



If we can trust to this,  
Why, dance and drink and revel!  
Great scarlet mouths to kiss,  
And sorrow to the devil!  
If pangs ataxic creep,  
Or gout, or pox, annoy us,  
Queen Morphia, grant thy sleep!  
Let worms, the dears, enjoy us!

Let me die in a ditch,  
Damnably drunk,  
Or lipping a punk,  
Or in bed with a bitch!  
I was ever a hog;  
Dung? I am one with it!  
Let me die like a dog;  
Die, and be done with it!