

The true Use of the BOTTLE.

Love, the sweets of Love, are the Joys I most admire, Kind and active Fire, Of a fierce Desires, Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliss; But th'affected coldness Of Cælia damps my boldness, I must bow, protest and Vow, And swear aloud, I would be Proud, When she with equal Ardour longs to Kiss: Bring a Bowl, then bring a Jolly Bowl, I'll quench fond Love with in it; With flying Cups I'll raise my Soul, And here's to the happy Minute: For flush'd with brisk Wine, When she's panting and warm; And Nature ungarded lets loose her Mind, In the Amorous moment the Gipsie I'll find, Oblige her and take her by Storm.