

To his fair Example and Grandeur of Soul,
 Let each in his order Carouse a full Bowl;
 Whatever dull Gown-men or Sages may think,
 There's no Man grows old till he ceases to drink
 Then Health to Sir *Thomas*, and that he may be
 As well at fixscore as at fixty and three.

The KING'S Health

A C A T C H Sung in Parts.

I.

NOW Second *Hannibal* is come,
 O'er frozen Lakes and mounts of *Snow*
 To found our Faith on conquer'd *Rome*,
 And give Proud *France* a fatal Blow.

II.

Well may our *Phæbus* disappear,
 And set his Glory in the Sea;
 If Planets of a lower Sphere,
 Can give us greater light than he.

III. Fryars

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III.

Fryars and Monks, and all those bald-pate Fools,
With Wafers, Oyntments, Beads and Shams,
Pardons and Antichristian Bulls,
Must yield to *Belgick* battering Rams.

IV.

Infallibility is gone,
And Judges of Dispensing Powers,
That had their Country quite undone,
Was ever known such Sons of Whores?

V.

Drink all around, then by consent,
Health to the Monarch of the Land,
The Queen, and healing Parliament;
Pledge me six Bumpers in a hand,
And when the Jesuits you see,
Dangling upon the Triple Tree,
Fill up six more, and sing with me,
A Plague on senseless Popery.

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