

A Tippling Ballad: On the Duke of Brunswick's Breaking up his Camp, and the defeat of the Austrians, by Dumourier, November 1792.

When Princes and Prelates,
And hot-headed zealots,
A'Europe had set in a low, a low,
The poor man lies down,
Nor envies a crown,
And comforts himself as he dow, as he dow,
And comforts himself as he dow.

The black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe,
In the braes o' Gemappe,
He fell in a trap,
E'en let him come out as he dow, dow, dow,
E'en let him come out as he dow.

But truce with commotions,
And new-fangled notions,
A bumper, I trust you'll allow;
Here's George our good king,
And Charlotte his queen,
And lang may they ring as they dow, dow, dow,
And lang may they ring as they dow.