

*A new Ballad,  
Sung at Messieurs Brook and Hellier's Club,  
at the Temple-Tavern in Fleet-Street.*

Since *Tom's* in the Chair, and e - 'ery one here Ap - pears in Gay hu - mour and  
ea - sie; Say, why shou'd not I, a new Bal - lad try, Bright Bre-thren o'th' Bot - tle to  
please ye. This Wine is my Theme, this is all on's E - steem, For *Brook* and *Hel - lier* can - not  
wrong us; Let them get Wealth, who keeps us in Health, By  
*Let them get Wealth, who keeps us in Health, By*  
bring - ing neat Li - quors a - mong us,  
*bring - ing neat Li - quors a - mong us,*

Each Vintner of late, has got an Estate,  
By Brewing and Sophistication:  
With Syder and Sloes, they've made a damn'd Dose,  
Has Poisoned one half of the Nation:  
But *Hellier* and *Brook*, a Method have took,  
To prove them all Scoundrels and Noddys;  
And shew'd us a way which (if we don't stray)  
Will save both our Pockets and Bodies.

This generous Juice, brisk Blood will produce,  
And stupid ones raise to the bonny'st:  
Make Poets and Wits, of you that are Cits,  
And Lawyers (if possible) honest:  
If any are Sick, or find themselves Weak,  
With Symptoms of Gout or the Scurvy;  
This will alone, the Doctor must own,  
*Probatum est* Healthy preserve ye.

Have any here Wives, that lead 'em sad lives,  
For you know what pouting and storming;  
Then drink of this Wine, and it will incline,  
The weakest to vig'rous performing:  
Each Spouse will say then, pray go there agen,  
Tho' Money for the reck'ning you borrow;  
Nay, for so much Bub, here I'll pay your Club,  
So go there agen Dear to morrow.

Tho' one drinks red Port, another's not for't,  
But chuses *Vienna* or White-Wine;  
Each takes what suits best, his Stomach or Tast,  
Yet e'ery one's sure he drinks right Wine;  
Thus pledg'd we all sit, and thus we are knit,  
In Friendship together the longer;  
As Musick in Parts, enlivens our Hearts,  
And renders the Harmony stronger.

Now God bless the Queen, Peers, Parliament Men,  
And keep 'em like us in true Concord;  
And grant that all those, who dare be her Foes,  
At *Tyburn* may swing in a strong Cord;  
We'll Loyalists be, and bravely agree,  
With Lives and Estates to defend Her;  
So then she'll not care, come Peace or come War,  
For *Lewis*, the *Pope*, or *Pretender*.