

*The LOYAL Delights of a Contented Mind.*  
*The Words by Mr. Mumford, Set by Mr. H. Purcell.*



Oh how Hap - py's he, who from Busi - ness free, Can En - joy his Mis - tress,  
 Bot - tle, and his Friend: Not con-fin'd to State, nor the Pride of the Great;  
 On - ly on him - self, not o - thers doth de - pend: Change can ne - ver vex him,  
 Fac - tion ne'er per - plex him; If the World goes well, a  
 Bum - per crowns his Joys, If it be not so than he takes of two;  
 Till suc - ceed - ing Glas - ses, Thin - king doth des - troy.

When his Noddle reels, he to *Cælia* steals;  
 And by Pleasures unconfin'd runs o'er the Night;  
 In the Morning wakes, a pleasing Farewel takes,  
 Ready for fresh Tipling, and for new Delight:  
 When his Table's full, oh, then he hugs his Soul;  
 And drinking all their Healths, a Welcome doth express:  
 When the Cloth's removed, then by all approv'd,  
 Comes the full grace Cup, Queen *Anna's* good success.