

He that is a clear Ca - va - liar will not re-pine, Al-
For - tune is a lass will embrace, but soon destroy, Born

-though his substance grow so ve - ry low that he can - not drink
free, in li - ber - ty will e - ver be, and still sing Vive le

wine. Vir - tue is its own reward, And For - tune is a
Roy. He that is a lus - ty Ro - ger, And will serve his

jade Whom none but fools and knaves re-gard, Or e'er im-plore for
king, Al-though he be a tat - ter'd sol - dier, Yet will skip and

aid. While we who fight for fame, Shall the ways of ho-nour
sing. And though an ho - nest man May now be quite un-

prove All they who make sport of us, Shall fall short of us, Fate will flat - ter them
-done He'll shew his al - le - giance Love and o - be - dience, They will raise him up

And will scat - ter them, Whilst our loy - al - ty
Ho - nour stay him up, Vir - tue keep him up,

Looks to Royal - ty up, We that live peace - ful - ly
We will praise him up, While the vain court - iers dine

May be suc - cess - ful - ly Crown'd with a crown at last.
With bot - tles full of wine, Ho - nour will hold him fast.