

WRITTEN AT SWANDLING BAR,
IN THE COUNTY OF CAVAN, IN IRELAND.

LET those who would esteem it good
To reach the age of Par,
By water pure come and infure
Their lives at Swandling Bar.

Let all who be, by land or sea,
However near or far,
Make no delay, but haste away,
To drink at Swandling Bar.

Should belle or beau the scurvy show,
Which doth all beauty mar,
Hither repair, you'll soon grow fair,
When once at Swandling Bar.

Each goddess here, tho' now so clear,
Shew'd like a fallen star,
When first from town she posted down
To drink at Swandling Bar.

Each sot and rake his cure might make,
And wage with Death a war,
Would he but think the best of drink
Is that at Swandling Bar.

Oft have I seen, come to careen,
Many an honest tar,
With batter'd hide by scurvy dried,
Yet cur'd at Swandling Bar.

I've seen a fair who might compare
With Venus in her car,
Approach the rill and drink her fill
Each day at Swandling Bar.

Here

Here lords from town, of high renown,
With garter and with star,
Decrepid come, yet brisk go home,
Such power hath Swandling Bar.

Late have I seen, of graceful mien,
A nymph from Mullingar,
So fair, so bright, she caught the sight
Of all at Swandling Bar.

Tho' here I came to quench a flame
I've got a deeper scar,
Yet can't endure to seek a cure
By leaving Swandling Bar.