

The Second B O O K of the

Pleasant Musical Companion:

Being a Choice Collection of

C A T C H E S,

For Three and Four V O I C E S.

Published chiefly for the Encouragement of the *Musical Societies*,
which will be speedily set up in all the Chief Cities and Towns in
E N G L A N D.

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

The Fourth Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged.

L O N D O N, Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-street*, or at his House over-against the *Blue-Ball* in *Arundel-street* in the *Strand*; where the First and Second Books of *Pills* are to be had. 1701.

Wm. Mason

To my much Honour'd Friend,

HUGH BONFOY, Esq;

S I R,

TH E several *Catches* which are contain'd in the following Sheets, having already when seperate, been favour'd with Your Approbation, 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 Encouragement of things of this Nature has been General, I beg the Honour of having it extended to my poor Endeavours in serving the Publick. And since you are Celebrated by all that are known to You, for a Pattern 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,

S I R,

Your most Obedient Servant,

Henry Playford.

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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 'em, 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 submit's 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 as their Understanding will be increas'd, and a true Friendship may be establish'd among those who might otherwise continue unknown to one another, so it is hop'd the Bookseller, who is at the Expence of this Excellent Collection, will have their Thanks, for advancing an amicable Correspondence among 'em. The Matter in respect to the Words, owes its Birth to the best Authors; and in respect to the Musick, has the most Consummate Masters for its Composers; nor is there any thing which does Violence to good Manners, or commits a Rape on good Sense in it, but what forwards the Establishment of good Company, the promotion of good Musick, 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.

And that he may be beneficial to the Publick in forwarding a commendable Society, as well as the Sale of his Book, he has prevail'd with his Acquaintance and others in this City, to enter into several Clubs Weekly, at Taverns of convenient distance from each other, having each House a particular Master of Musick belonging to the Society establish'd in it, who may instruct those, (if desir'd) who shall be unskill'd in bearing a part in the several Catches contain'd in this Book, as well as others, and shall perfect those who have already had some insight in things of this Nature, that they shall be capable of Entertaining the Societies they belong to abroad. In order to this, he has provided several Articles to be Drawn, Printed, and put in handsom Frames, to be put up in each respective Room the Societies shall Meet in, and be observ'd as so many standing Rules, which each respective Society is to go by; and he questions not, but the several Cities, Towns, Corporations, &c. in the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as Foreign Plantations, will follow the Example of the well-wishers to Vocal and Instrumental Musick in this famous City, by establishing such Weekly Meetings as may render His Undertaking as generally receiv'd, as it is Useful. And if any Body or Bodies of Gentlemen, are willing to enter into or Compose such Societies, they may send to Him, where they may be furnished with the Books and Articles.

Thus much he thought was necessary to premise, in giving the Reader a light into the knowledge of his Design, but He shall leave His Book without any further 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 giv'n a lustre to'em by their Musical Composures; As Dr. Blow, and the late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell, whose Catches have deservedly gain'd an Universal Applause.

To

*To my Friend, Mr. Henry Playford, on the Publication of His Book
of Catches, and His Establishing a Weekly Club for the advance-
ment of Musick.*

ONce 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 it's 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 :
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,
Quit's not his Patient's Care, but strictly Views
What *Hold's* 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 setting up a Weekly Club for the Encouragement of Musick
and good Fellowship.*

