

Whether such be the case or not,  
 I cannot tell, nor care a jot ;  
 Let profound doctors if they list,  
 Or some wise pharmacopolist, 190  
 Unbiased by the Mathewites,  
 Judge for the brandy appetites,  
 That now do appear to possess  
 The crown of virtue, happiness.  
 But hear them scold and see them fight !  
 Bah ! I turn away from the sight.  
 In taverns happiness is not ;  
 It may be in a cellar got.  
 I'll enter one and search it well,  
 To try if those that there do dwell 200  
 Have got it, good ! I will be bound  
 Ne'er again to live overground.  
 A goodly cellar I espy,  
 That's to the under house an eye ;  
 Two sign boards here salute that eye,  
 Upon one is " good lodgings dry,"  
 On the other a round of beef  
 Is painted out in bold relief ;  
 The damask rosy coloured meat  
 Allures, the passengers to eat. 210  
 The top flag or first step is found  
 With a basket of wet greens crown'd,  
 On which all sickly and decayed,  
 Rests a sieve of eggs two months laid.  
 Soup, pigs' legs and leeks are below,  
 With onions, herrings neat in row.  
 Some jovial souls below appear,  
 Very intent upon their cheer.

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