

## A TOPING SONG.



I Am a Jolly Toper, I am a raged Soph,  
Known by the Pimples in my Face, with taking Bumpers off,

And a Toping we will go, we'll go, we'll go,  
And a Toping we will go.

Come let's sit down together, and take our fill of Beer,  
Away with all disputes, for we'll have no Wrangling here,  
And a Toping, &c.

With clouds of Tobacco we'll make our Noddles clear,  
We'll be as great as Princes, when our Heads are full of Beer,  
And a Toping, &c.

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers, and Bellarmines of Stale,  
Dash'd lightly with a little, a very little Ale,  
And a Toping, &c.

A Fig for the *Spaniard*, and for the King of *France*,  
And Heaven preserve our Juggs, and Muggs, and Q----n from all mischance,  
And a Toping, &c.

Against the Presbyterians, pray give me leave to rail,  
Who ne'er had thirsted for Kings Blood, had they been Drunk with stale,  
And a Toping, &c.

And against the Low-church Saints, who slily play their part,  
Who rail at the Dissenters, yet love them in their Heart,  
And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the Queen, let's Bumpers take in hand,  
And may Prince G----'s Roger grow stiff again and stand,  
And a Toping, &c.

Oh how we toss about the never-failing Cann,  
We drink and piss, and piss and drink, and drink to piss again  
And a Toping, &c.

Oh that my Belly it were a Tun of stall,  
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap, to run when I did call,  
And a Toping, &c.

Of all sorts of Topers, a Soph is far the best,  
For 'till he can neither go nor stand, by *Jove* he's ne'er at rest,  
And a Toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather, when good Liquor dwells within,  
And since a Soph does live so well, then who would be a King,  
And a Toping, &c.

Then dead Drunk We'll march Boys, and reel into our Tombs,  
That Jollier Sophs (if such their be) may come and take our rooms, Sir  
And a Toping may they go, &c.