

The Good FELLOW.

A Pox on the Times, Let 'em go as they will, Tho' the Tax - es are grown_ so
 hea - vy;_____ Our Hearts are our own,_____ And shall be so still, Drink a -
 bout,_____ Drink a - bout,_____ my Boys, and be mer - ry:_____ Let
 no Man des - pair, But drive a - way Care, And drown all our Sor - row in
 Cla - ret;_____ We'll ne - ver re - pine, So they give us good Wine, Let 'em
 take_____ all_____ our_____ Dross, we can spare it._____

We value not Chink,
 Unless to buy drink,
 Or purchase us Innocent Pleasure;
 When 'tis gone we ne'er fret,
 So we Liquor can get,
 For Mirth of it self is a Treasure:
 No Miser can be,
 So happy as we,
 Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow;
 Day and Night he's in Fear,
 And ne'er without Care,
 While nothing disturbs the Good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glass,
 And about let it pass,
 For Nature doth vacuums decline!
 Down the spruce formal Ass,
 That's afraid of his Face,
 We'll drink 'till our Noses do *Phæbus* out-shine:
 While we've plenty of this,
 We can ne'er do amiss,
 'Tis an Antidote 'gainst our ruin;
 And the Lad that drinks most,
 With Honour may boast,
 He fears neither Death, nor undoing.