

# The Prodigal's Resolution

*Tune: Jamaica*

C F C (Am) G7 C

1. I am a lust - y, \_\_\_ live - ly lad, Now come to one and \_\_\_ twen - ty, My  
 2. My fath - er was a \_\_\_ thrif - ty sir, Till soul and bo - dy \_\_\_ sun - dred, Some  
 3. So I get wealth, what \_\_\_ care I if My grand - sir were a \_\_\_ saw - yer, My  
 4. So man - y blades now \_\_\_ rant in silk, And put on scar - let \_\_\_ cloth - ing, At  
 5. Our ag - ed coun - sel - - lers would have Us live by rule and \_\_\_ rea - son. 'Cause  
 6. I'll to the court, where \_\_\_ ve - nus' sport Doth re - vel it in \_\_\_ plen - ty, I'll

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fath - er left me \_\_\_ all he had, Both gold and sil - ver \_\_\_ plen - ty; Now  
 say he was a \_\_\_ us - er - er, for thir - ty in a \_\_\_ hun - dred; He  
 fath - er proved to \_\_\_ be a chief And sub - tile, learn - ed \_\_\_ lay - yer: By  
 first did spring from \_\_\_ but - ter - milk, Their an - ces - tors worth \_\_\_ no - thing; Old  
 they are march - ing \_\_\_ to their grave, And plea - sure's out of \_\_\_ sea - son. I'll  
 deal with all, both \_\_\_ great and small, From twelve to five and \_\_\_ twen - ty; In

C G7 F C C G D7 G

he's in grave, I \_\_\_ will be brave, The la - dies shall \_\_\_ a - - dore me; I'll  
 scrapt and scratcht, she \_\_\_ pincht and patcht, That in her bod - - y bore me; But  
 cook's re - ports and \_\_\_ tricks in courts, He did with trea - sure store me, That  
 A - dam and our \_\_\_ gran - dam Eve, By dig - ging and \_\_\_ by spin - ning, Did  
 learn to dance the \_\_\_ mode of Francs That la - dies may \_\_\_ a - - dore me; My  
 play - hous - es I'll \_\_\_ spend my days, For they're hung round \_\_\_ with plack - ets, La -

C G7 F C F C G7 C

court and kiss, what \_\_\_ hurt's in this, My fath - er did so be - - fore me.  
 I'll let fly, good \_\_\_ cause \_\_\_ why, My fath - er was born be - - fore me.  
 I may say, heav - ens bless the day, My fath - er was born be - - fore me.  
 all to kings and \_\_\_ princ - es give Their ra - - di - cal be - - gin - ning.  
 thrift - y Dad no \_\_\_ plea - sure had, Tho' he \_\_\_ was born be - - fore me.  
 - dies make room, be - - hold I come, Have at \_\_\_ your knock - ing \_\_\_ jack - ets.

Maddy Prior CD: Hang Up Sorrow and Care

Words: Anon. from D'Urfey's Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719-1720

Tune: Playford Ball, Dancing Master (1670), Barnes (dated 1670),