

A sup of good whiskey will make you glad;
Too much of the creature will set you mad;
If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise
If you drink to excess it will close your eyes;
Yet father and mother,
And sister and brother,
They all take a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you, to drink is bad;
I think so too - if there's none to be had:
The swaddler will bid you drink none at all,
But, while I can get it, a fig for them all;
Both layman and brother,
In spite of this pother,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some doctors will tell you 'twill hurt your health,
And Justice will say 'twill reduce your wealth;
Physicians and lawyers both do agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee;
Yet surgeon and doctor,
And lawyer and proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
He to the three-legged horse is bound,
In the face of his regiment obliged to strip;
But a noggin will soften the nine-tailed whip!
For serjeant and drummer,
And likewise his honor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arrived from the Porte Sublime,
All told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet, after their diner, away they slunk,
And tippled their wine till they got quite drunk:
The sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea and nay, 'tis a fault in the vain;
Yet some of the broad-brims will get to the stuff,
And tiddle away till they've had enough;
For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's lady,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans do say they can drink the most

The French and Italians also do boast;
Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
For generous drinking and hearty boys;
There each jovial fellow
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glass in his turn.

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