



THE
Social Fellows.

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COME, push the bowl about, and never
mind the score ;
When that is gone, my boys, we'll call for some
more :
And he that will not merry be shall never taste
of joys,
See, see, the game's in view, hark forward my
brave boys.

First toast your fav'rite lass, and then tell her
name ;
Confound that stupid ass that won't do the
same. And he, &c.

Next toast your absent friends, and long may
they be,
In every station, far happier than we.
And he, &c.

Misers may hoard up wealth, and oft count
their store ;
Give me content and health, I ask for no more.
And he, &c.

Next toast our soldiers brave, that victory do
gain,
Likewise our sailors bold, that sail upon the
main. And he, &c.

God save great George our king, and long may
he reign,
Likewise his royal consort Charlotte our queen.
And he, &c.

