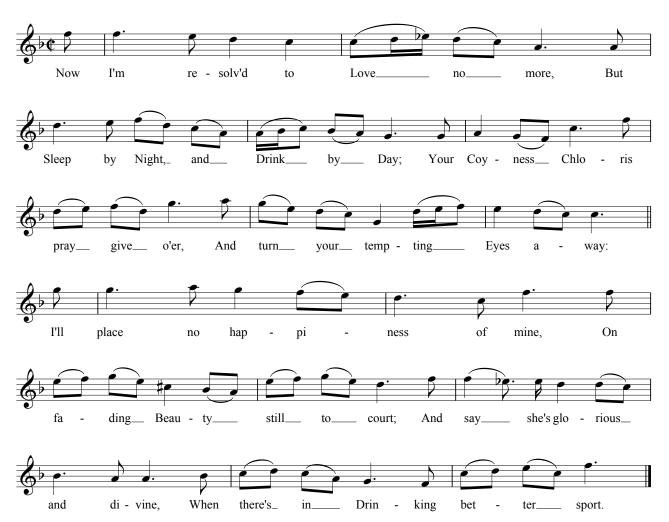
The good Fellow's Resolve.

Tune as May was in her youthful Dress. Vol. 3. P. 199.



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.