

The PRESBYTERS Gill.

Hang the Pres - by - ters Gill, Bring a Pint of Sack, Will, More Ort - ho - dox of the—

two;— Though a slen - der Dis - pute, Will strike the Elf Mute, He's

one— of the ho - nes - ter Crew. Though a slen - der Dis - pute, Will strike the Elf

Mute, He's one of the ho - nes - ter Crew.

In a Pint there's small heart,
 Sirrah, bring us a Quart,
 There's substance and vigour met;
 'Twill hold us in play,
 Some Part of the Day,
 But we'll sink him before Sun-set.

The daring old Pottle,
 Does now bid us Battle,
 Let's try what his strength can do;
 Keep your Ranks, and your Files,
 And for all his Wiles,
 We'll tumble him down stairs too.

The Stout Brested *Lombard*,
 His Brains ne'er incumbred,
 With drinking of Gallons three;
Trycongius was named,
 And by *Cæsar* Famed,
 Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pee.

If then Honour be in't,
 Why a Pox should be stint,
 Our selves of the fulness it bears?
 H'has less Wit than an Ape
 In the Blood of a Grape,
 Will not plunge himself o'er Head and Ears.

Then Summon the Gallon,
 A stout Foe, and a Tall one,
 And likely to hold us to't;
 Keep but Coyn in your Purse,
 The Word is Disburse,
 I'll warrant he'll sleep at your Foot.

See the bold Foe appears,
 May he fall that him Fears,
 Keep you but close Order, and then,
 We will give him the Rout,
 Be he never so stout,
 And prepare for his Rallying agen.

Let's drain the whole Cellar,
 Pipes, Buts, and the Dweller,
 If the Wine floats not the faster;
Will, when thou do'st slack us,
 By Warrant from *Bacchus*,
 We will Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.