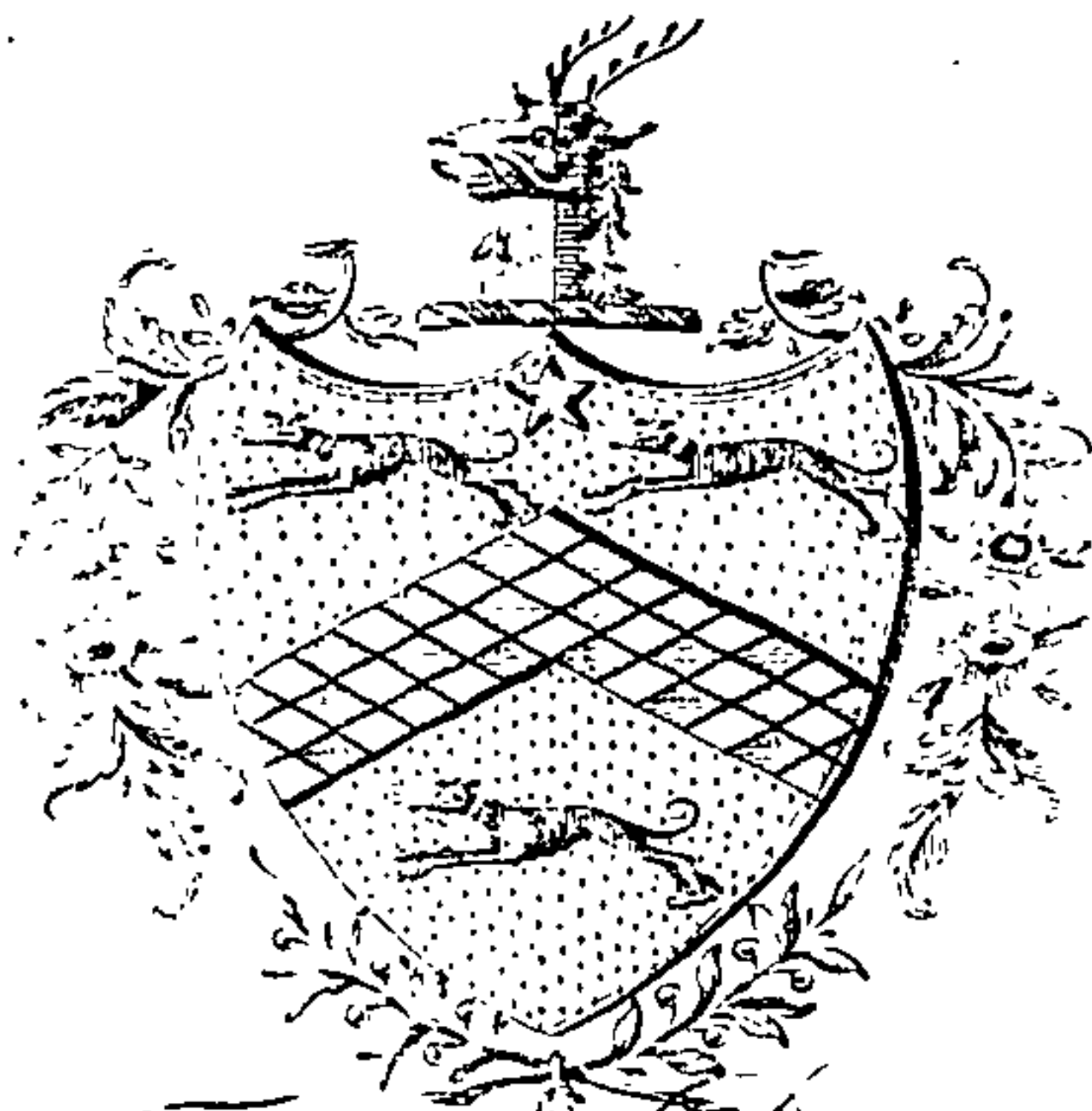


1796

Douce
P. 686.



Francis Douce.

51
John Auber & Co. London



Pleasant Musical Companion :

Being a Choice Collection of

CATCHES,

For Three and Four VOICES.

Compos'd by Dr. *John Blow*, the late Mr. *Henry Purcell*, and other Eminent Masters.

The Fifth Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *William Pearson* for *Henry Playford*, and sold by him at his House in *Arundel-street* in the *Strand*; and all Musick-Shops in Town and Country. 1707.



To all Gentlemen and others who Encourage
and Frequent Musical Meetings and Clubs in City and Country.

Gentlemen,

THE several *Catches* which are contain'd in the following Sheets, having already when separate, been favoured with Your Approbations, I could not but Address my self to You for Your Patronage, now they are Compil'd together. Custom has given Authority to the Request I am making to You; and as Your Encouragements of Things of this Nature has been General, I beg the Honour of having it Extended to my poor Endeavours in serving the Public. And since You are Celebrated by all that are known to You, for Patterns of true Friendship, I cannot but ask Your Acceptance of that which is design'd for the Promotion of it, and beg leave to Subscribe my self,

Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient Servant,
Henry Playford.

T H E

T H E
P R E F A C E.

Though neither the Design of the following Papers, nor the Matter which is contain'd in them, stand in need of any thing previous in their Behalf, yet since Custom has almost made it necessary that something should be said in their Recommendation, the Publisher thinks himself oblig'd to give the Reader some Account of what he submits to his Perusal. The Design therefore, as it is for a General Diversion, so it is intended for a general Instruction, that the Persons who give themselves the Liberty of an Evenings Entertainment with their Friends, may exchange the Expence they shall be at in being Sociable, with the Knowledge they shall acquire from it; and their Understanding will be encreased, and a true Friendship may be establish'd among them. The Matter in respect to the Words, owes its Birth to the best Authors; and in respect to the Music, has the most Consummate Masters for its Composers; nor is there any thing which does Violence to good Manners, or commits a Rape, or good Sense in it, but what forwards the Establishment of good Company, the Promotion of good Music, and the Advancement of good Words, which will neither give Offence to the nicest Judgments, or be ingrateful to the most delicate and distinguishing Ears.

Thus much he thought was necessary, without any farther Vindication, than the Great Names of the Persons who oblig'd the World with the Words, and those who (if any thing can add to such Finish'd Pieces) have given a Lustre to them by their Musical Composures; as Dr. Blow, and the late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell, whose Catches have deservedly gain'd an Universal Applause.

*To my Friend, Mr. Henry Playford, on the Publication of his Book
of Catches, and his design in Establishing a Weekly Club for the ad-
vancement of Music.*

O Nce more the Grateful Muse her Thoughts prepares,
Nor shall *once more* suffice for *Playford's* Cares ;
His kind Endeavours *he continu'd* shows,
And *Endless* shou'd be what the Muse bestows.
Permit me then, obliging Friend, to raise
My Voice *again*, to sing thy growing Praise,
And introduce thy lasting Gift to Fame,
Whose *Worth's* its Pass-port, and whose *Choice* its Claim.
Whose Mirth adds Pleasure to the sparkling Wine,
And gives a nobler Lustre to the Vine ;
Whilst to thy Care the Vintner owes his Gain,
And we thy Friends, that we forget our Pain,
As lost in Joys, and Extasies of Sound,
Our Friendship *Circles* as the Glass goes *round*.
'Tis true, thy * last Attempt was well design'd,
And gain'd its wish'd effect on ev'ry Mind.
As it *Purg'd* off the Cares that clog'd our Breast,
And eas'd our Troubles, and our Grief suppress'd :
But not Content our Sorrows to destroy,
Thou feed'st us with a fresh Regale of Joy ;
And that thou may'st thy Patient's Health ensure,
Giv'st him Preservatives to back his Cure.
So, *Ratcliff* having Master'd the Disease,
And Chas'd the Foe, Retreating by Degrees,
Quits not his Patient's Care, but strictly views
What *Holds* unfortify'd, for *Death* to chuse,
And with fresh Cordials *strengthens* ev'ry Part,
That *Nature* may not yield, for want of *Art*.

* Pills to Purge
Melancholy.

To my Friend Mr. Playford, on his Book of Catches, and his design
in setting up a Weekly Club for the Encouragement of Music and
good Fellowship.

SO, Now this is something that's like to be taking,
For Music's the Devil without Merry-making.
A Pox on lean Scraping, and Thrumming, and Trilling,
What Delight can it give, without Stuffing and Swilling?
When our Ears must be fill'd and our Bellies be starv'd,
He's a Fool to some Tune, who will e're be thus serv'd.

Friend Harry, thy Fore-sight prevents this Abuse,
Making that which has Sweetness, be likewise of Use;
As the Glass handed forward, puts forward the Song,
And gives Life to the Senses, and Strength to the Tongue.
Dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for I vow and protest,
I'm so pleas'd with thy Project, it can't be express'd:
Thy Book's made of Rapture, and Just's thy Design,
Which gives Floods of Joy, with Floods of good Wine.
Nor can it e're fail of Success, that is certain,
While Topers are valu'd, and Songsters have Fortune;
While there's Goodness in Claret, or Joy to be found
In the sweetness of Friendship, or sweetness of Sound.
While Celia's soft Thoughts are as kind as her Mother's,
And she breaks her own Voice for the sake of anothers;
And to make it as lasting as Project can e'er be,
While you Traders drink Wine, and we Poets swill *Darby*.

From Mr. Steward's, at
the Hole in the Wall, in
Balwin's Gardens.

T. B.

An Alphabetical TABLE of the CATCHES (for Three and Four Voices) in this Book.

A

A Health, a Health to the
 An Ape, a Lyon
 As Roger last Night to Fenny
 A Fidler and Fudler
 Aaron thus propos'd to Moses
 A Hogshed was offer'd
 Although Jolly Tom
 At the close of the Evening

B

Bring the Bowl and cool Nantz

C

Come here's a Good Health
 Come, come, let us Drink
 Call for the Reck'ning
 Confusion to the Power of Cupid
 Crown the Glass
 Come, Boy, Boy
 Come *Fack* drink about
 Come hear me,
 Come all ye High-Church Men

D

Drink on till Night be spent
 Dost thou not remember
 Dragoons have a Care

E

Eye! nay! prethee *John*!
 Full Bags, a brisk Bottle
 From Twenty to Thirty

G

God Preserve his Majesty
 Go Feeble Tyrant and in vain
 Good! good indeed

H

Here go the Rarities
 How shall we speak thy Praise

Numb.

6 Here's that will challenge
 34 He that drinks is immortal
 61 Hark the bonny Christ Church Bells
 62 Here's a Health about let it pass
 63 Here where is my Landlord?
 77 Had she not Care enough
 85 Here's a Health to Queen Anne
 89 Here's a Health to our Fleet
 Hark! *Harry, Harry, Hark!*
 22 I
 I know Brother Tar
 1 *Foan* has been Gallopping
 19 I'll tell my Mother
 25 *Fack*, thou'rt a Toper
 65 I gave her Cakes
 70 If all be true that I do think
 87 If all true Friends of good Liquor
 95 Is *Charleroy's* Siege come
 101 *Fobn* ask'd his Landlady,
 118 *Foan, Foan* for your part
 In a Cellar in
 26 I lay with an old Man
 102 In this Mill you may
 113 In drinking full Bumpers
 I *Thomas* of *Bedford*
 11 I'll tell my Mother
 69 In Seventeen Hundred and three
 92 L
 Let's live good Honest Lives
 5 Let us drink to the Blades
 68 Let Chrystral White-Wine
 82 Let us Love and Drink
 Let the Grave Folks go Preach
 4 Let's Fuddle our Noses *Tom*.
 10

Numb.

13 My Ladies Coachman *John*
 31 My Wife has a Tongue
 49 N
 56 Now, now, we are met
 64 O
 93 Once in our Lives let us
 105 Once, Twice, Thrice I Julia
 114 One Industrious Insect
 121 Of all, all the Instruments
 Our Friend at the
 3 P
 7 Prithee ben't so sad and ser'ous
 8 Pale Faces stand by
 21 Pox on you, pox on you
 28 Peter White, that never goes
 32 Q
 51 Quoth *Fack* one a time
 60 R
 71 Ring, Ring the Bells
 86 Room, room, room, room for
 95 S
 97 Strange News from the Rose Boys
 107 Sum up all the delights
 106 Soldier, take off
 112 Since time so kind to us
 115 Sir *Walter* Enjoying his Damsel
 117 Sing merrily now my Lads
 Say good Master *Bacchus*
 43 Sing one, two, Three
 58 T
 76 The Miller's Daughter riding
 99 True English-Men drink
 106 To thee, to thee, and to a Maid
 120 'Tis too late for a Coach
 The Maiden youth

Numb.

44
 78
 45
 30
 42
 47
 50
 103
 18
 23
 59
 90
 119
 2
 55
 12
 14
 24
 46
 57
 74
 109
 111
 16
 20
 33
 38
 39
 'Tis

An Alphabetical Table.

	Numb.	U	Numb.		Numb.
'Tis Women makes us Love	40	Uds nigs here ligs	9	Whose 3 Hogs are these	75
To all Lovers of Musick	52	Under this stone lies	29	When <i>Judith</i> had laid	79
To see on Fire a boyling Pot	66	Under a green Elm	36	Will you go by Water Sir?	80
The Mate to a Cock	73	Uds nigs ! here ligs <i>John Diggs</i>	116	When a Woman that's Buxom	83
There's an odd sort of Liquor	81	W		We Travel ev'ry Street	88
<i>Tom Folly's Nose</i>	84	Wine, wine in a Morning	15	War begets Poverty	91
Tinking <i>Tom</i> was an	94	When V and I together meet	27	Y	
<i>Tom Terry</i> told <i>Titus</i>	98	Would you know how	37	Young <i>John</i> the Gard'ner	35
Taking his Beer with old	104	Who comes here? stand;	48	Young <i>Colin</i> cleaving	41
<i>Tom</i> making a Mantua.	110	When <i>Celia</i> was learning	67	You may talk of brisk Claret	53
		Well rung <i>Tom</i> boy	72	Ye Cats that at midnight	54

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

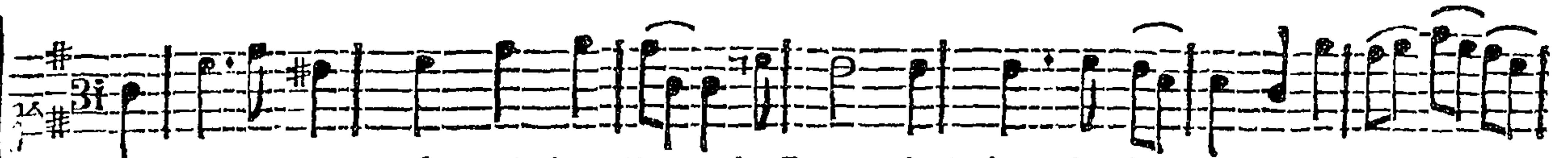
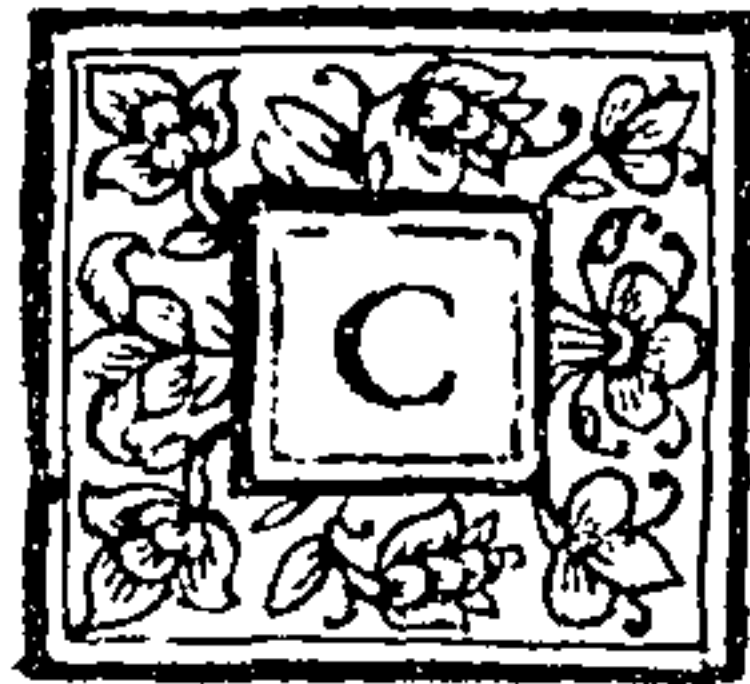
T *He Compleat Musick-Master*: being Plain, Easy and Familiar Rules for Singing and Playing on the most useful Instruments now in Vogue, viz. Violin, Flute, Haut-boy, Bass-Viol, Treble-Viol, Tenor-Viol. Containing likewise a Hundred choice Tunes, and fitted to each Instrument, with Songs for two Voices; and a Shacoon of the late Mr. *Morgan's* never before Printed. To which is added, a Scale of the Seven Keys of Music, shewing how to Transpose any Tune from one Key to another. With a Preface and the Words Corrected by the late Mr. *Thomas Brown*. Price Stich'd 2s.

The Dancing-Master: or Directions for Dancing Country Dances: The 13th Edition, Containing above 360 of the choicest Old and New Country-Dances, with the Tunes to each Dance, used at Court and other Public Places. The whole Revis'd and done in the New-Ty'd Note, and much more Correct than any former Editions. Price Bound, 3s. and 6d.

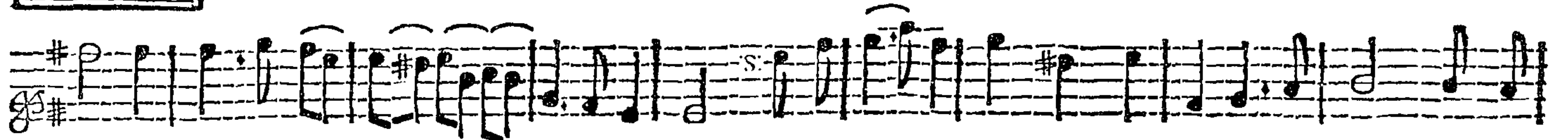
The Compleat Dancing-Master's Companion: In two Parts. The first containing Fifty of the Newest and best Country-Dances, with Directions to each Dance: The Second Part contains the Newest French Dances, with Sarabands, Jiggs, Courants, Minuets, Bores Danced at Court on Her Majesties Birth-Day, 1703, Price 1s.

The Second, Third, and Fourth Books of the Compleat Dancing-Master's Companion, Price 6d. each.

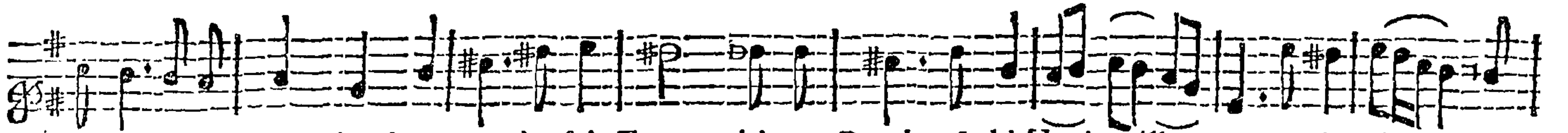
(I) A. 3. *Voc. Catch on the Battle at Hailbron by Mr. Herbert.*
Sett to M U S I C K by Dr. John Blow.



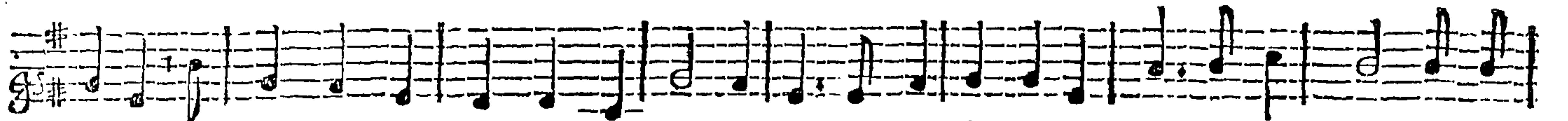
One here's a good Health to Prince *Lewis* the Brave, the Prince that has Buri'd the Turks in the



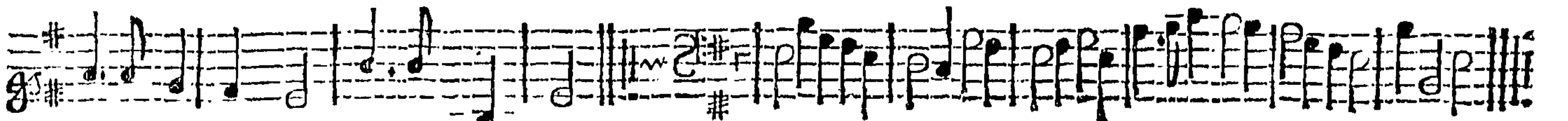
Save, for drinkers of Wa—ter a suitable Grave; both the old and new Turk are here overthrown, now my



Jolly, Jolly, Comrades, have at the fair Town, with our Bombs of old Hock will we batter it down, the

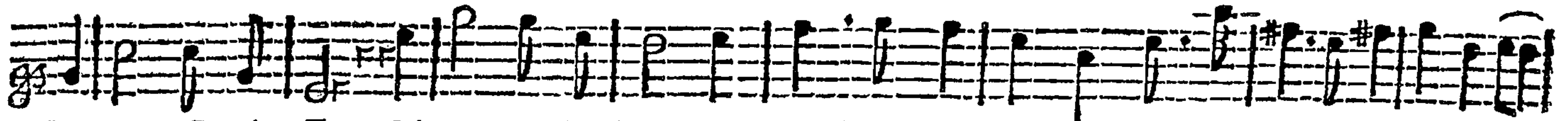


Danube, the *Danub's* our Slave once a—gain, a Greater then *Xerxes* has thrown in his Chain, and the

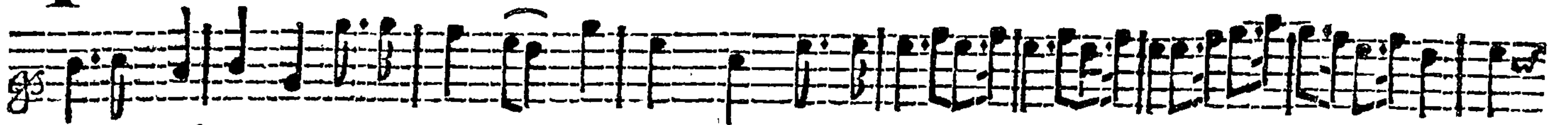


Heydelburg Tun shall close the Compain.

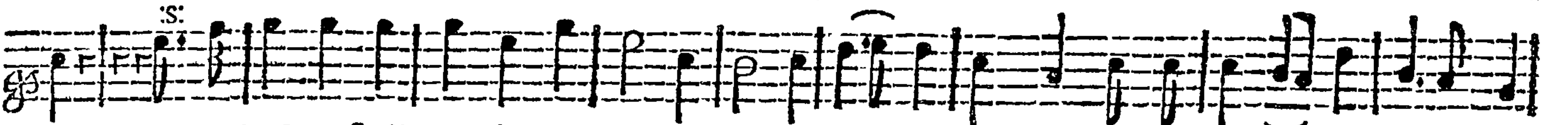
Therow Bass.



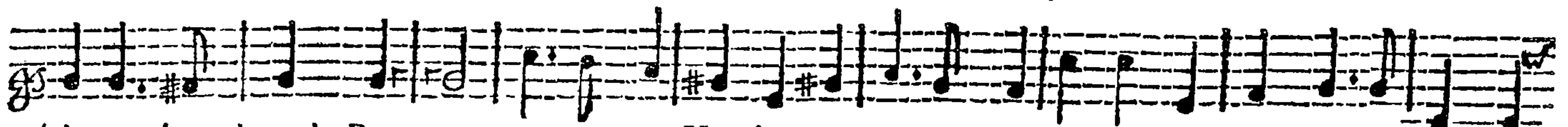
I Know Brother Tar, I know Brother Tar, those French durst not stand us; nor the Dastardly I-rish once



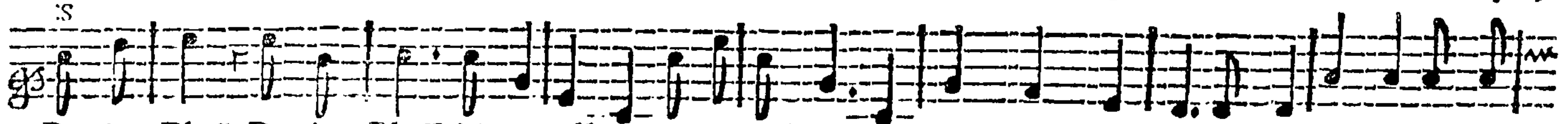
venture to land us; if we Bang not such scoundrels may a stor- - - - - m ri- - - - - se and strand



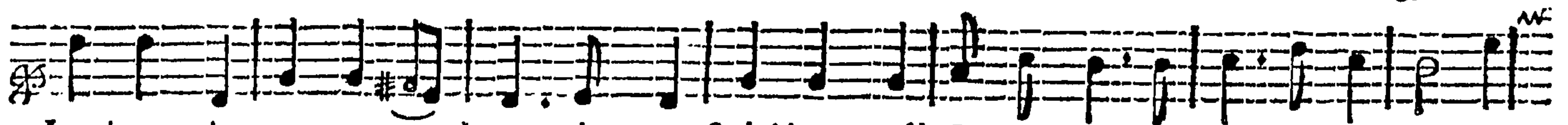
us. But the Boson's shrill whistle cryes all, all, all, all hands a-loft Boyes, and a Boat full of Punch is a



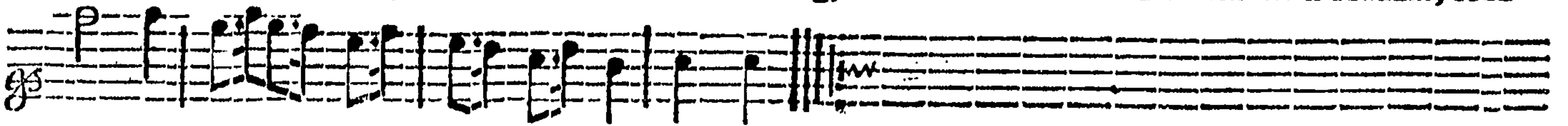
rich mornings draught Boyes; now tope we catt Harpin, now tope we catt Harpin, and then fore and aft Boyes,



Brother Bluff, Brother Bluff, 'tis a Gallon, 'tis a Gallon that now, now, now, now is a sinking, to our



Landmen who ne-ver yet knew, what was shrinking, we'll Cover our Descent with Huzzas, Huz-

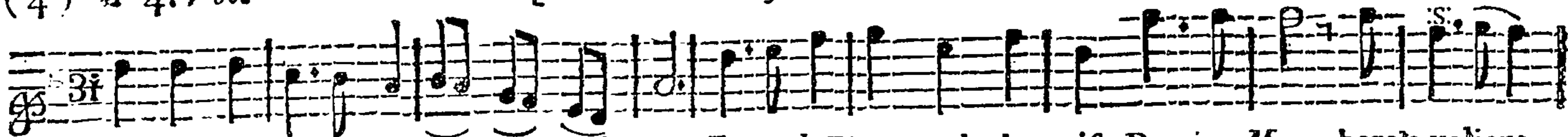


--zas and dow- - - - - n drinking.

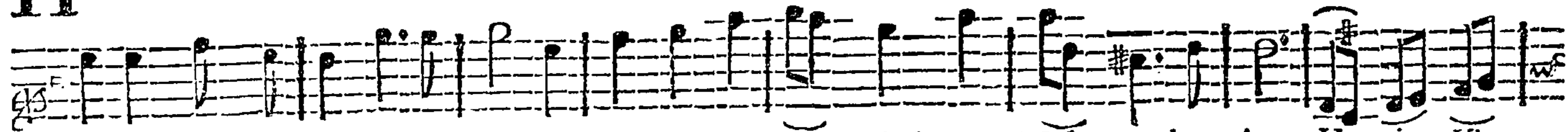
(4) A 4. Voc.

[Second Part of Bartholomew-Fair.]

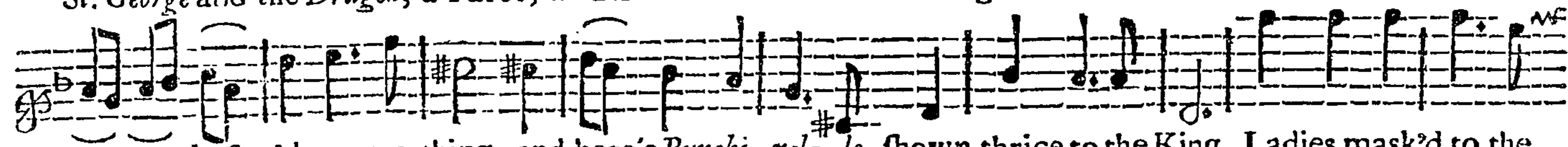
Dr. Blow.



Here are the Ra-ri-ties of the whole Fair, *Pimperle-Pimp*, and the wise *Dancing Mare*; here's valiant



St. George and the *Dragon*, a *Farce*, a *Girl* of Fif-teen with strange *Moles* on her Ar— Here is *Vi-*



en-na besieg'd, a rare thing, and here's *Punchi-nel-lo*, shown thrice to the King. Ladies mask'd to the

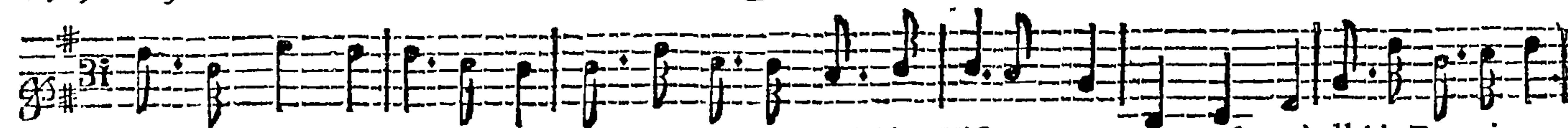


the *Cloysters* re-pair; but there will be no *Raffling*, a *Pox* take the *Mayor*.

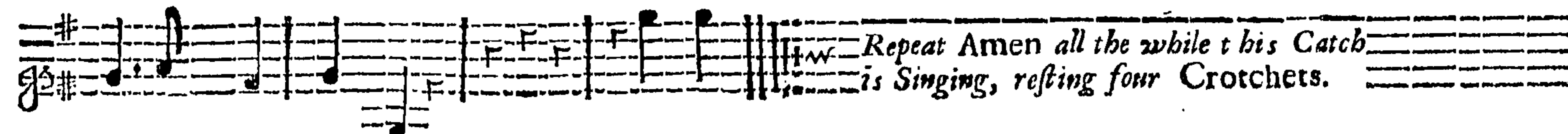
(5) A 3. Voc.

[The Kings Health.]

Dr. John Blow.



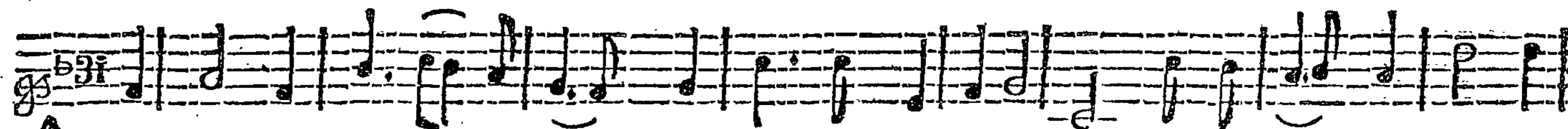
GOD preserve His Ma-je-sty, and for e-ver send him *Victo-ry*, and confound all his *Enemies*,



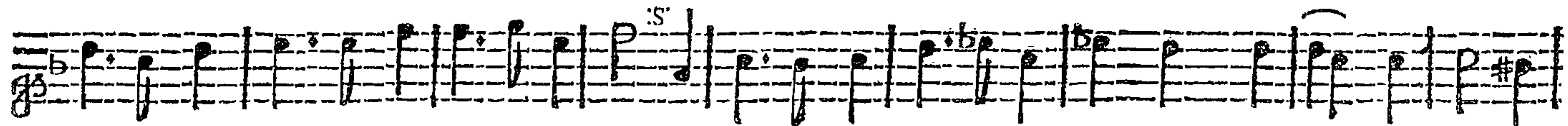
Repeat Amen all the while t his Catch
is Singing, resting four Crotchets.

take off your *Hock*, Sir

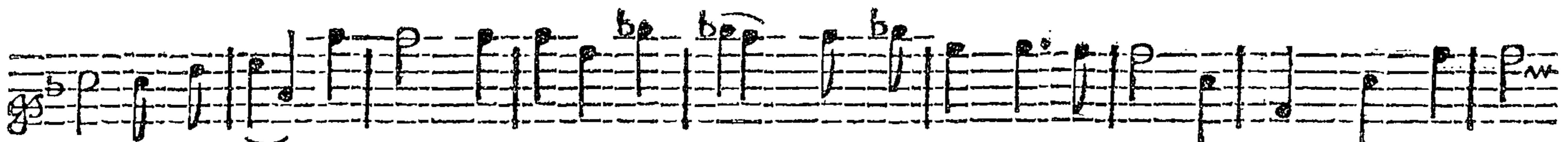
Amen.



A Health, a Health to the Nut-brown Lads, with the Hazle Eyes; she that has good Eyes, has



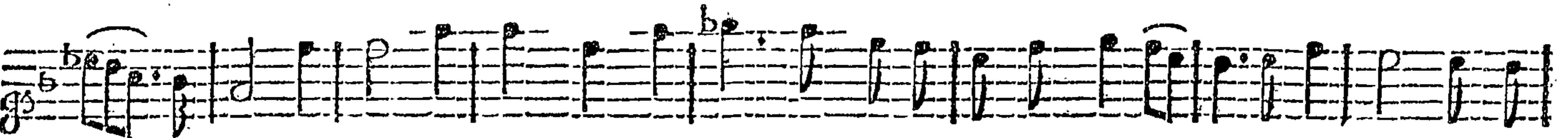
al-fo good Thighs, let it pass, let it pass: As much to the live-lier Gray, they're as good by night as



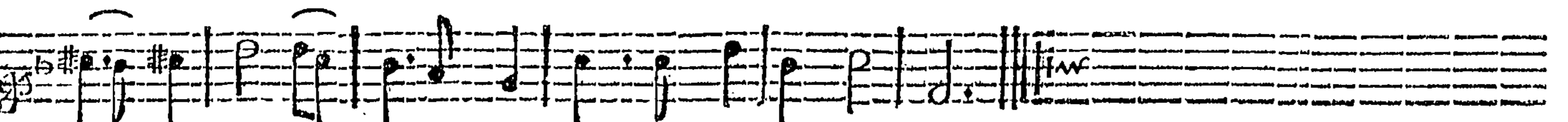
day; she that has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, drink away, drink away: I'll pledge, Sir, I'll pledge,



what ho! some Wine, here! some Wine; to mine, and to thine; to thine, and to mine; the Colours



are Divine: But Oh! the black Eyes, the black, give me as much again, and let it be Sack; she that

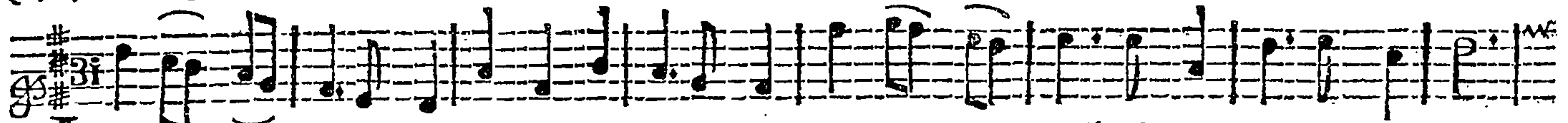


has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, and a better knack.

(7) A. 3. Voc.

[Galloping Joan.]

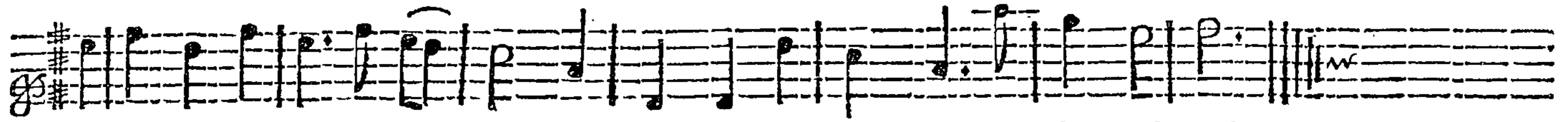
Dr. John Blow.



Joan has been Galloping, galloping, galloping, Joan has been galloping all the Town o're;



till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, until her Bumfiddle was wonderous sore; without e're

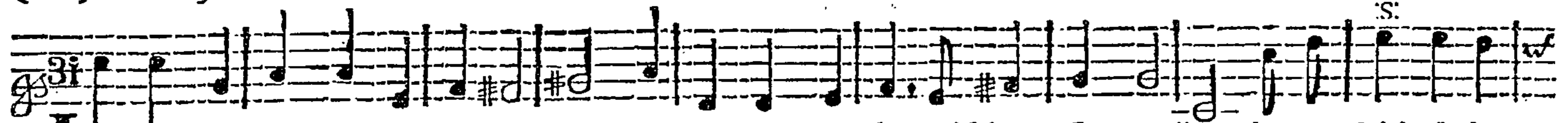


a Saddle upon her old Jade, to fetch her good Man from the Ale-house trade.

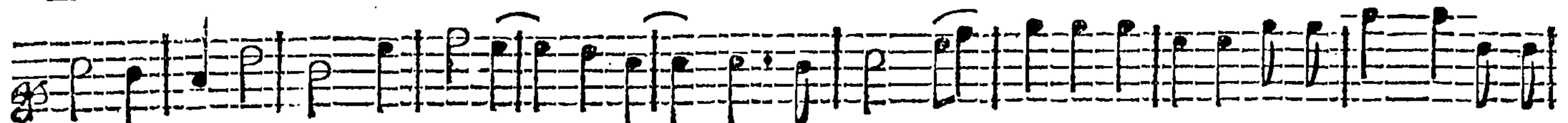
(8) A. 3. Voc.

[Kind Jenny.]

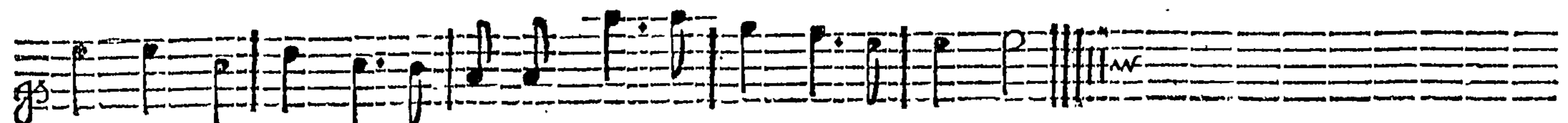
Dr. John Blow.



I'LL tell my Mother my Jenny cries and then a poor languishing Lover dies; but ye-faith I be—



—lieve the Gipsy lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be

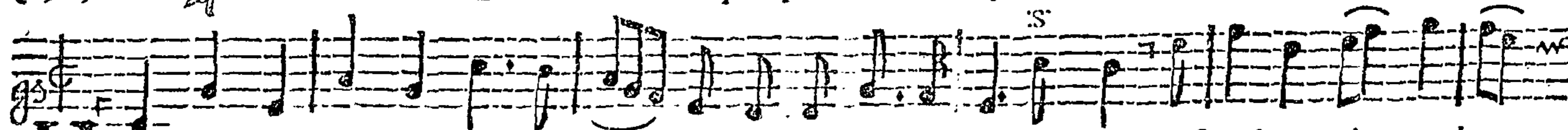


tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.

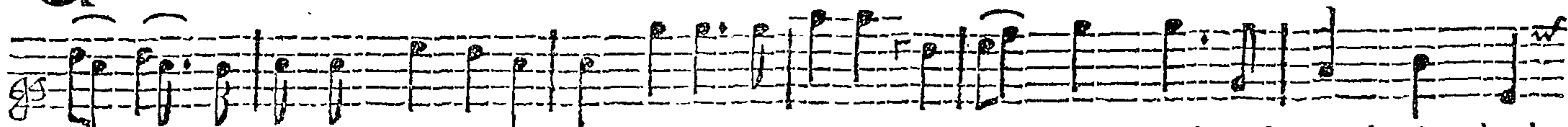
(9) A. A. Voc.

[A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.]

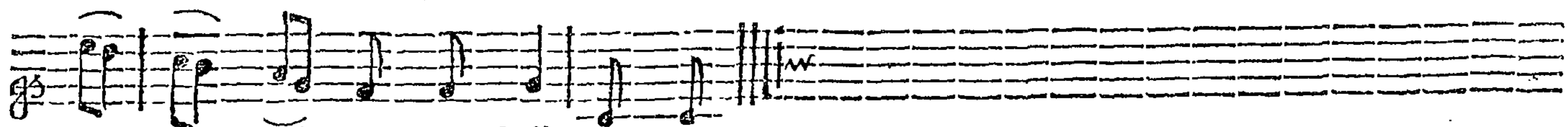
Dr. John Blow.



