

Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,

And took a Waiter's Place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd at every Glass

A Lady of the Sky;

While *Bacchus* swore he'd drink the Lads,

And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* tost his Brimmers o'er,

And always got the most;

*Jocus* took care to fill him more,

When-e'er he mist the Toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;

He fill'd, and drank again;

And if the Gods can take too much,

'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* stung,

By reck'ning his Deceits;

And *Cupid* mock'd his stamm'ring Tongue,

With all his stagg'ring Gaits:

And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus*' Ways,

And Tales without a Jest;

While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays

But Waggeries at best.

Such Talk soon set 'em all at odds;

And, had I *Homer's* Pen,

I'd sing ye, how they drunk like Gods,

And how they fought, like Men.

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,

Who make 'em soon agree;

Nay, had the *Furies* selves been nigh,

They still were three to three.

*Bacchus* appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,

And gave him back his Bow ;

But kept some Darts to stir the Cup

Where Sack and Sugar flow.

*Jocus* took *Comus*' rosy Crown,

And gayly wore the Prize,

And thrice, in Mirth, he push'd him down,

As thrice he strove to rise.

Then *Cupid* sought the Myrtle Grove,

Where *Venus* did recline,

And *Venus* close embracing *Love*,

They joyn'd to rail at Wine.

And

And *Comus* loudly cursing *Wit*,

Roll'd off to some Retreat,

Where boon Companions gravely sit

In fat unweildy State.

*Bacchus* and *Jocus*, still behind,

For one fresh Glass prepare;

They kiss, and are exceeding kind,

And vow to be sincere.

But part in Time, whoever hear

This our instructive Song;

For tho' such Friendships may be dear,

They can't continue long.