

*The BALLAD of the True TROJAN.*

Troy had a breed of brave stout  
Men, yet Greece made shift to rout her; cause each Man Drank as  
much as Ten, and thence grew ten times stou - ter: Tho *Hec - tor* was a  
*Tro - jan* true as ever pist 'gain wall Sir, *A - chil - les* bang'd him  
black and blue, for he Drank more, than all Sir, for he Drank more, for  
he drank more, for he drank more than all Sir, for he drank more, for  
he drank more, for he drank more than all Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,  
We shall fear nothing then Boys;  
We'll Drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,  
And if they wake not Conquered,  
We'll Drink 'em dead again Boys:  
Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd,  
For Drinking and for fighting;  
For he that Drank and wan't asham'd,  
Was ne'er asham'd on's Writing.

He that will be a Souldier then,  
Or Wit, must drink good Liquor;  
It makes base Cowards Fight like Men,  
And roving Thoughts fly quicker:  
Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,  
And God of Wit, and then Boys,  
We'll Drink and fight, and Drink and write,  
And if the Sun set with his Light,  
We'll Drink him up again Boys.