U Ds nigs! here ligs *John Digs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to say the truth, to say the truth, none know



which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived easie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead,

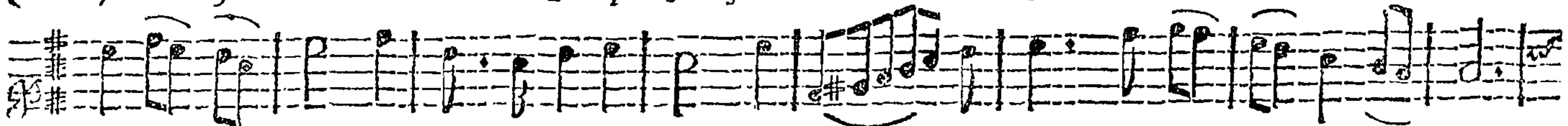


and now they're dead, and shall please ye.

(10) A. 3. Voc.

[In praise of the Punch-Bowl.]

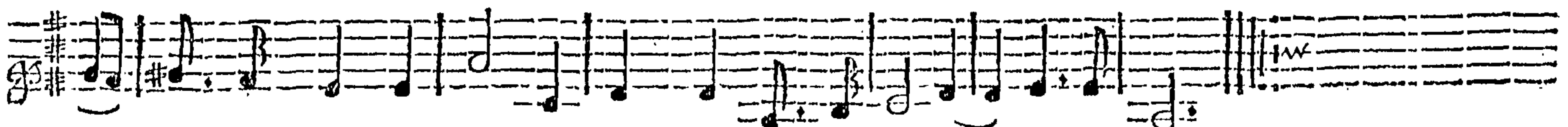
Dr. John Blow.



H Ow shall we speak thy praise, delicious Bowl, thou chear'it the Heart and thou inspir'it the Soul;



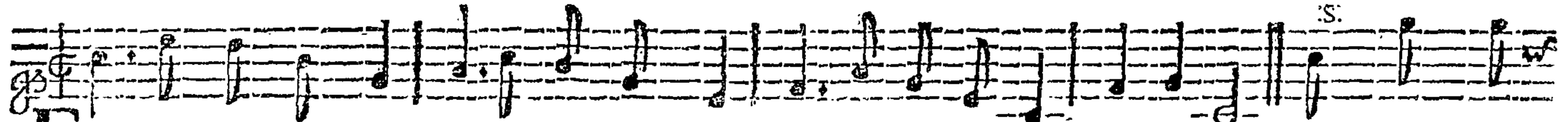
not *Jove* of *Neëter* so Divine can boast, *Am-bro-sia* is in-si-ped to thy Toast: Drink here you sons



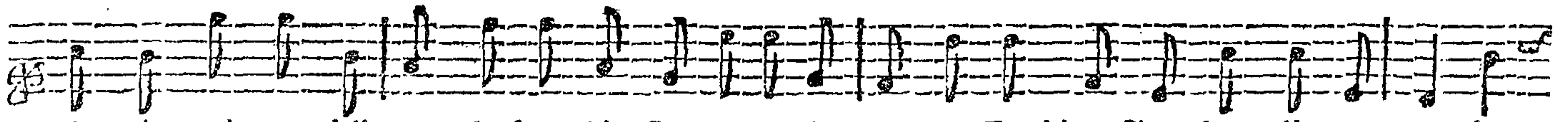
of Wit, and you will own, the *Punch Bowl* is the on-ly He-li-con.

(11) A. 3. Voc.

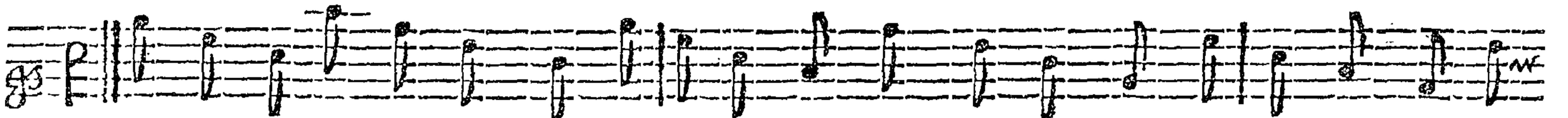
[A Chiding Catch.]



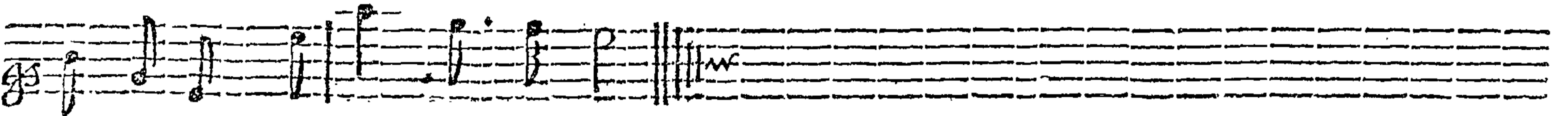
F Y ! nay ! prithee *John* ! do not quarrel, man ! let's be merry, and drink about : You're a Rogue



you've cheated me, I'll prove before this Company, I caren't a Farthing, Sir, for all you are so



stout. Sir, you lye, I scorn your word, or a—ny Man that wears a Sword, for all you huff, who



cares a T—, or who cares for you.

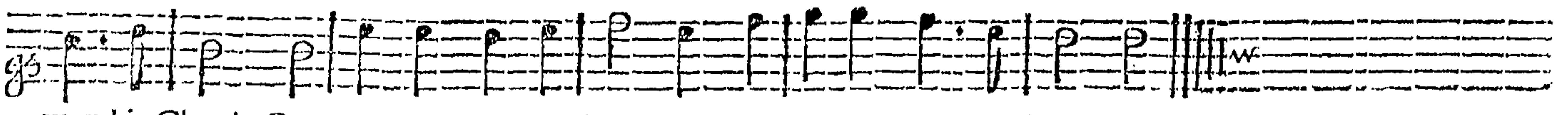
(12) A. 3. Voc.

[On Mun Saint.]

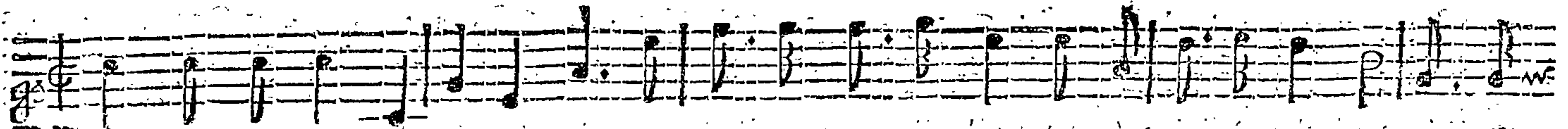
Mr. Mich. Wise.



S Trange News from the *Rose* Boys, never hear'd before Boys, Saint upon a Sunday, he play'd a—



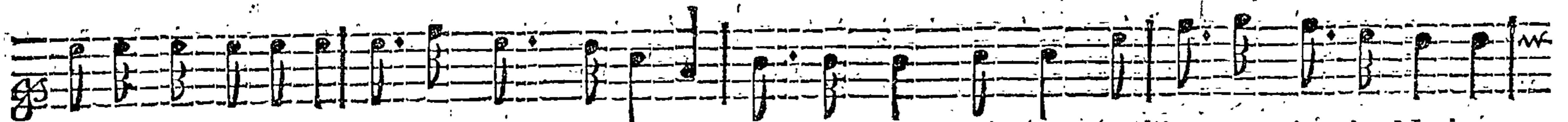
—way his Cloaths Boys, never such a Saint was there ever hear'd before Boys.



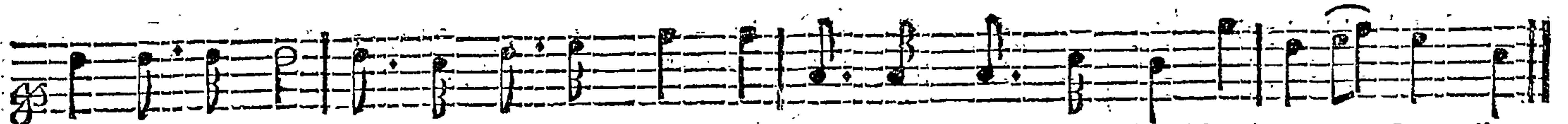
Here's that will challenge all the Fair, come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Burgamy Pear; here's the



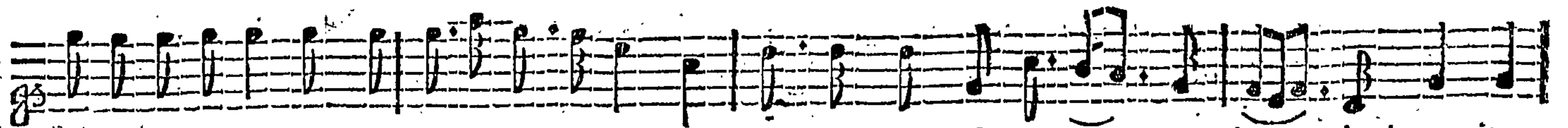
Whore of Ba-by-lon, the De-vil and the Pope, the Girl is just a go-ing on the Rope: Here's



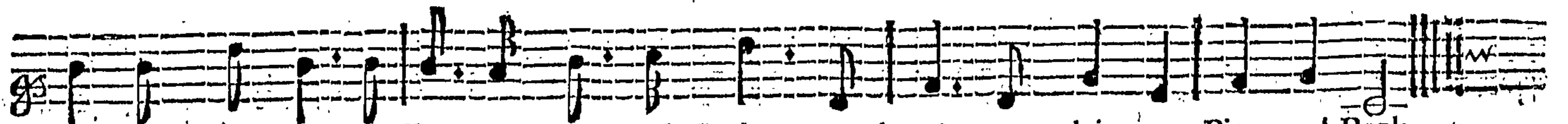
Dives and La-zarus, and the World's Creation, here's the Dutch Woman, the like's not in the Nation;



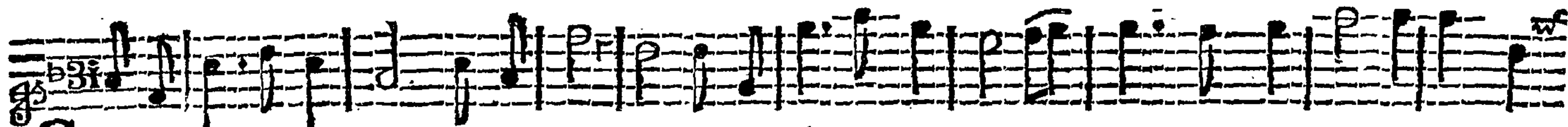
here is the Booth where the tall Dutch Maid is, here are Bears that dance like a-ny La-dies:



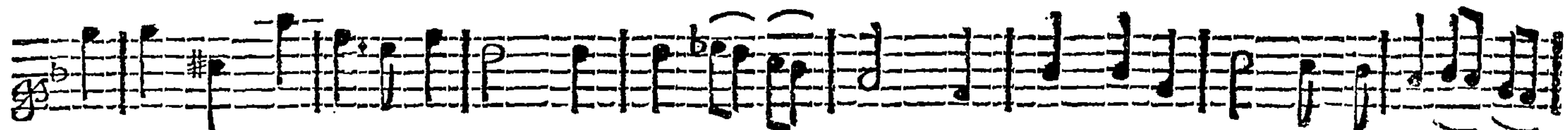
To-ta, to-ta tot, goes the lit-tle penny Trumpet, here's your Fa-cob Hall that can jump it, jump it;



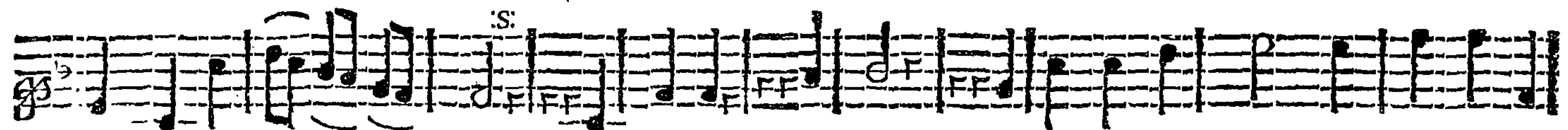
sound Trumpet sound, a sil-ver Spoon and Fork; come here's you dainty Pig and Pork.



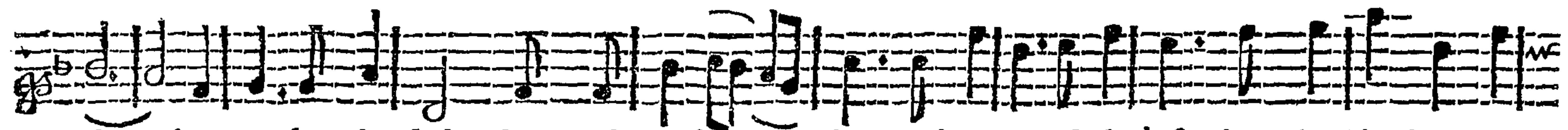
SUM up all the Delights, sum up all, all, sum up all the Delights the World does produce, the Darling



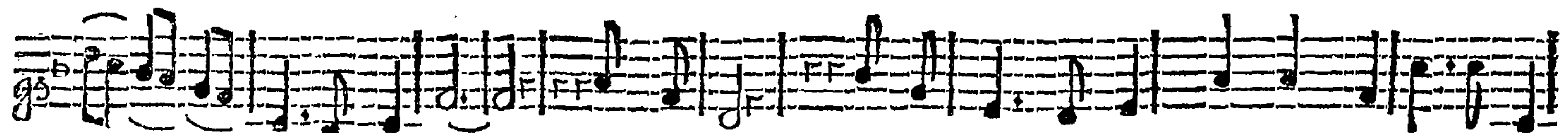
Allurements now chiefly in use ; you'll find when compar'd, there's none can contend, with the so-lid En-



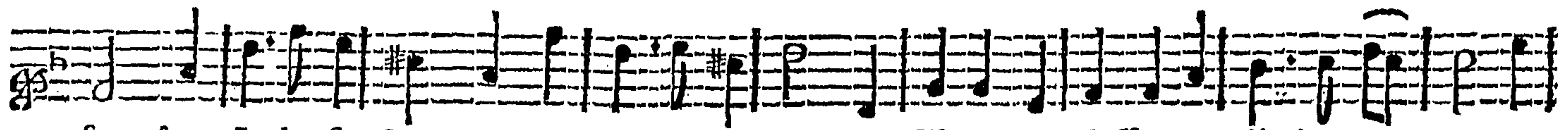
—joyments of Bot-tle and Friend: For Honour, or Wealth, or Beauty may waste, those Joys often



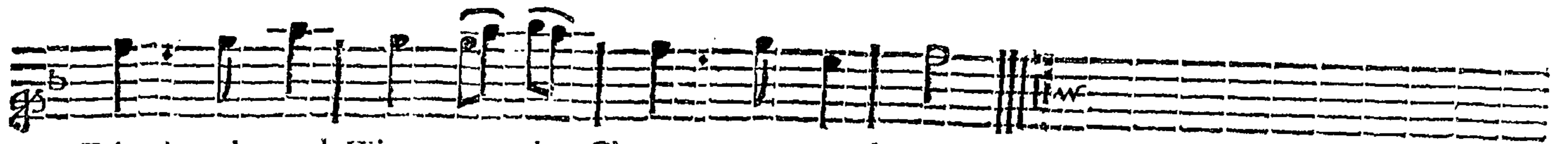
fade, but rarely do last ; they're so hard to at-tain, and so ea-si-ly lost, that the Pleasure ne'er



answers the Trouble and Cost. None like Wine, none like Wine, and true Friendship, are lasting and



sure, from Jealousie free, and from En-vy secure; then fill up the Glasses un-til they run o'er a



Friend and good Wine are the Charms we a—dore.

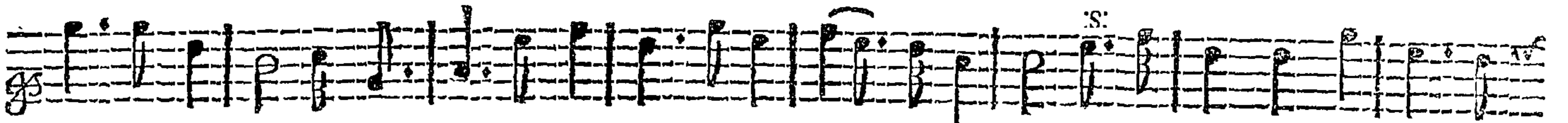
(15) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



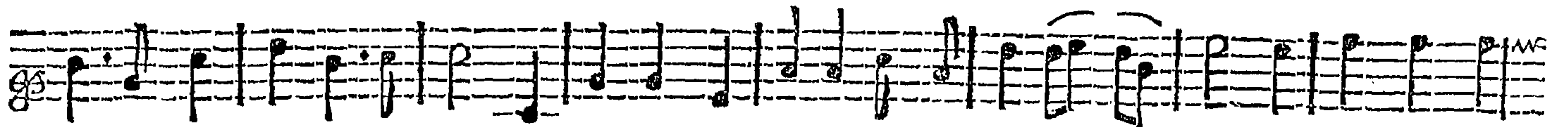
Wine, Wine in a Morning makes us Fro-lick and Gay, that like Eagles we soar in the



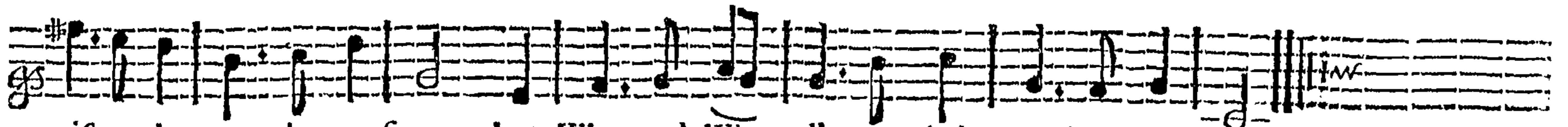
Pride of the Day; Gouty Sots in the Night on-ly find a decay. 'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape, and



to Drinking gives light, we I—mi-tate him when by Noon we're at height, they steal Wine who



take it when he's out of sight. Boy, fill all the Glasses fill 'em up now he shines; the higher he



rises, the more he re-fines; but Wine and Wit palls, as their Ma-ker de—clines.



The Millers Daughter Riding to the Fair, without a Saddle up—on a scurvey Mare; cry'd.



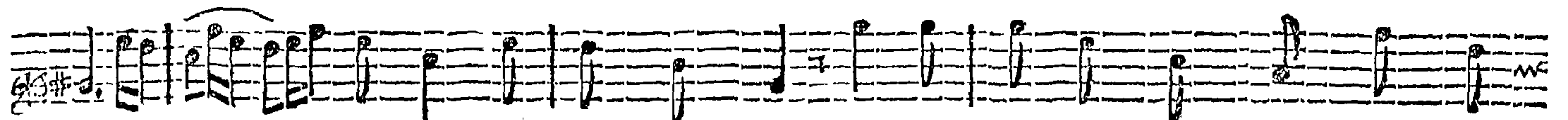
Oh Mother, I'm quite undone, I'm quite undone, I'm all, all o'regrown with Hair! A-way you



fil-ly Daughter, 'tis ev--'ry She's concern, and if you won't believe me, look here, look here, here, look



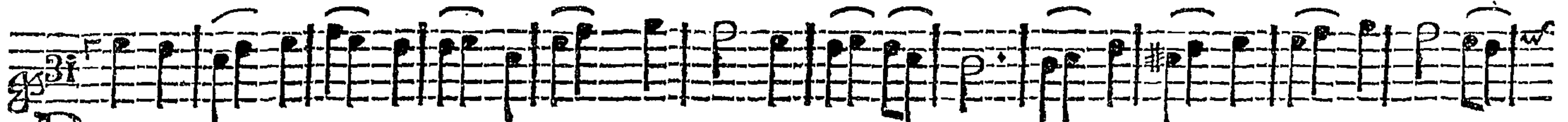
here, here, look here, look here, here and you may learn; then taking her a-side, she made the matter



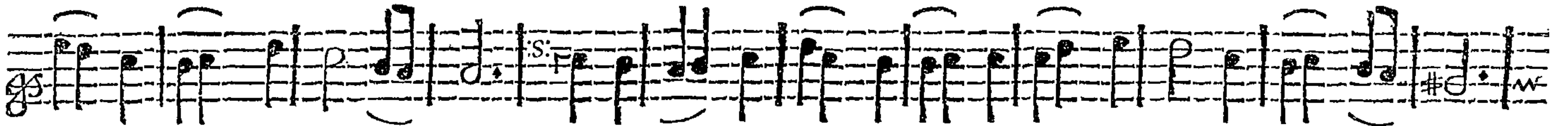
plain, O——h Mother, you're ten times worse! Oh you're ten times worse! you're ten times



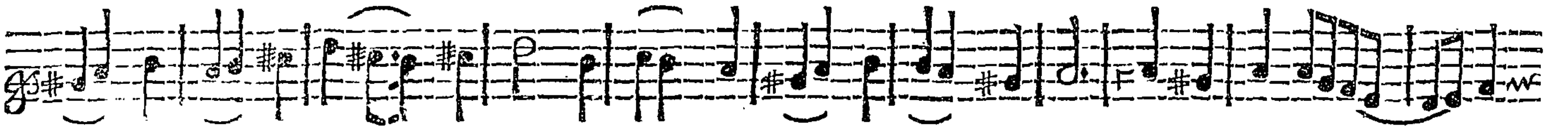
worse! you're ten times worse! why sure you rid up—on the Main!



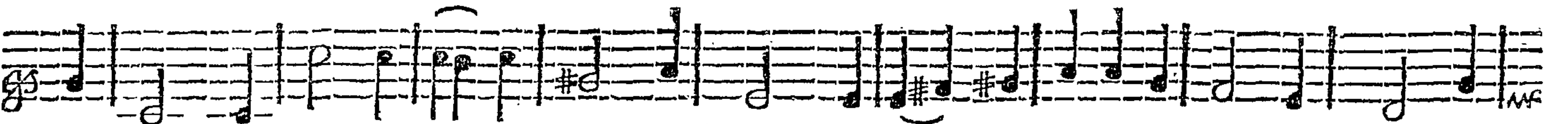
P Richee ben't so sad and ser'ous, nothing's got by Grief or Cares; Melanchol-ly's too imperious,



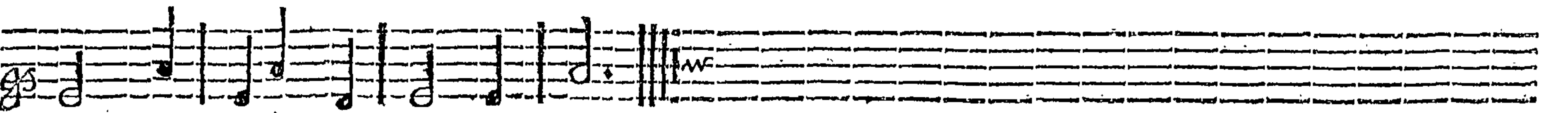
where it comes, still do-mi-neers : But if Bus'ness, Love, or Sorrow, that pos-sesses thus thy mind;



bid 'em come a—gain to morrow, we are now to Mirth inclin'd, let the Glas ru—n

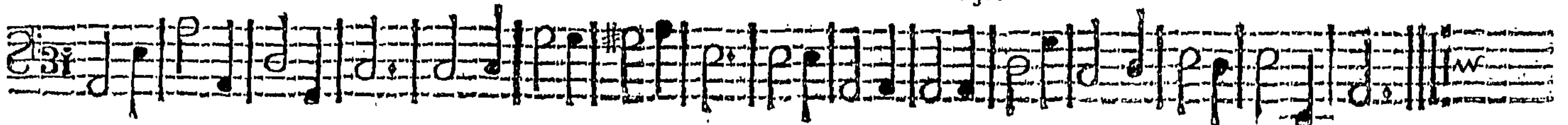


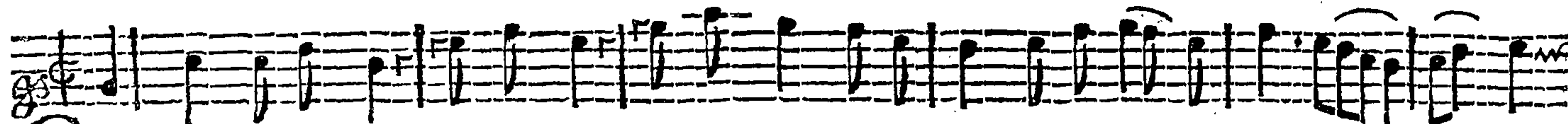
its round, and each good fellow keep his ground, and if there be a-ny flinchers found, we'll



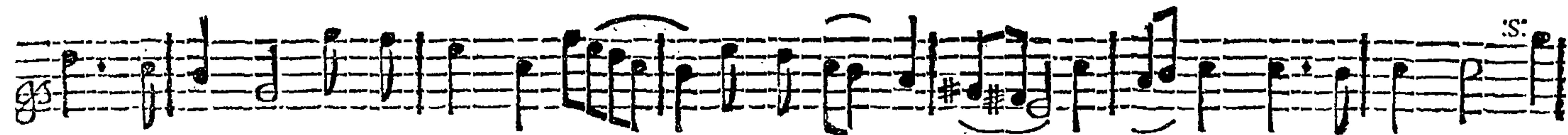
have, we'll have his Soul new Coin'd.

The Thorrow-Bass.

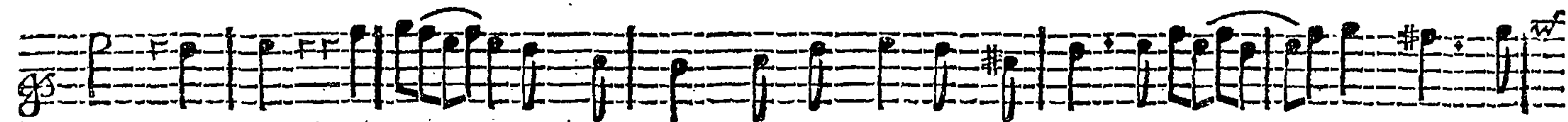




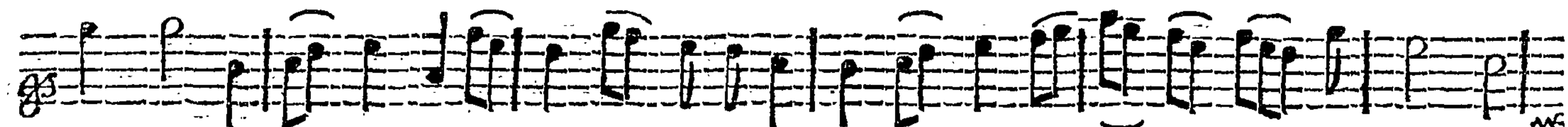
Come, come let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, 'tis in vain to think, like Fools on



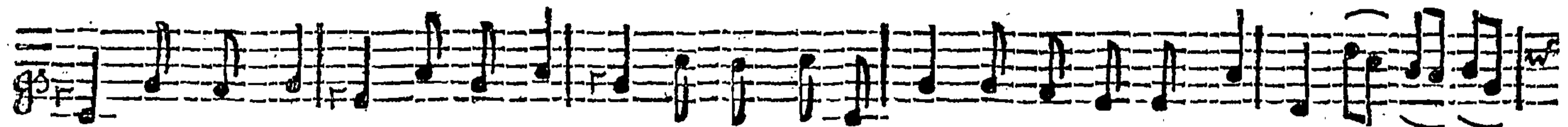
Grief or Sadness; let our Money fly, and our Sorrows die, all Worldly Care is Maddeſs: But



Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, and good Cheer will in ſpight of our fear, inſpire our Hearts with



Mirth Boys, the time we live, to Wine, to Wine let us give, ſince all, ſince all muſt turn to Earth Boys,



hand, hand about, hand, hand about, hand, hand a-bout the Bowl, the delight of my Soul, and to my



Hand, to my Hand com-mend it, a Fig, a Fig for Chink, 'twas made to buy Drink, and be—

fore we go hence we'll spend it.

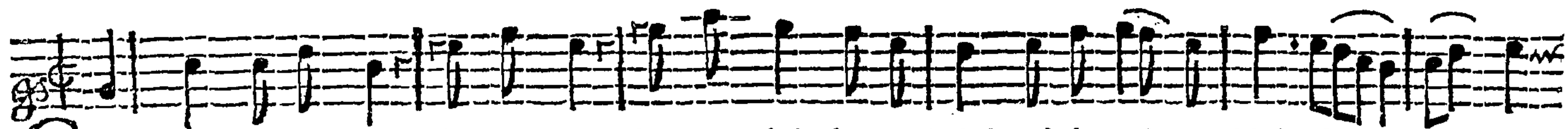
The Thorrow-Bass.

TRue English Men drink a good health to the Miter, let our Church ever flourish tho' her

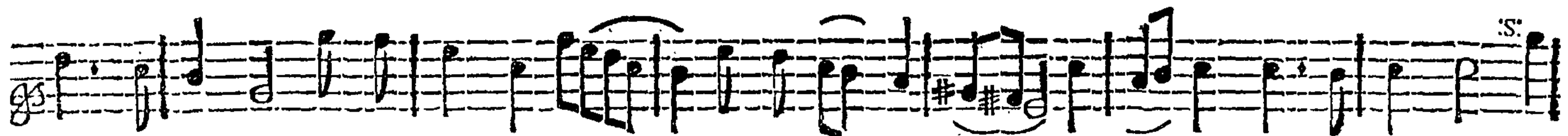
E—ne—mies spight her; may their cunning and for—ces no lon—ger pre-vail, but their

Mallice as well as their Arguments fail; Then re-mem-ber the Sev'n who support—ed our

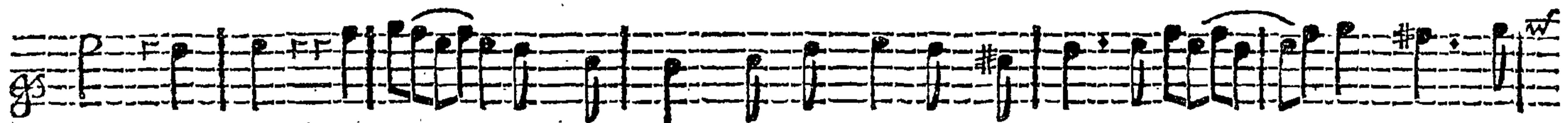
Cause, as stout as our Martyrs, and as just as our Laws.



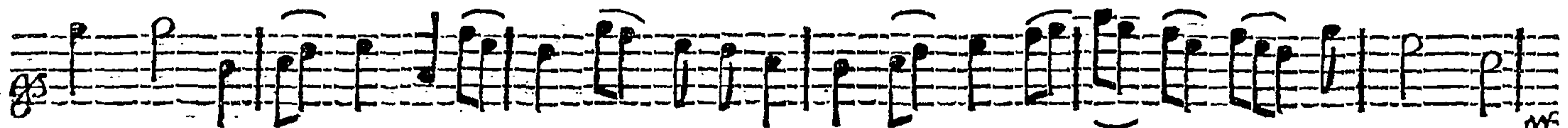
Come, come let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, 'tis in vain to think, like Fools on



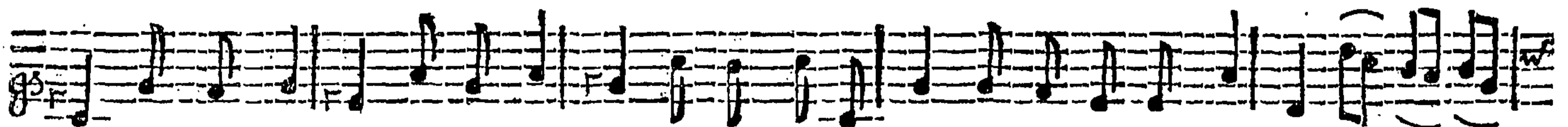
Grief or Sadness; let our Money fly, and our Sorrows die, all Worldly Care is Maddeffs: But



Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, and good Cheer will in spite of our fear, in—spire our Hearts with



Mirth Boys, the time we live, to Wine, to Wine let us give, since all, since all must turn to Earth Boys,



hand, hand about, hand, hand about, hand, hand a-bout the Bowl, the delight of my Soul, and to my

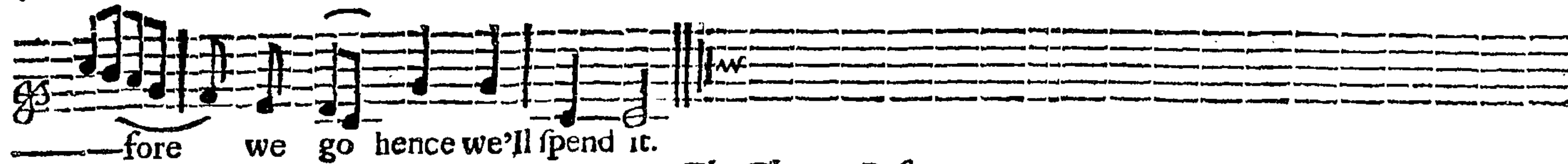


Hand, to my Hand com-mend it, a Fig, a Fig for Chink, 'twas made to buy Drink, and be—

(19) A. 3 Voc.

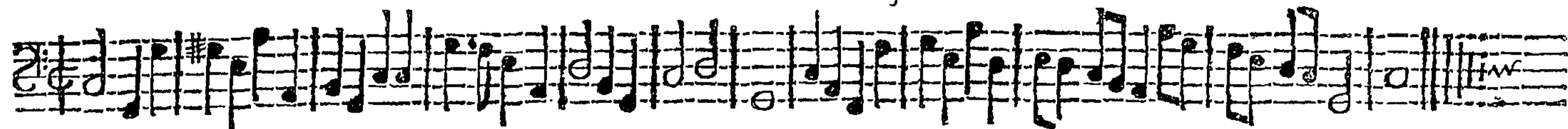
[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



fore we go hence we'll spend it.

The Thorough-Bass.



(20) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



T rue English Men drink a good health to the Miter, let our Church ever flourish tho' her



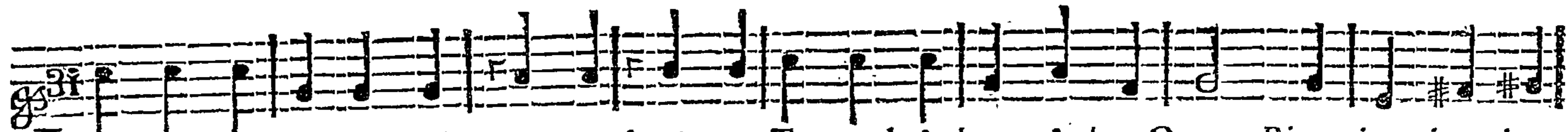
E—ne—mies spight her; may their cunning and for—ces no lon—ger pre—vail, but their



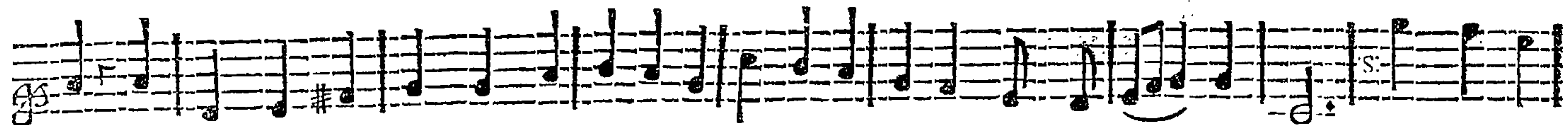
Mallice as well as their Arguments fail; Then re-mem-ber the Sev'n who support—ed our



Cause, as stout as our Martyrs, and as just as our Laws.



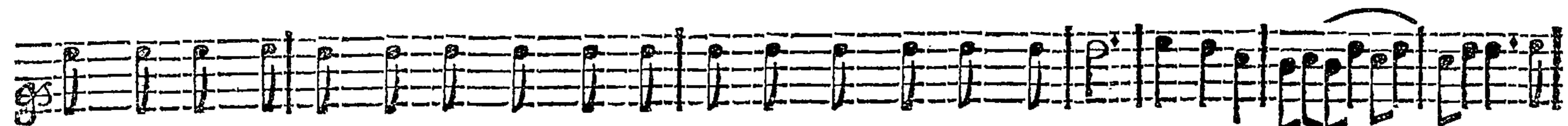
Jack thou'rt a Toper, Jack thou'rt a, thou'rt a Toper, let's have t'other Quart; Ring, ring, ring, ring,



ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we're so sober, so sober, so sober, 'twere a shame to part; None but a



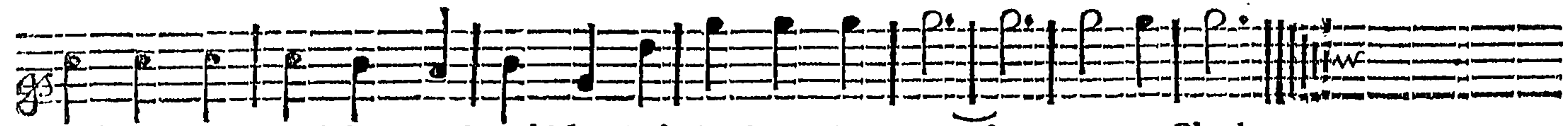
Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming,



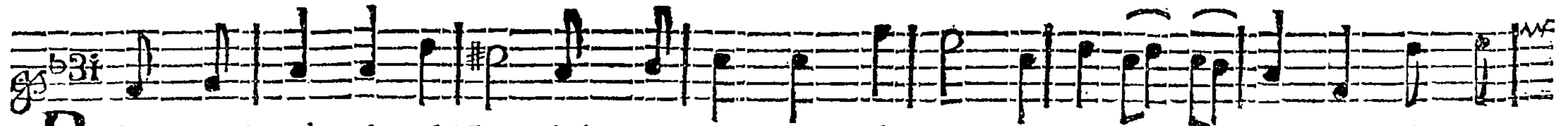
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late fears a Do—me—stick



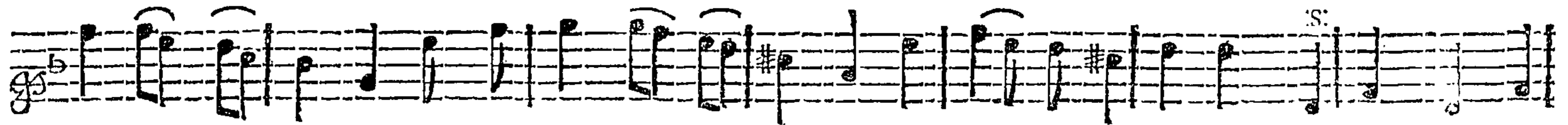
strife; I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call, and knock, knock, boldly, knock



boldly, knock boldly, knock bold-ly, tho' Watchmen cry past two a Clock.



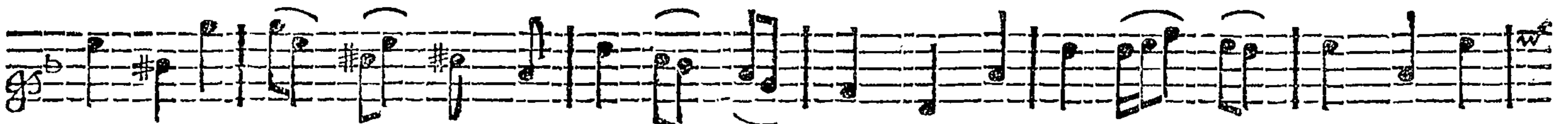
BRing the Bowl and cool Nantz, bring the Bowl and cool Nantz, and let us be mixing; We've a



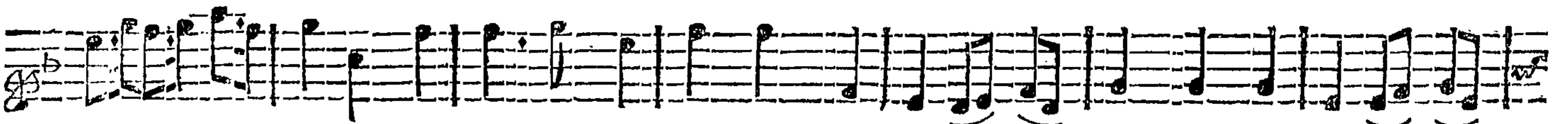
great deal of bus'ness, we've a great deal of bus'ness, 'tis time to be fixing: Dip, dip your Dish



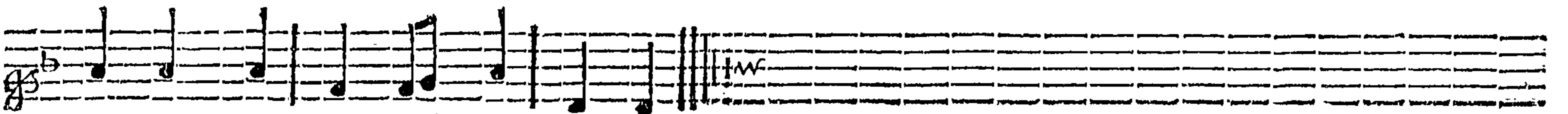
fair a—round to all jol—ly, jol—ly Punch-drinkers; we loose not a Mi—nute, we



loose not a Mi—nute, while we are our own Skinkers; we need no Damn'd Drawers, our



mo—tions, our motions are quicker, we sit at the Well Boys, we sit at the

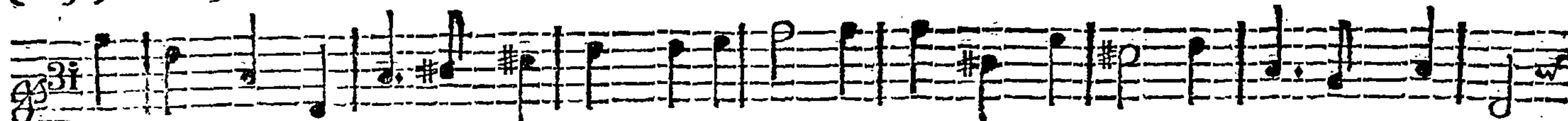


Well Boys, and drink ri—cher Liquor.

