

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 Topping we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a Topping 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 Topping, &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 Topping, &c.

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

And against the Low-church Saints, who silyly 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 Topping, &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 Topping, &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 Topping, &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 Topping, &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 Topping, &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 Topping may they go, &c.