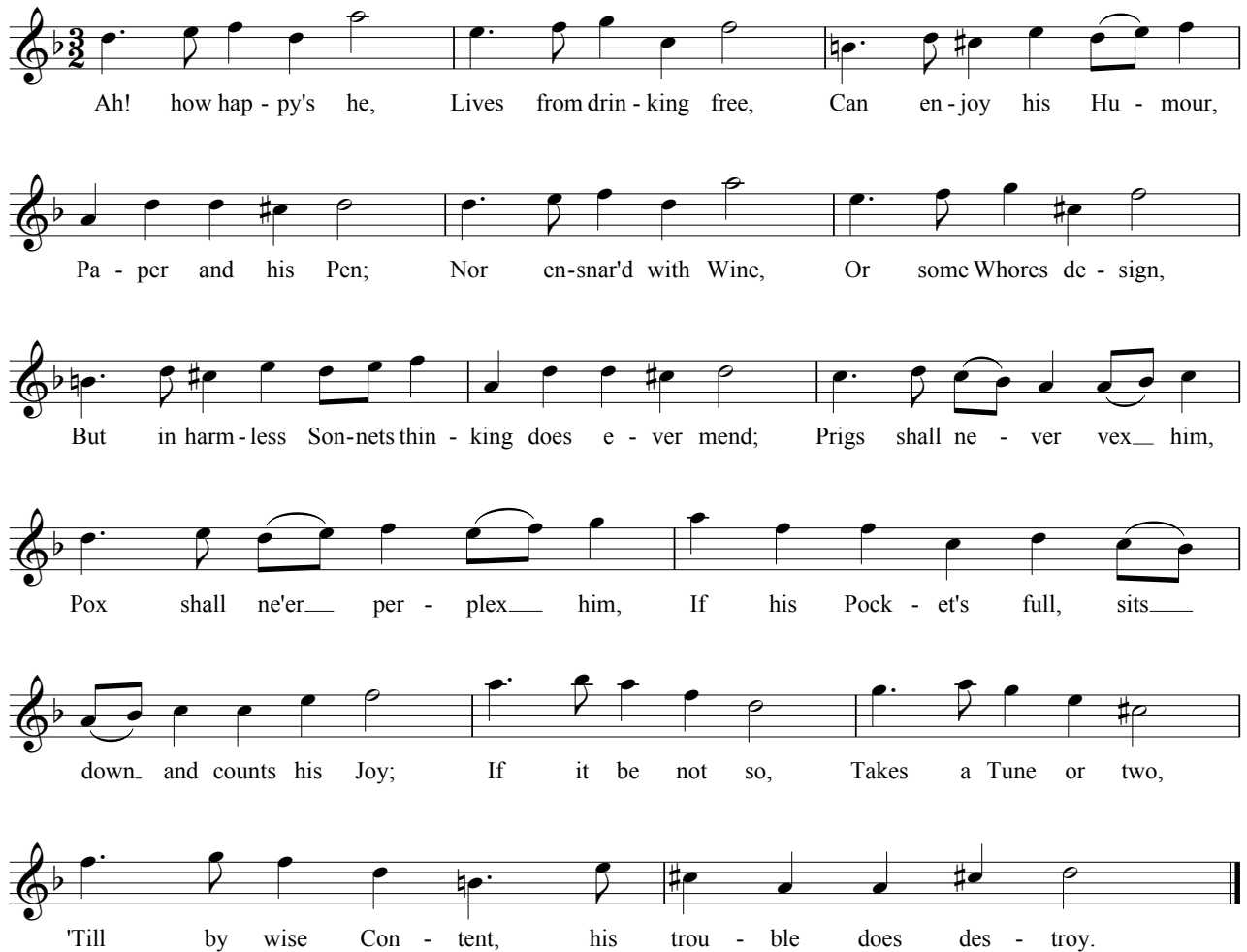


A SONG.
Tune of Oh! how happy's he. *Pag. 104.*



Ah! how hap - py's he, Lives from drin - king free, Can en - joy his Hu - mour,
Pa - per and his Pen; Nor en - snar'd with Wine, Or some Whores de - sign,
But in harm - less Son - nets thin - king does e - ver mend; Prigs shall ne - ver vex_ him,
Pox shall ne'er_ per - plex_ him, If his Pock - et's full, sits_
down_ and counts his Joy; If it be not so, Takes a Tune or two,
'Till by wise Con - tent, his trou - ble does des - troy.

When a Monarch reels,
He his Thoughts conceals,
Whether **Whig** or *Tory*, never does express;
With a sober Dose
Of *Coffee* funks his Nose,
And reading all the News does leave the World to guess:
But when his Noddle's full,
O then he hugs his Soul,
And homeward flush'd with Joy does trudge apace,
When on Pillow laid,
Then with Mind display'd
Argues with himself the Queen and Nation's Case.