



## The King! God bless him.

A goblet of Burgundy fill, fill for me,  
Give to those who prefer it Champaign;  
But whatever the wine, it a bumper must be,  
If we ne'er drink a bumper again.  
Now when the cares of the day are thrown by,  
And all man's best feelings possess him,  
And the soul lights her beacon of truth in the  
eye,  
Here's a health to the king! God bless him.  
God bless him, &c. &c.

The wealthy of Rome, at their banquets of old,  
When to those whom they honour'd they  
quaff'd,  
Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of  
gold,  
More costly to render their draught.  
I boast not of gems, but my heart's in the glass,  
Of its love nought can e'er dispossess him;  
Upstanding, uncovered, round, round let it  
pass,  
Here's a health to the king! God bless him.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
Upstanding, uncovered, round, round let it pass,  
Here's a health to the king! God bless him.

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J. Kendrew, Printer, Co