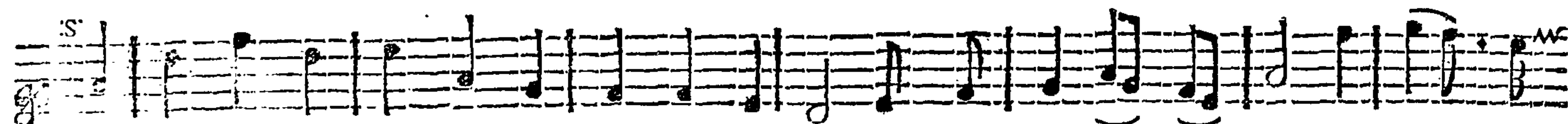
(23) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

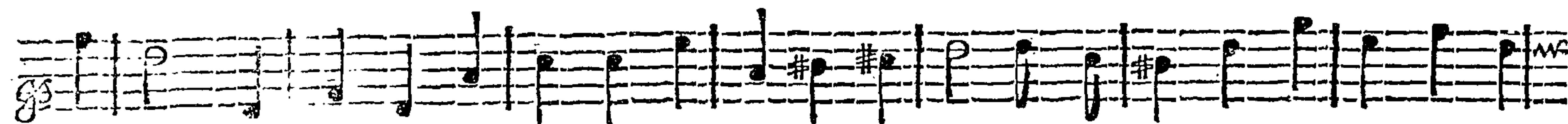
Mr. Henry Purcell.



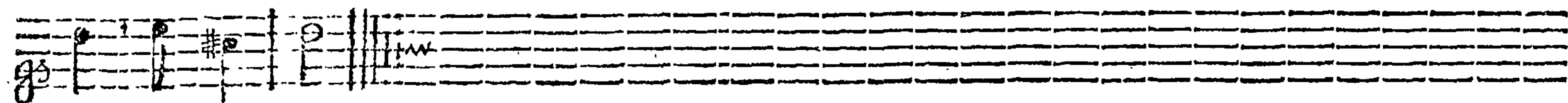
Pale Fa—ces stand by, and our bright ones a-dore, we look like our Wine, you worfe then our Score;



come light up our Pimples, all Art we out shine, when the plump God does Paint each Streak is



di—vine: Clean Glasses are Pencils, old Claret is Oyl, he that sits for his Picture must



fit a good while.

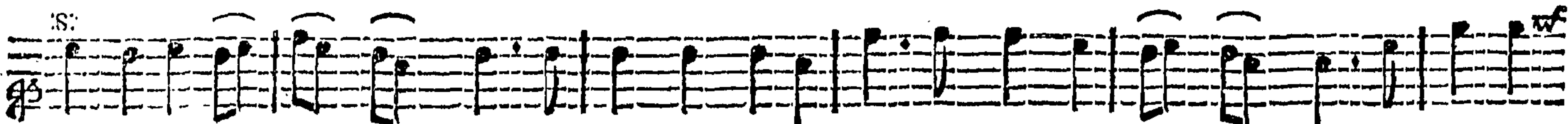
(24) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

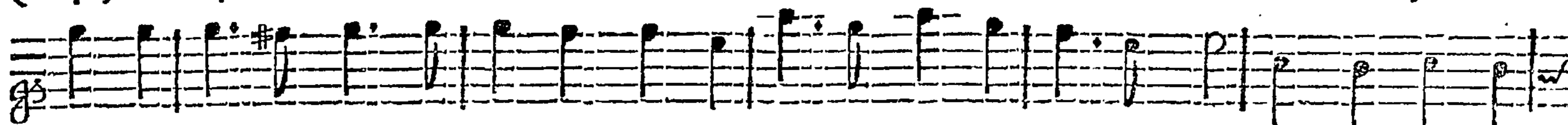
Mr. Henry Purcell.



Soldier, Soldier take off thy Wine, and shake thy Locks, and shake thy Locks as I shake mine;



how can I my poor Locks shake, that have but Ten, I have but Ten Hairs on my Pate, and one of



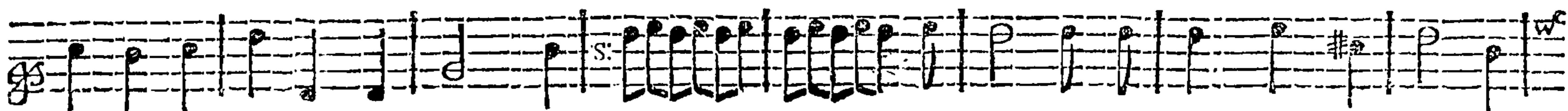
them must go for Tythes, so there remains, so there remains but Four and Five, Four and Five, and



that makes Nine, then take off your drink, then take off your drink as I take mine.



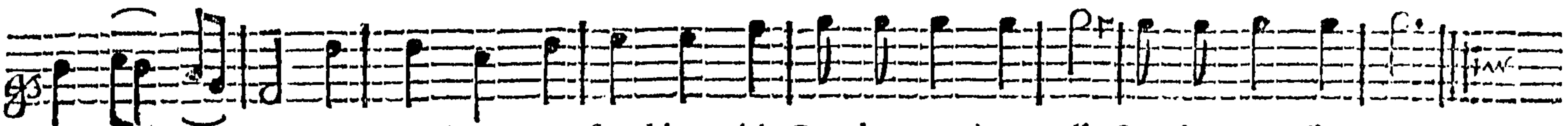
CAll for the Reck'ning, and let us, and let us be gone, such careles attendance sure never, sure



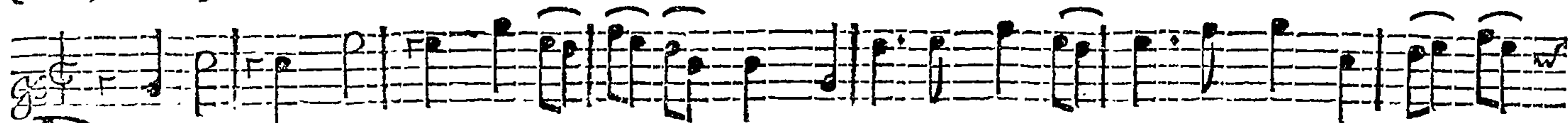
never, sure never was known; pray ri—ng the Bell, till the Drawers come up, nay



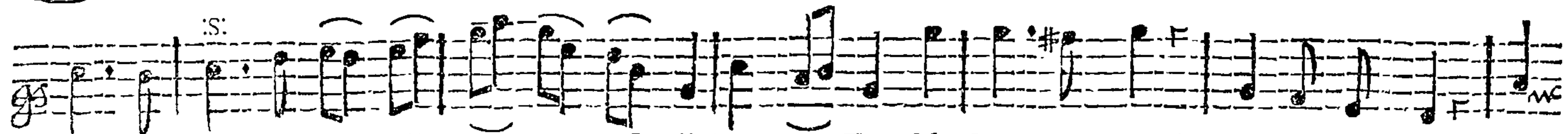
prithce pull on, pull on, pull on, tho' you break the Rope; why sure they're a-sleep, a pox, a



pox take 'em all: oh! now they come sneaking with Gentlemen d'ye call, Gentlemen d'ye call.



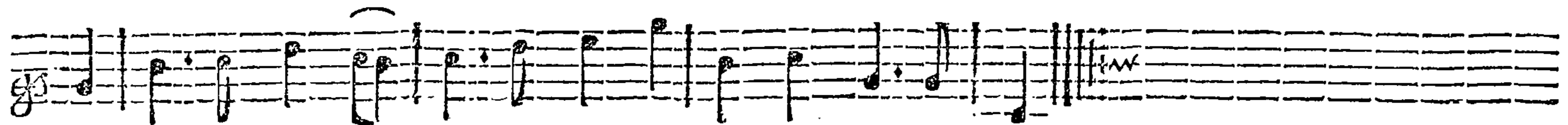
Drink on, drink on, drink on, till Night be spent, and Sun do shine, did not the Gods give anxious



Mortals Wine, to wash all Care, to wash all Care and Trouble from the heart? why then so soon, why



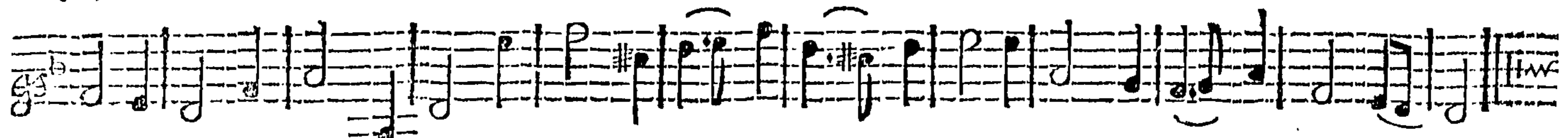
then so soon shou'd Jovial Fellows part? Come let this Bumper, let this Bumper for the next make way,



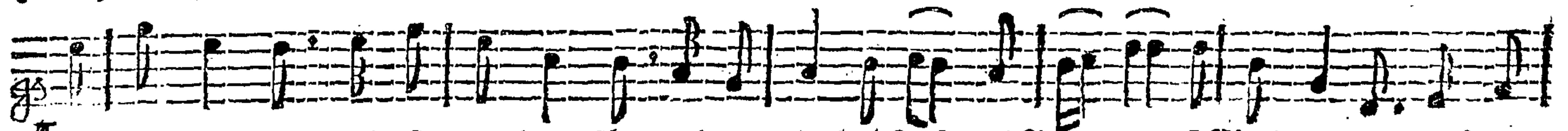
who's sure to live, who's sure to live, and drink a—no--ther day.



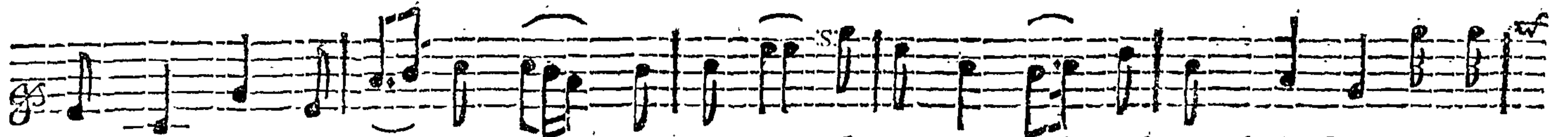
When *V* and *I* together meet, we make up 6 in House or Street; yet *I* and *V* may meet once more, and



then we 2 can make but 4: But when that *V* from *I* am gone, a-las! poor *I* can make but One.



I Gave her Cakes and I gave her Ale, and I gave her Sack and Sher--ry, I Kist her once, and I



Kist her twice, and we were wond'rous mer--ry : I gave her Beads, and Bracelets fine, and I



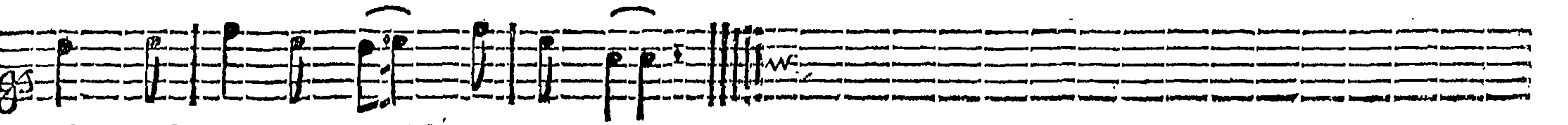
gave her Gold downder--ry; I thought she was a-feard, till she stroak'd my Beard, and we



were wond'rous mer--ry; merry my Hearts, merry my Cocks, merry my sprights; merry



merry, mer-ry, mer-ry, merry, my hey down der--ry, I Kist her once, and I Kist her



twice, and we were wond'rous mer--ry.

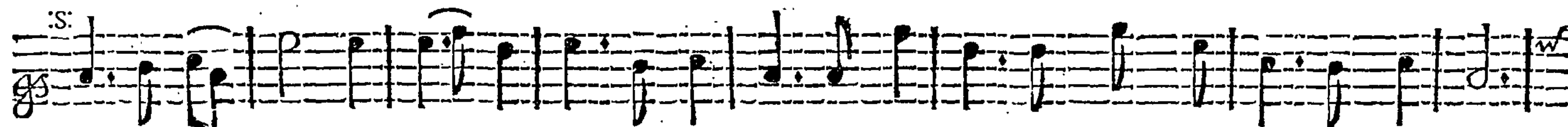
(29) A. 3. Voc.

[An old Epitaph.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



UN-der this Stone lies Ga-bri-el John, in the year of our Lord, One thousand and one;



co-ver his Head with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with Turf or Sone, 'tis all one.

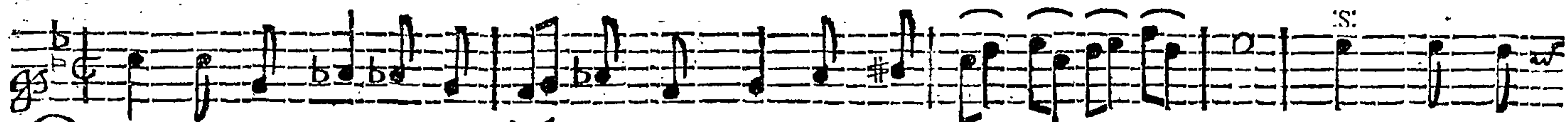


Pray for the Soul of gen-tle John, if you please you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.

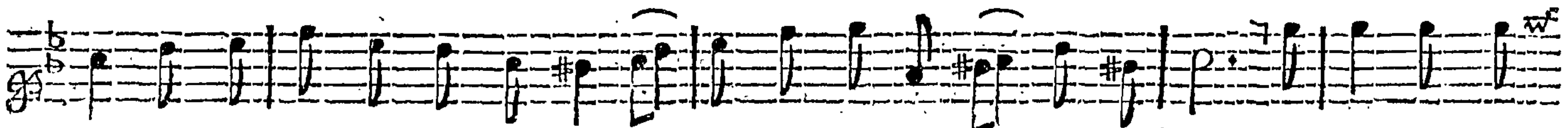
(30) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

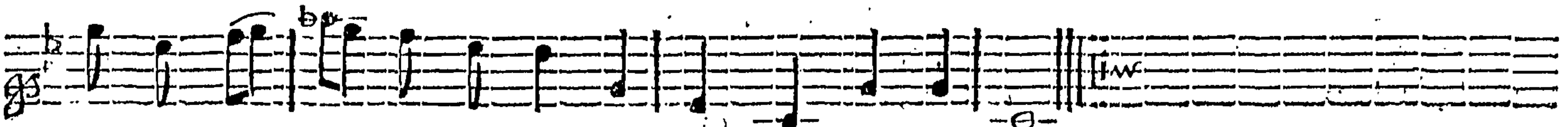
Mr. H. Purcell.



ONce in our lives, let us drink to our Wives, tho' their Numbers be but small; Heav'n take the



best, and the De-vil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all: To this hearty

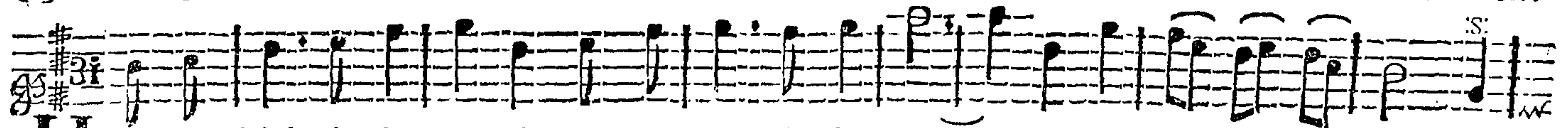


Wish, let each Man take his Dish, and drink, drink, till he fall.

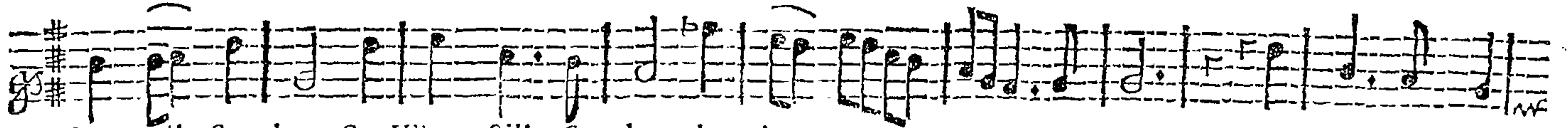
(31) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

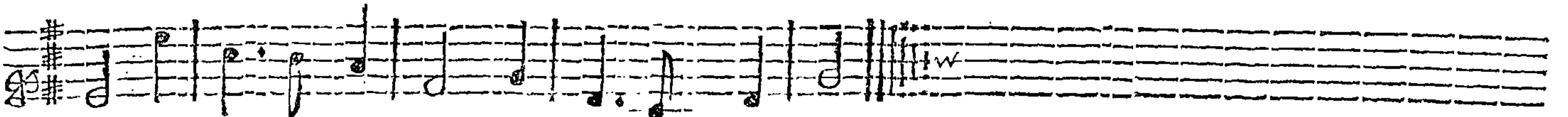
Mr. H. Purcell.



HE that drinks is im-mortal, he that drinks is im—mor—tal, and can ne'er de—cay; for



Wine still supply, for Wine still supply, what Age wea—rs a—way; how can he be

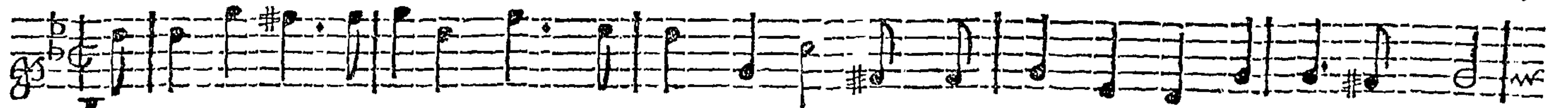


Dust, how can he be Dust, that moistens his Clay?

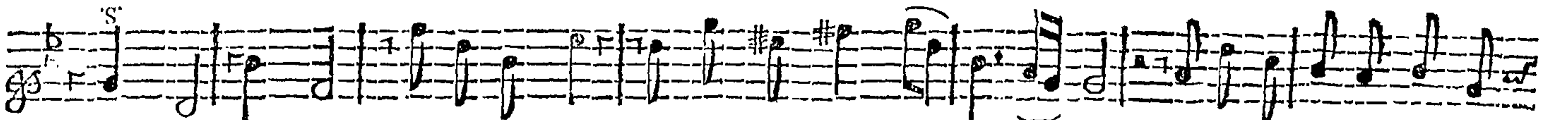
(32) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

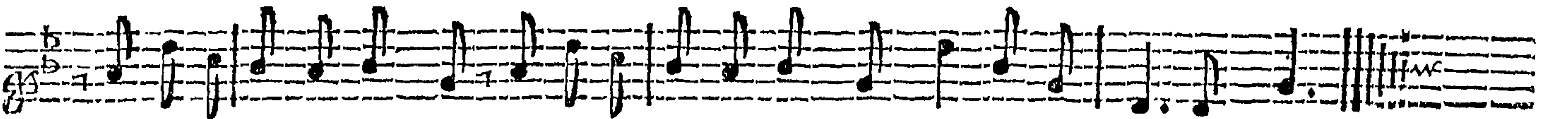
Mr. H. Purcell.



IF all be true that I do think, there are Five Reasons, there are Five Reasons we shou'd Drink;



good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry, or least we should be by and by; or a--ny other Reason,

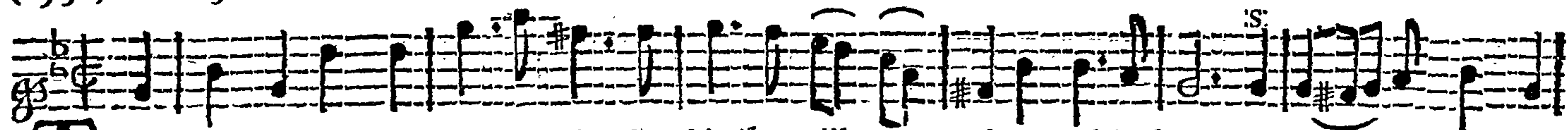


or a-ny o-ther Reason, or a-ny other Reason, why, a-ny reason why.

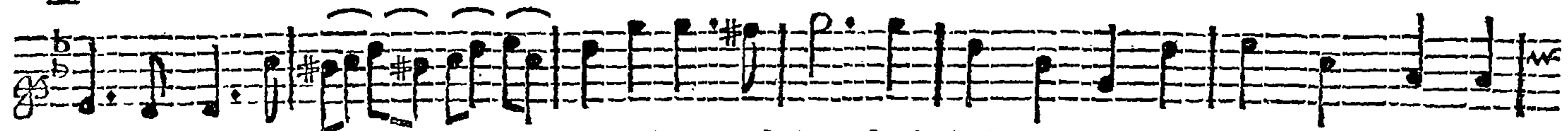
(33) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

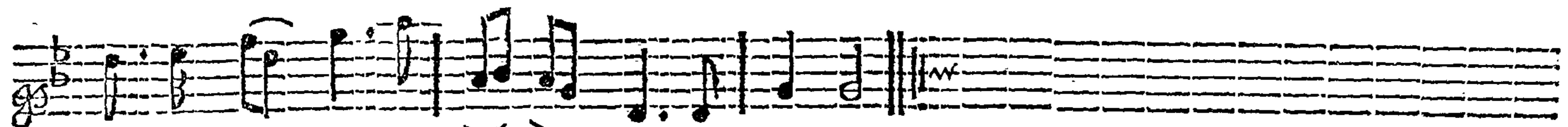
Mr. H. Purcell.



TO thee, to thee and to a Maid, that kindly will up—on her Back be laid; and laugh, and sing and



kiss, and play, and wanton, wanton out a Summer's day: Such, such a Lass, kind Friend, and Drinking

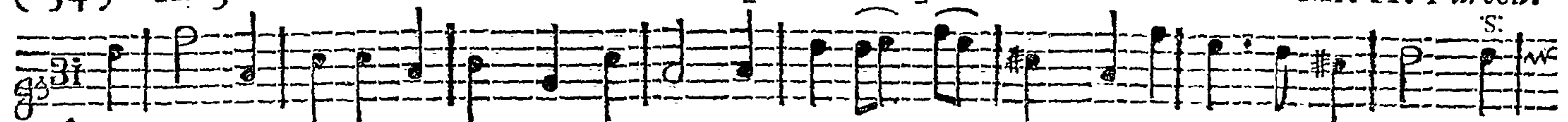


give me, Great *Fove!* and damn, and damn the Thinking.

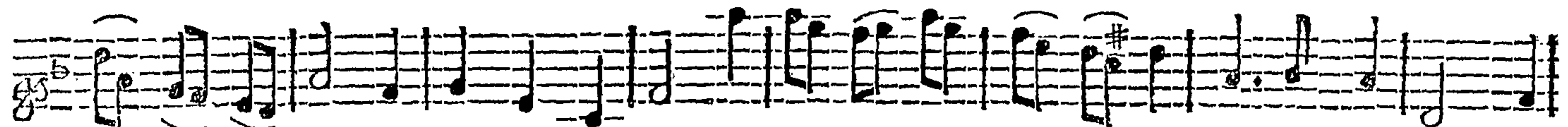
(34) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

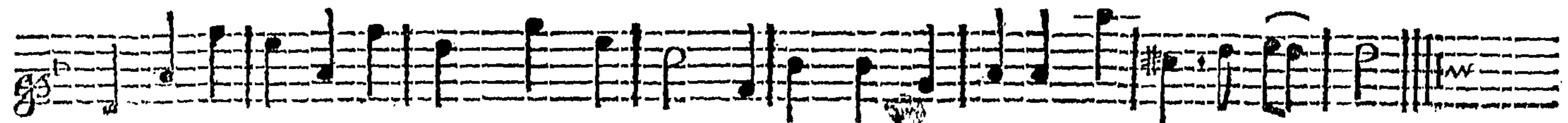
Mr. H. Purcell.



AN Ape, a Lyon, a Fox, and an Ass, do shew forth Man's Life as it were in a Glafs; for



A—pish we are till Twentty and one, and af—ter that, Ly—ons till Forty be gone: Then



Wit-ty as Foxes till Threescore and Ten, but af—ter that Asses, and so no more Men.

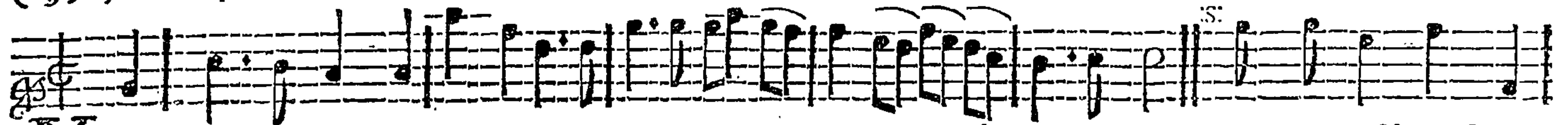
The Second Part; to the same Tune.

A Dove, a Sparrow, a Parrot, a Crow,
As plainly sets forth how you Women may know;
Harmless they are, till Thirteen be gone,
Then Wanton as Sparrows till Forty draw on;
Then Prating as Parrots till Threescore be o're,
Then Birds of ill Omen, and Women no more.

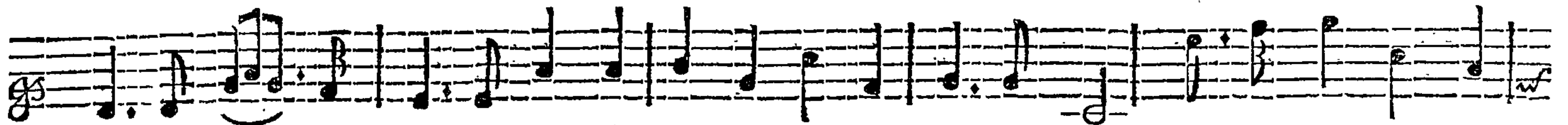
(35) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

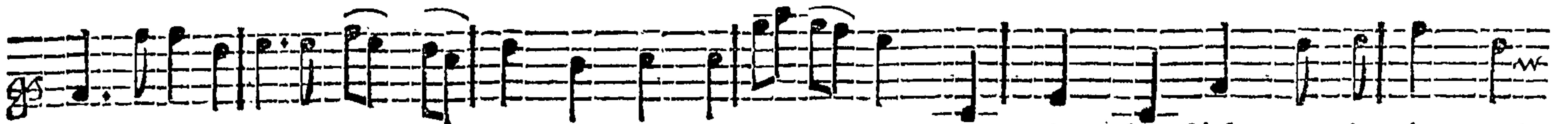
Mr. Henry Purcell.



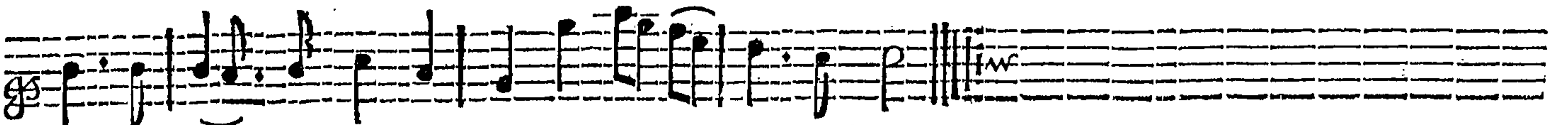
Young *John* the Gard'ner having lately got, a ve-ry Rich and Fertile Garden Plot; bragging to *Joan*, Quoth



he, so Rich a Ground for Mellons, cannot in the World be found: That's a damn'd lye, quoth



Joan, for I can tell, a place that does your Garden far excell: Where's that? says *John*; in mine Ars quoth

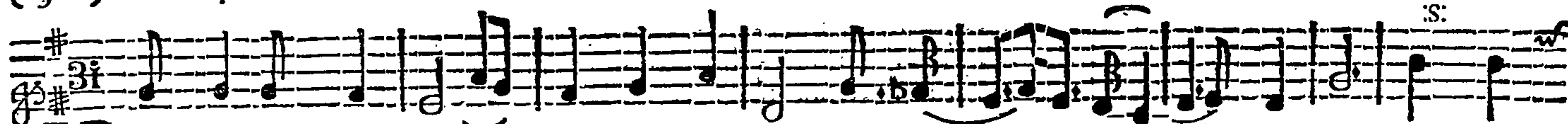


Joan, for there is store of Dung and Water all the Year.

(36) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



UN—der a green Elm, lies *Luke Shepherd's* Helm, that steer'd him ev'—ry way; wherefore



now she's gone, mourning there is none, he follow'd her Corps in gray; He smil'd at the Grave, like



a flee—ing Knave, she'll tell him on't at the last day; for if we must rise, with the same

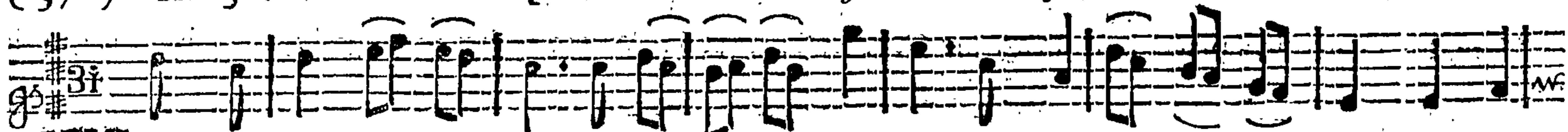


Bo—dy and Eyes, she'll have the same Tongue, folks say.

(37) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch. Words by Mr. Otway.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Would you know how we meet o're our jol—ly full Bowls, as we min—gle our Liquors, we

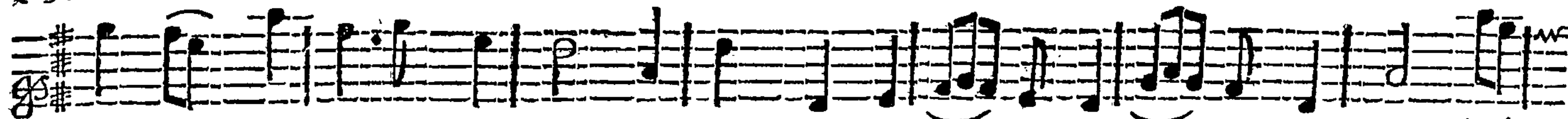


min—gle our Souls; the Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind sooths the Strong, and nothing but

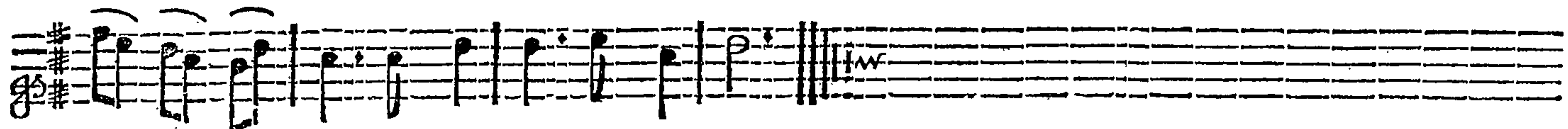
(37) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Friendship grows all the Night long: We drink, laugh, and gra—ti—fie ev'—ry De—sire, Love

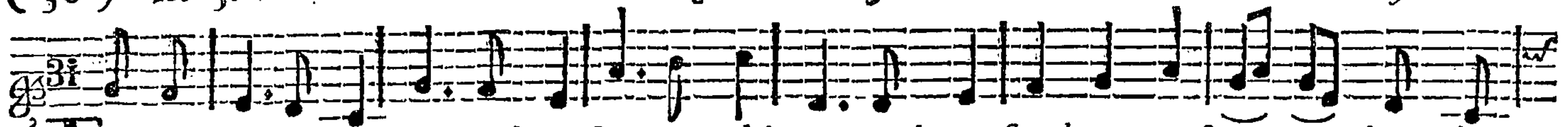


on—ly re—mains, our un—quencha—ble Fire.

(38) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



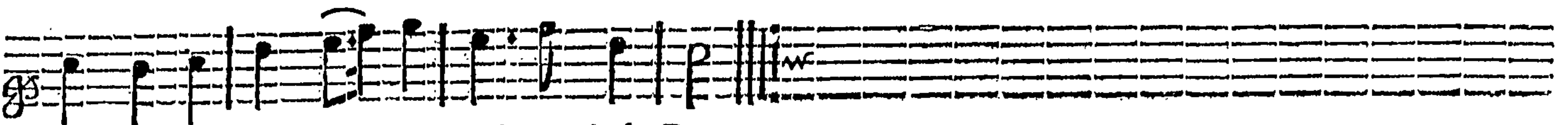
Is too late for a Coach, and too soon to reel home, we have freedom to stag—ger when the



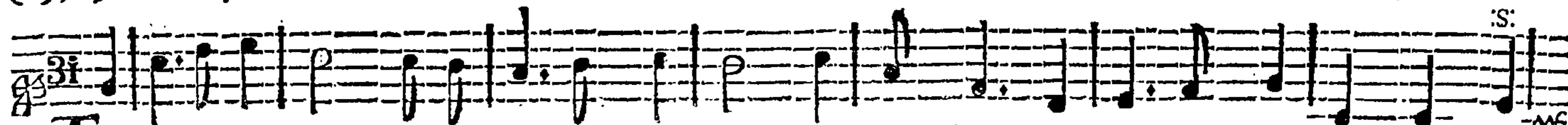
Town is our own; let's whirle it away, and whip Six—pen—ces round, till the Drawers are foun—



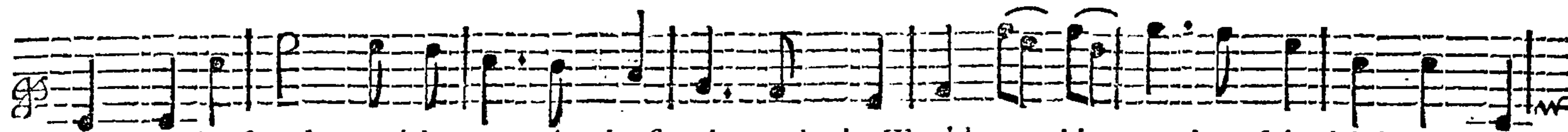
—der'd, and the Hoghead does found: The Glas stays with you Tom, save your Tide, pull a—way, one



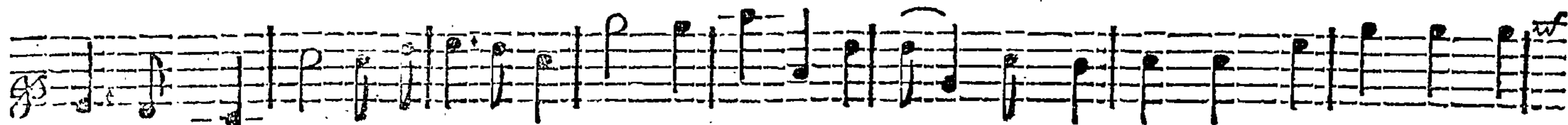
Minute of Mid—night is worth a whole Day,



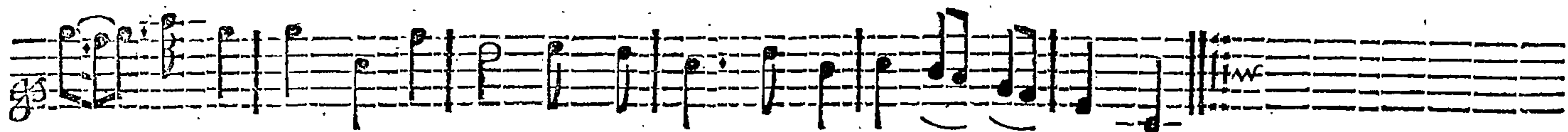
T He *Macedon* Youth left behind him This truth, That no-thing was done with much thinking; He



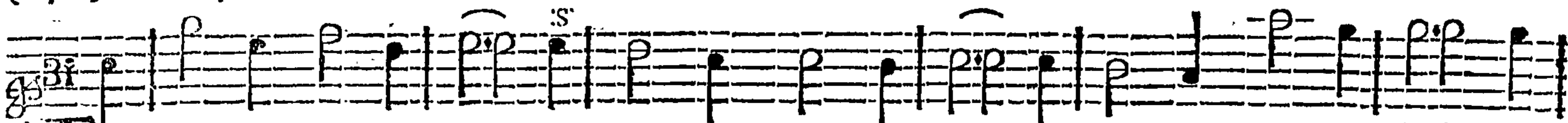
drank, and he fought, and he got what he fought, and the World was his own by fair drink-ing: He



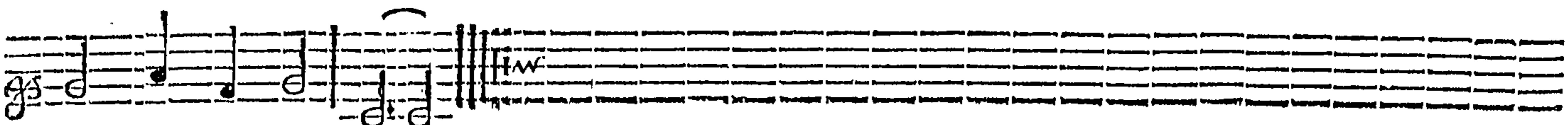
wash'd his great Soul, in a plentiful Bowl, he cast away Trou-ble and Sorrow; his Mind did not



run, of what was to be done, for he thought of to day, not to morrow.



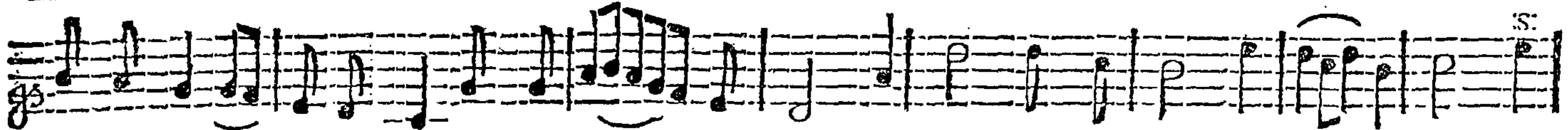
I S Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us sad; 'tis Sad-ness makes us drink, and



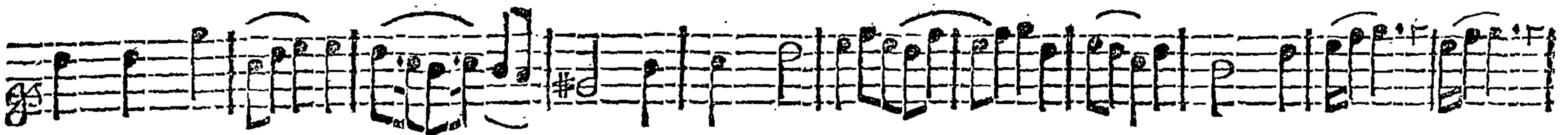
drinking makes us mad.



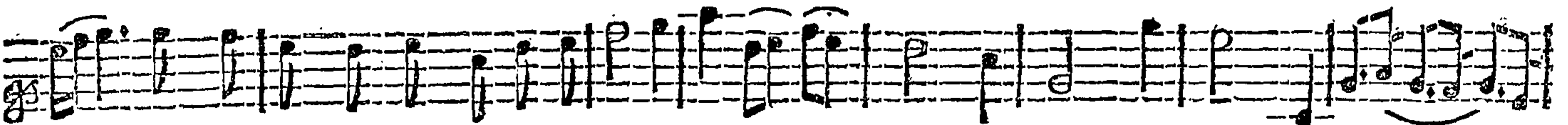
Y Oung Collin cleaving of a Beam; at ev'ry thumping, thumping blow, cry'd Hem! and told his Wife, and



told his Wife, and told his Wife who the cause wou'd know, that Hem made the Wedge much farther go. Plump



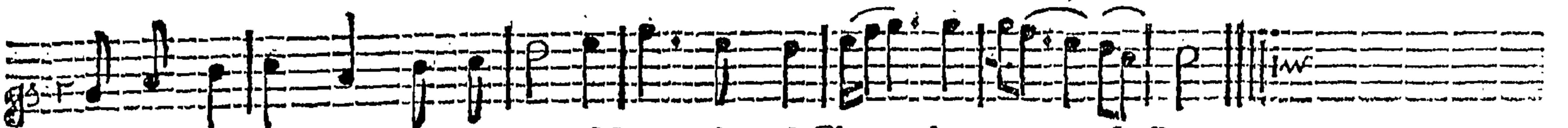
Joan when at Night to Bed they came, and both were play——ing at the same, cry'd Hem! Hem!



