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
 And balance Europes scale ;
While his rich landlord lays out schemes
Of wealth in golden South-sea dreams,
 Th'effects of nappy ale,

O bleſſt

O blest potation ! still by thee,
 And thy companion, liberty,
 Do health and mirth prevail ;
 Then let us crown the can, the glas,
 And sportive bid the minutes pass
 In quaffing nappy ale.

Ev'n while these stanzas I indite,
 The bar-bells grateful sounds invite
 Where joy can never fail.
 Adieu, my muse, adieu ! I haste
 To gratify my longing taste
 With copious draughts of ale.

SONG LII.

BACKE and side go bare, go bare,
 Booth foote and hande go colde :
 But bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
 Whether it be newe or olde.

I Cannot eat but lytle meate,
 My stomacke is not good ;
 But sure I thinke that I can drynke
 With him that weares a hood.
 Thoughe I go bare take ye no care,
 I am nothinge a colde ;
 I stuff my skyn so full within,
 Of ioly good ale and olde.

* From "A ryght pithy, pleasant and merie comedie : Intytuled Gammer Gurtons Nedie." London. 1575. —— This very humorous ancient drama is preserved, amongst divers similar curiosities, in the excellent collection of old plays lately published by Mr. Dodsley.

Backe

Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
 Booth foote and hand go colde :
 But, belly, God send thee good ale inough,
 Whether it be new or olde.

I loue no rost, but a nut-browne tosle,
 And a crab* laid in the fyre ;
 A little breade shall do me stead,
 Much breade I not desyre.
 No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
 Can hurte mee if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
 Of ioly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe,
 Loueth well good ale to seeke,
 Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
 The teares run downe her cheeke :
 Then doth she trowle to mee the bowle,
 Euen as a mault-worme shuld ;
 And sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
 Of this ioly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
 Even as good felowes shoulde doe :
 They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
 Good ale doth bringe men to.

* Crab-apple.

And

And all poore soules that have scowred boules
 Or have them lustely trolde,
 God sauе the lyues of them and their wyues,
 Whether they be yonge or olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

SONG LIII.

THE BROWN JUG.

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF HIERONYMUS AMALTHEUS.

BY THE REV. MR. FAWKES.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with
 mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl ;
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,
 And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died 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, and mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG

SONG LIV.

THE MAD LOVER.

BY ALEXANDER BROME.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many a year ;
 And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas drink made me fall into love,
 And love made me run into debt ;
 And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain,
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets ;
 And my mistress that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
 Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

SONG LV.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess ;
 I should not want to drown despair,
 Were your indifference less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find.
 When this excuse is gone ;
 That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.

The

The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy ;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

SONG LVI.

BY MR. WILLIAM WOTY.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
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 Bacchuses tun.

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

'Tis woman, whose joys every 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 ;
Whilst Age in half ecstacy hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then fill me a goblet from Bacchuses hoard,
The largest, the deepest that stands on the board :
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, then pledge me who dare.

SONG

SONG LVII.

THE UNION.

BY THE SAME.

WITH women and wine I defy every care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul,

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let them have their own humour—and I will have mine,

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve;
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch of the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer! thou nymph half divine!
 First pledge me with kisses—next pledge me with wine:
 Then giving, and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be bless'd with thy love;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

SONG

SONG LVIII.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE ESQ.

A DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove :
With pride her foot-steps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphnes eyes inspire :
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value Reason next to Love.

