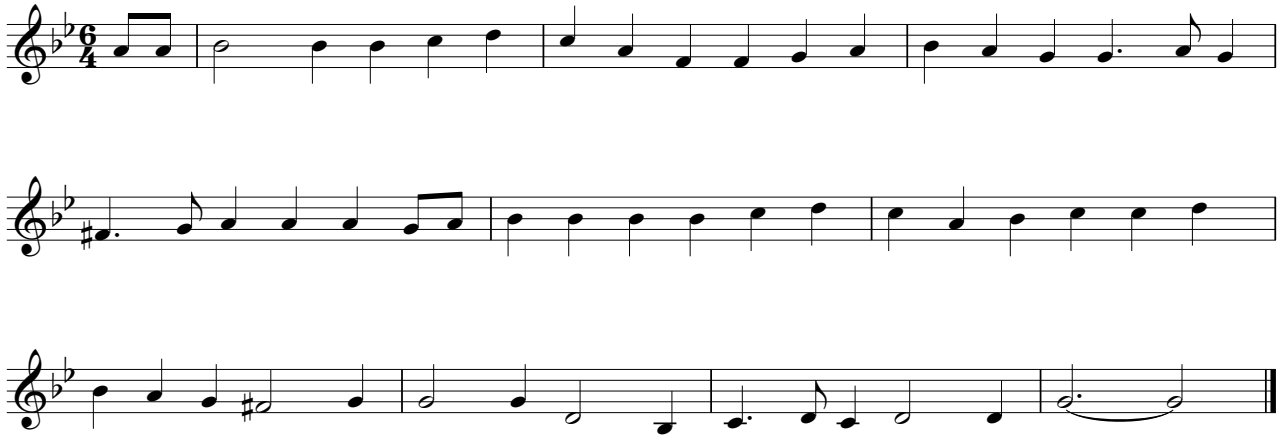


The Praise of HULL Ale.



Let's wet the whistle of the Muse,
That sings the praise of every Juice,
This House affords for Mortal use,
Which no Body can deny.

Here's Ale of *Hull*, which 'tis well known,
Kept *King* and *Keyser* out of Town,
Now in, will never hurt the Crown,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's *Lambeth* Ale to cool the Maw,
And Beer as spruce as e'er you saw,
But Mum as good as Man can draw,
Which no Body, &c.

If Reins be loose as some Mens Lives,
Whereat the Purling Female grieves,
Here's stitch-Back that will please your Wives,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Cyder too, ye little wot,
How oft 'twill make ye go to Pot,
'Tis Red-streak all, or it is not,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Scholar that has doft his Gown,
And donn'd his Cloak and come to Town,
'Till all's up drink his College down,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's *North-down*, which in many a Case,
Pulls all the Blood into the Face,
Which blushing is a sign of Grace,
Which no Body, &c.

If Belly full of Ale doth grow,
And Women runs in Head you know,
Old *Pharoah* will not let you go,
Which no Body can deny.

Here's that by some bold Brandy hight,
Which *Dutch-men* use in Case of fright,
Will make a Coward for to Fight,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's *China* Ale surpasseth far,
What *Munden* vents at *Temple-bar*,
'Tis good for Lords and Ladies Ware,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's of *Epsom* will not Fox
You, more than what's drawn out of Cocks
Of *Middleton*, yet cures the Pox,
Which no Body, &c.

For ease of Heart, here's that will do't,
A Liquor you may have to boot,
Invites you or the Devil to't,
Which no Body, &c.

For Bottle Ale, though it be windy,
Whereof I cannot chuse but mind ye,
I would not have it left behind ye,
Which no Body, &c.

Take Scurvy-Grass, or Radish Ale,
'Twill make you like a Horse to Stale,
And cures whatsoever you Ail,
Which no Body, &c.

For Country Ales, as that of *Chess*,
Or of *Darby* you'll confess,
The more you Drink, you'll need the less,
Which no Body, &c.

But one thing must be thought upon,
for Morning-Draught when all is done,
A Pot of Purl for *Harrison*,
Which no Body can deny.