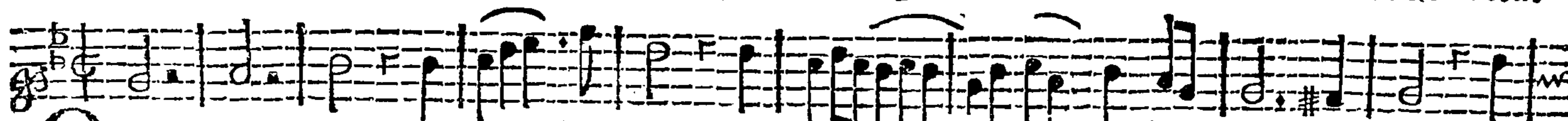
Hem! prethee, prethee, prethee, Collin do, if e--ver thou Love'dst me, Dear Hem now; he Laughing



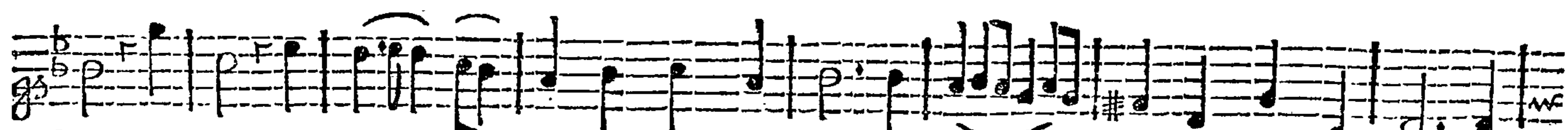
answer'd no, no, no, some Work will splitt, will splitt with half a blow; beside now I Bore, now I Bore;



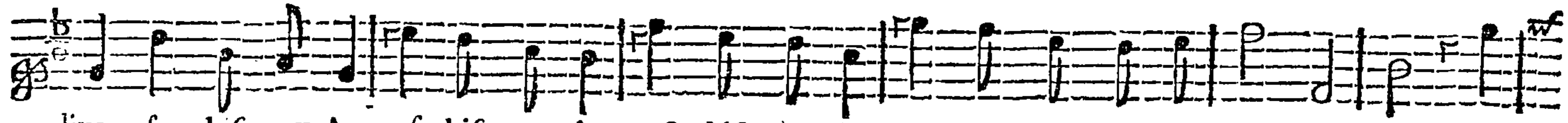
now I Bore, now, now, now, I Bore, I Hem when I Cleave, but now I Bore:



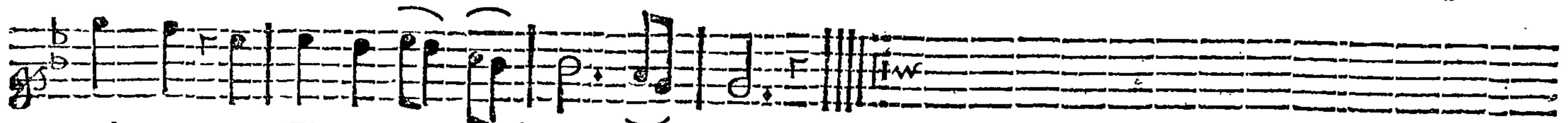
Once, Twice, Thrice I *Fu—lia* try'd, the scorn—ful Puffs as oft de—ny'd, and



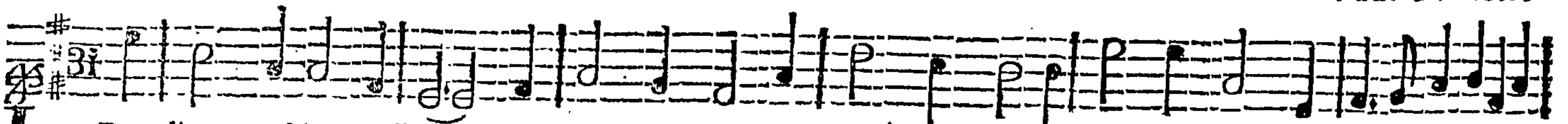
since, and since I can no bet—ter, bet—ter thrive, I'll crin—ge to ne'er a Bitch a



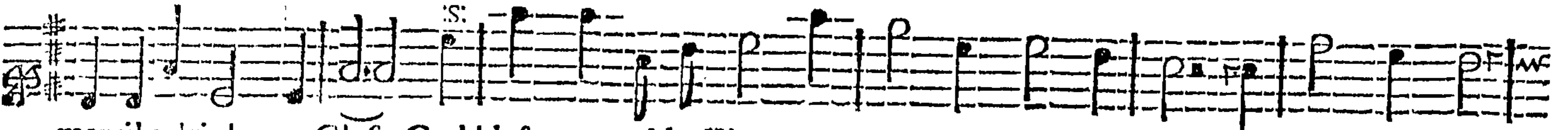
—live, so kifs my Ar—, so kifs my Ar—, so kifs my Ar—, so kifs my Ar— dis-dain—ful Sow, good



Claret, good Claret is my Mi—stres now.



L Et's live good honest Lives, and make much of our Wives; and since all Flesh is Grass, let's merrily, merrily

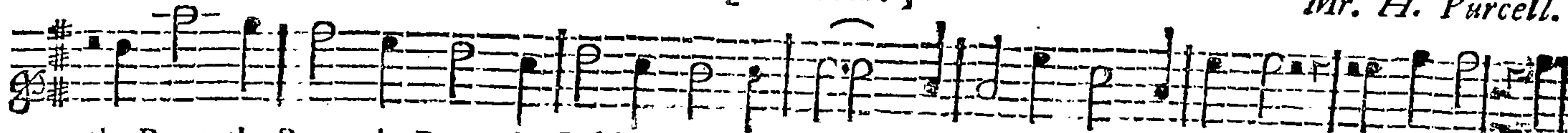


merrily drink our Glafs: God bless our noble King, what need we fear the Pope, the Pope, the Pope,

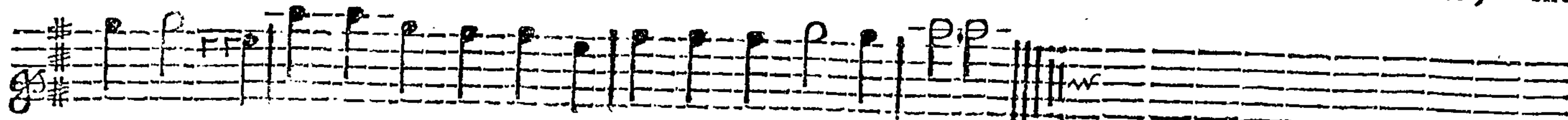
(43) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Jesuits, Jews or Turks? For we de-fie the Devil, the Devil, the

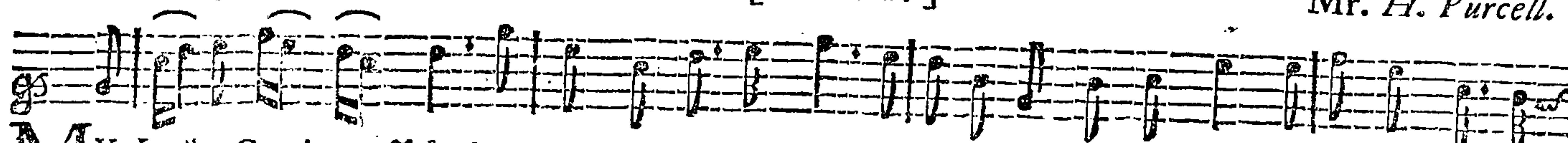


Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil and all his works.

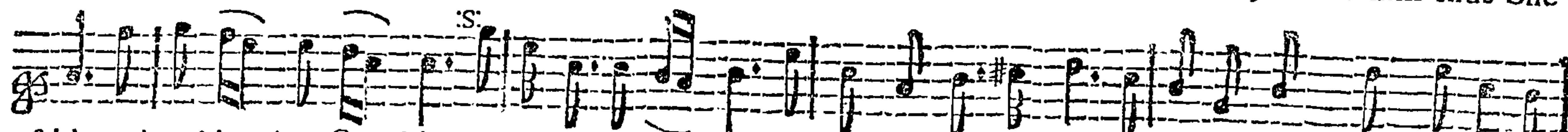
(44) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

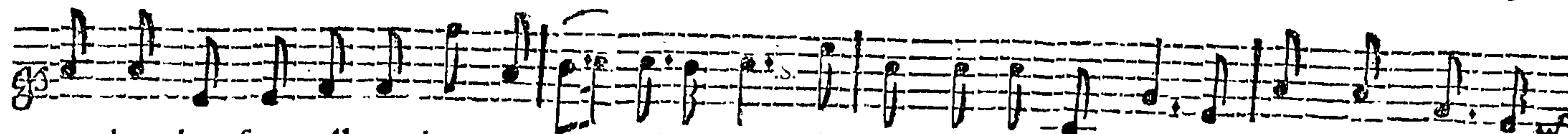
Mr. H. Purcell.



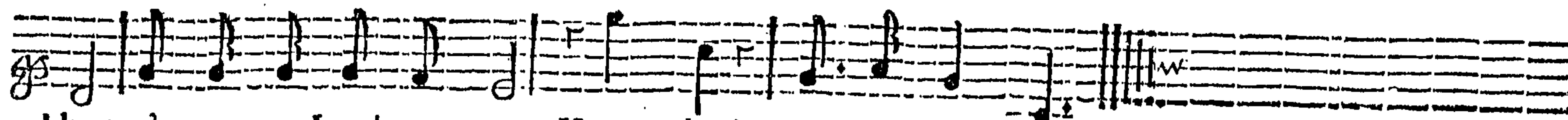
MY Ladies Coachman *John*, be'ng Married to her maid; her Ladyship did hear on't, and to him thus She



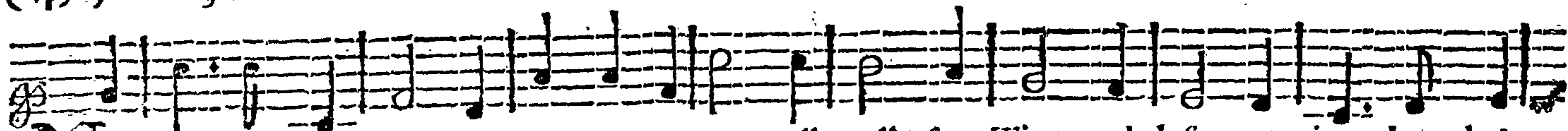
said, and to him thus She said; I never had a Wench so handsom in my life, I prethee therefore tell me, I



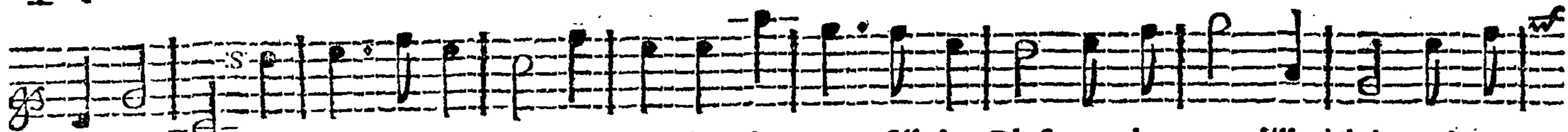
prethee therefore tell me how got you such a Wife? *John* star'd her in the Face, and answer'd ve---ry



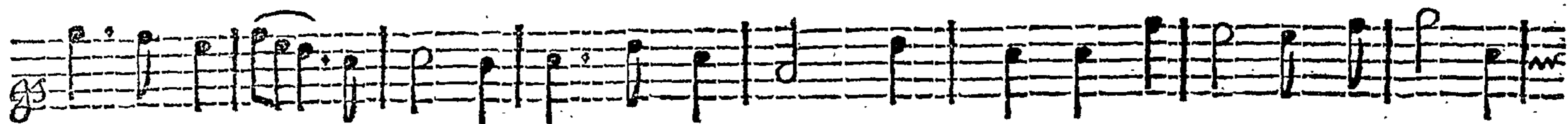
blunt, e'en as my Lord got you, How's that? Why by the



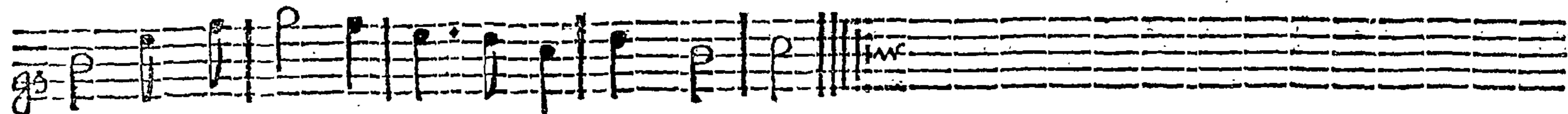
Now, now we are met, and humours agree, call, call for Wine, and lose no time, but let's



merry be; fill, fill it about; to me let it come, fill the Glas to the top, I'll drink ev'ry



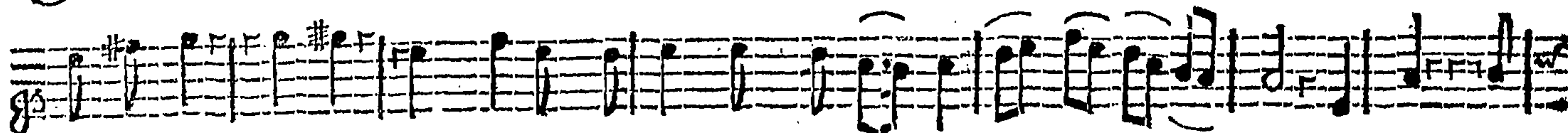
drop, *Su-per-na-cu-lum*; a Health to the Queen, round, round, let it pass, fill it up, and



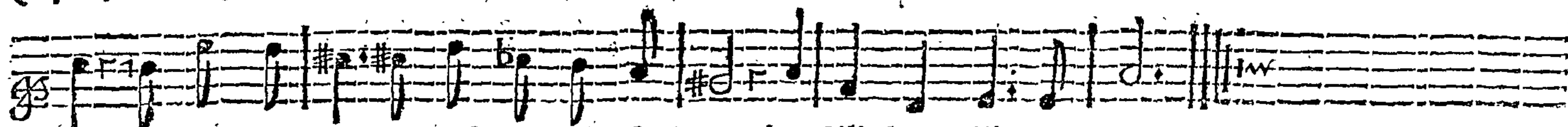
then drink it off like Men, never balk your Glafs.



Since Time so kind to us does prove, so kind to us does prove, do not my dear refuse my Love. What

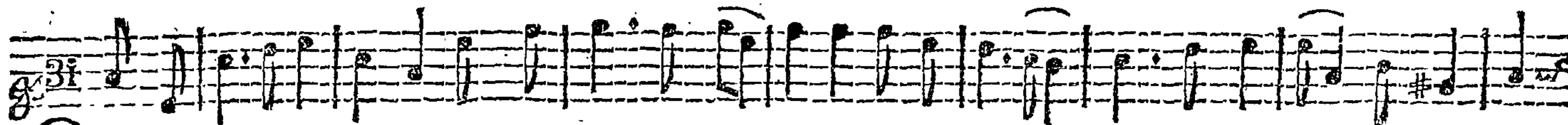


do you mean! Oh sye, nay What do you do? You'r the strangest man that e'er I knew, I must, I

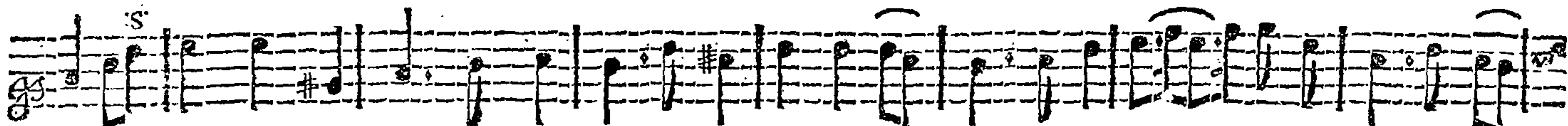


must, I can't, forbear, I can't, I can't forbear, lye still, lye still my dear.

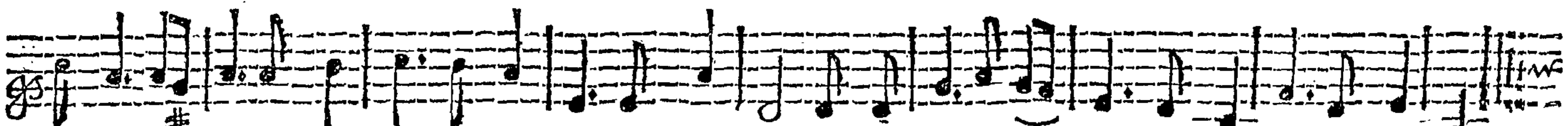
(47) A Rebus upon Mr. Anthony Hall, who keeps the Mermaid Tavern in Oxford, and plays his Part very well on the Violin. The Words by Mr. Tomlinson. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



O Ne Industrious Insect, and the sweetness of th' other, is the Christian Name of our well belov'd Bro-

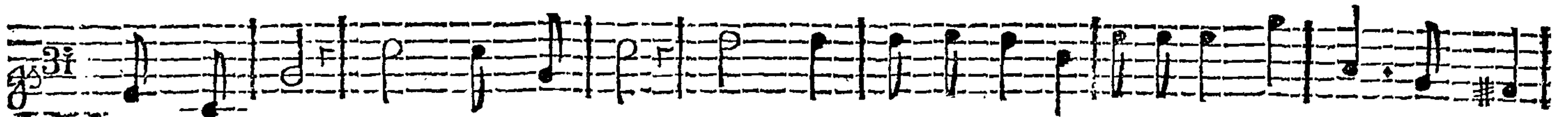


—ther, his Sir-name the Room where the Fire's in the middle, and some say he plays very well on the

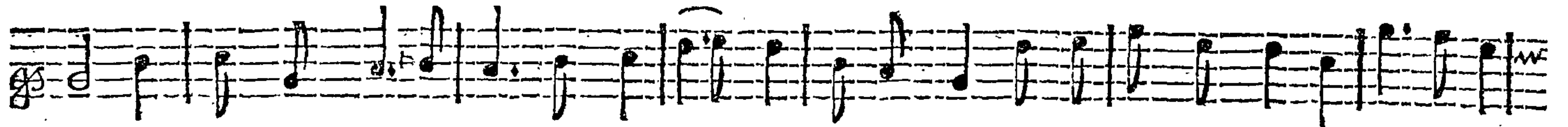


Fiddle, the Sign he hangs out is half Fish, and half Flesh, and he sels as true Wine as good Fellow can with.

Insecta præcauta, alterius merda
Dant fratri prænomen (dum verba absurda)
Cognomen triticinium quo medio fit Ignis
Multiq; ferunt est Tibicen insignis
Vexilla sunt, magna Bicarnea mundi;
Vinum, quod vendit, optarent potabundis.



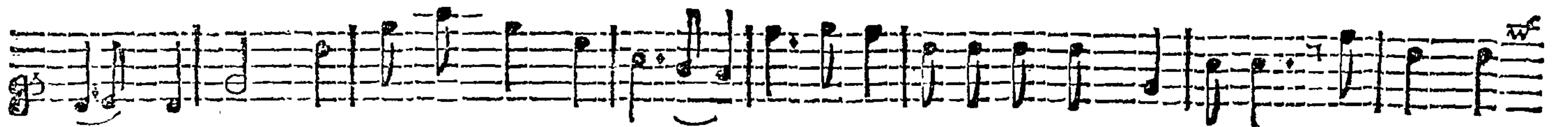
Who comes there? stand; who comes there? stand; and come before the Constable, we'll know what you



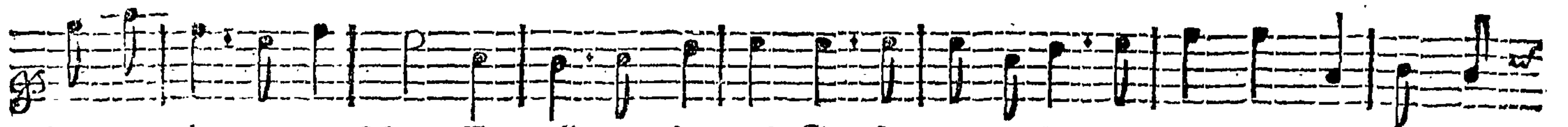
are: What makes you out so late? says the Midnight Magistrate, with a Noddle full of Ale in a



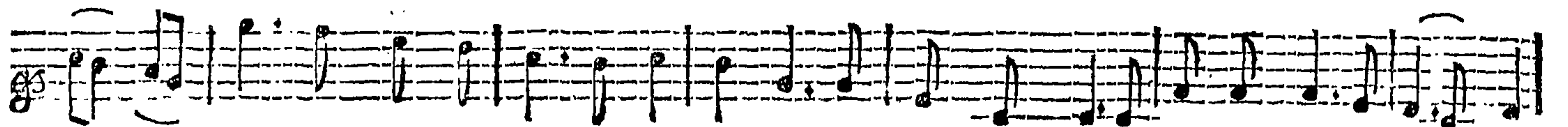
wooden Chair of State. Whence come you Sir? and whether do you go? you may be Sir, a *Je-su-it* for



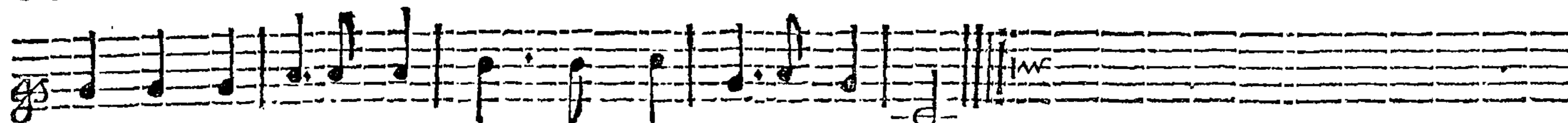
ought I know. You may as well, Sir, take me for a *Ma--bo-me-tan*, he speaks Latin, secure him



he's a dangerous Man. To tell you the truth, Sir, I am an honest *Tory*; but here's a



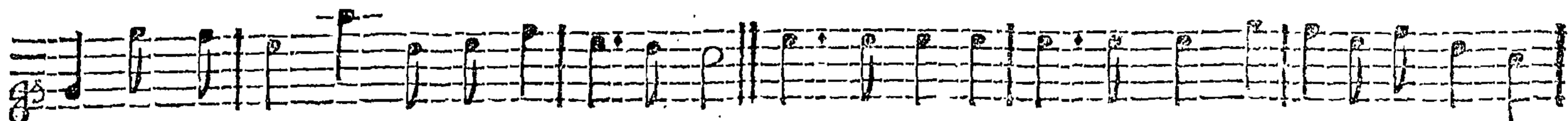
Crown to drink, and there's an end of the Story. Good morrow, Sir, a ci-vil Man is al-ways



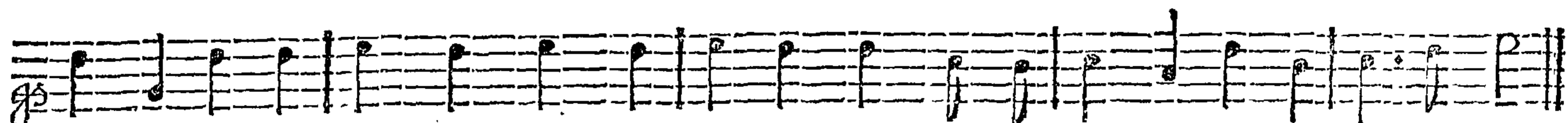
welcome, go Bar-na-by Bounce, light the Gentleman home.



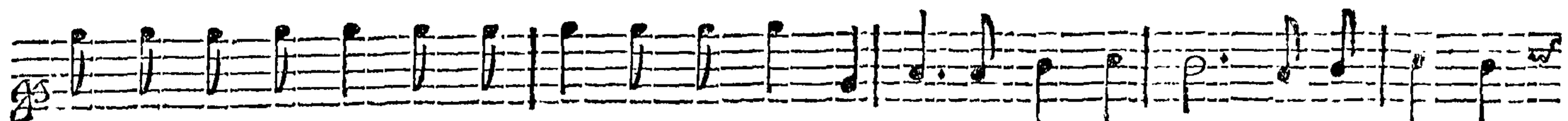
Hark! the Bonny *Christ-Church* Bells 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, they sound so woundy great, so wond'rous



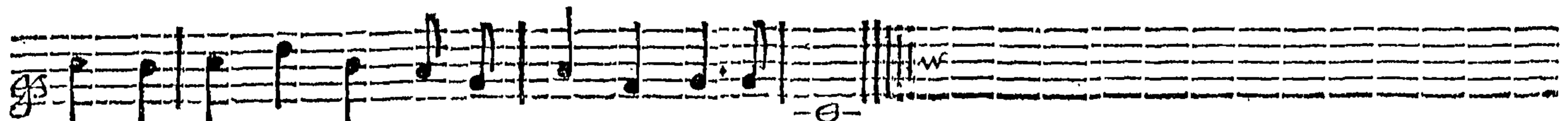
sweet, and they troul so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Hark! the first and second Bell that e-ver y day at



Four and Ten, cries, Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virger troops before the Dean:



Tingle, tingle, ting goes the small Bell at Nine, to call the Beerers home; but the Dev'l a



Man will leave his Can, till her hears the mighty *Tom*.



O F all, all the Instruments, all, all, all the Instruments that are, none, none, none, none, none, none,



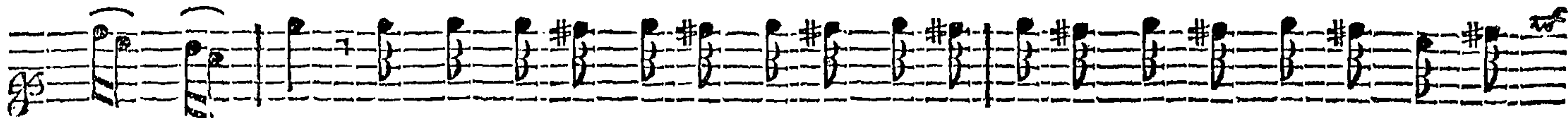
none, none, none, none, none with the *Vi—ol* can compare; mark, mark, mark, mark how the



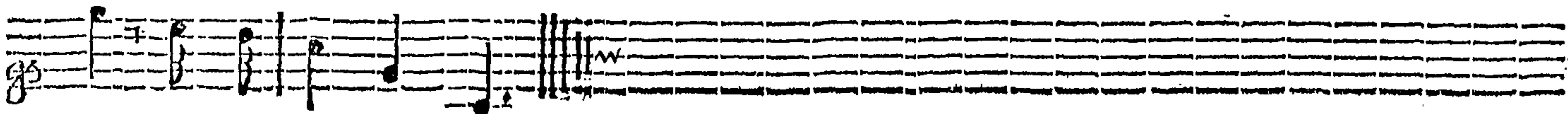
Strings, how the Strings their or—der keep, with a whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet,



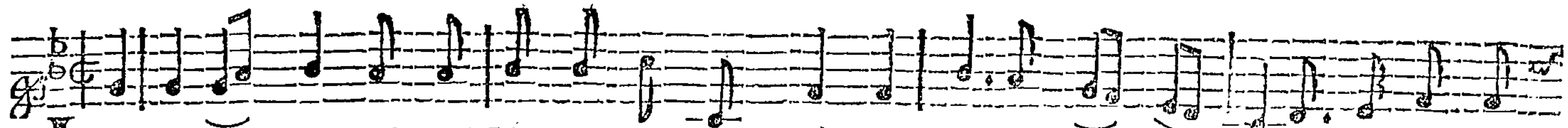
whet, whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep; but above all, all, all, all, all, all, all this



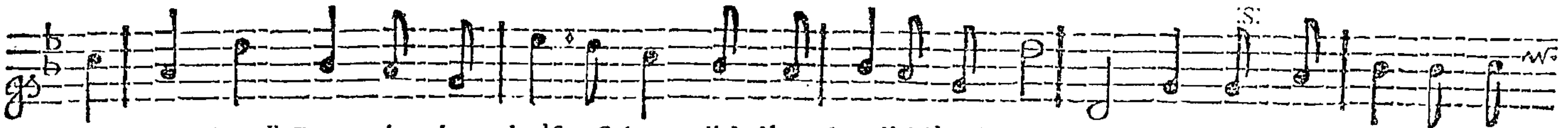
still a bounds, with a zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle



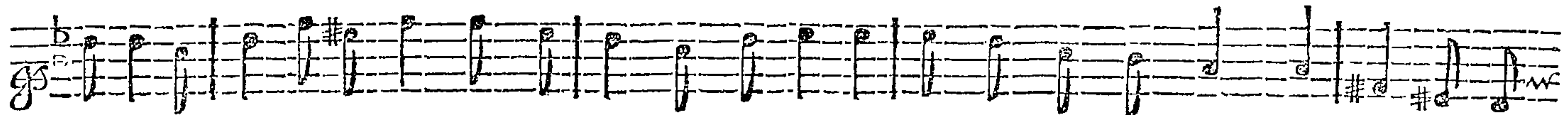
zing, and a zit zan zounds.



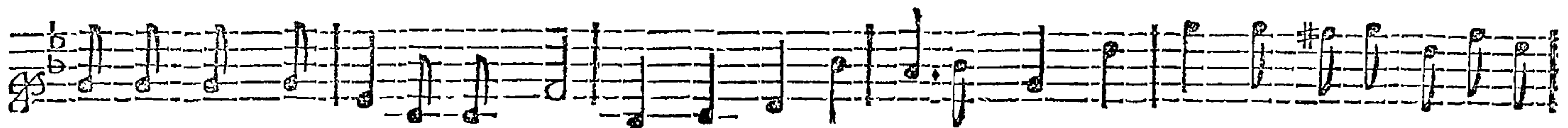
I F all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here, to club strongly in behalf of



Small Beer, Small Beer, in be—half of hey did-dle, ho diddle, hey, Small Beer; it wou'd all be too



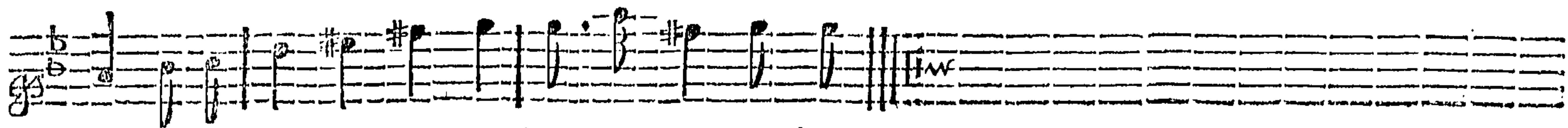
lit-tle the Tiff to exalt, and to make out in Metre what it wants in Malt: The French call it



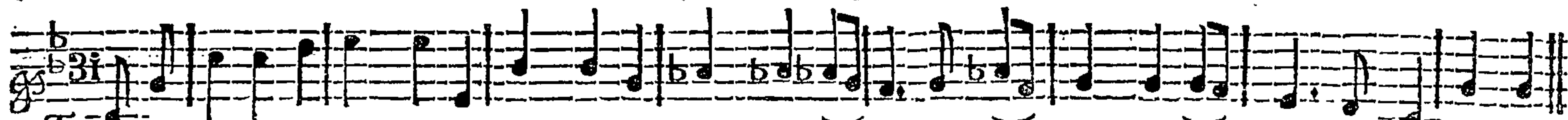
Little Beer, and we call it Small, and we call, we call it Small and some sort of People never



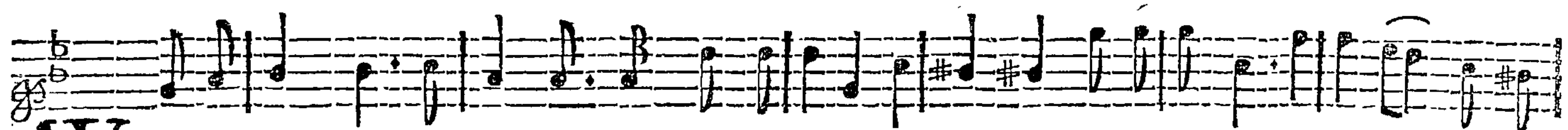
call for't at all; But I with all those once, at least for a warning, Strong o-ver night, much



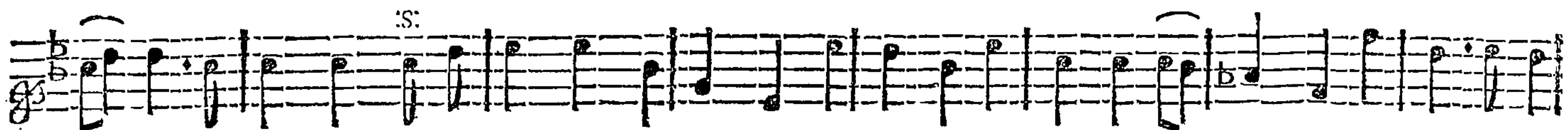
Strong over night, and no, no Small the next morning.



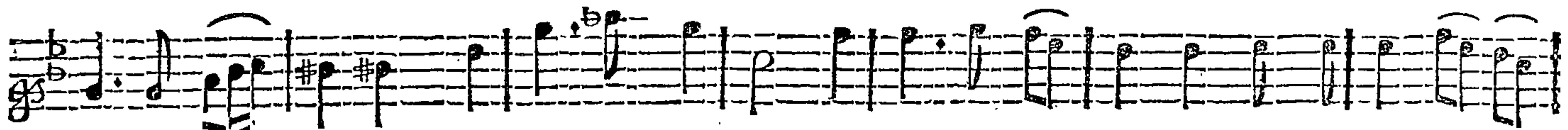
*T*O all Lovers of Musick Performers and Scrapers, to those that love Catches, play Tunes and cut Capers.



*W*ith a New Catch I greet you, and tho' I say it that shou'dn't, like a Fiddle, 'tis Musick, tho' the



Words are but wood'n : But my Brother *John Playford* and I shall present you, e'er long with a Book, I pre-



—sume, will con—tent you. 'Tis true, we know well the Sale of good Musick ; But to hear Us per-



—form wou'd make Him sick or You sick. My maggot Man *Sam*, at the first *Tem-ple--Gate*, will

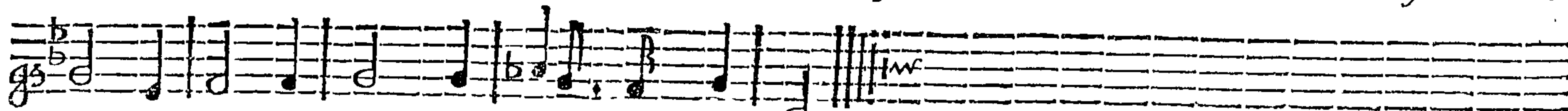


further in—form you, if not, my Wife *Kate* ; from between the two *Devils* near *Temple*.....

(52)

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

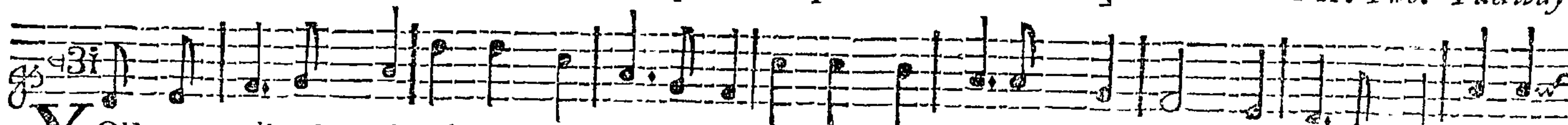


—Bar, I rest Your Friend and Servant John Carr.

(53) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon a Liquor call'd Punch.]

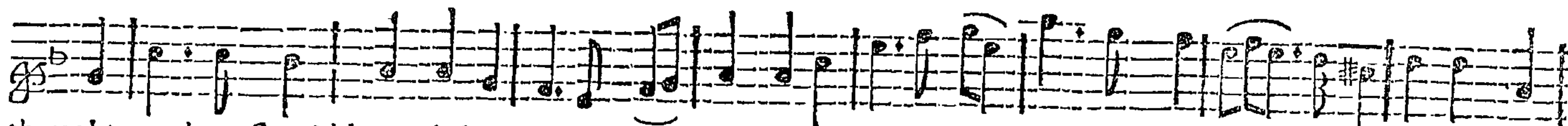
Mr. Tho. Tudway.



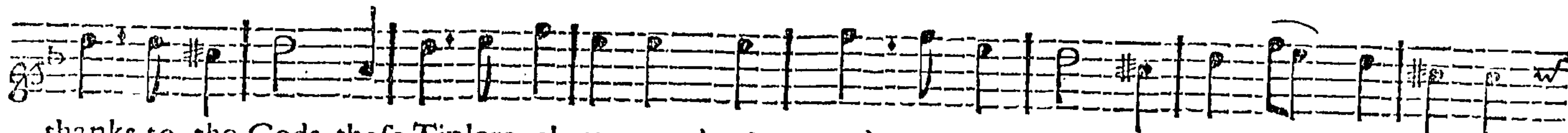
YOU may talk of brisk Claret, sing Praises of Sherry, speak well of Old Hock, Mum, Sider and Perry,



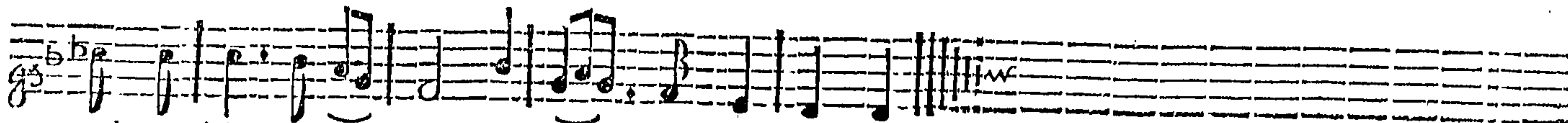
but you must drink *Punch* if you mean to be merry : A Bowl of this Liquor the Gods be-ing all at,



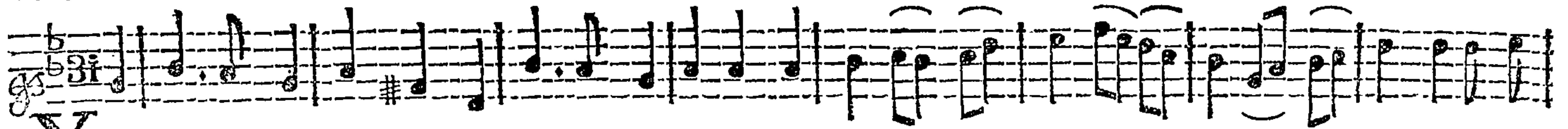
thought good we shou'd know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours and their Highnesses Pallat. Then



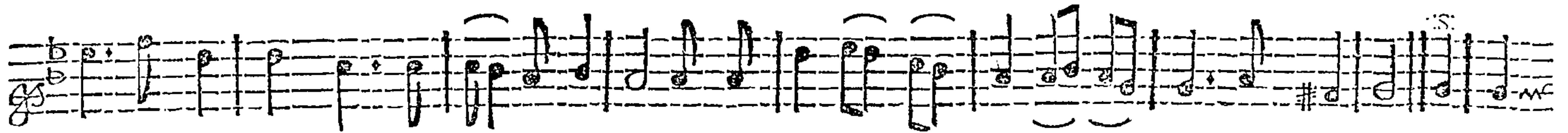
thanks to the Gods, those Tiplers above us, they've taught us to drink, and therefore they love us,



and to drink ve-ry hard is all they crave of us,



YE Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each other, who best feel the Pangs of a pas-sionate Lover; I ap—



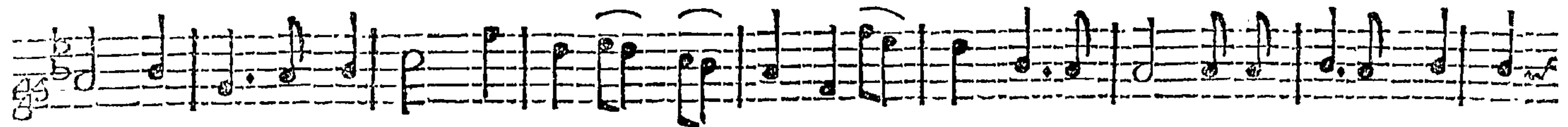
—peal to your Scratches and tattered Fur, if the bus'ness of Love be no more than to Pur. Old La—



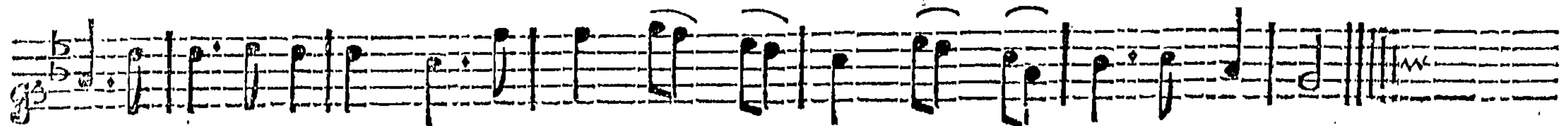
—dy *Grimalkin*, with Goosberry Eyes, when a Kitten knew something for why she was wise; you



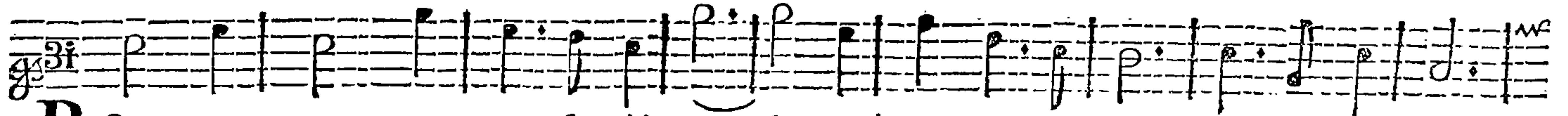
find by experience the Love-fit's soon o'er, Pufs, Pufs, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore. Men ride many



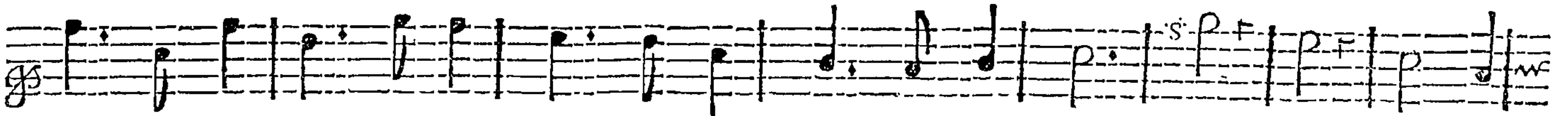
Miles, Cats treads many Tiles, both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the fray; on-ly Cats, if they fall



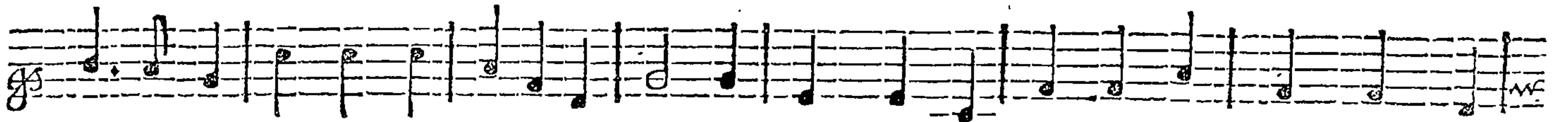
from a House or a Wall, keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and a—way.



