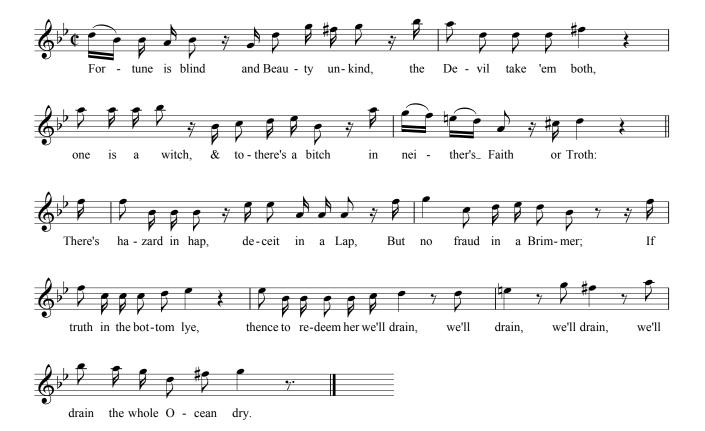
## A Song. Set by Mr. Leveridge.



Honour's a Toy,
For Fools a Decoy,
Beset with Care and Fear;
And that (I wuss)
Kills many a Puss,
Before her clymacht Year:
But freedom and mirth,
Create a new Birth,
While Sack's the Aqua Vitæ,
That Vigour and Spirit gives,
Liquor Almighty!
Whereby the poor Mortal lives.

Let us be blith,
In spight of Death's Syth,
And with an Heart and half,
Drink to our Friends,
And think of no Ends,
But keep us sound and safe:
While Healths do go round,
No Malady's found,
The Maw-sick in the Morning,
For want of his wonted strain;
Is as a Warning,
To double it over again.

Let us maintain
Our Traffique with Spain,
And both the Indies slight;
Give us their Wines,
Let them keep their Mines,
We'll pardon Eighty Eight:
There's more certain Wealth
Secur'd from stealth,
In one Pipe of Canary,
Than in an unfortunate Isle;
Let us be wary,
We do not our selves beguile.