

The good Fellow's Resolve.
Tune as May was in her youthful Dress.
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Now I'm re - solv'd to Love no more, But
 Sleep by Night, and Drink by Day; Your Coy - ness Chlo - ris
 pray give o'er, And turn your temp - ting Eyes a - way:
 I'll place no hap - pi - ness of mine, On
 fa - ding Beau - ty still to court; And say she's glo - rious
 and di - vine, When there's in Drink - ing bet - ter sport.

Love has no more Prerogative,
 To make me desperate Courses take;
 Nor me of *Bacchus* Joys deprive,
 For them I *Venus* will forsake:
 Despise the feeble Nets she lays,
 And scorn the Man she can o'ercome;
 In Drinking we see happy Days,
 But in a fruitless Passion none.

'Tis Wine alone that cheers the Soul,
 But Love and Women make us sad;
 I'm merry while I court the Bowl,
 Whilst he that Courts his Madam's mad.
 Then fill it up Boys to the brim,
 Since in it we refreshment find;
 Come here's a Bumper unto him,
 That courts good Wine, not Woman-kind.