

Our mistress's health we now begin,
In spite of the Pope and the Spanish King;
For she has got gold and silver in store,
And when it is gone she will have some more.
So here's to thee, my brother John,
'Tis al-ost time that we were gone.
We'll smoke, we'll drink, we'll stand our ground,
And so let the mis-tress'es health go round.