

The Jolly Toper.

A new S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane,

THE Women all tell me, I'm falle to my Lass, That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my Glass: But to you Men of Reason my Reasons I'll own, And if you don't like them, why let them alone. Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare, I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair: But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I fee, Which make it as good and as charming as the. My CHLOR has Dimples and Charms I must own; But tho' fhe could smile, yet in Truth she could frown But tell me, ye Lovers of Liquor divine Did ye e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine? Her Lillies and Roses are just in the Prime; Yet Lilles and Roses are conquer'd by Time: But in Wine, from its Age such a Benefit flows, That we like it the better, the older it grows. They tell me my Love would in Time have been clo y'd And that Beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy, For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I. Let Murders and Battles in History prove The Mischiess that wait upon Rivals in Love: But in Drinking, thank Heaven, no Rivals contend. For the more we love Liquor the more we are Friends, She too might have poison'd the Joy of my Life, With Nurses and Babies, and Squalling and Strife:

But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

We shorten our Days when with Love we engage
It brings on Diseases, and hastens old Age:
But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
And keep out t'other Leg when there's one in the
Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their Word, She had left me, to get an Estate or a Lord: But my Bumper, regarding not Title nor Pelf, Will stand by me while I can stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain; She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain; For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I spy. Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper and try.



