

DRUNKARD *or the faithful Dog of War.*



Stand clear, my Mas - ters 'ware your Shins, For now to Bark my Muse be - gins, Tis
In Dog - grel Rhimes my Lines are writ, As for a Dog I thought it fit, And

of a Dog, I write now: Yet let me tell you for ex - cuse, That
fit - ting best his Car - rass. Had I been si - lent as a Stoick, Or

Muse or Dog, or Dog or Muse, Have no in - tent to bite now.
had I writ in Verse He - roick, Then had I been a Stark Ass.

Old *Homer* wrote of
Frogs and Mice,
And *Rabblaies* wrote of
Nits and Lice,
And *Virgil* of
a Flye:
One wrote the Treatise
of the Fox,
Another prais'd the
Frenchman's Pox,
Whose praise was but
a Lye.

Great *Alexander* had
a Horse,
A famous Beast of
mighty force
Yecleap'd *Buce-*
phalus
He was a stout and
sturdy Steed,
And of an exc'lent Race
and Breed,
But that concerns
not us.

I list not write the
Baby praise
Of Apes, or Owls, or
Popeyeys,
Or of the Cat
Grammalkin:
But of a true and trusty
Dog,
Who well could fawn,
But never cog,
His Praise my Pen must
walk in.

And Drunkard he is
falsely nam'd,
For which that Vice he
ne'er was blam'd,
For he Loves not God
Bacchus:
The Kitchin he esteems
more dear,
Than Cellars full of
Wine or Beer,
Which oftentimes doth
wreck us.

He is no Mastiff, huge
of Lim,
Or Water-spaniel, that
can Swim,
Nor Blood-Hound nor
no Setter:
No Bob-tail Tyke, or
Trundle-tayl,
Nor can he Partridge spring
or Quail,
But yet he is much
better.

No Dainty Ladies
fisting-Hound,
That lives upon our
Britain Ground,
Nor Mungrel Cur or
Shogh:
Should Litters or whole
Kennels dare,
With Honest *Drunkard*
to compare,
My Pen writes, *marry*
fough

The Otter-Hound, the
Fox-Hound, nor
The swift Foot Grey-Hound
car'd he for,
Nor *Cerberus* Hell's
Bandogg;
His Service proves them
Curs and Tikes,
And his Renown a
Terror strikes,
In Water-Dog and
Land-Dog.

'Gainst brave *Buquoy* or
stout *Dampiere*,
He durst have Bark'd
without Fear,
Or 'gainst the hot
Count *Tilly*:
At Bergen Leaguer and
Bredha,
Against the Noble
Spinola,
He shew'd himself not
silly.

He serv'd his Master
at commands,
In the most Warlike
Netherlands,
In *Holland*, *Zeeland*,
Brabant:
He to him still was
true and just,
And if his fare were but
a Crust,
He patiently would
knab on't.

He durst t have stood
 Stern *Ajax* Frown,
 When Wise *Ulysses*
 talk'd him down
 In grave *Diebus*
illis;
 When he by cunning
 prating won
 The Armour from
 fierce Tellamon,
 That 'longed to
Achilles.

Brave *Drunkard*, oft on
 God's dear Ground,
 Took such poor Lodging
 as he found,
 In Town, Field, Camp
 or Cottage;
 His Bed but cold, his
 Dyet thin,
 He oft in that poor case
 was in,
 To want both Meat and
 Pottage.

Two rows of Teeth for
 Arms he bore,
 Which in his Mouth he
 always wore,
 Which serv'd to fight and
 feed too:
 His grumbling for his
 Drum did pass,
 And barking (lowd) his
 Ordnance was,
 Which help'd in time of
 need too.

His Tail his Ensign
 he did make,
 Which he would oft display
 and shake,
 Fast in his Poop
 uprear'd:
 His Powder hot, but
 somewhat dank,
 His Shot in (scent) most
 dangerous rank,
 Which sometimes made him
 feared.

