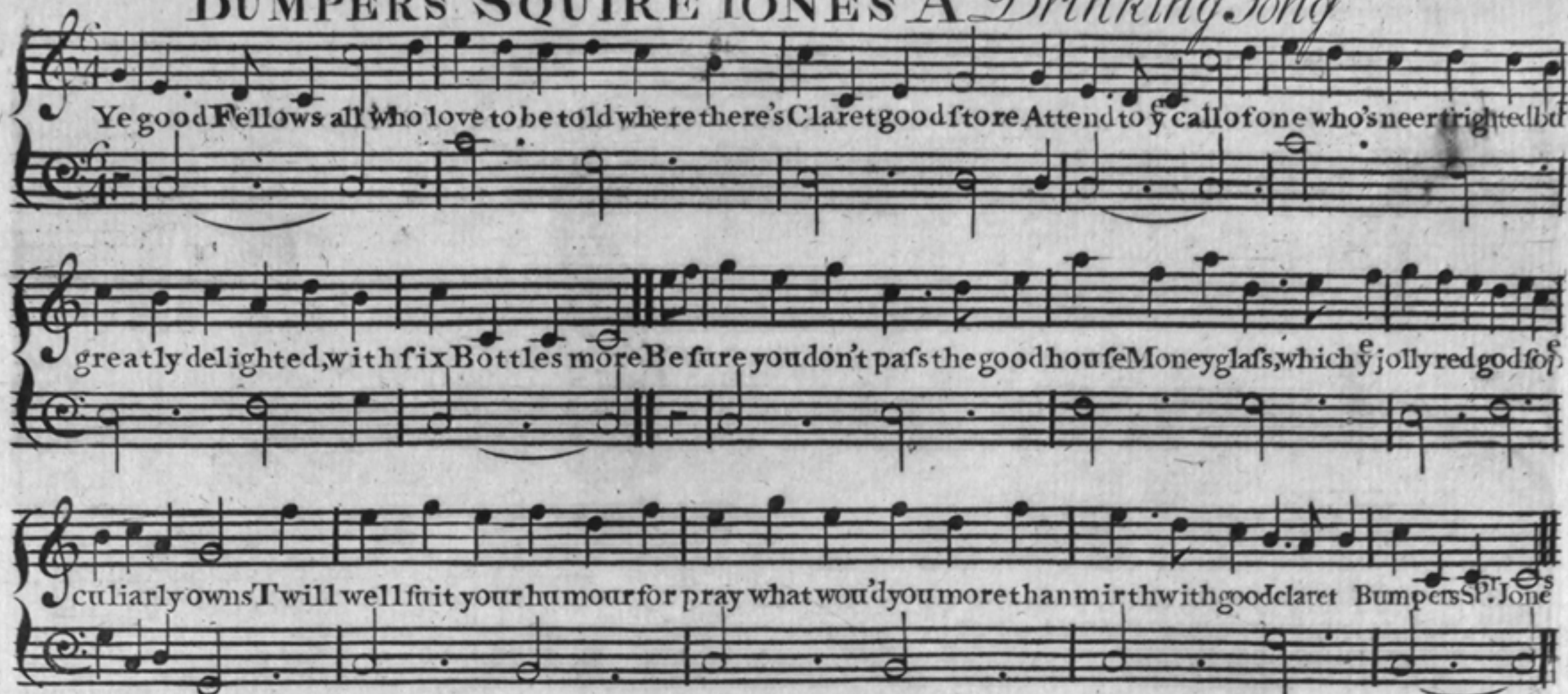


# BUMPERS SQUIRE JONES A Drinking Song



2  
Ye Lovers who pine,  
For Lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,  
Who whimper and whine,  
For Lillies and Roses,  
With Eyes Lips and Noses,  
Or Tip of an Ear,  
Come hither I'll shew ye,  
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 Bumpers Squire Jones

3  
Ye poets who write,  
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's Brook;  
Tho' all you get by't  
Is a dinner oft times,  
In Reward of your Rhymes,  
With Humphry the Duke,  
Learn Bacchus to follow  
And quit your Apollo,  
For sake all the Muses those senseless old Crones,  
Our jingling of Glasses,  
Your Rhyming surpasses  
When crown'd with good Claret Bumpers Squire Jones

4  
Ye Soldiers so stout  
With Plenty of Oaths tho 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 with whole bones,  
Were you sent to Gibraltar,  
Your note you'd soon alter,  
And wish for good Claret Bumpers Squire Jones

5  
Ye Clergy so wise,  
Who Misterie profound can demonstrate clear  
How worthy to rise  
You preach once a Week,  
But your Tythes never seek,  
Above once in a Year

