

The Beer-drinking BRITON. *Set by M^r Arne, & Sung by M^r Beard at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, in the new Pantomime call'd Harlequin Mercury.*

Moderato

Ye true honest BRITONS, who love your own Land, Whose Sires were so brave, so Victorious and

Octaves .S[.] Chords

free, Who always beat FRANCE, when they took her in hand, Come join, honest BRITONS, in Chorus with

me. join in Chorus, in Chorus with me, come join honest BRITONS in Chorus with me.

Octaves Chords Octaves

Let us sing our own Treasures, Old England's good Cheer, the Profits & Pleasures of stout BRITISH Beer; Your

Octaves .S[.]

Wine-tipling, Dram-fipping Fellows retreat, but your Beer-drinking BRITONS can never be beat.

Chords Octaves .S[.]

(2)
The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They Drink of the Squeazing of half ripen'd Fruit;
But we, who have Hop-Grounds to Mellow our Ale,
Are Rosy and Plump, and have Freedom to Boot.

Let us sing our own Treasures &c.

(3)
Shou'd the French dare invade us, thus Arm'd with our Poles,
We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn Jaws Ring,
For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking BRITONS are Souls,
Who will shed their last Drop for their COUNTRY and KING.

Let us sing our own Treasures &c.

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