

The true Use of the BOTTLE.

Love, the sweets of Love, are the Joys I most ad -

mire, Kind and ac - tive Fi - re, Of a fierce De -

sire, In - dulse my Soul, com - pleat my Bliss; But th'af - fec - ted

cold - ness Of Cæ - lia damps my bold - ness, I must bow, prot -

est and Vow, And swear a - loud, I wou'd be Proud, When

she with e - qual Ar - dour longs to Kiss:

Bring a Bowl, then bring a Jol - ly Bowl, I'll quench fond Love with -

in it; With flo - wing Cups I'll raise my Soul, And

here's to the hap - py Mi - nute: For flush'd with brisk Wine, When she's

pan - ting and warm; And Na - ture un - guar - ded lets

loose her Mind, In the A - mo - rous mo - ment the Gip - sie I'll find, O -

blige her and take her by Storm.