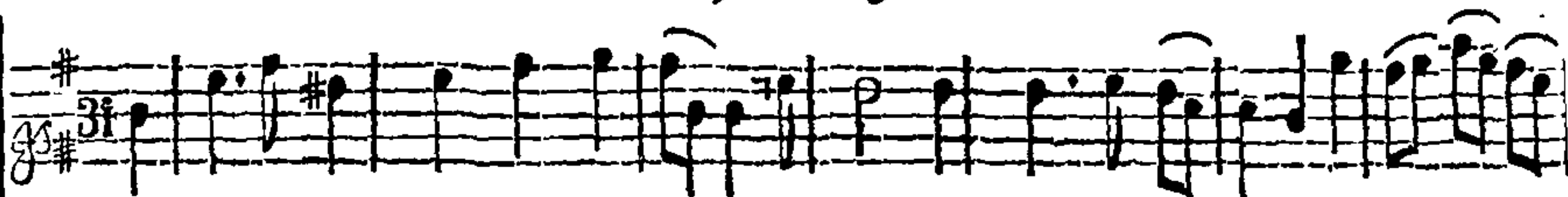
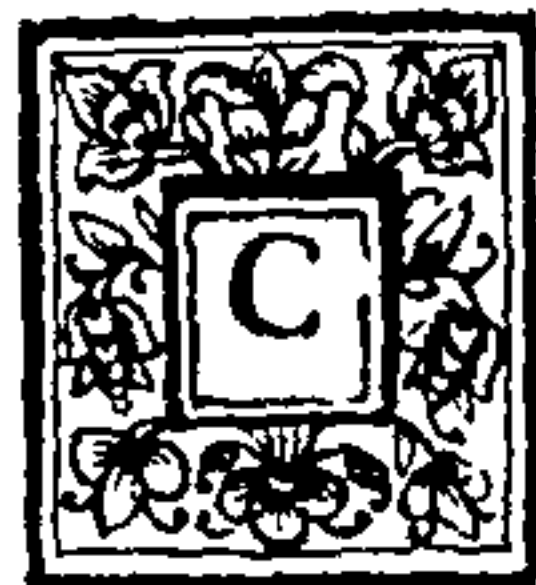
SO, Now this is something that's like to be Taking,
For Musick's the Devil without Merry-making.
A Pox on lean Scraping, and Thrumming, and Trilling!
What delight can it give, without Stuffing and Swilling?
When our *Ears* must be fill'd and our *Bellys* be Starv'd,
He's a Fool to *some Tune*, who will e'er 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'er 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 *Derby*.

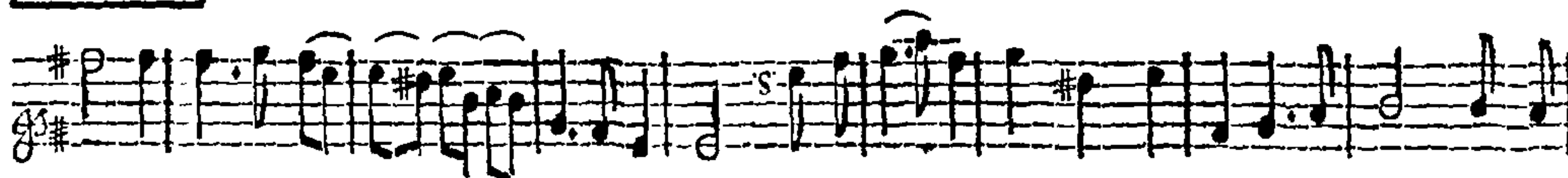
*From Mr. Stewards, at the
Hole in the Wall, in
Belwin's Gardens.*

T. B.

(1) A. 3. *Voc. Catch on the Battle at Hailbron by Mr. Herbert*
Sett to MUSIC K. by Dr. John Blow.



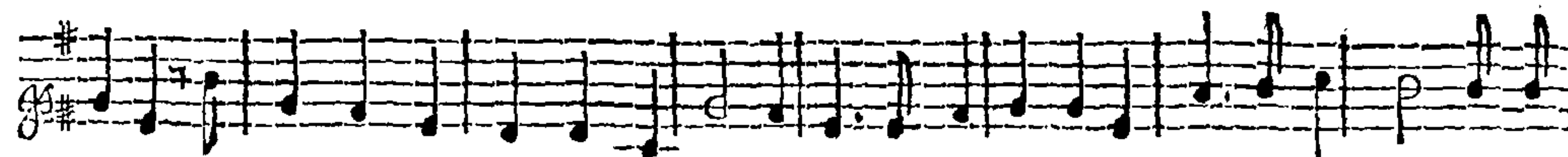
One here's a good Health to Prince *Lewis* the Brave, the Prince that has Buri'd the Turks in the



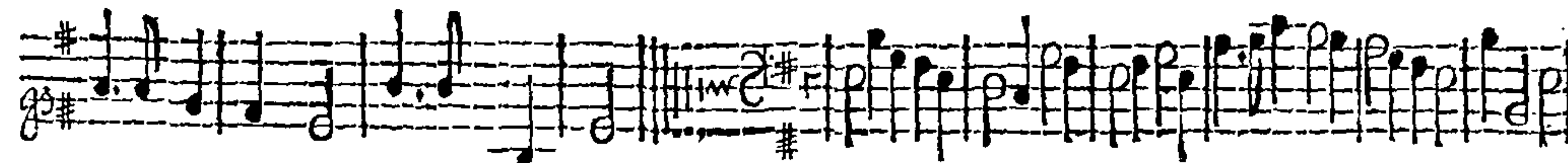
Save, for drinkers of Wa-ter a suitable Grave; both the old and new Turk are here overthrown, now my



