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Ho! Fill me a Tankard

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HO! FILL ME A TANKARD.

W. S. FORTEY, General Steam Printer and
Publisher, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials.

Ho! fill me a tankard, good mine host,
I've ridden the whole day long,
And drink I must, to get rid of the
dust,

Go, broach, say I of the strong.
No Puritan ale, thin, sour, and pale,
No villanous cold small beer,
But a tankard full of the right "lamb's-
wool,"

A gentleman's draught, dost hear.

Sing hey, sing oh, for the cavaliers!
Sing hey, sing oh, for the crown;
Gentlemen, out, turn out, turn out,
We'll keep the roundheads down.

I hold it a sin, if the drink be thin,
To soak like a prick-ear'd sot,
But he can't be wrong, when the drink
is strong,

Who sticks by the pottle pot.
Here's rest to his soul who over the
bowl,

Can join in a jovial catch!
There never was a man who run from
the can,

That was'nt a scurvy patch.
Sing hey, sing oh, &c.