

The Jovial PRISONER, by S. P.

A Pox on such Fools! let the Scoundrels rail, Let 'em
The Drunkard's confind to his Claret, The Mi -

boast of their Li - ber - ty; They're no fre - er than we, for the
ser to his Store; The Wit to his Muse and a

World's a Jayl, And all the Men Pri - so - ners be.
Gar - ret, And the Cully - Cit to his Whore.

The Parson's confin'd to his Piggs,
The Lawyer to Hatred and Strife;
The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,
And the Quack to his Glister-pipe.

The Church-man's confin'd to be civil,
The Quaker's a Prisoner too light;
The Papist is bound by the Devil,
And the Puritan's fetter'd with spite.

Since old Adam's race are all Prisoners like us,
Let us merrily quaff and Sing;
Z---s why shou'd we pine for Liberty thus,
When we're each of's as free as a King.