

*A Song. Set by Mr. Leveridge.*

For - tune is blind and Beau - ty un-kind, the De - vil take 'em both,  
 one is a witch, & to - there's a bitch in nei - ther's\_ Faith or Troth:  
 There's ha - zard in hap, de - ceit in a Lap, But no fraud in a Brim - mer; If  
 truth in the bot - tom lye, thence to re - deem her we'll drain, we'll drain, we'll drain, we'll  
 drain the whole O - cean dry.

Honour's a Toy,  
 For Fools a Decoy,  
 Beset with Care and Fear;  
 And that (I wuss)  
 Kills many a Puss,  
 Before her clymacht Year:  
 But freedom and mirth,  
 Create a new Birth,  
 While Sack's the *Aqua Vitæ*,  
 That Vigour and Spirit gives,  
 Liquor Almighty!  
 Whereby the poor Mortal lives.

Let us be blith,  
 In spite of Death's Syth,  
 And with an Heart and half,  
 Drink to our Friends,  
 And think of no Ends,  
 But keep us sound and safe:  
 While Healths do go round,  
 No Malady's found,  
 The Maw-sick in the Morning,  
 For want of his wonted strain;  
 Is as a Warning,  
 To double it over again.

Let us maintain  
 Our Traffique with *Spain*,  
 And both the *Indies* slight;  
 Give us their Wines,  
 Let them keep their Mines,  
 We'll pardon Eighty Eight:  
 There's more certain Wealth  
 Secur'd from stealth,  
 In one Pipe of Canary,  
 Than in an unfortunate Isle;  
 Let us be wary,  
 We do not our selves beguile.