Room, room, room, room, room for th'ex—pres at length here it comes; *Limrick's* our own,



Limrick's our own, be it known, be it known to all Grums. Hark! hark! hark! the



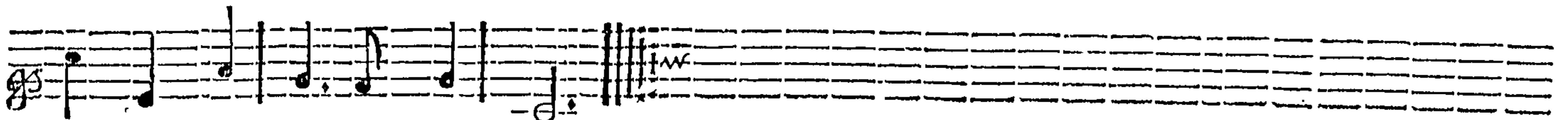
Guns of the Tower ring, ring it in peals, we'll drink round the Bonfires, we'll drink round the



Bonfires, Huz—za, Huz—za to the Bells, to our con—quering Army loud Praises, lou—



—d Praises let's Sing, and now *Monsieur* French-man, and now *Monsieur* French-man have

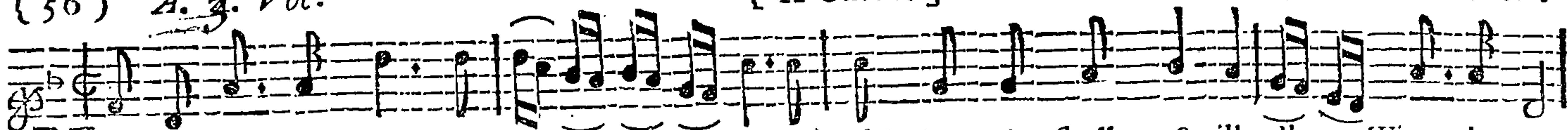


at you, have at you next Spring.

(56) *A. 3. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

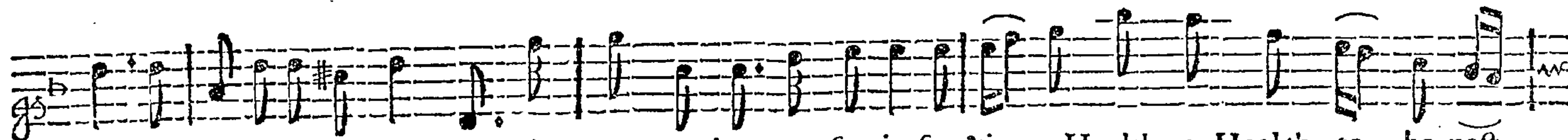
Mr. H. Purcell.



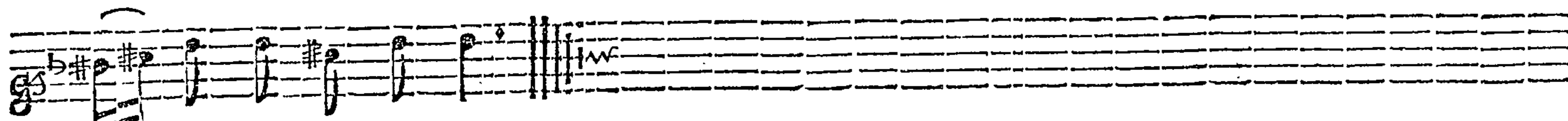
Here's a Health, a Health pray let it pass about, a Health that ne'er shall cease till all our Wine is out ;



Therefore drink away and never let it stand, but ply it close-ly roun—d, from hand to



hand, and eagerly, and bravely with courage thus pursue it, for 'tis a Health, a Health, to ho-nest

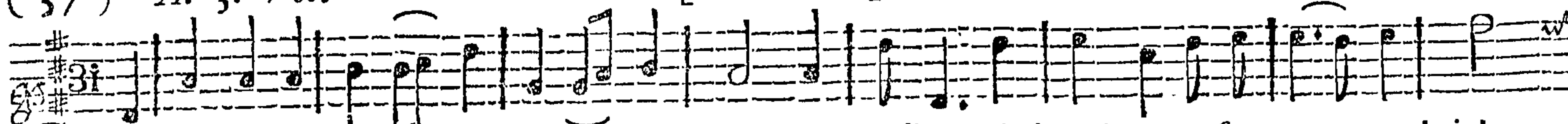


Ruddy Ro--ger Hewett.

(57) *A. 3. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

Mr. H. Purcell.



SIR *Walter* En—joying his *Damsel* one Night, He tickl'd, and pleas'd her to so great a height ;



that she cou'd not cor.—tain t'wards the end of the matter, but in Rapture cry'd out O

Belch. Belch. Belch.

P Ox on you, pox on you, pox on you for a Fop, your Stomach too queazy, cannot I belch, cannot

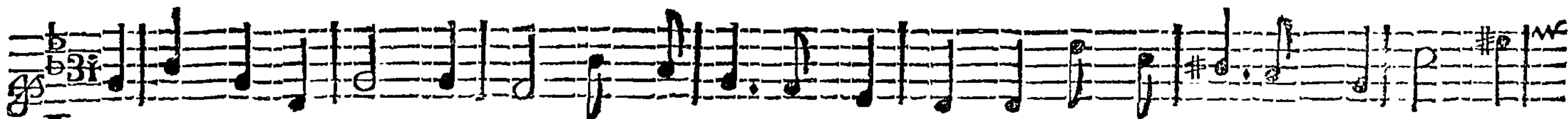
I belch and Fart, you Coxcomb, to ease me : what if I let fly in your Face and shall please ye ? Fogh,

fogh, fogh, fogh, how sow'r he smells; now he's at it, now he's at it a-gain; out ye Beast, out ye Beast, I

never met so nasty a Man, I'm not a ble to bear it, what the Devil dy'e mean? no less than a *Cæsar*, no

less than a *Cæsar*, no, no, no, less than a *Cæsar*, decree'd with great reason, no restraint, no restraint shou'd be

laid on the Bum or the Weason, for Belching and Farting were always in season.



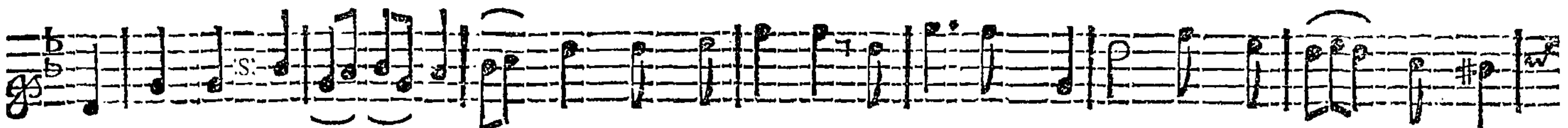
I S Charleroy's Seige come, come, come too? who wou'd a thought it? then the Rumours was false, was



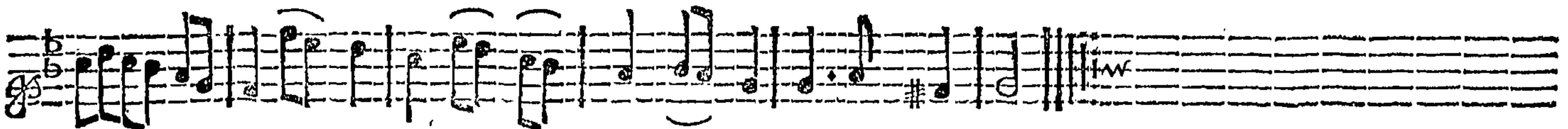
false, false, false, that Lewis had bought it. Then charge all your Guns Boys, as high as they can be,



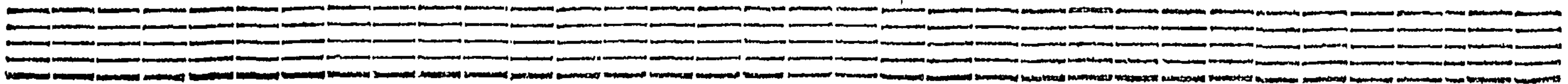
with the briskest Champain ramm'd down, ramm'd down, down, down, down, down, down, down with

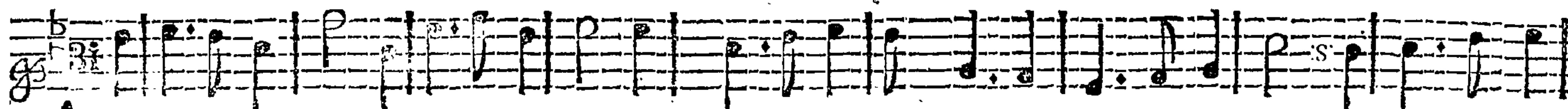


Nantz Brandy: Let En-gi-nier Vauban shoot the Devil, the De-vil and all, yet his Marshal shan't



Dance——No, no, no, no shan't Dance at old Maintenons Ball.

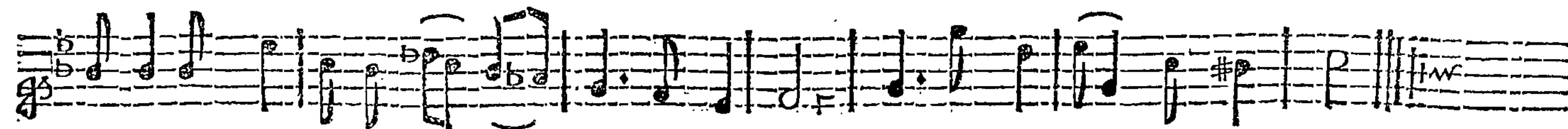




A S Roger last night to Jenny lay close, he pull'd out his Budget and gave her a dose ; the tickling no



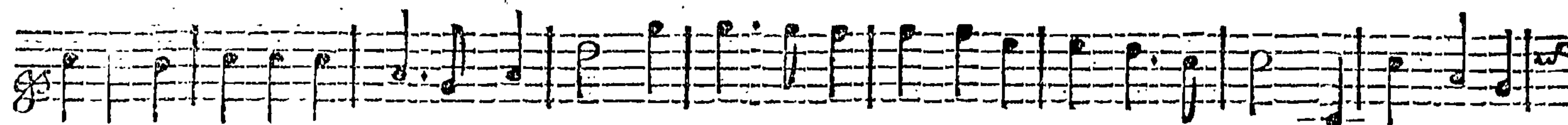
sooner kind Jenny did find, but with laughing she purg'd both before and behind . Pox take it quoth



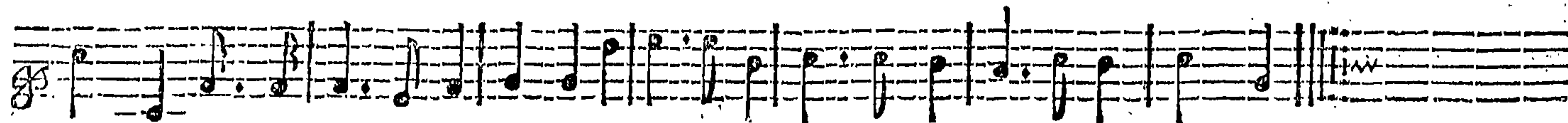
Roger, he must himself be be—side, that gives Pills, Pills, against Wind and 'gainst Tide.



A Fidler and Fuddler are always to-gether, like Fidler and case there was both or else neither , u—



—nited companions the like never known, and may be com-pared to two parts in one, the Fidler did



Fuddle, and the Fuddler did Fiddle, a U-ni-son sure doth un-rid-dle the Riddle.

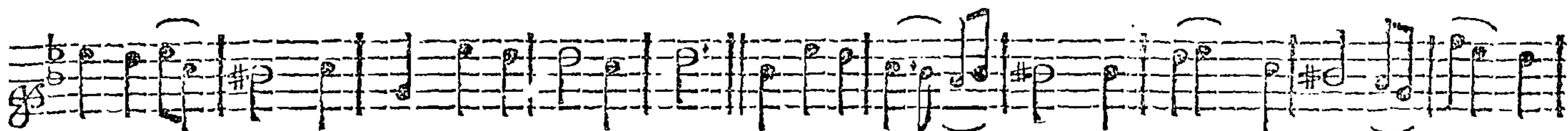
(63) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

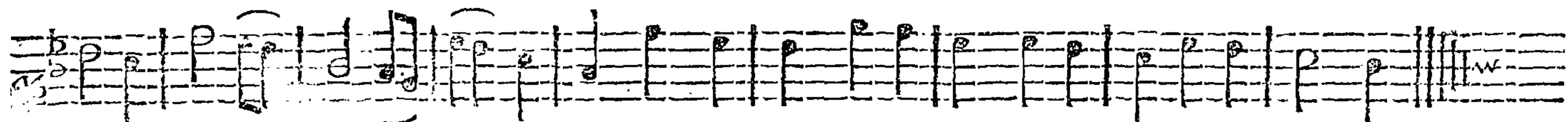
Mr. Henry Purcell.



A Ron thus propos'd to *Moses*, come let us fuddle, fuddle our Noses: *Moses* reply'd again to *A-ron*, 'twill



do us more harm then you are aware on, Wine has a Cæ-lestial Charm in't, therefore there can be no



harm in't, if you wou'd be *A-ron's* Brother, then whip off this Bottle, and call for a—nother.

(64) A. 3. Voc.

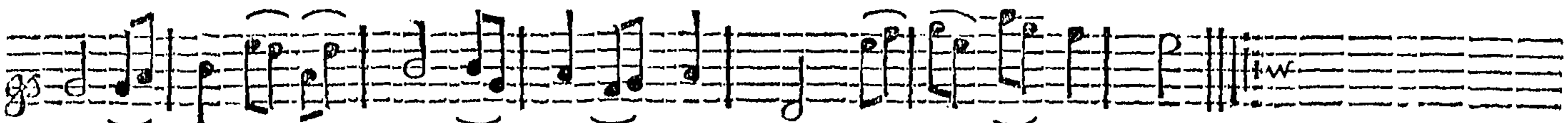
[A Catch.]



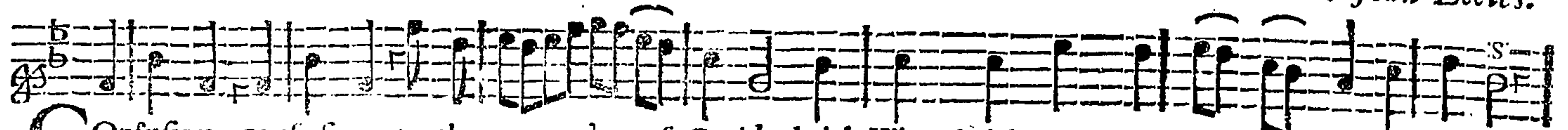
Here where is my Landlord? a pot of good Drink, but faith you must trust, for we have no Chink, in—



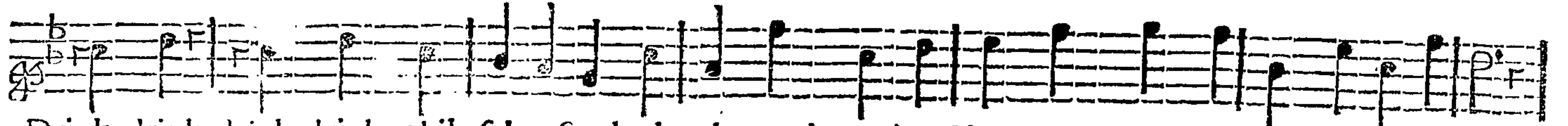
—deed, Sir you look like a ve-ry good fellow, but I cannot trust without white or yellow, the yellow I have



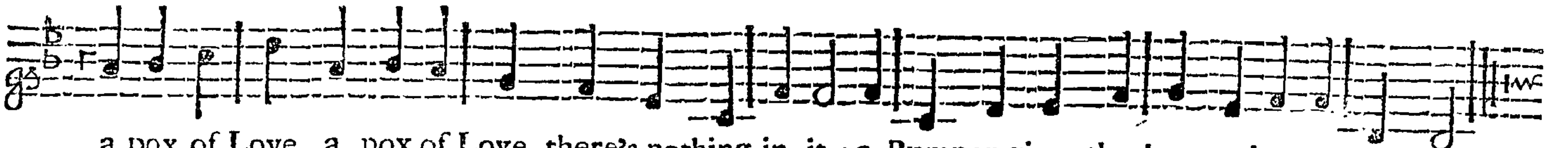
none, and as for the white make use of your Chalk, and so a good night.



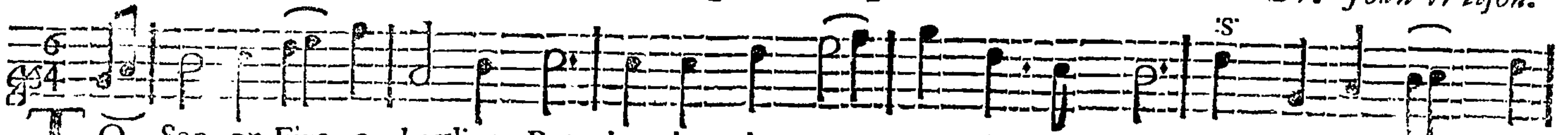
Confusion, confusion, to the pow'r of Cupid; brisk Wine, brisk Wine ne'er made a Mortal stupid;



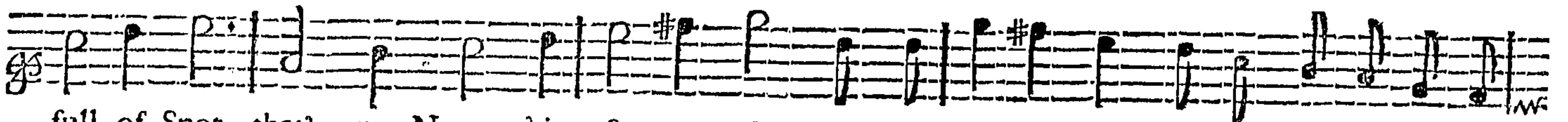
Drink, drink, drink, drink, while sober fots look pale, condemn'd to Claps, condemn'd to Claps and foggy Ale.



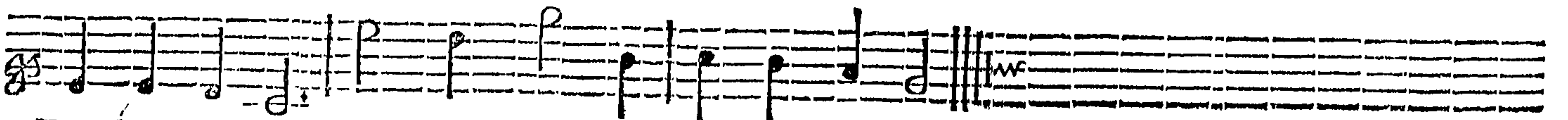
a pox of Love, a pox of Love, there's nothing in it, a Bumper gives the happy, happy Minute.



TO See on Fire a boyling Pot, that is the news we do not need; a Sloven's Nose that's



full of Snot, that's no News, 'tis so agree'd: But to see a Man knit a T— in—to a



True-lover's Knot, Oh! that's News to laugh at indeed.

G O fee-ble Tyrant and in vain, thy Fruitless conquest boast, the Slave who once has felt thy

Chain, enjoys his freedom most: Ex-ert alafs thy Harmless hate, thy frowns and cold disdain, since double

pleasure they Create, to think e'm spent in vain. The Sai-lor thus of danger free, from the fe-cu-rer

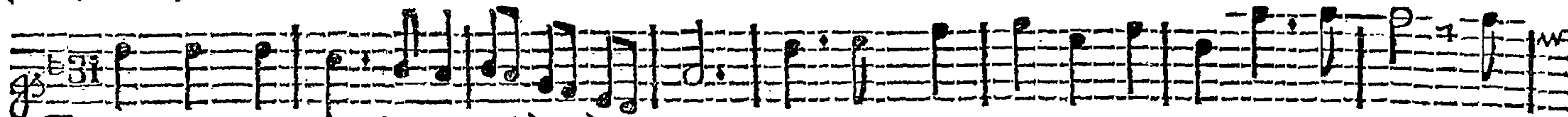
Shore, looks back and hugs him-self to see, to see the Storms he felt before.

F ull Bags, a brisk Bottle, and a beautiful Face, are the three greatest Blessings poor Mortals

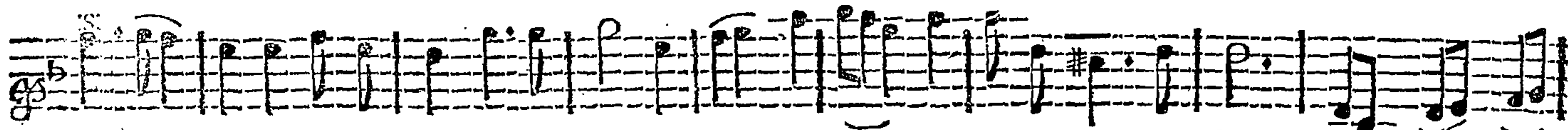
embrace; but a-lafs! we grow Muckworms if Bags do but fill, and a bonny gay Dame of-ten

(71) A. 4. Voc.

[John the Miller.]



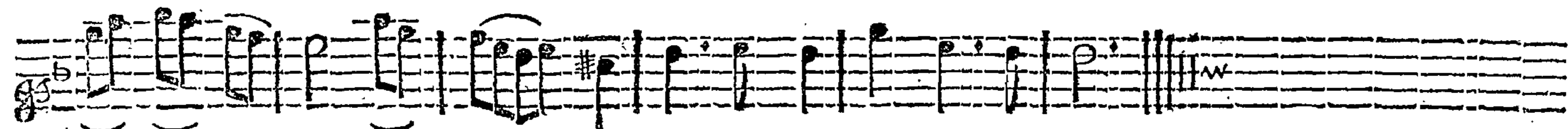
John ask'd his Landlady, thinking no ill, where he might best set up a Water—mill; the



wanton La-dy seeing John all a—lone, return'd this an—swer to her Tenant John: woud'st thou all



others thy Mill shou'd disgrace? Then 'twixt my Legs will be the fittest place; for I at time of need



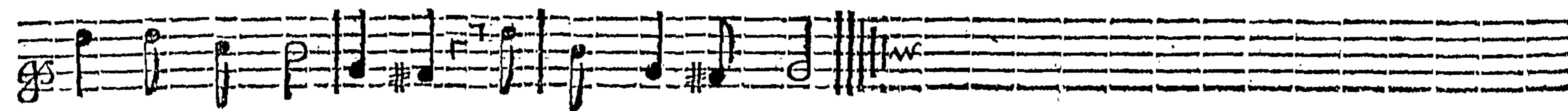
can from be—hind, when Wa—ter fails before, supply't with wind.

(72) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



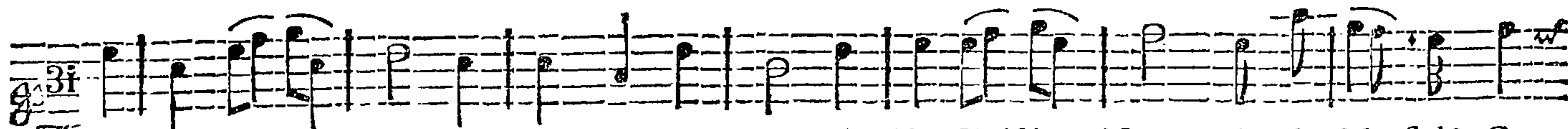
Well rung Tom-boy, well rung Tom, ding-dong Cuckoo, well rung Tom; the Owl and the Cuckoo, the



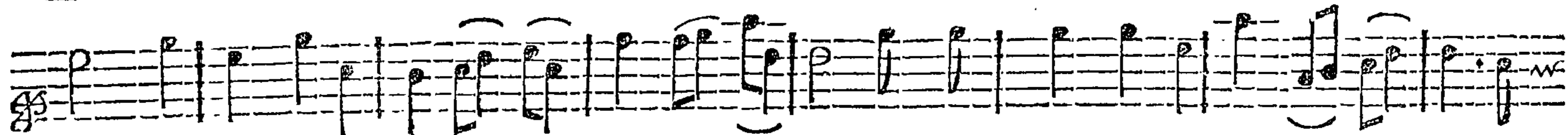
Fool and the Song, well sung, Cuckoo, well rung Tom.

(73) A Rebus on Mr. Hen. Purcell's Name, by Mr. Tomlinson.

Sett to Musick by Mr. John Lenton.



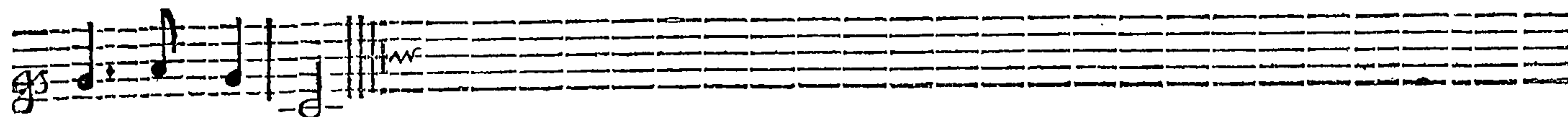
T He Mate to a Cock, and Corn tall as Wheat is his Christian Name, who in Mu-sick's Com-



—pleat; his Sirname begins with the Grace of a Cat, and concludes with the House of a Hermit

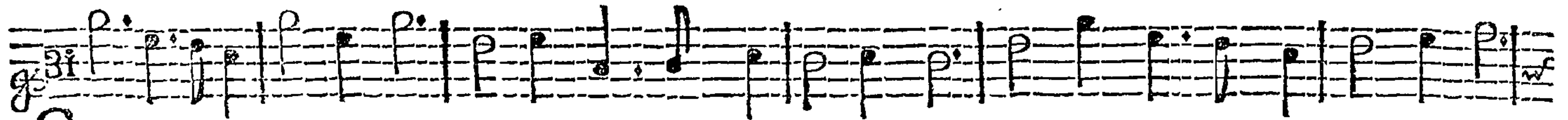


note that; his Skill and Per-formance each Au—di-tor Wins, but the Po-et deserves a good

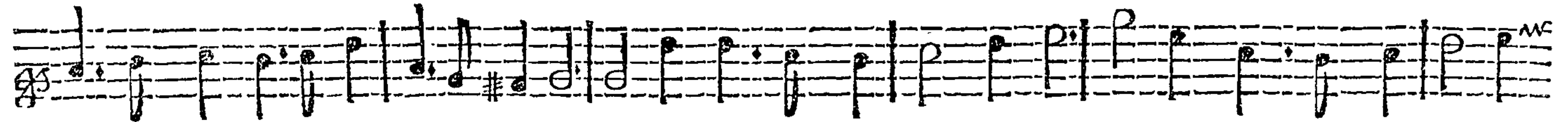


kick on the Shins.

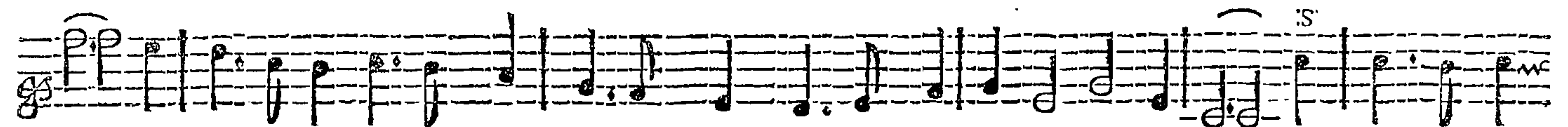
*Galli marita par tritico seges,
Prænomen est ejus, dat chromati leges
Intrat cognomen, blanditiis Cati,
Exit Ereni in Aedibus stali,
Expertum effectum omnes admirentur
Quid merent Poetæ? ut bene calcentur.*



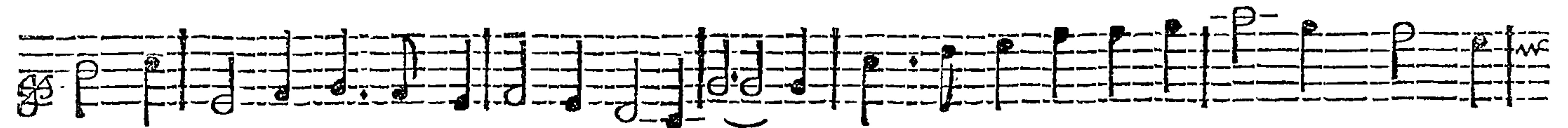
Sing merrily now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you; but come by the Wheel of For—



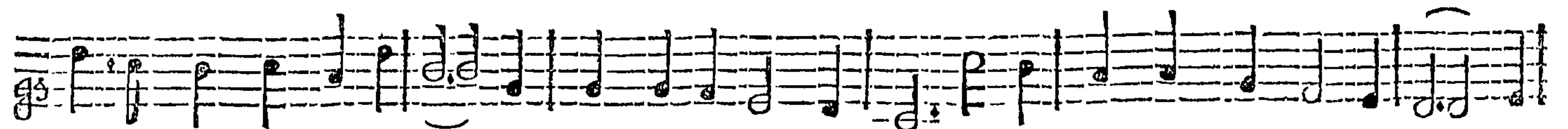
-tune, without a-ny design or intent you: It happen'd that once the Author his Head was exceeding



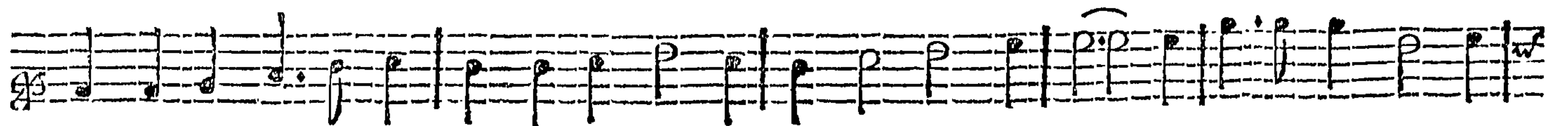
hot; a Catch he resolv'd he wou'd make, he wou'd make and he cou'd-n't tell of what. He thought of the



Smoak the Weed affords, and it vanish'd all a-way: he thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and



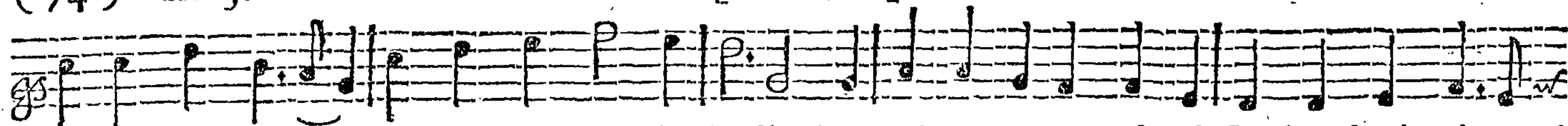
yet he found nothing to say. He thought of a thousand Pound, but it wou'd-n't turn to account. He



thought of the Pot, and he thought of the plot, but nothing wou'd come on't. At last he resolv'd, tho'

(74) A. 3. Voc.

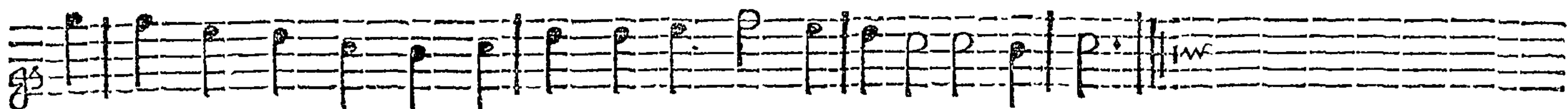
[A Catch]



nothing wou'd do, that nothing shou'd put him by Sir; but nothing to purpose of Nothing he'd write, and



no body shou'd be the wiser: 'Tis nothing to you if he wou'd do so, and if Nothing's in't you find;



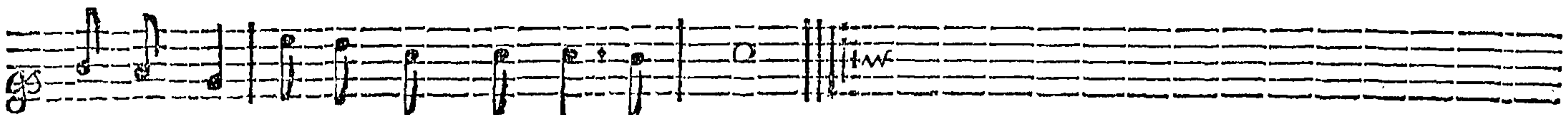
then thank him for Nothing, and that will be more than e-ver he de-sign'd.

(75) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



W hose 3. Hoggs are these, are these, and whose 3. Hoggs are these? They are *John Cooks*, I know



by their looks, for I found them in my Pease.

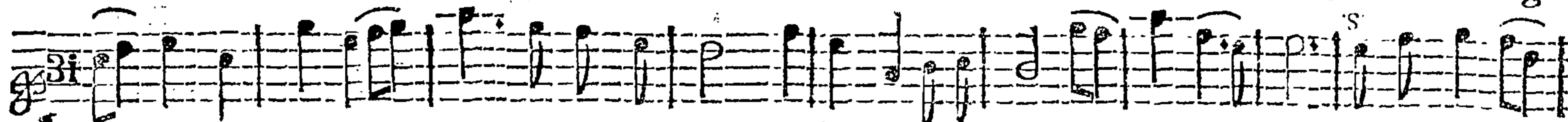
Oh! Pound them, oh! Pound them, but I dare not for my life,
For if I shou'd Pound *John Cooks* Hoggs, I shou'd never Kiss *John Cooks* Wife;
Cho. *But as for John Cooks Wife, I'll say no more than mum,*
Then here's to thee, thou first Hogg untill the Second come.

Note: These two lines are to be Sung thrice with these Words at last, [*I prithee man take him home.*]

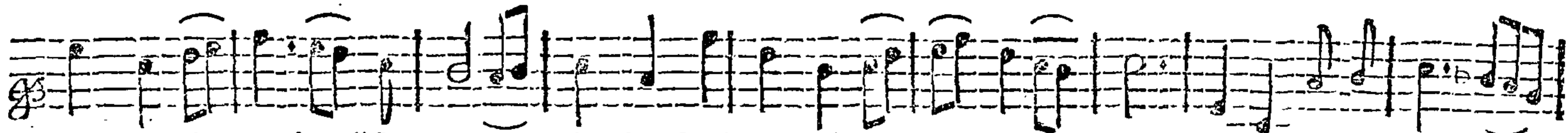
(76) A. 3. Voc.

[In Praise of White-wine.]

Mr. John Reading.



Et Chrystal White-wine cheer the drowsy Mind, 'tis Claret only leaves a stain be-hind; in the use of



which, we do *Bacchus* disgrace, we make the God mortal by painting his Face: He's not like a God, whose

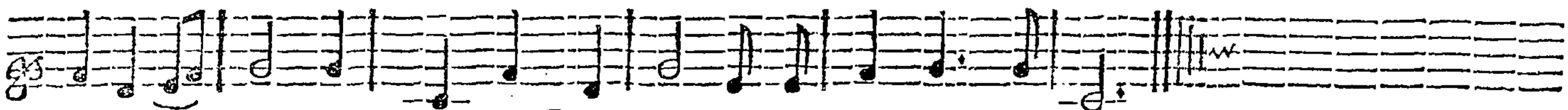
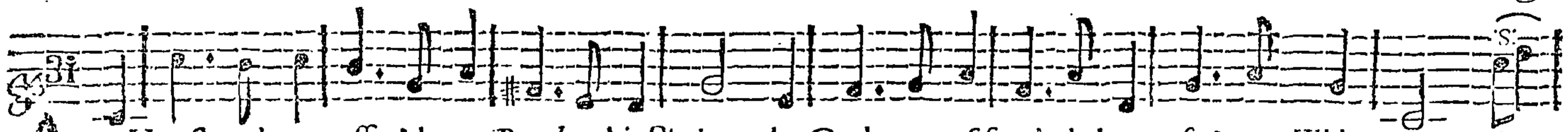


Image is red; o're Night his Cheeks blush in the Morning they're dead.

(77) A. 3. Voc.

[In Praise of Claret.]

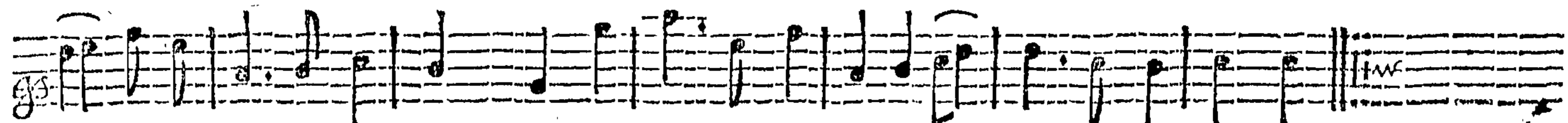
Mr. John Reading.



A Hoghead was offer'd to *Bacchus* his Shrine, the God was of-fended because 'twas White-wine; then



curs'd in a passion, Damn't, rot it, and mar it, did't ever know *Bacchus* drink other than Claret? So the jolly red



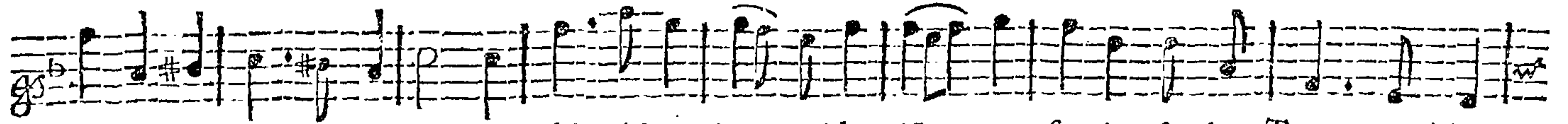
God having empty'd the White-wine, return'd the poor Vot'ry the Hoghead to shite in.

(78) A. 3. Voc.

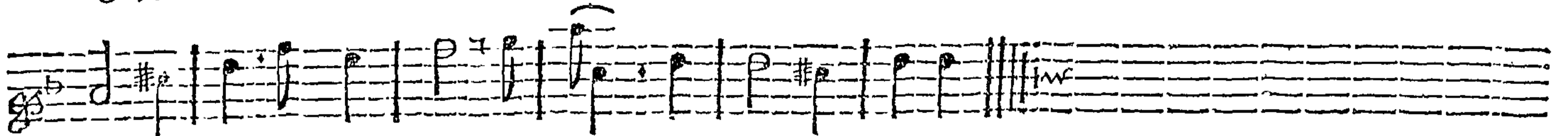
[On a Scolding Wife.]



