

Drinking.

TREBLE. THOMAS RAVENSCROFT. Bach: of Musick. 4. VOC

Rudge away quickly & fill the black Bole, deuoutly as long as wee bide,

now welcome good fellowes, both strangers and all, let madnes & mirth set sadnes

afide. Of all reckonings I loue good cheere, with honest folkes in company: and

when drinke comes my part for to beare, for still me thinks one tooth is drye.

<p>Loue is a pastime for a King, if one be seene in Phisnomie :</p> <p>2 But I loue well this pot to wring, for still me thinks one tooth is drie.</p>	<p>Masters this is all my desire, I would no drinke should passe vs by:</p> <p>3 Let vs now sing and mend the fier, for still me thinks one tooth is drie.</p>
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TENOR. 4. VOC.

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