No churchman am I (F)

C No churchman	am I for to rail	G and to write,
C No statesman	G nor soldier to p	lot or to fight,
C No sly man of l	business contri	G ving a snare,
C For a big-belly'	F G d bottle's the w	C hole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow; I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low; But a club of good fellows, like those that are here, And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother-his horse; There centum per centum, the cit with his purse; But see you the Crown how it waves in the air? There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die; for sweet consolation to church I did fly; I found that old Solomon proved it fair, That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make; A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck; But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs, With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"-a maxim laid down By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair, For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.