MY Wife has a Tongue as good as e'er twang'd, at ev'ry Word she bids me be hang'd; she's



ug-ly, she's old, and a cursed Scold, with a dam-nable *Nunquam sa-tis*; for her Tongue and her

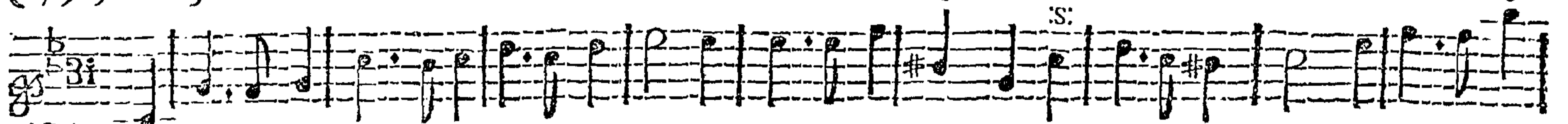


Tail, if e ver they fail, the Dee'l shall have her *Gratis*.

(79) A. 3. Voc.

[Judith and Holifernes.]

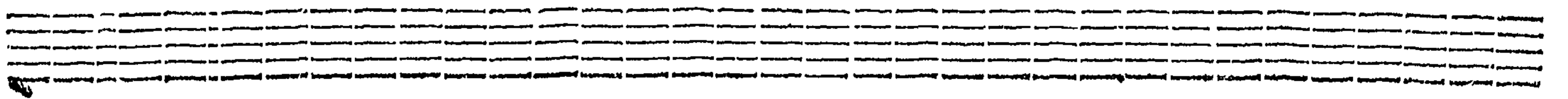
Mr. Mich. Wise.

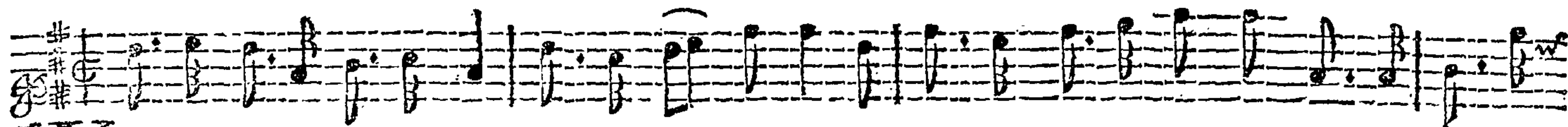


When *Judith* had laid *Holi fer-nes* in Bed, she pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head; the reason is

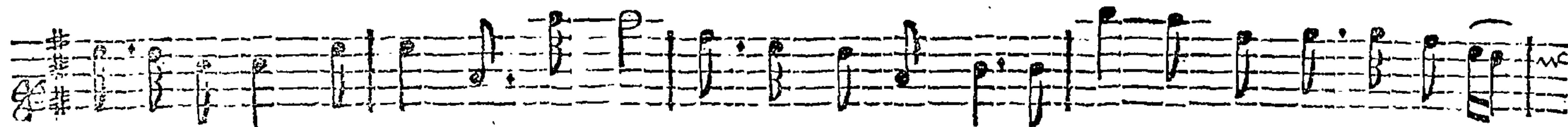


plain, he'd have made her his Whore, so she cut off his Head as I told you before, as I told you before.

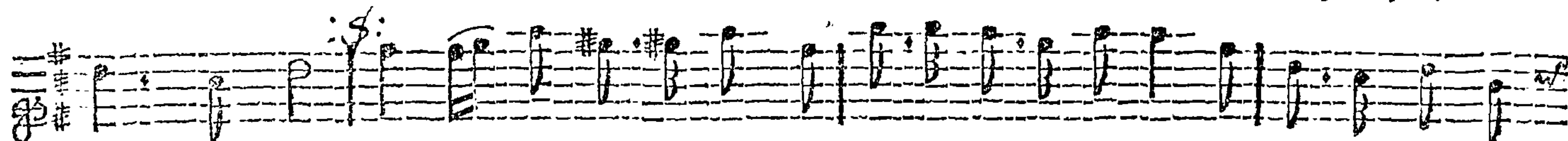




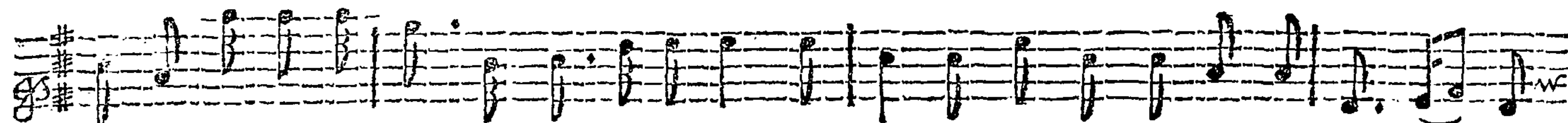
Will you go by Water, Sir? I'm the next Sculler; go with my Fare up Westward, Sir, my Boat shall



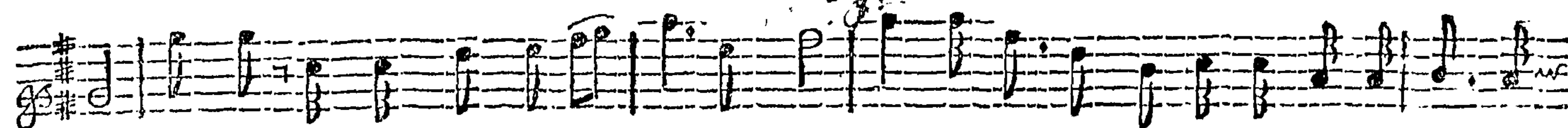
be no fuller: Next Oars, Sir, next Oars; whether is't you go? To *Fox—hall* or *Westminster*, or



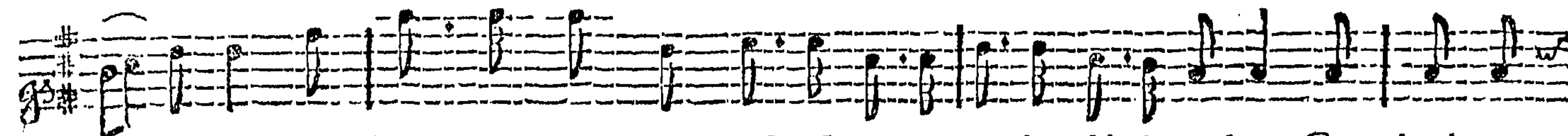
Through-Bridge ho? Pray Master Trim the Boat, and fit a little higher; you have a handfom



Women by you, me-thinks you might fit nigher! Come Boy, lay the Stretcher, and fit down to your



Oar; You Sir! will you change a Rogue for a Whore? You Sculler! look before you, with a-pox t'ye

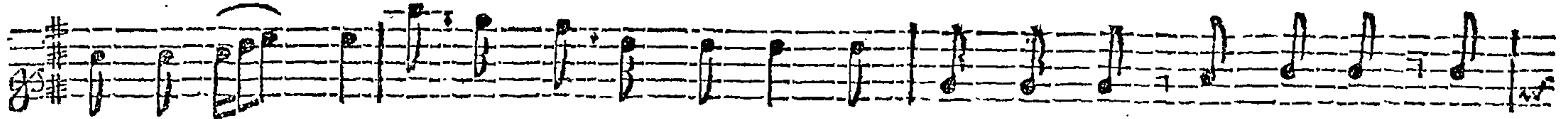


hold water; look! look! the Rogue runs foul of us, remember this hereafter: Come land us

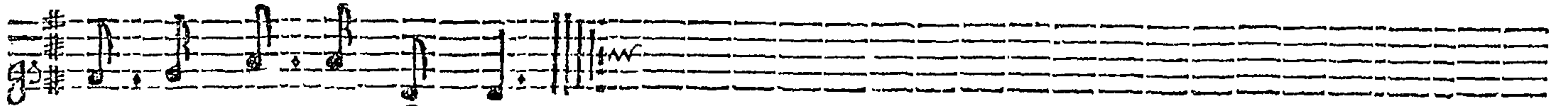
(81) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Barth. Isaack.



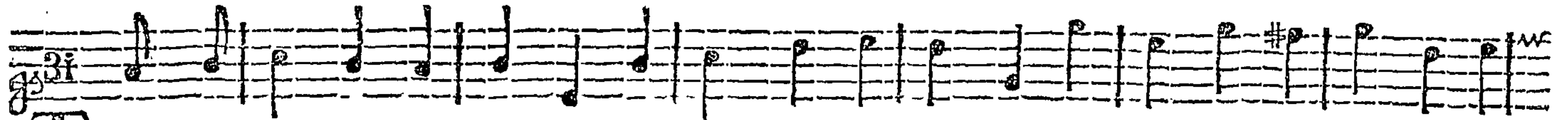
here at *Kings-Bridge*, Ay Sir, if you're willing : Here Wa—ter—man ther's Six-pence ; Good



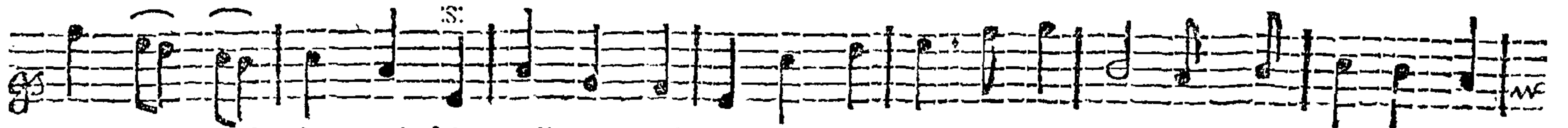
faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

(81) A. 3. Voc.

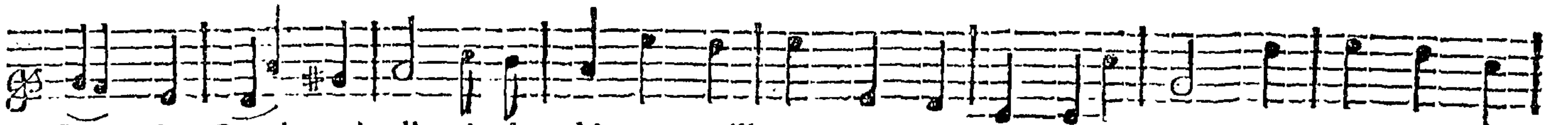
[A Catch in Praise of Mum.]



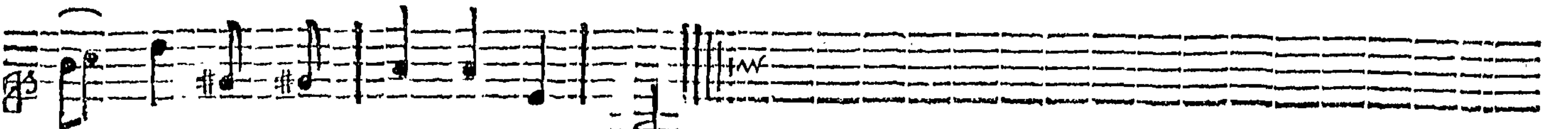
T Here's an odd sort of Liquor new come from *Hamborough*, 'twill stich a whole Wapentake



thorough and thorough, 'tis yellow, and likewise as bit—ter as Gall, and as strong as six

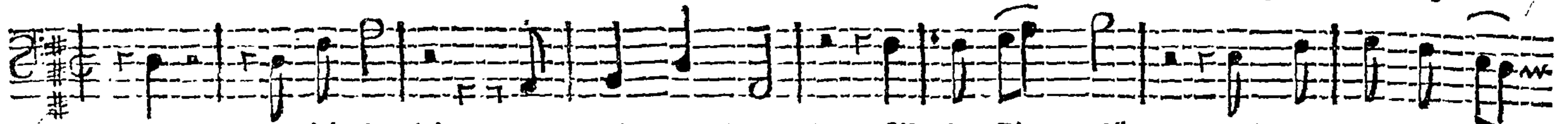


Hor—ses, Coach and all ; As I told you, 'twill make you as drunk as a Drum ; you'd fain know the

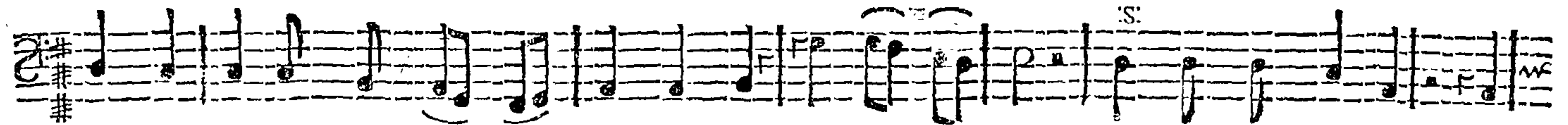


Name on't, but for that my friend, M U M.

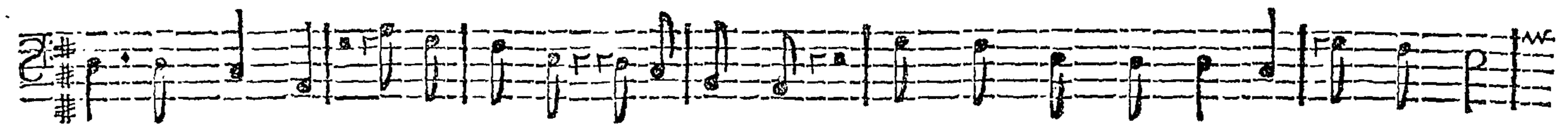
(82) A. 4. Voc. [A Catch on Tobacco; Sung by 4 Men while smocking, their Pipes.]



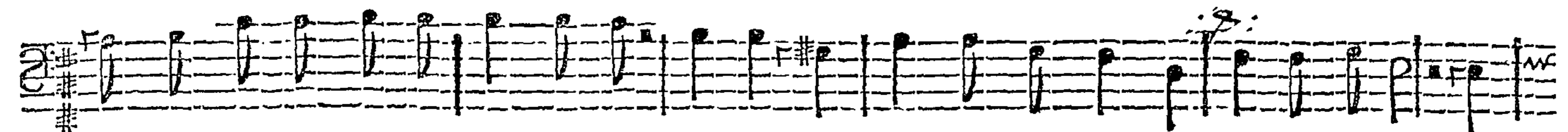
G Ood! good indeed! the Herb's good Weed; fill thy Pipe *Will*, and I prithee *Sam*



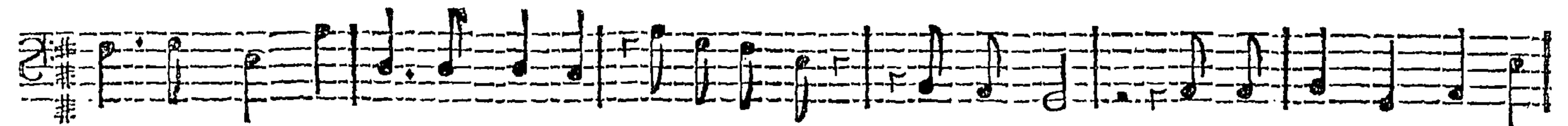
fill, for sure we may smock, and yet sing still, and yet sing still. What say the Learned? What



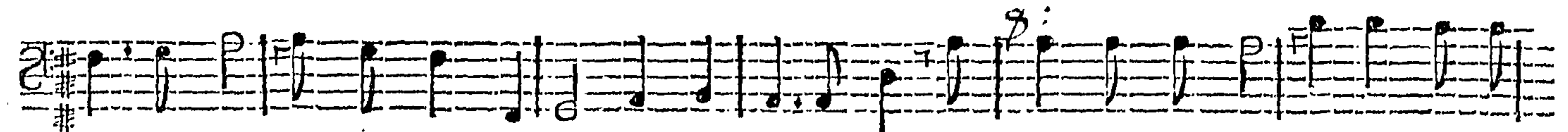
say the Learned? *Vita fumus; vita fumus;* 'tis what you and I, and he and I;



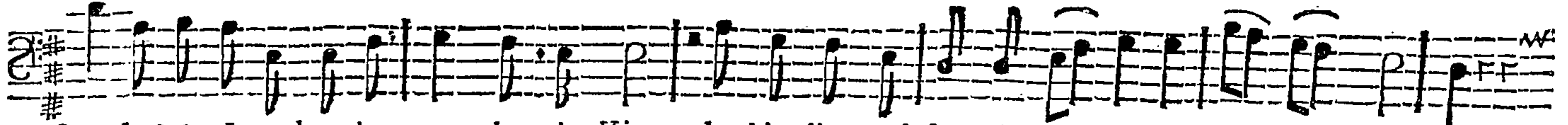
you, and he, and I, and all of us *Sumus*. But then to the Learned; say we a-gain, If



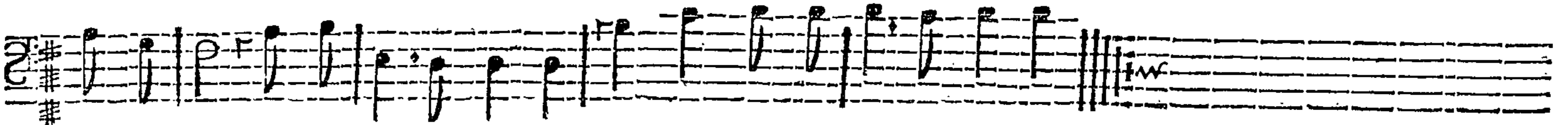
Life's a Smoak as they maintain, if Life's a Vapour, without doubt, when a Man does dye, they



shou'd not cry, that, His Glas is run, but, His Pipe is out. But whether we smoke, or whether we

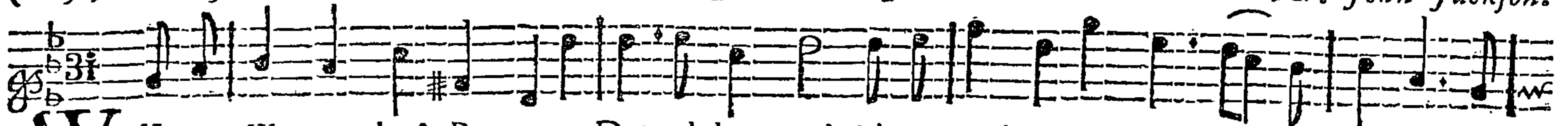


ing, let's be Loyal, and re-mem-ber the King ; let him live and let his Foes vanish, thus, thus, thus, like,

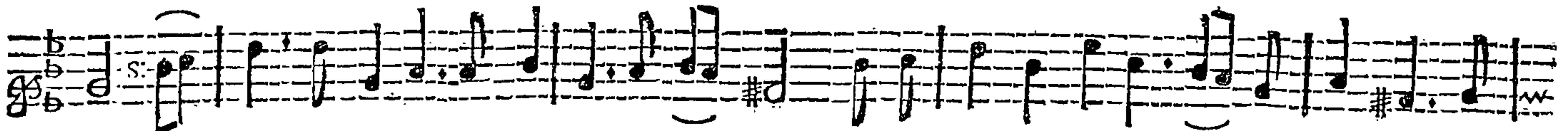


like a Pipe, like a Pipe of *Spanish* ; thus, thus, like a Pipe of *Spanish*.

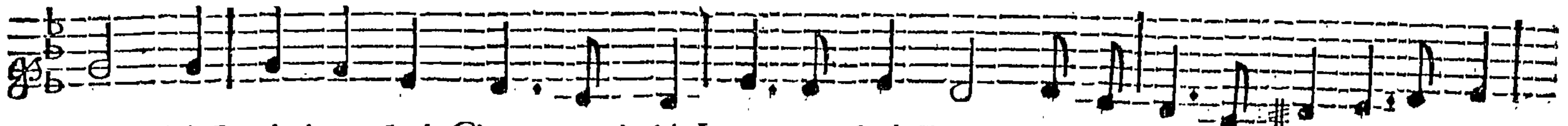
Mr. John Jackson.



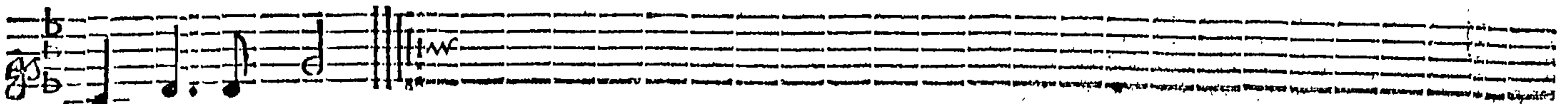
When a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does wed, 'tis a madness to think she'll be true to his



Bed : for who can re-sist a Gallant that is young, and a Man *A-lamode* in his Garb, and his

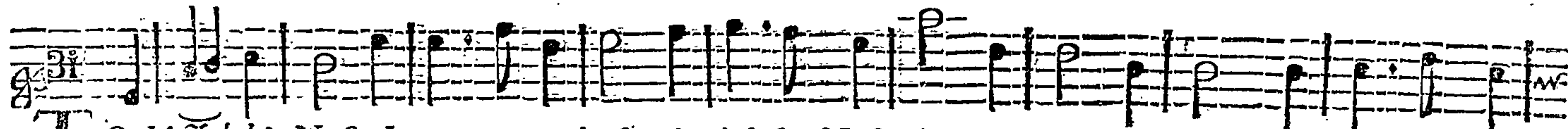


Tongue , His Looks have such Charms, and his Language such Force, that the drowfy Mechanick's a

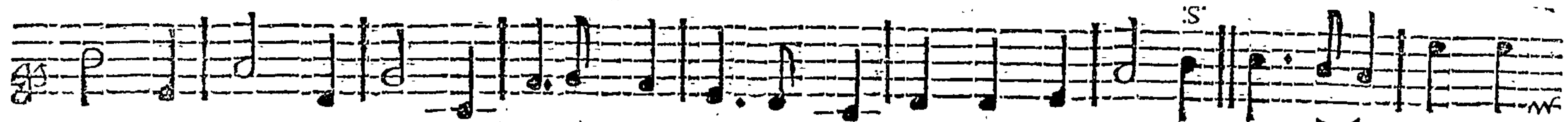


Cuckold of course.

[Tom Jolly's Nose.]



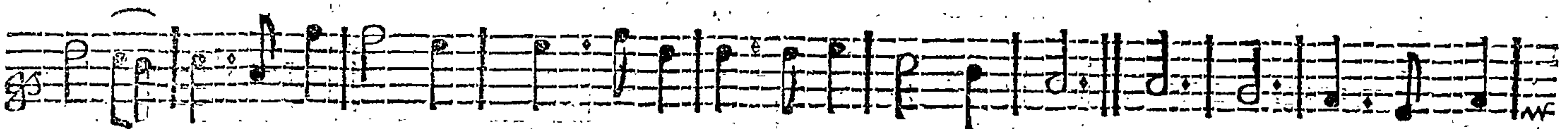
T O M *Jol-ly's* Nose. I mean to a-buse, thy jol-ly Nose *Tom* provokes my Muse; thy Nose jol-ly



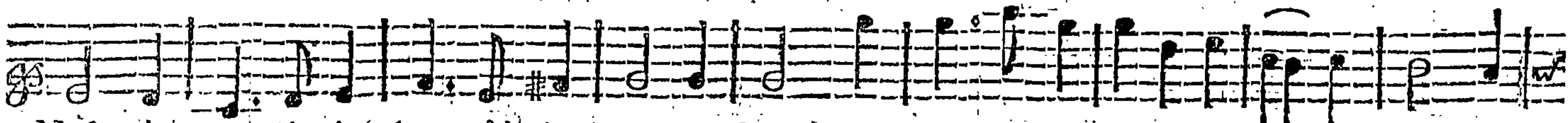
Tom that shines so bright, I'll ea—si—ly fol—low it by its own light: Thy Nose *Tom Jol-ly*



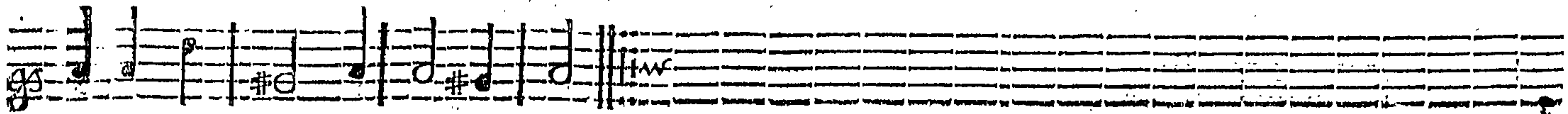
no Jest it will bear, al-though it yields Matter enough, and to spear; but jol—ly *Tom's*



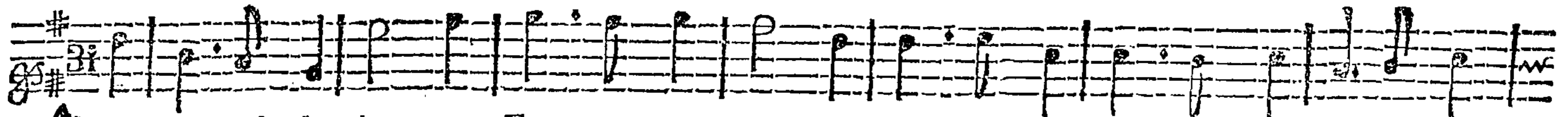
Nose, for all he can do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too. *Tom's* Nose, jol—ly *Tom's*



Nose, the more it is banter'd, the more it glows: Then drink to *Tom jol-ly* a cooling Glass, or



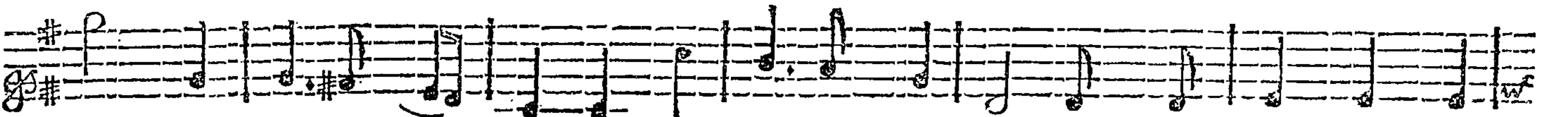
jolly *Tom's* Nose will fire his Face.



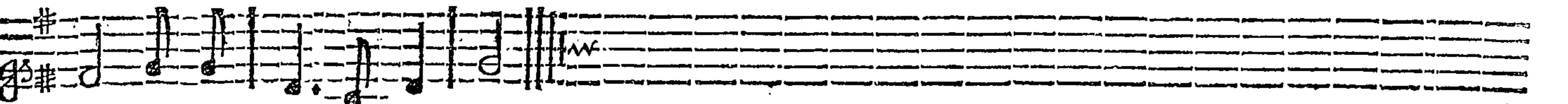
A lthough jol—ly *Tom*, great Fame thou hast won, thy bloody red Nose shall look paler e're



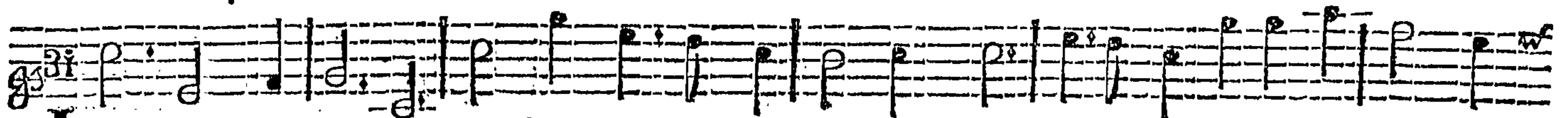
long: for the rate that we drink at each Night, still procures, such Noses as wou'd quite discountenance



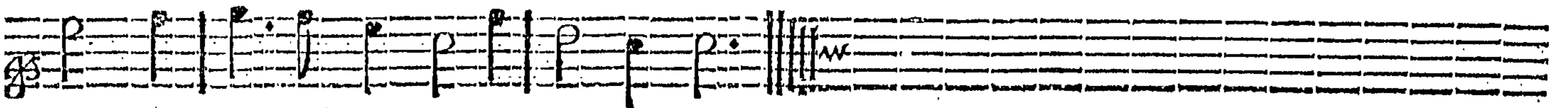
yours; And when the large Bumper floats round in the close, we'll de—spise thee, and



swear, 'tis mine Ar—of a Nose.

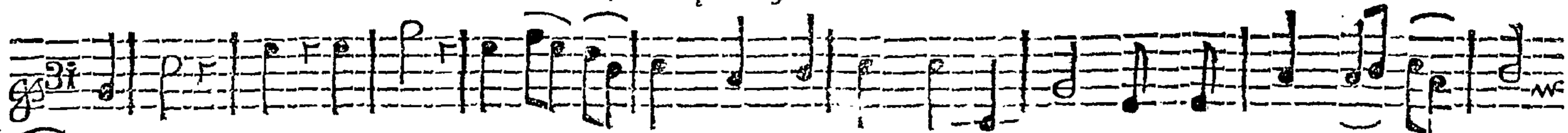


J oan, Joan, for your part, you love kissing with all your Heart; I marry do I, says jumping

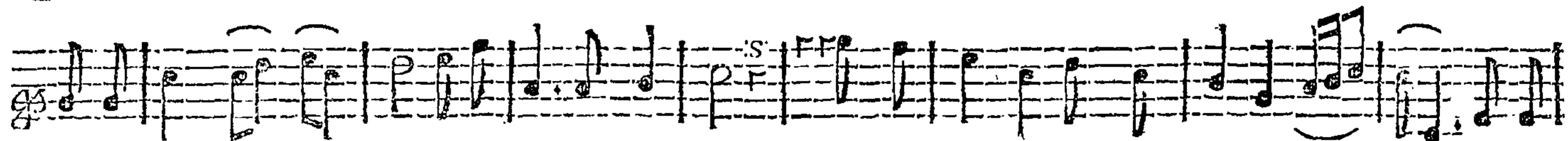


Joan; and therefore to thee I make my moan.

Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown:



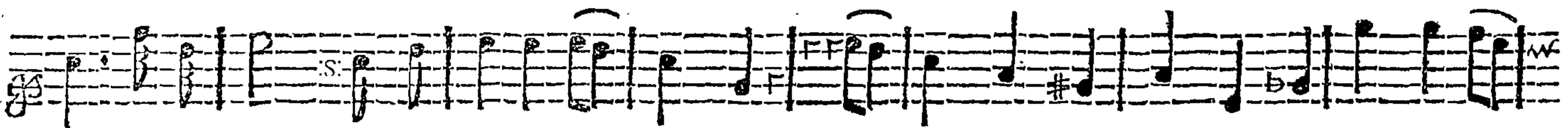
Come Boy, Boy, come Boy, boy, light a Faggot, the Ev'nings are cold, bring a Flask that's well clad;



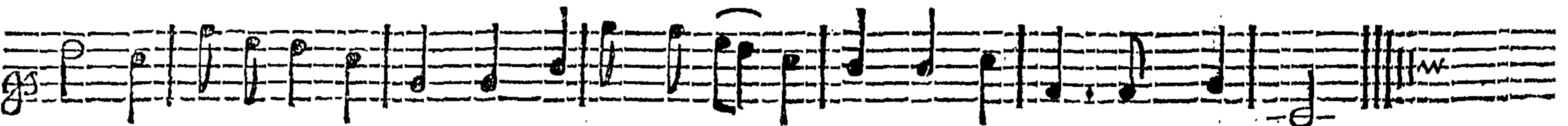
bring a Flask that's well clad in a Coat of blew Mold. You shall have it, you shall have it, dear Sir, in a



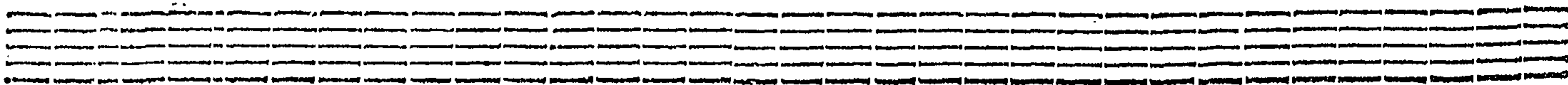
moment, in a moment of time, do you light the Fire *fack*, do you light the Fire, I'll run

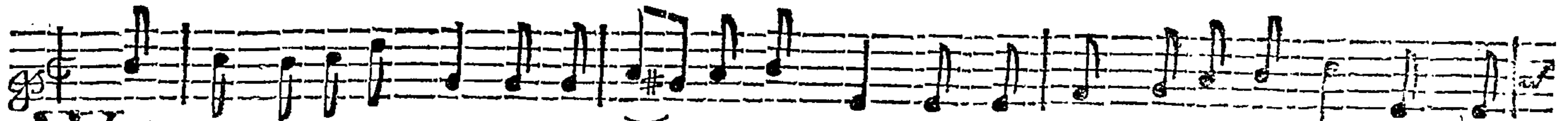


down for the Wine; Let's oblige our kind Masters, kind Masters, we'll bleed 'em, we'll bleed 'em a---



—non, their Palates now are nice boy, their Palates now are nice boy, but then they'll drink Shim.

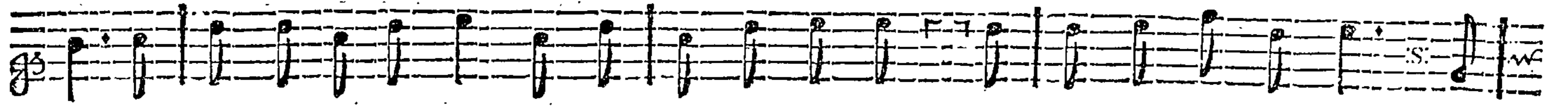




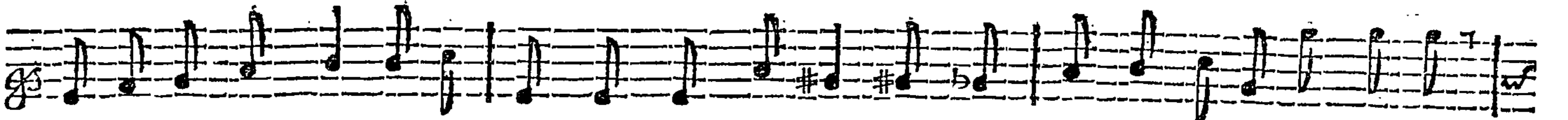
WE Travel ev'ry street, on the souls of our feet, with our Hoops upon our Shoulders, We



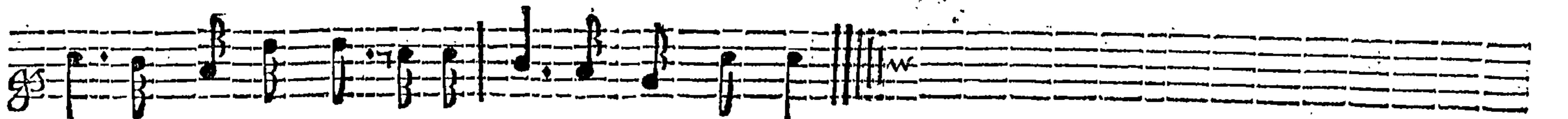
jol-ly Traders meet, We jol-ly Traders meet. Our Adds sticks in our Girdle, our Drivers in our



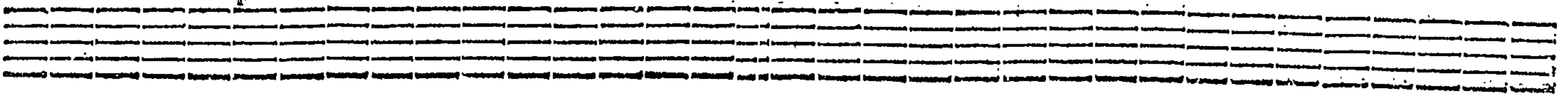
hand, and thus we ask the Fair Maids how Tite their Veffels, how Tite their Veffels stand; And



if a Las proves Leaky 'tis known we soon can Hoop her, which done yet still We loudly cry,



work for the Cooper, a—ny work for the Cooper.

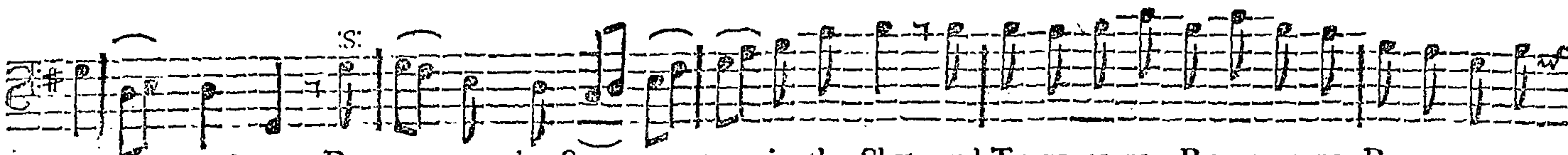




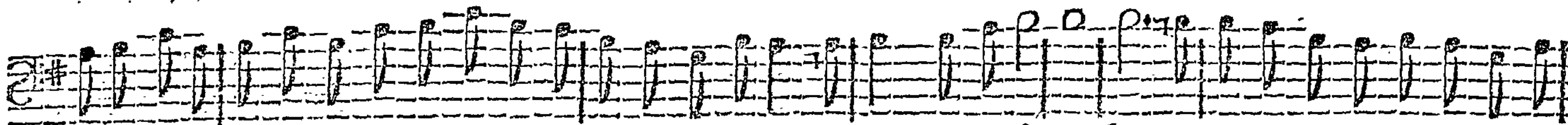
AT the close of the Evening the Watches were set, the Guards went the Round, and the Ta-ta-ta-too,



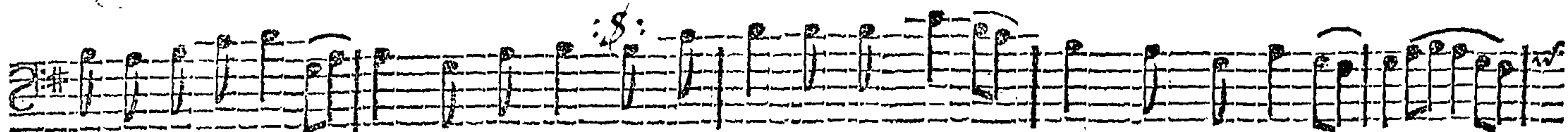
Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-too, was beat, the Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-



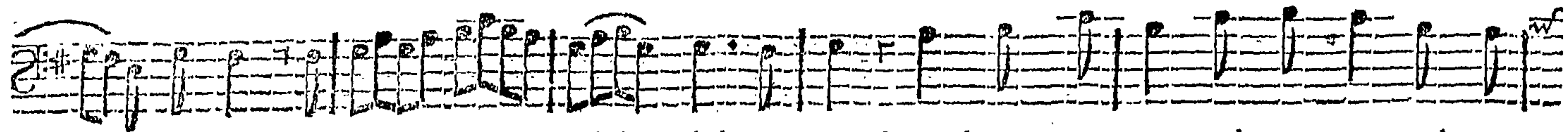
—ta-too, was beat : But now yonder Stars ap-pear in the Sky, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra,



Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is founded on high—, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra-ra,



Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is founded on high ; we shall soon be Reliev'd, then drink, drink away, then dri—

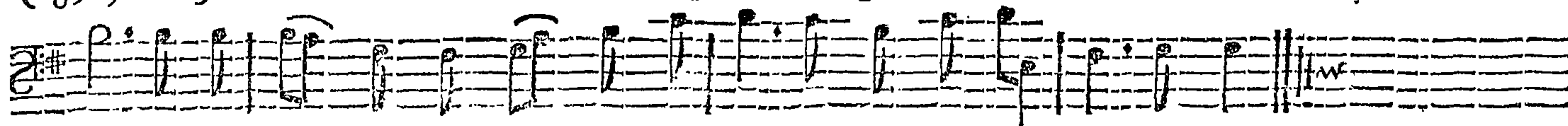


—nk away, then dri—nk, drink, drink a-way ; here, here's to you, and to you, and to

(89) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

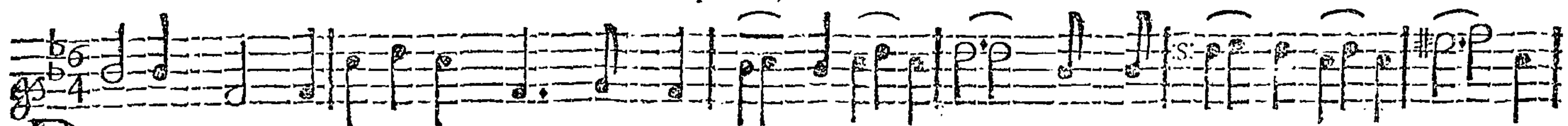


you, let us drink, let us drink till 'tis day, let, let us drink till 'tis day.

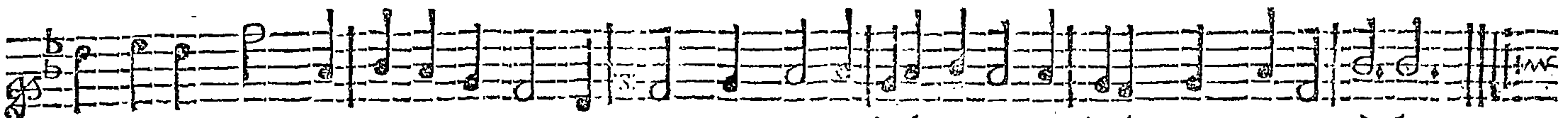
(90) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch on a Man with a Wry Nose.]

Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.



P E--ter White that never goes right, wou'd you know the reason why ; wou'd you know the reason why. He



follows his Nose where ever he goes, and that stands all a-wry, a-wry, and that stands all a-wry.

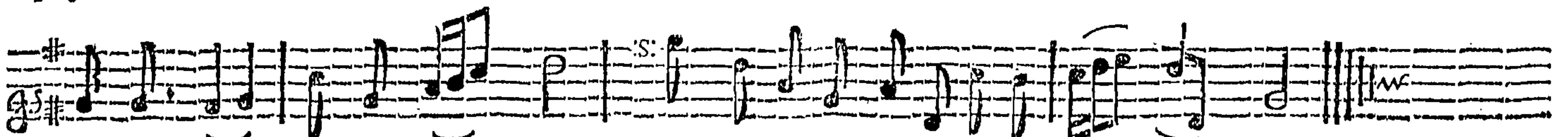
(91) A. 4. Voc.

[The Almanack Catch.]

Mr. Richard Brown.



W Ar begets Poverty, Po-ver-ty Peace, Peace maketh Riches flow, Fate ne'er doth cease. Riches



produce Pride, Pride is War's ground, War begeteth Po-verty the world goes round.

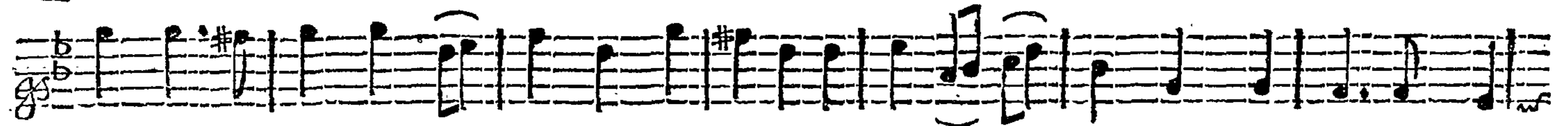
(92) A. 4. Voc.

[Counsel for Married Folks.]

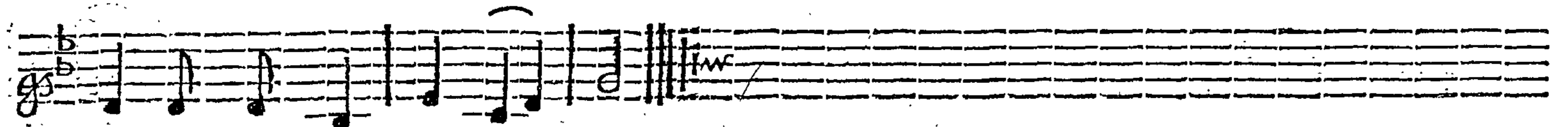
Mr. Mich. Wise.



From Twenty to Thir-ty, good Night and good Morrow; from Thir-ty to For-ty good



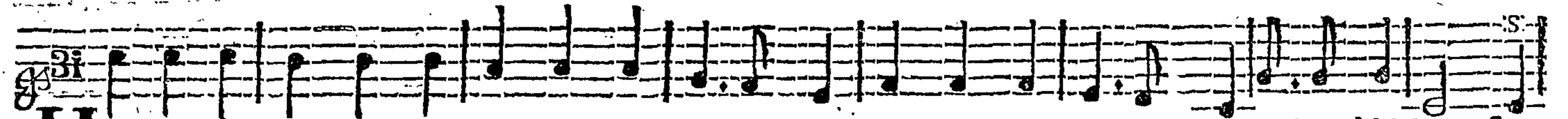
Night or good Morrow; from Forty to Fifty as oft as ye Shift ye; from thence to Three-



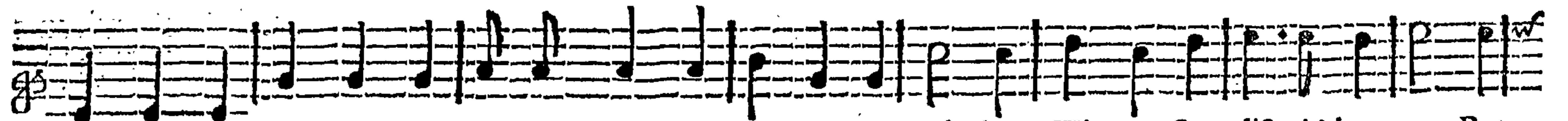
—score, once a Month, and no more.

(93) A. 3. Voc.

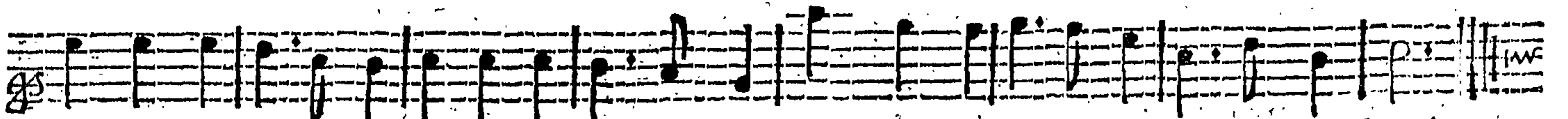
[On a Widow, who Married an old Widower.]



Had she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough, Care enough of the old Man; she



wed him, she fed him, and to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she lifted him on: But



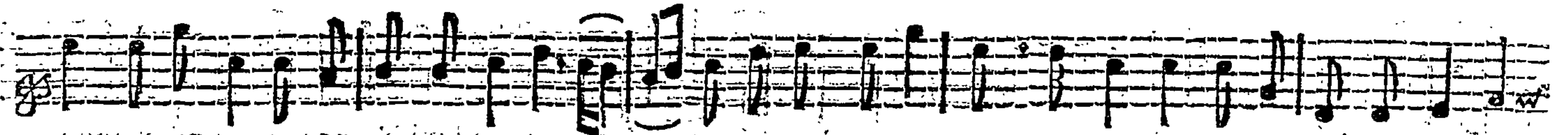
Oh! how she nig'd him, nig'd him, nig-'d him! Oh! how she nig'd him all the Night long!



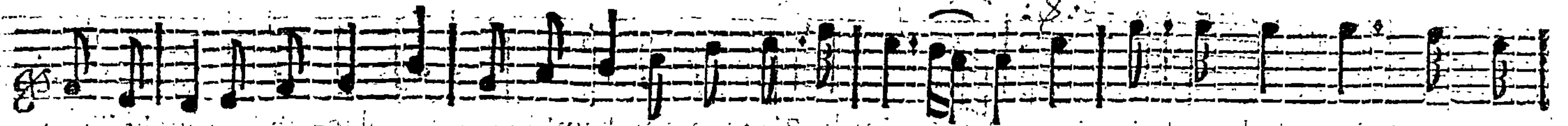
I N a Cellar in S—d at the sign of the T—, two buxom young Harlots were drinking with L—; some



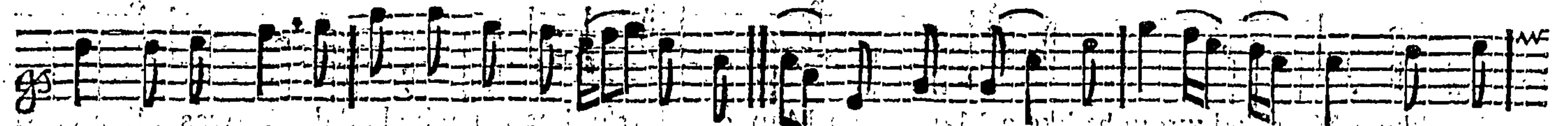
say the were Daughters, no matter for that, they resolv'd they wou'd souse their old dad with a Pot; All



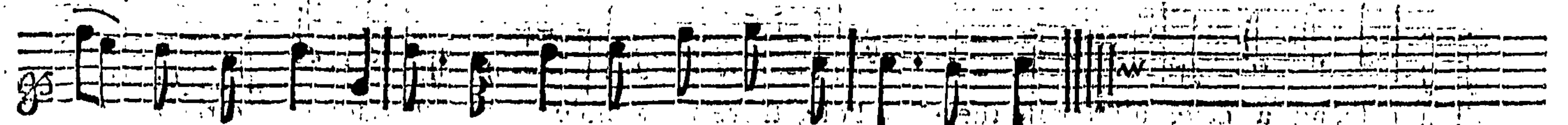
fluster'd and bousey the frolicksom sot, as great as a Monarch between 'em was got, till the oldest and wi—



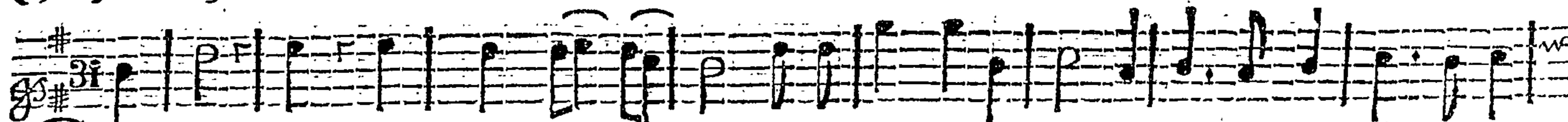
—sest thus open'd the Plot, pray shew us dear Daddy how we were begot, gads zooks ye young jades 'twas the



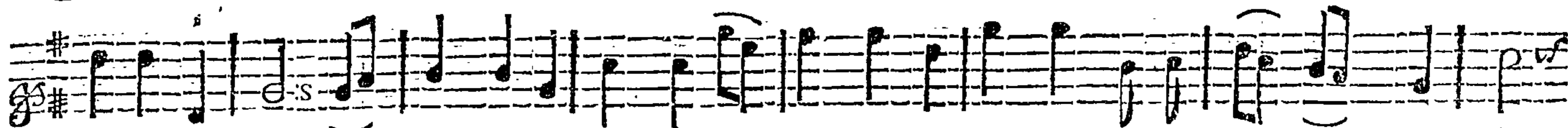
first oath I wot, the Devil of the Serpent this, venome hath taught, no matter they cry'd you shall



pawn for the shot, unless you will show us how we were be-got.



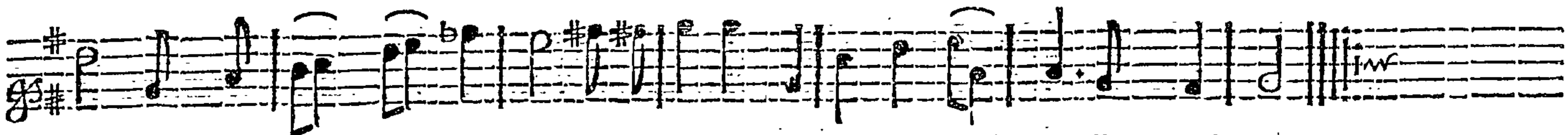
Come Jack drink, drink, drink, drink a-bout, take it off with a grace, no Ru-bie compares with a



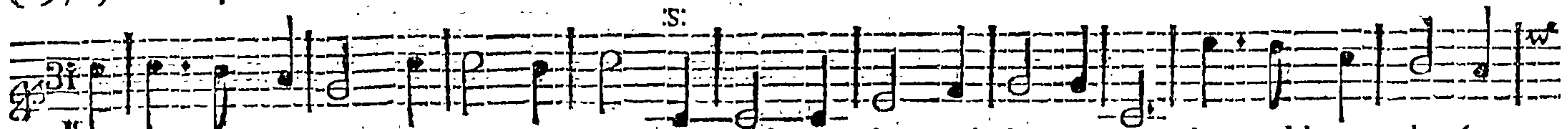
Carbuncle Face; no Sipping nor Spitting, no Sipping nor Spitting like a squemish young Bride,



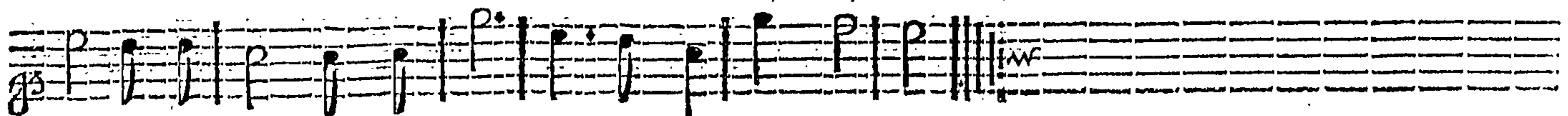
take a Pint that's a brimmer and a-way the next Tide, then Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring for the



drawer, rowse the rogue from his sleep 'tis a folly to stir now whilst day-light doth peep.

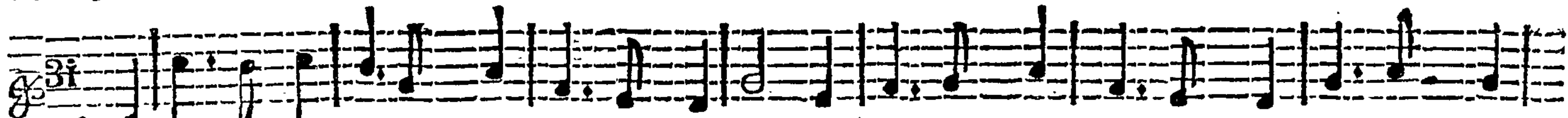


Lay with an old Man all the Night, I turn'd to him, and he to me; he could not do so

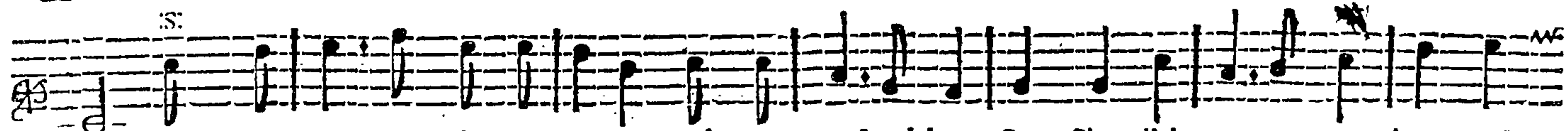


well as he should, but he would fain, but it would not be.

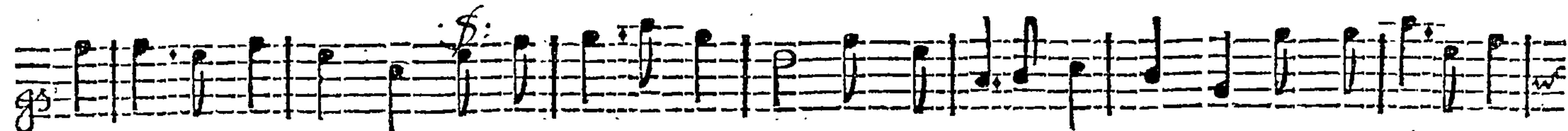
[Tom Tory and Titus.]



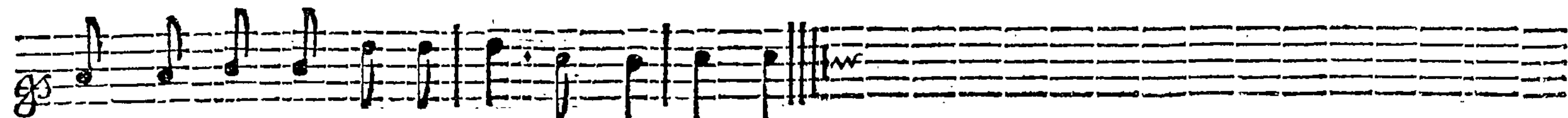
Tom To-ry told Ti-tus, The Whigs did de-sign, to murder the King, and subvert the Right—



— Line: quoth the Doctor, in a fury, you're a raf-cal-ly Sot, Sir, did ever you hear of



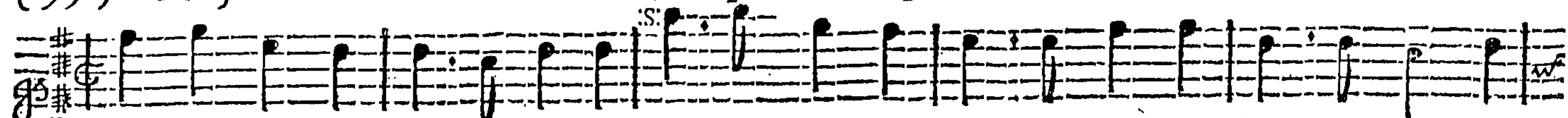
a Prc—testant Plot, Sir! Marry have I, quoth Tom, and I migh-ti-ly fear it; You're a Fe-su-it,



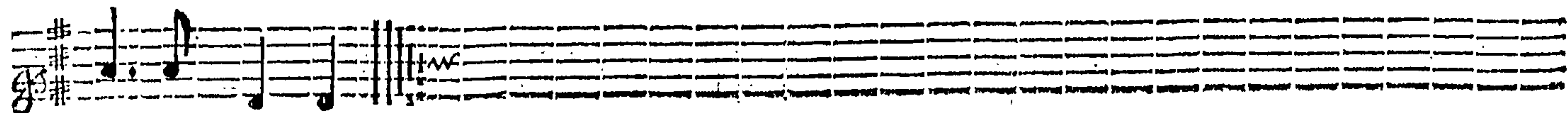
quoth the Doctor, if you vex me, I'll swear it.

[A Catch.]

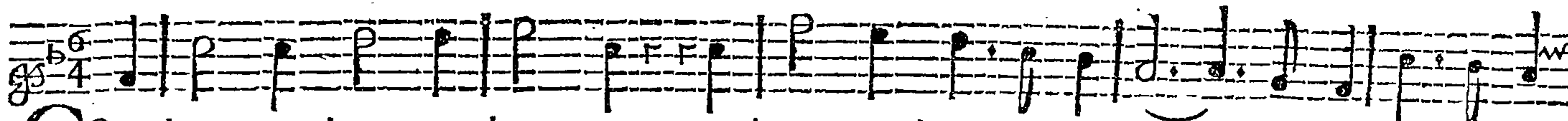
Mr. John Lenton.

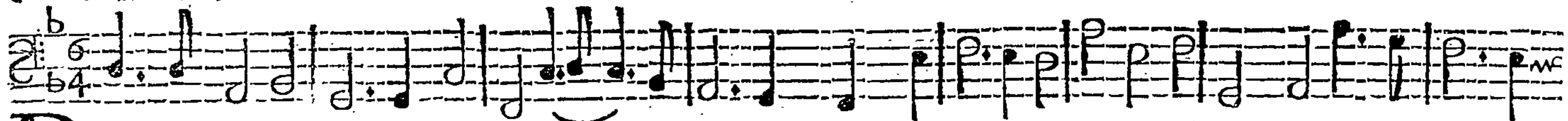


LET us love and drink our Liquor, we shall spend our Means the quicker, here's to thee, kind

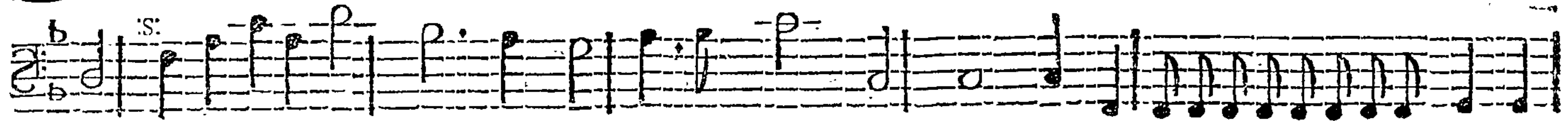


Friend, a Nicker.

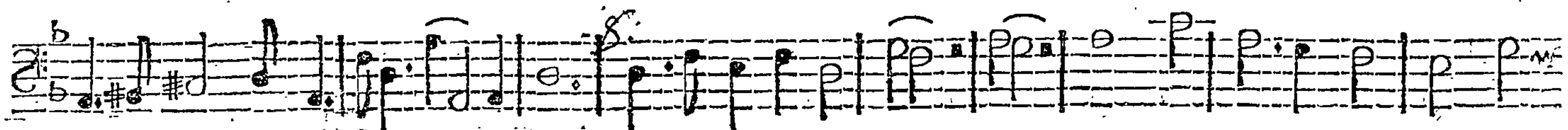




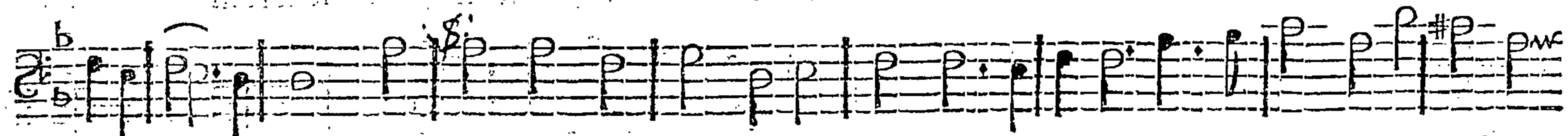
Dost thou not remember *Ned* how of—ten we have heard, a Natural Chorus of Brutes in *Father Dodwell's*



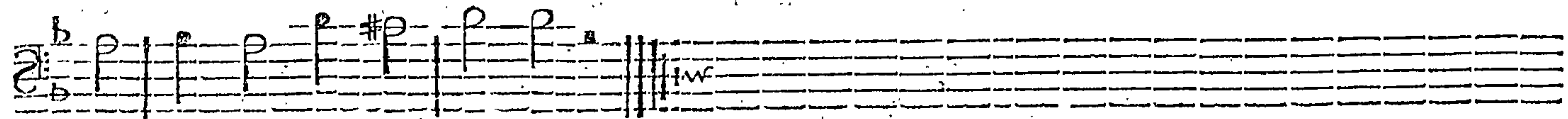
Yard; Cock-a-doodle-do, cry'd the Cock, and the Duck quack, quack, Cobble, :: :: :: :: cry'd the



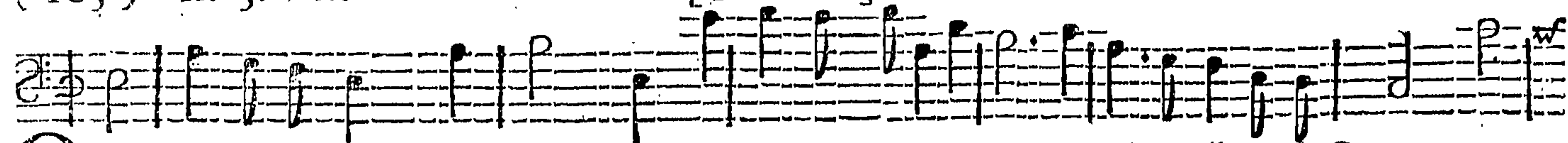
Turkey-Cock, Wehee :: :: the Hack; and the little Chick peep, peep, peep, what ails the poor Creatures



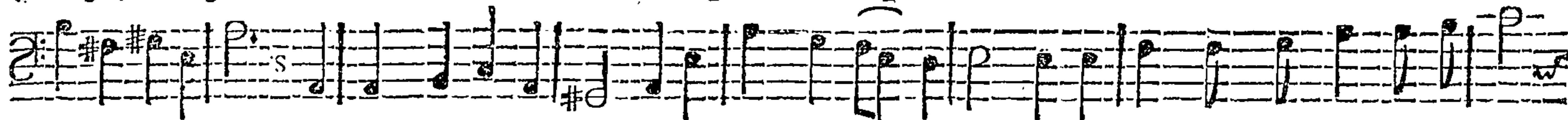
such a coil to keep? Ev'n that, that once made the Thirteen Cows to bellow, and to keep to our Author,



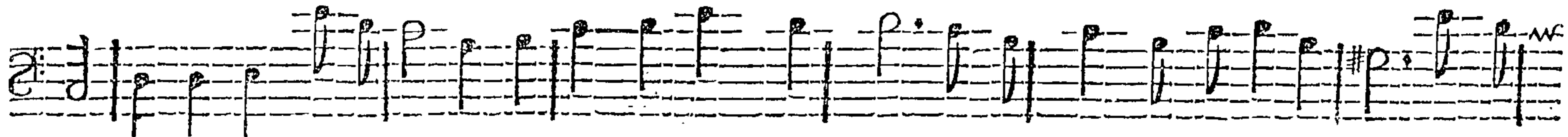
here's to thee my good fellow.



Our Friend at the Mermaid's down, down, at *Punts* there is evil *Sack*, 'tis Poison all at the Crown; at



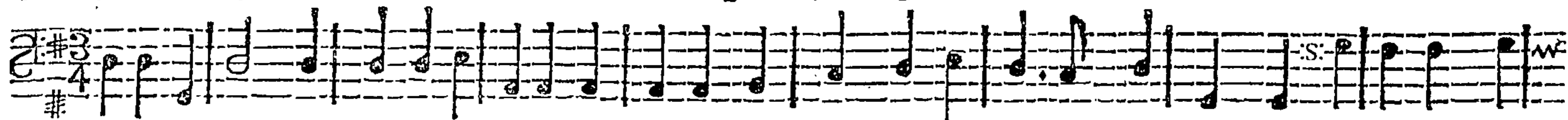
Figs let us take thy motion, *Will* is good, as to what concerns the *Cyder*, but then there's a thing in a Hood



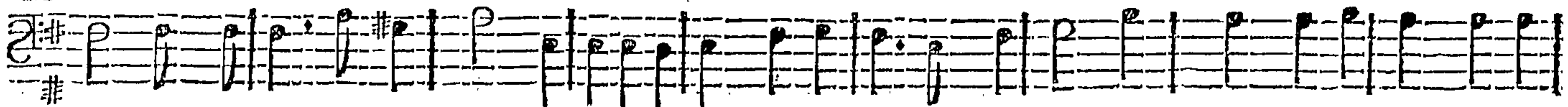
no flesh a live can abide her, the *Liquor's* wholesome, right, 'tis a Purge and a Vomit too, for the



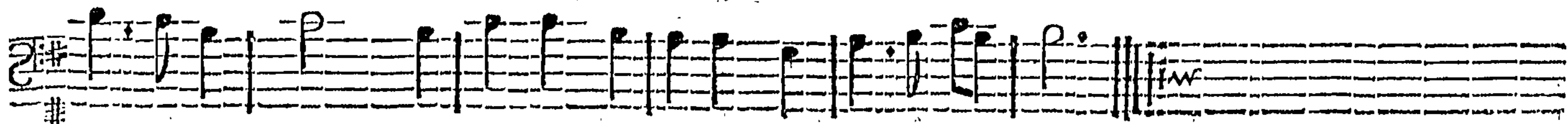
Liquor will make a Man S—, make him S—, and the Landlady make e him Spew.



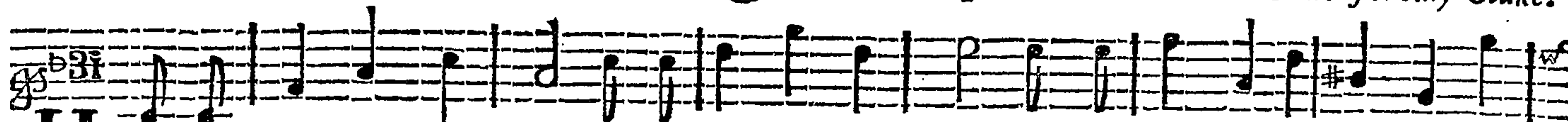
Taking his Beer with Old *Anacharsis*, quoth surly Swash buckler you Wife Sir mine A— is, *Vous avez* quoth



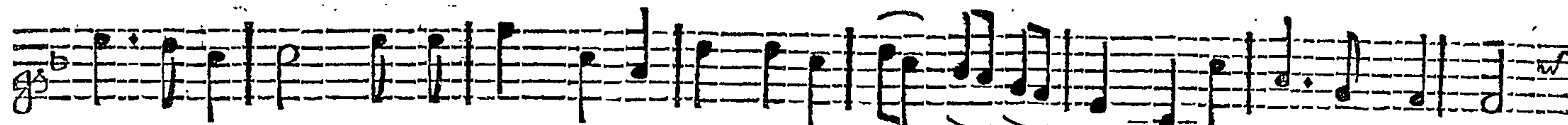
Sage, she's a homely brown Lass, but after a bumper or two she may pass : Th'advice was so right, it con-



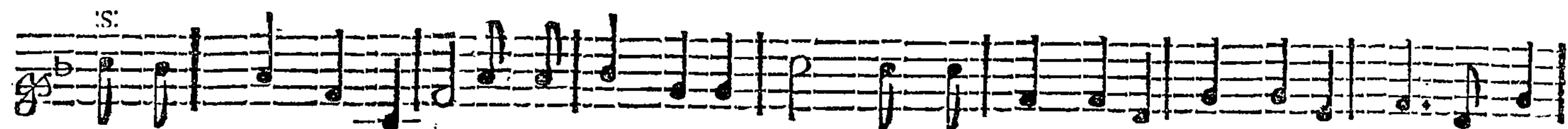
verted Sir Knight, who all his life after Drank Satur—day Night.



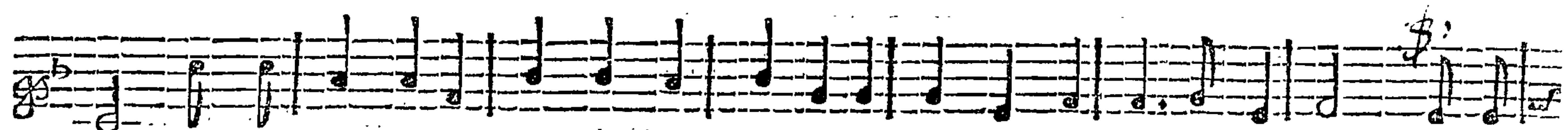
Here's a Health to Queen *Ann*, Who has said from the Throne, that Her Heart is true *English* as



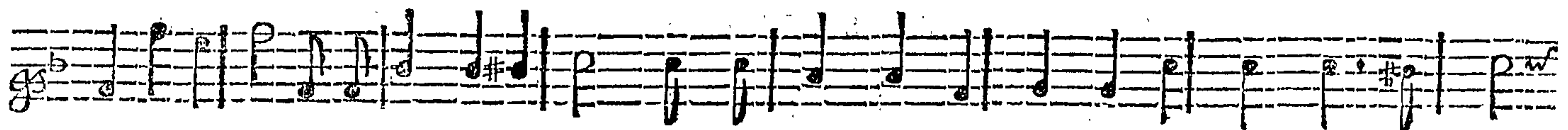
well as our own; that Her Heart is true *English*, Her Heart is true *English*, as well as our own;



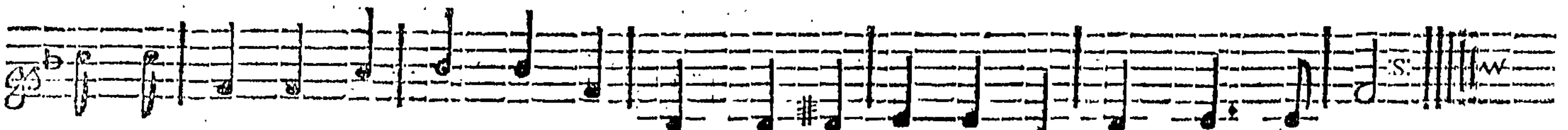
And the Church fix't by Law is resolv'd to maintain; thro' the course of Her Life, and the course of Her



Reign; thro' the course of Her Life, thro' the course of Her Life, and the course of Her Reign; Thus we



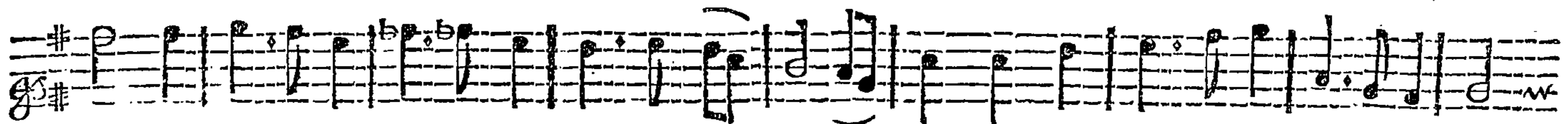
need not to fear a-ny danger to come, while our Arms Rule abroad, and our Queen Reigns at home;



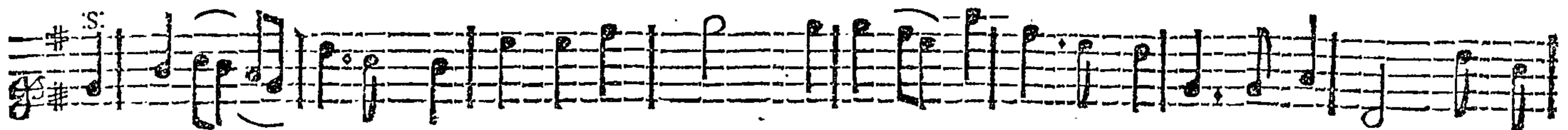
while our Arms Rule abroad, while our Arms Rule abroad, and our Queen Reigns at home.



Let the grave folks go Preach, that our lives are but short, and tell us much Wine, speedy Death does in-



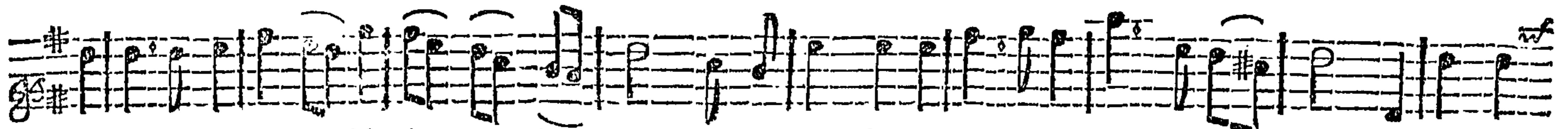
—vite ; but we'll be reveng'd before-hand with them for't, and crowd a Life's Mirth in the space of a Night :



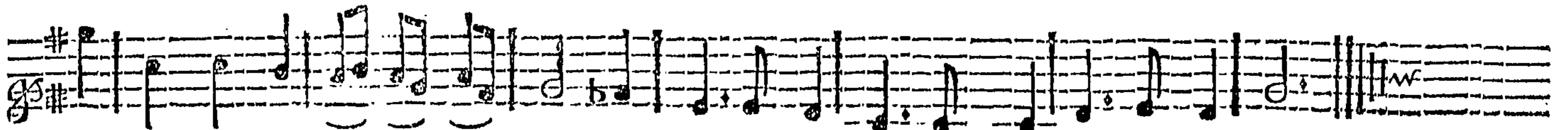
Then stand all about with your Glasses full crown'd, till ev'ry thing else to our Posture do grow ; till our



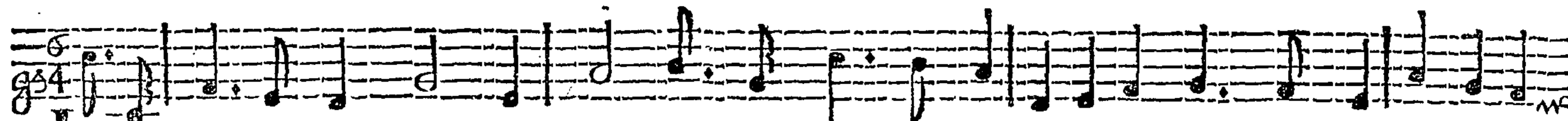
Cups and our Heads, and the whole House go round, and the Celler becomes where the Chamber is now.



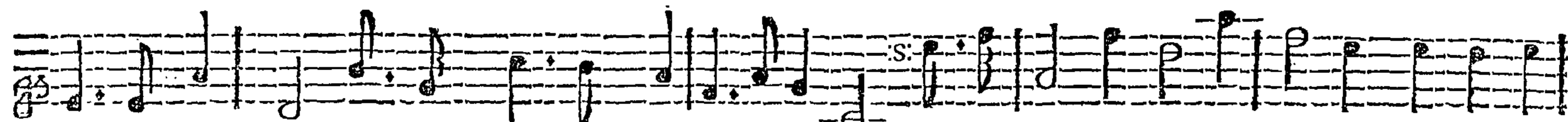
The Sun in the Rays of his rich Morning Gown, shall be Rivall'd by Faces as bright as his own, and wonder



that Mortals can fud-dle a-way, more Wine in a night than he Wa-ter i'th' day.



I N this Mill you may Grind, may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind, without Water or



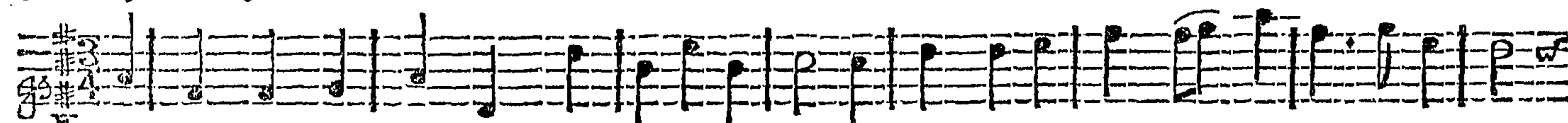
Wind you may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind. But the best, best way to Grind, to Grind is 'twixt



Water and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind; where tho' never so of-ten the



Hopper, the Hop—per you fill, you'll still find there's wanting more Grist, more Grist, more Grist to the Mill.



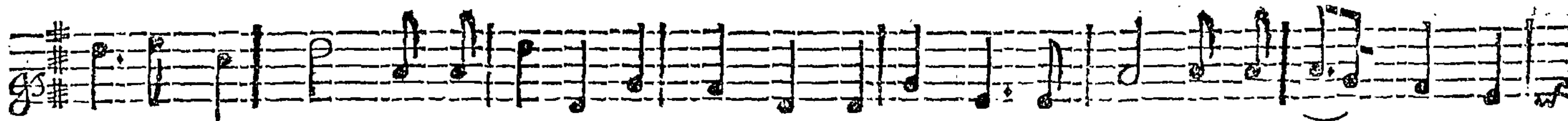
I N Drinking full Bumper there is no deceit, then let's not re—pine at our sit-ing up late;



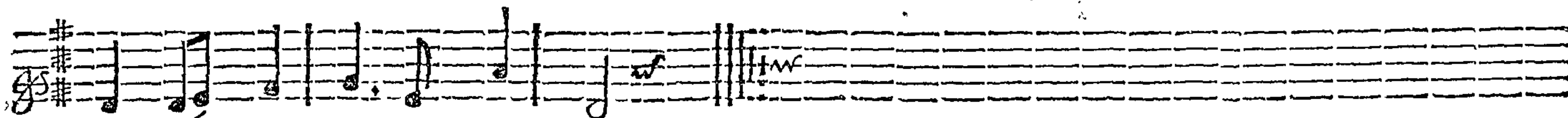
Come light all your Pipes, up, no Sun we do need, we can see what we Drink by the

(108) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



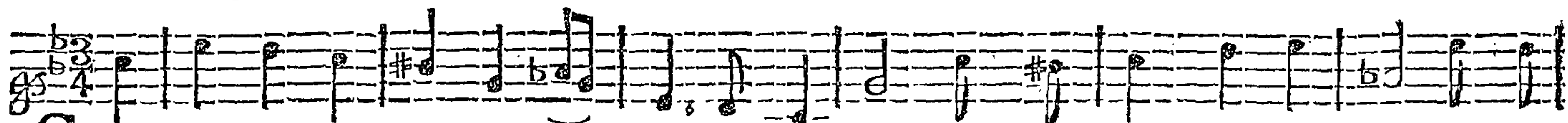
light of the Weed, may our Jolly Club ne'er by In-truders be broke, then our for—row in



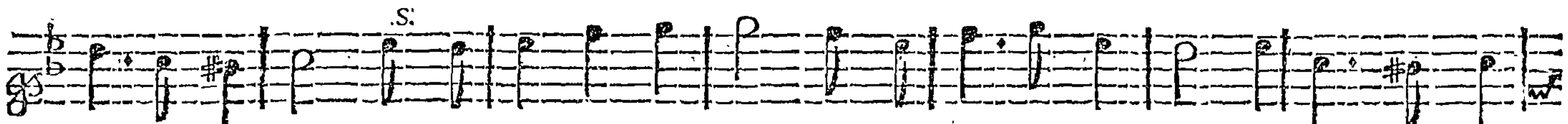
clouds shall af-cend like our Smoak.

(109) A. 3. Voc.

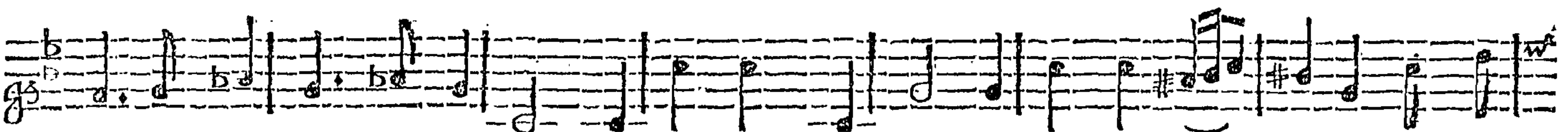
[A Catch.]



