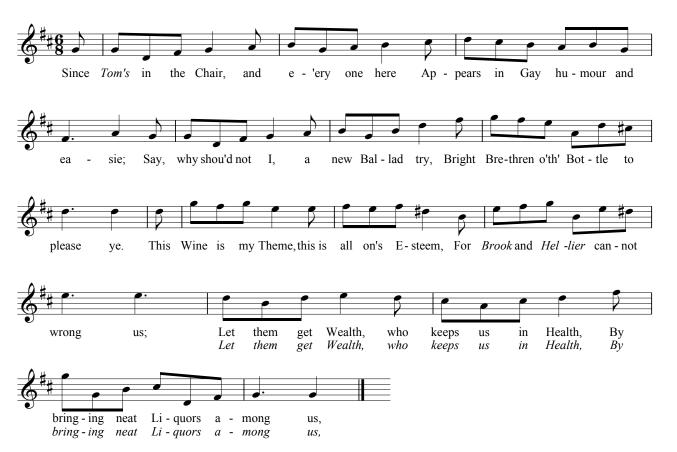
A new Ballad,

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



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*.