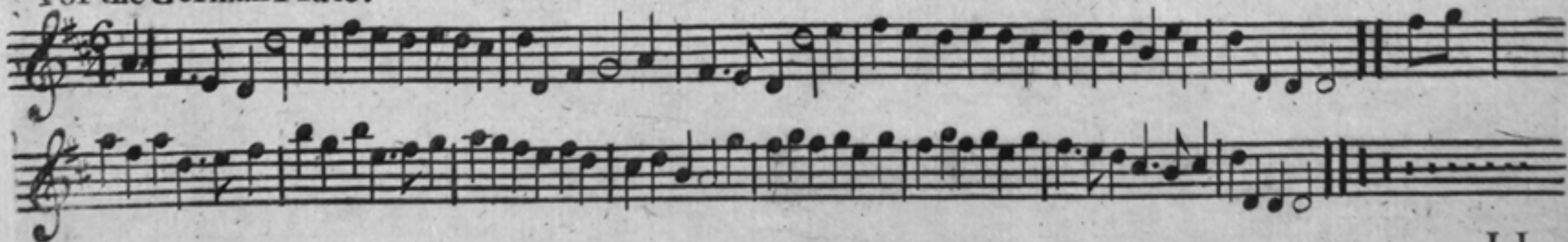
Come here without failing,  
And leave off your railing,  
Gainst Bishops providing for dull stupid Drones;  
Says the Text so divine,  
What is Life without wine,  
Then away with the Claret a Bumper Squire Jones.

6  
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're chanc'd to be feed,  
Leave musty Reports,  
And forsake the King's Courts,  
Where Dulness Discord have set up their Thrones  
Burn Salkeild and Ventris,  
With all your damn'd Entries,  
And away with the Claret a Bumper Squire Jones

7  
Ye Physick Tribe  
Whose Knowledge consists in hard Words Grimace,  
When e'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 Bumpers Squire Jones

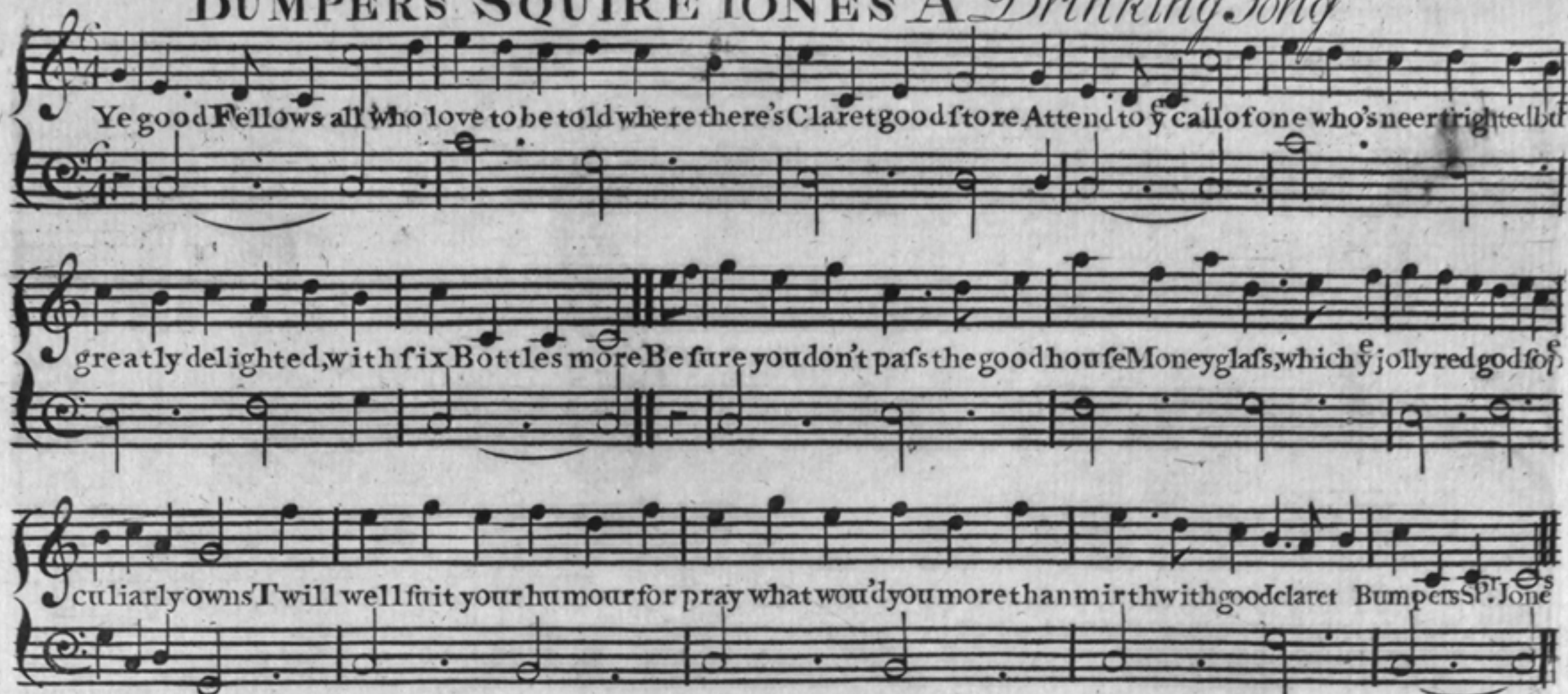
8  
Ye Fox-Hunters eke,  
Who follow the Call of the Horn and the Hound,  
Who your Ladies forsake,  
Before they're awake,  
To beat up the Break  
Where the Vermin is found,  
Leave Piper and Blueman,  
Shrill Dutchees and Trueman  
No Musick is found in such dissonant Tones,  
Wou'd you ravish your Ears,  
With the Songs of the Spheres,  
Hark away to the Claret a Bumper Squire Jones

For the German Flute.





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