

*The good Fellow's Resolve.*  
*Tune as May was in her youthful Dress.*  
*Vol. 3. P. 199.*

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 Drin - king 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.