Thus hath he long serv'd
 near and far,
 Well known to be a
Dog of War,
 Though he ne'er shot with
 Musket:
 Yet Cannons roar or
 Culverings,
 That whizzing through
 the welkin sings,
 He slighted as a
 Pus-Cat.

For Guns, nor Drums,
 nor Trumpets clang.
 Nor hunger, cold, nor
 many a pang,
 Could make him leave his
 Master:
 In Joy, and in
 Adversity,
 In Plenty, and in
 Poverty,
 He often was a
 Taster.

Thus serv'd he on the
Belgia Coast,
 Yet ne'er was heard to
 brag or boast,
 Of Services done by
 him:
 He is no Pharisee
 to blow,
 A Trumpet, his good
 Deeds to show,
 'Tis pity to bely
 him.

At last he Home return'd
 in Peace,
 Till Wars, and Jars, and
 Scars increase
 'Twixt us, and *France*,
 in malice:
 Away went he and
 crost the Sea,
 With's Master, to the
 Isle of *Rhea*,
 A good way beyond
Callice.

He was so true, so good,
 so kind,
 He scorn'd to stay at Home
 behind,
 And leave his Master
 frustrate;
 For which could I like
Ovid write,
 Or else like *Virgil* could
 indite,
 I would his Praise
 illustrate.

I wish my Hands could
 never stir,
 But I do love a
 thankful Curr,
 More than a Man
 ingrateful:
 And this poor Dog's
 Fidelity,
 May make a thankless
 Knave descry,
 How much that Vice is
 hateful.

For why, of all the
 Faults of Men,
 Which they have got from
 Hell's black Den,
 Ingratitude the
 worst is:
 For Treasons, Murders,
 Incests, Rapes,
 Nor any Sin in
 any shapes,
 So bad, nor so
 accurst is.

I hope I shall no
 Anger gain,
 If I do write a word
 Or twain,
 How this Dog was
 distressed;
 His Master being
 wounded dead,
 Shot, cut and slash'd, from
 Heel to Head,
 Think how he was
 oppressed

To lose him that he
 loved most,
 And be upon a Foreign
 Coast,
 Where no Man would
 relieve him:
 He lick'd his Masters
 Wounds in Love,
 And from his Carkass
 would not move,
 Altho' the sight
 did grieve him.

By chance a Souldier
 passing by,
 That did his Masters
 Coat espy,
 And quick away he
 took it:
 But *Drunkard* followed
 to a Boat,
 To have again his Master's
 Coat,
 Such Theft he could not
 brook it.

So after all his wo
 and wrack,
 To *Westminster* he was
 brought back,
 A poor half starved
 Creature;
 And in remembrance of
 his cares,
 Upon his back he
 closely wears
 A Mourning Coat by
 Nature.

Live *Drunkard*, sober
Drunkard live,
 I know thou no offence
 wilt give,
 Thou art a harmless
 Dumb thing;
 And for thy love I'll
 freely grant,
 Rather than thou shouldst
 ever want,
 Each Day to give thee
 something.

Thou shalt be *Stellifide*
 by me,
 I'll make the *Dog-star*
 wait on thee,
 And in his room I'll
 seat thee:
 When *Sol* doth in his
 Progress swing,
 And in the Dog-days
 hotly sing,
 He shall not over-
 heat thee.

I lov'd thy Master, so
 did all
 That knew him,
 great and small,
 And he did well
 deserve it:
 For he was Honest,
 Valiant, Good,
 And one that Manhood
 understood,
 And did till Death
 preserve it.

For whose sake, I'll
 his Dog prefer,
 And at the Dog at
Westminster,
 Shall *Drunkard* be a
 Bencher;
 Where I will set a
 work his Chops,
 Not with bare Bones, or
 broken scraps,
 But Victuals from my
 Trencher.

So honest *Drunkard*
 now adieu,
 Thy Praise no longer
 I'll pursue,
 But still my Love is
 to thee:
 And when thy Life is
 gone and spent,
 These Lines shall be thy
 Monument,
 And shall much Service
 do thee.