

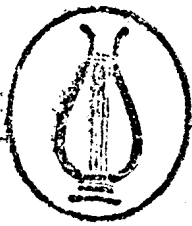
A SONG in Praise of Old English ROAST BEEF. 121
The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's Food, It en-

nobl'd our veins, and enriched our Blood; Our Soldiers were

Chorus.
Brave, and our Courtiers were good. Oh the Roast Beef of Old

England, and Old English Roast Beef.



But since we have learn'd from all Conquering France,
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to Dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of Old, were Robust, stout and strong,
And kept Open-house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,
 A sneaking poor Race, half Begotten — and tame,
 Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen ELIZABETH sat on the Throne,
 E'er Coffee, and Tea, and such flip-flops were known,
 The World was in terror if e'er she did frown.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
 They seldom, or never return'd back again,
 As witness, the vaunting ARMADA of Spain.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And when wrongs were a Cooking, to do themselves right,
 But now we're a — I cou'd, but good night.

Oh the Roast Beef of Old England,
 Old English Roast Beef.

FLUTE.