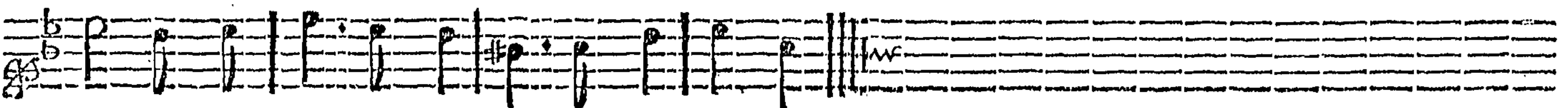
S Ay, good Master Bacchus, a—stride on you Butt, since our Champagn's all gone, and our



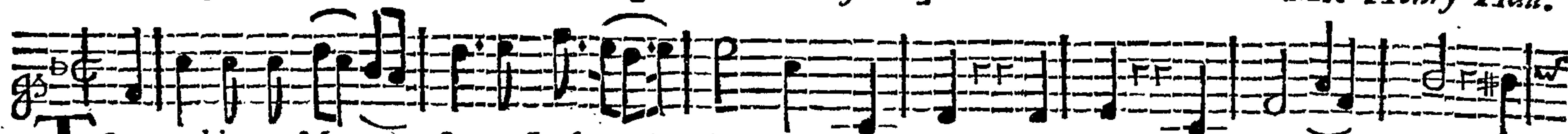
Claret's run out; Which of all the brisk Wines in you Empire that grow, will serve to de—



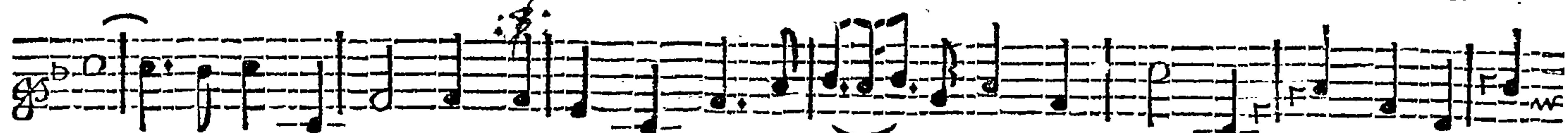
—light your poor Drunkards be—low? Resolve us; Grave Sir, and soon fend it o-ver, lest we



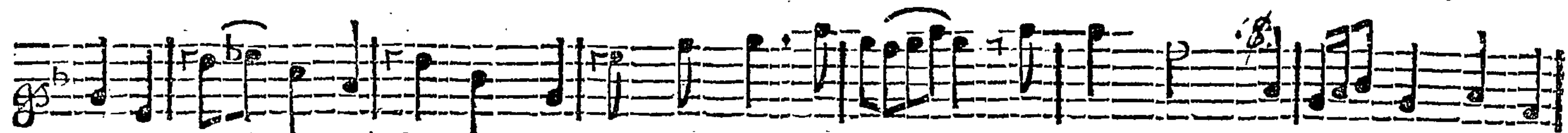
dye, lest we dye of the Sin of be'n Sober:



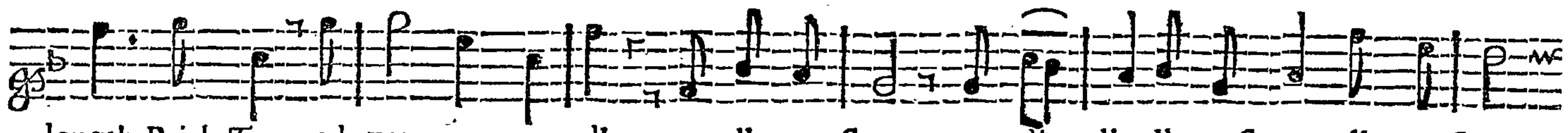
Tom making a Mantua for a Lass of Pleasure, pull'd out, pull'd out, pull'd out his Long, his



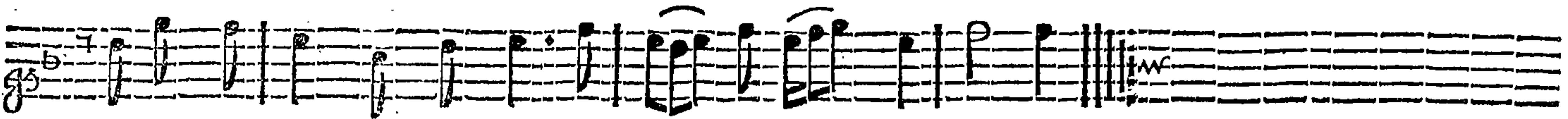
Long and lawful Measure; but quickly found tho' woun-di-ly streight-lac'd Sir, Nine Inches, Nine



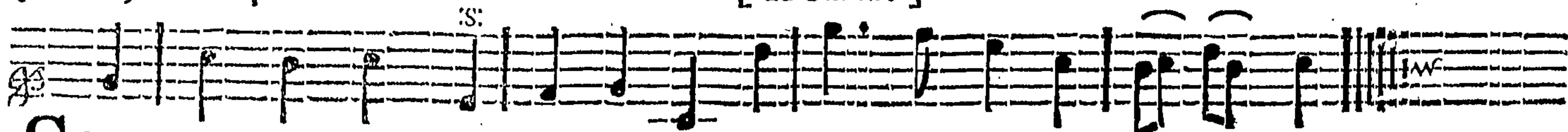
Inches, Nine Inches, Nine Inches wou'd not half sur-round her waist Sir; Three In-ches more at



length Brisk Tom ad-van-ces, yet all, yet all too short, yet all, all, all too short, all too short;

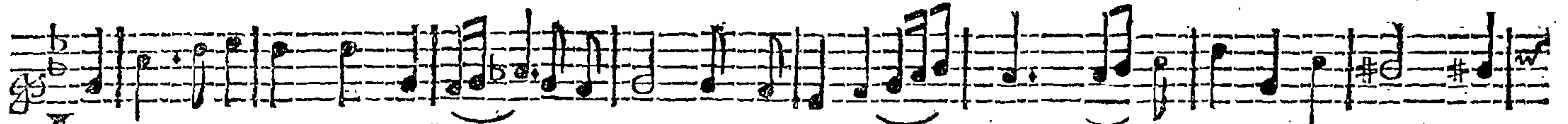


yet all too short, all too short to reach her swinging Hances.



Sing One, Two Three, come follow me, and so shall we, good fol-lows be.

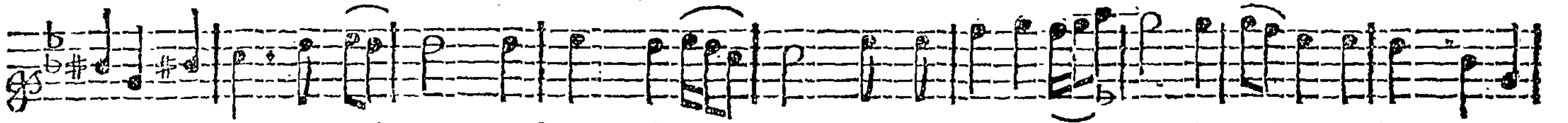
(112) *The Bedford Catch for Three Voices: Being an Epitaph upon Two good Wives, the one Dead and the other Living. Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.*



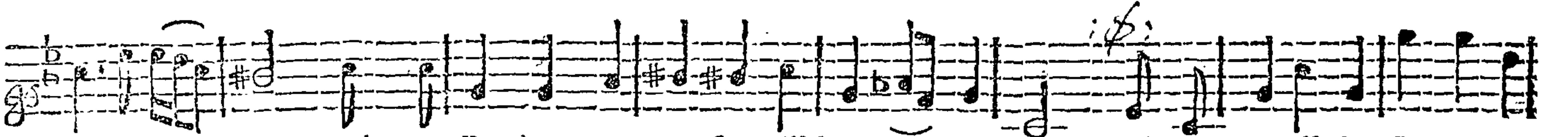
I *Thomas of Bedford* this Monument made, for a pair of good Wives; tho' but one of 'em's dead: *Alice*



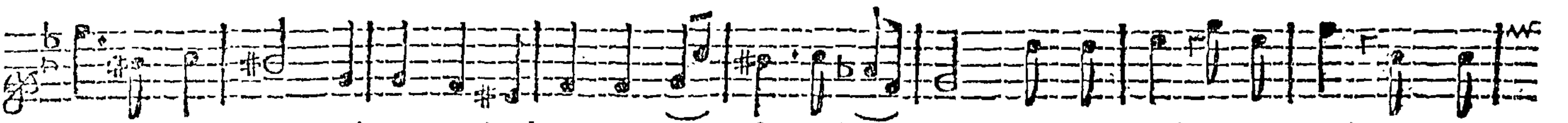
P—I did of *Clarkenwell* Parish descend: and *Ann* my surviving from the Saints of *Wood-end*. This work I at—



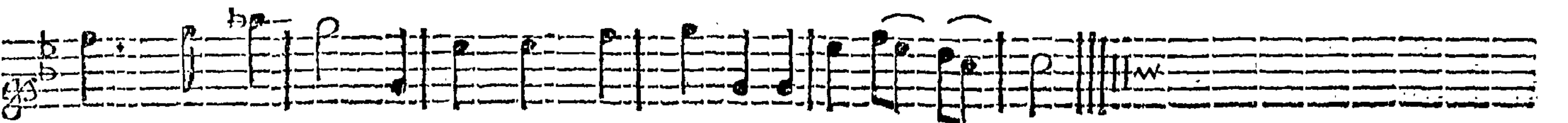
—tempted with sorrow and woe; cause one Wife was dead; and the other not so: How-ever the Vertues of



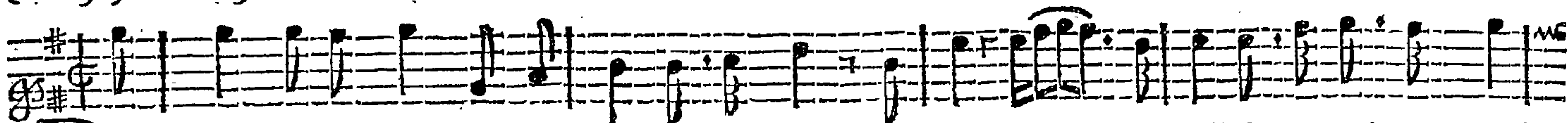
her I now have, make my Burden more ea-sie, till both are in Grave. This has got all the Graces of



her that is gone, and o're and above 'em some few of her own: But a--lafs! oh a--lafs! that such



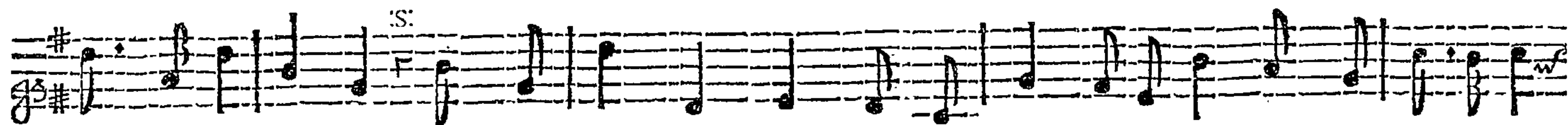
Goods shou'd de-cay, that e'er they shou'd dye or be ta-ken a—way.



DRagoons have a care, here's a health to the Czar ; we'll all, all, we'll all do the mighty *Ruſs*



Reason: Examine your Cup, that you drink it all up, if you leave but one drop, if you leave but one



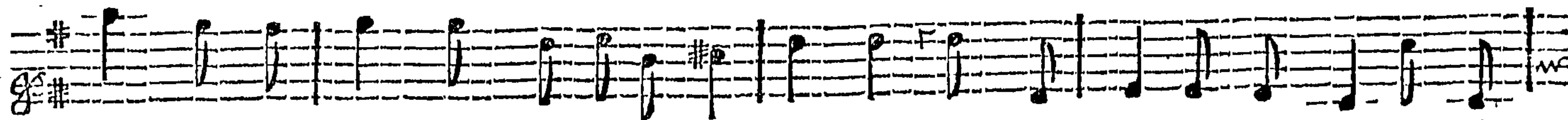
drop, 'tis high Treason : wou'd you drink, drink, drink, wou'd you drink like a *Ruſs*, while you take it off



thus, ſtill with Pepper improve your weak Brandy: and then to be juſt, to give it a guſt, ſtill, ſtill let



Nitre ſupply, ſupply Sugar-can-dy. Thus arm'd, let it Blow, let it Hail, let it Snow, let it Hail, let it



Snow; it will ne'er make our Hero look thin Sir, warm without, with the Hair of his

(113) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

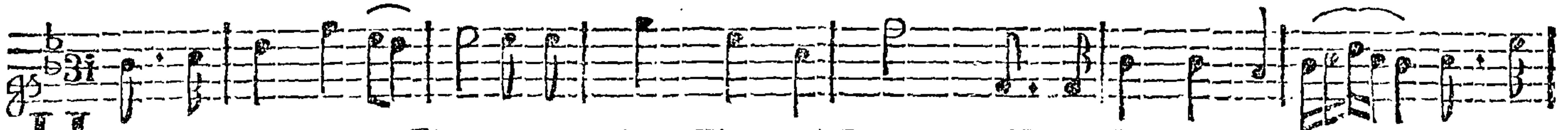


dear Brother Bear, and the Cordial, the Cordial I wot on, I wot on with-in Sir.

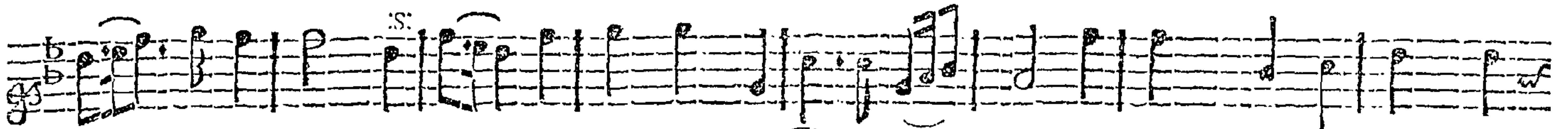
(114) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

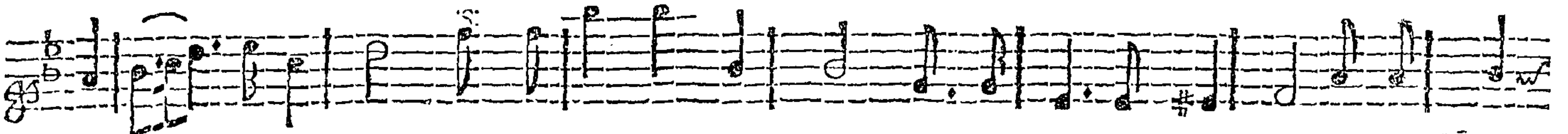
Dr. Turner.



Here's a Health to our Fleet, to our Great King and Queen; whilst the Cannon do roar, and the



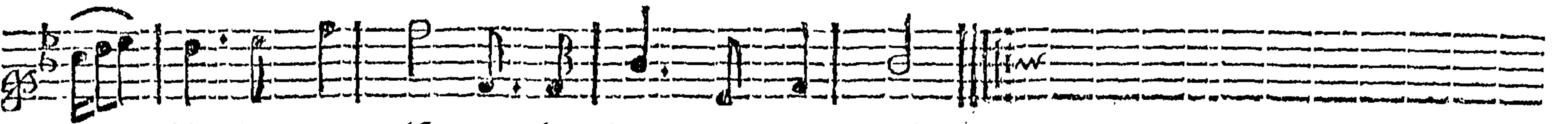
Steeple do Ring, with Fires Triumphant the Ci-ty shall Shine, as *Tourville's* burnt Squadrons



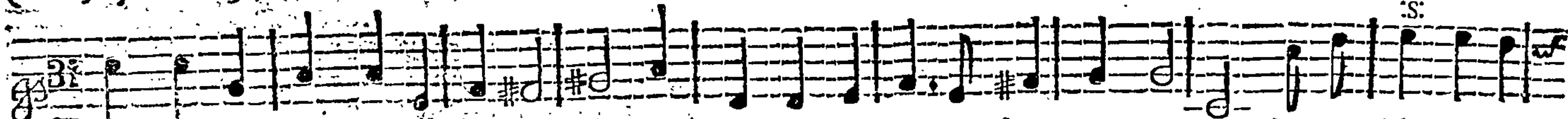
en-light-ten the main; may the Tyrant of *France*, thus be humbled each day, may his Armes



fall by Land, as his Na-vy at Sea; whilst *William* and *Mary* with Trophies are Crown'd,



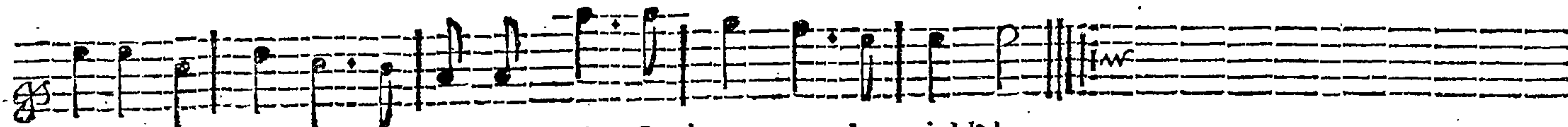
may this be our wish as the Bumpers go round.



I 'LL Tell my Mother my *Jenny* cries, and then a poor lan-guishing Lover dies; but ye-faith I be—



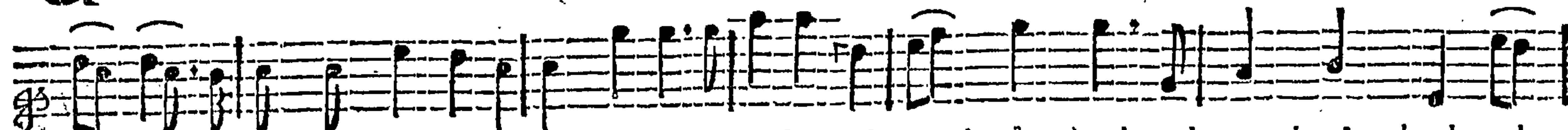
—leive the Gip-sey lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be



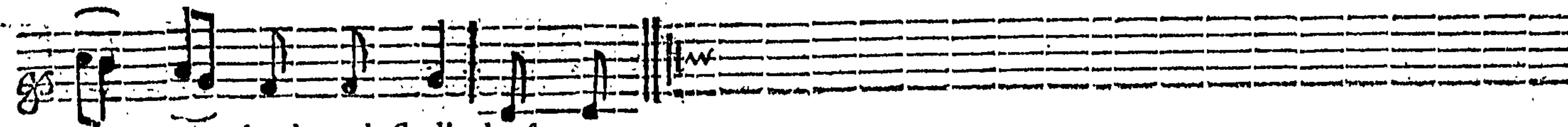
tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.



UDs nigs! here ligs, *John Digs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to say the truth, to say the truth, none know

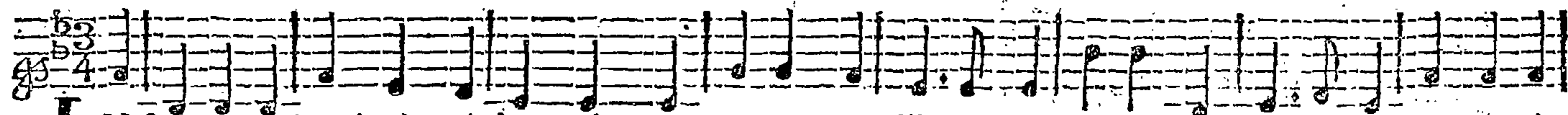


which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived ea-sie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead, and



now they're dead, and shall please ye.

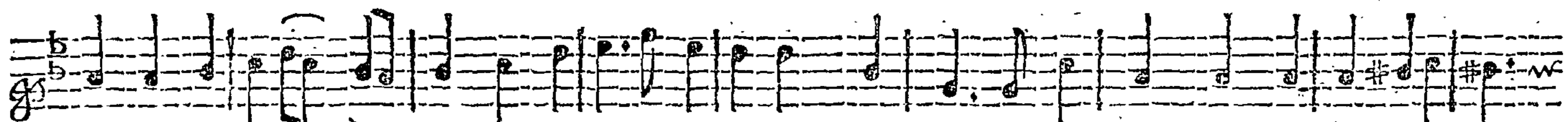
(117) *A Catch for 3 Voices, upon a Prophecy, and Hieroglyphick of the late Mr. Will. Lilly the Astrologer; the Words by Mr. D'Urfey. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.*



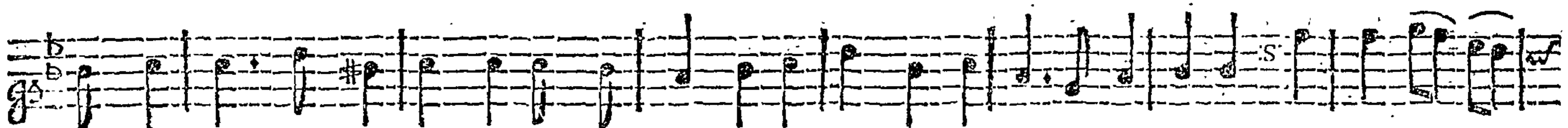
I N Seventeen hundred, and three told twice o-ver, we're like to hear very good tidings from *Dover*; A



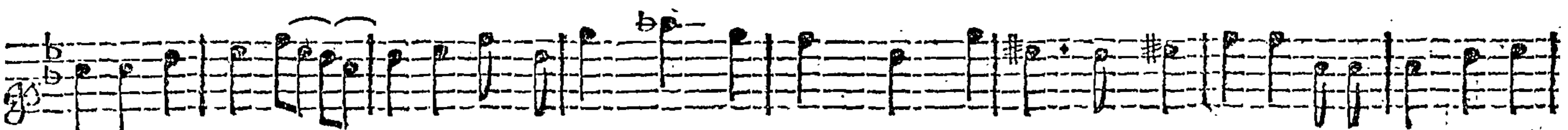
Lioness Passant, A-strologers tell ye, extends her Paw Royal to grapple the Lilly; the mark on her



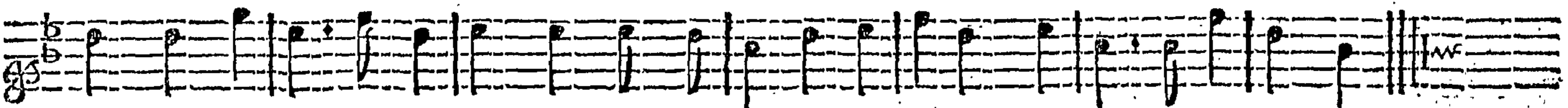
side that so closely does press her, is noted to be the Queens Cypher God bless her; th'enigma so dark,



how we *France* shall be leaguer, you may find out at *Kingston*, of honest *Tom Eager*; Old *Tom* was con-



firm'd in't and 'twas no Il-lusion, that his Four-score and Sev'n, should see *Monsieur's* confusion; if a year or two

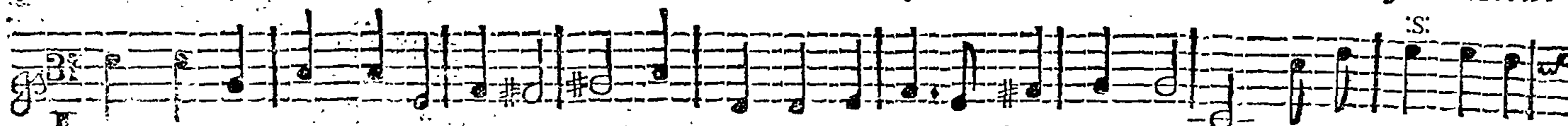


more pass, 'tis not to be wonder'd, he that's Jovial at Ninety, may live to a Hundred:

(115) A. 3. Voc.

[Kind Jenny.]

Dr. John Blow.



I 'LL Tell my Mother my *Jenny* cries, and then a poor lan-guishing Lover dies; but ye-faith I be—



—leave the Gip-sey lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be



tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.

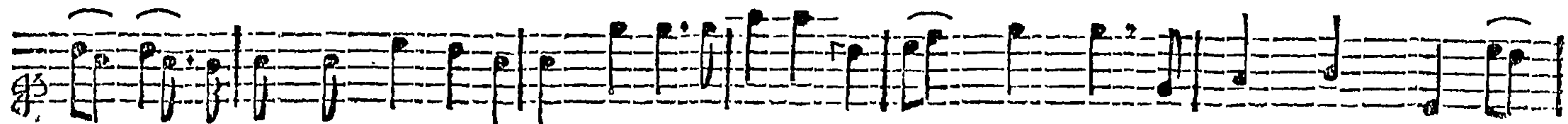
(116) A. 3. Voc.

[A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.]

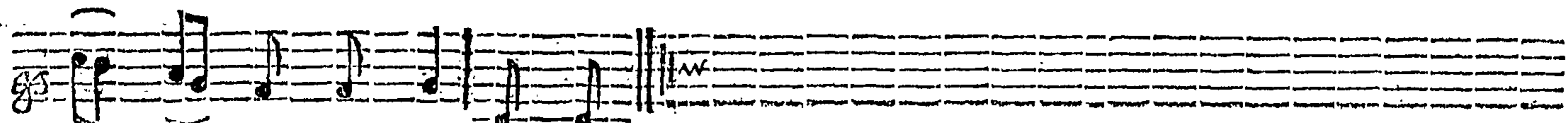
Dr. Blow.



UDs nigs! here ligs, *John Digs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to say the truth, to say the truth, none know

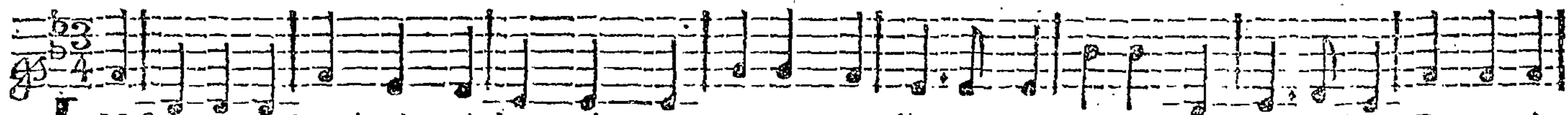


which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived ea-sie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead, and



now they're dead, and shall please ye.

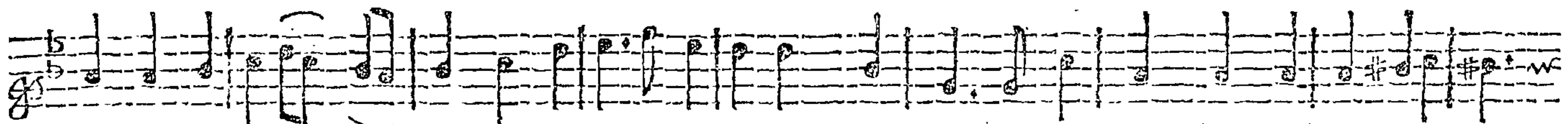
(117) *A Catch for 3 Voices, upon a Prophecy, and Hieroglyphick of the late Mr. Will. Lilly the Astrologer; the Words by Mr. D'Ursey. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.*



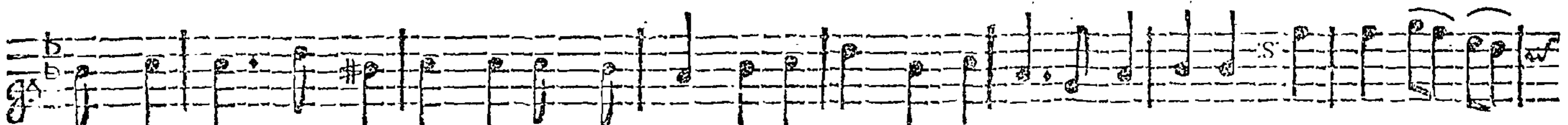
I N Seventeen hundred, and three told twice o-ver, we're like to hear very good tidings from *Dover*; A



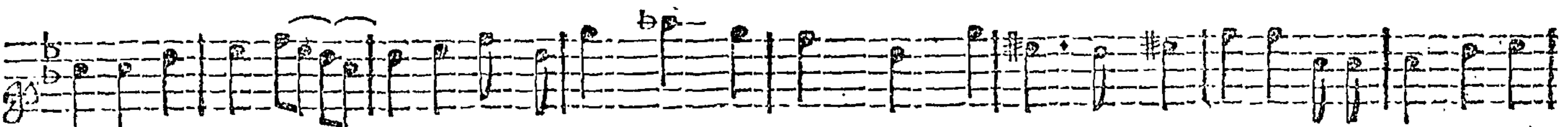
Lioness Passant, A-strologers tell ye, extends her Paw Royal to grapple the Lilly; the mark on her



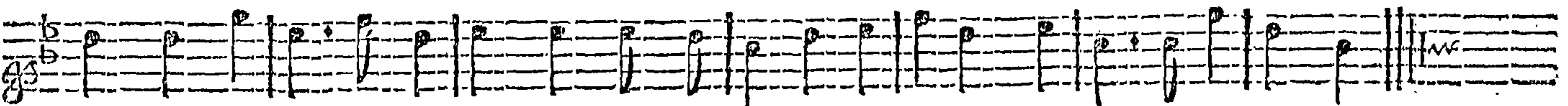
side that so closely does press her, is noted to be the Queens Cypher God bless her; th'enigma so dark,



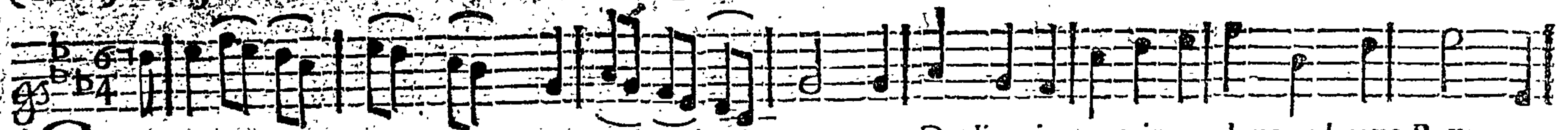
how we *France* shall be leaguer, you may find out at *Kingston*, of honest *Tom Eager*; Old *Tom* was con-



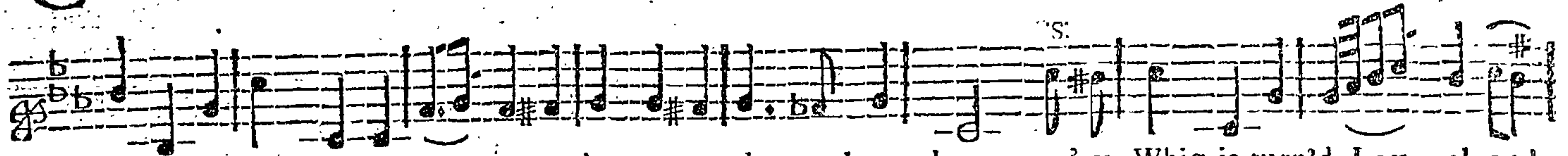
firm'd in't and 'twas no Ill-lusion, that his Four-score and Sev'n, should see *Monfieur's* confusion; if a year or two



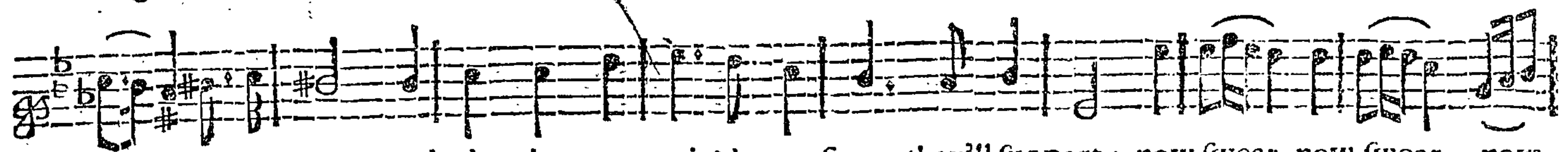
more pass, 'tis not to be wonder'd, he that's Jovial at Ninety, may live to a Hundred;



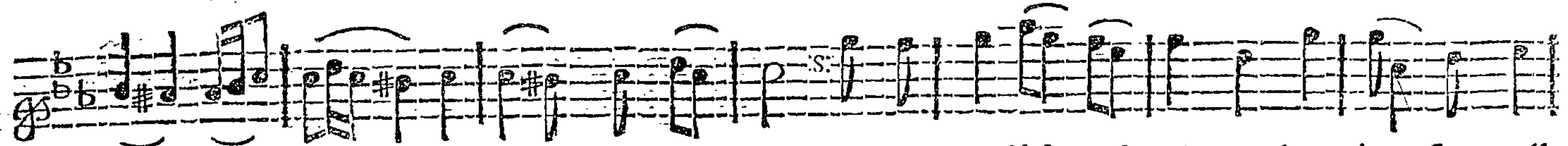
Come all ye high Church-men, come all and rejoyce; your Darling is now in no danger brave Boys, no



danger, no danger, no danger, no danger, no danger brave boys: ev'ry Whig is turn'd Loy—al and



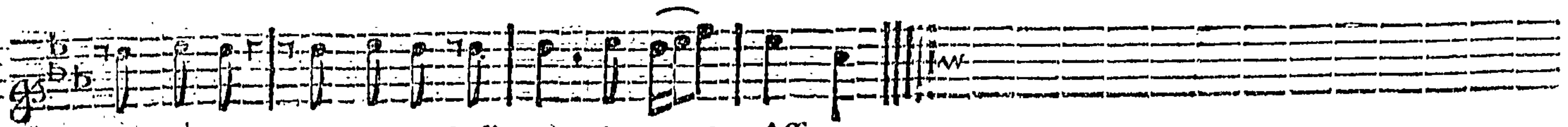
trims with the Court, and what they once ruin'd, now swear they'll support; now swear, now swear, now



swear, now swear, now swear they'll support: thus between *John* and *Martin*, her time she well



passes, and if you han't faith to believe it you're Asses; believe it, believe it,

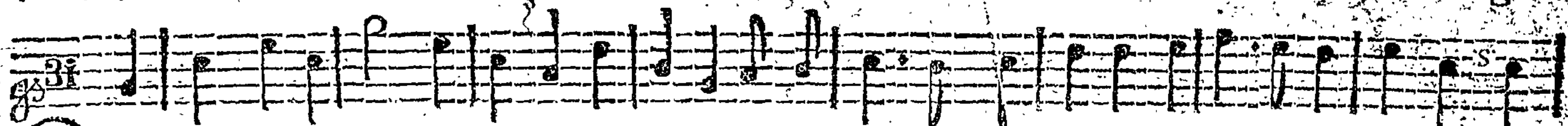


believe it, believe it, believe; it your'e Asses.

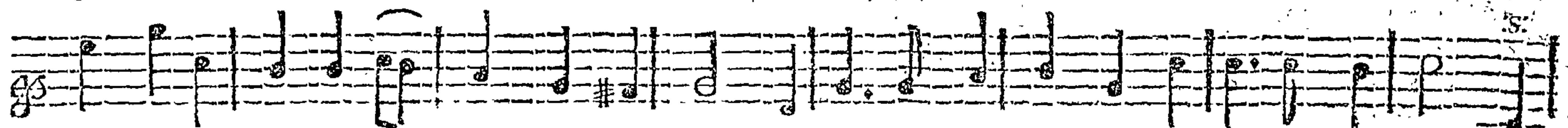
(119) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Morgan.



Quoth *Jack* on a time to *Tom* I'll declare it, I've a mind we shou'd fuddle our Noses with Claret; Say's



Tom it will do you more harm than you think, fye on you says *Jack* who can live without drink; I'll

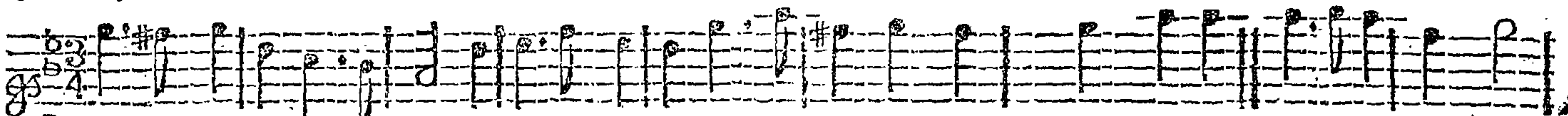


ne're baulk my Wine here's to thy dispose; *Tom* pretends not to drink, pray look on his Nose.

(120)

[A Catch to a Minuet. Mr. Tho. Ridd.]

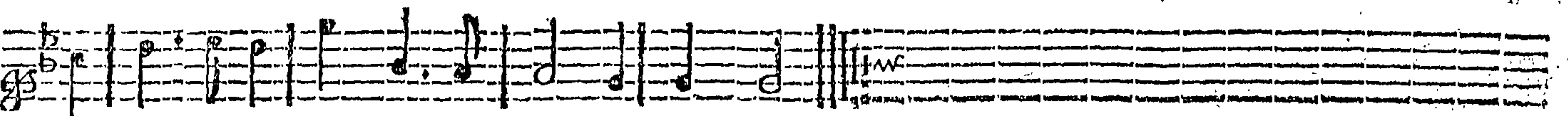
Mr. Williams's.



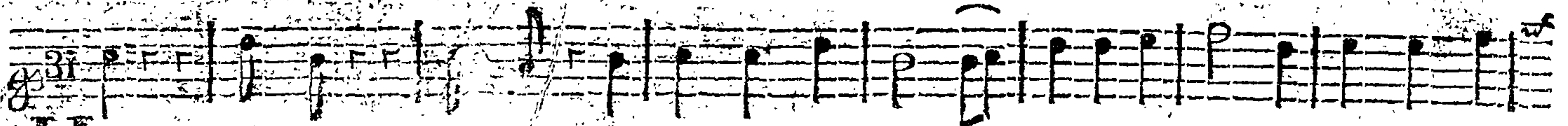
Let's fuddle our Noses *Tom* and be merry, with a Glas of good strengthning Sherry; and never plot, plot



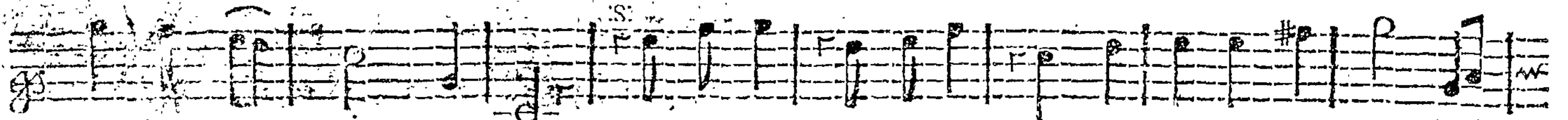
more, but of Wine to get store; since we see that we always miscarry; Rich bumpers on us no mischeif will



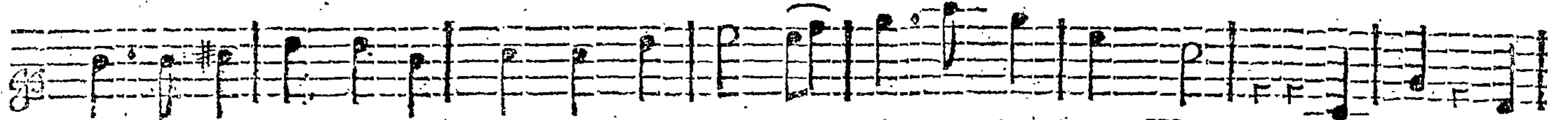
bring, but Plotting will send's to Hell in a String.



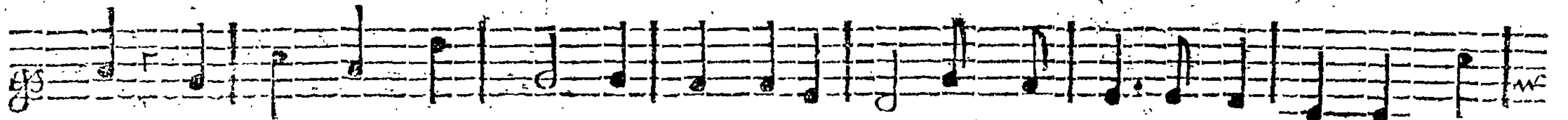
Hark! Harry, Harry, Hark! Harry 'tis late; come let us be gone, for West-minster



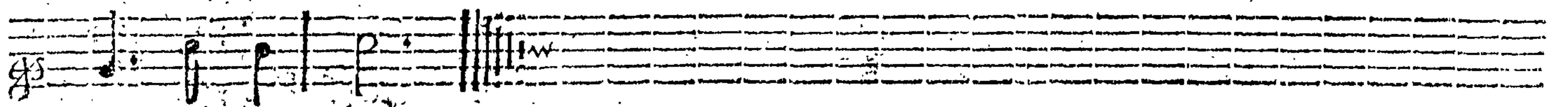
Tom by my Faith strikes One. Say't a fo, say't a fo, say't thou so ho-nest Lad, what



makes him so sawcy to strike One and yet not tell us the cause Why? pish, pish, pish,



pish, 'twas done in good part to get us a-way, and will cer-tain-ly double his



blow if we stay.

F I N I S.