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



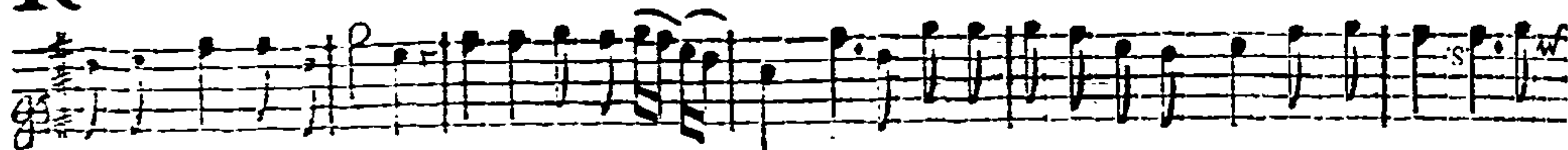
Heydelburg Tun shall close the Campaign.

Thorrow-Bass.

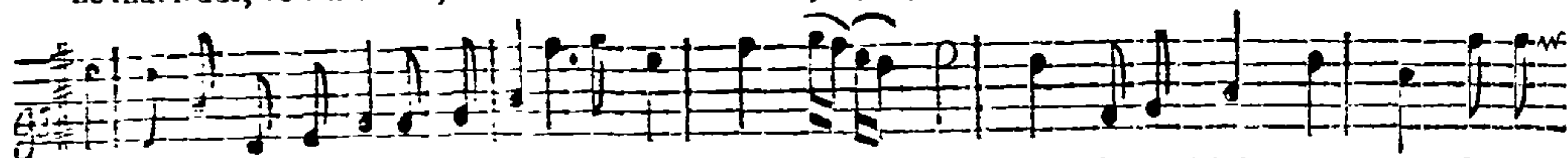
A



Ring, ring the Bells and the Glasses pull away, Ring, ring the Bells and the Glasses pull away, pull away,



he that leads, we will fet all, all the Vessels in the House, all, all, all the Vessels in the House on their heads; 'tis a



grand Pitcher pull away, pull away, 'tis a grand, grand Pitcher Day; drink, let us drink, drink, drink, let us



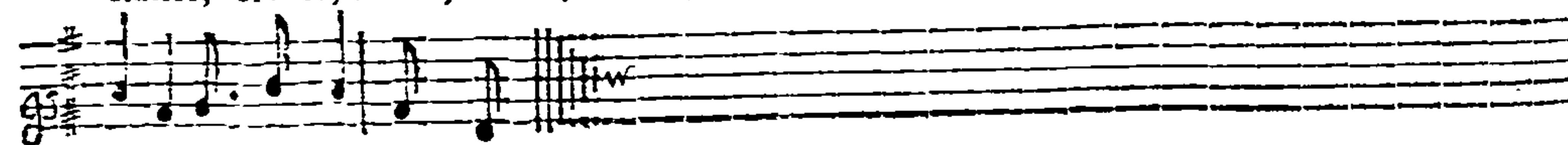
drink to our power, we'll have full sixty rou— — — — — nds, and out do, out do the



Tower, our King we have again, ring the Bells, our King we have again, now all your Pitchers clatter,



clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, and may he, and may he like Gideon, all, all, all, all,

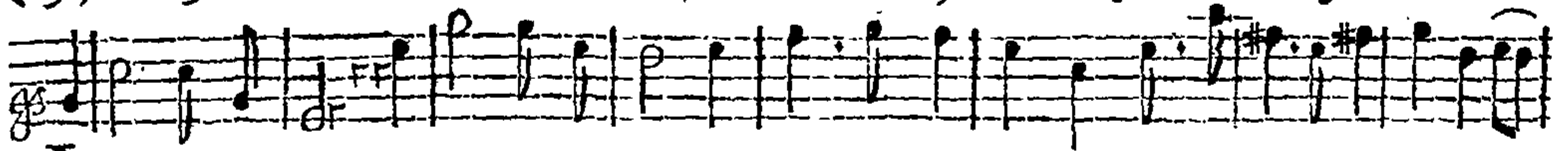


all, his E—nemies scatter.

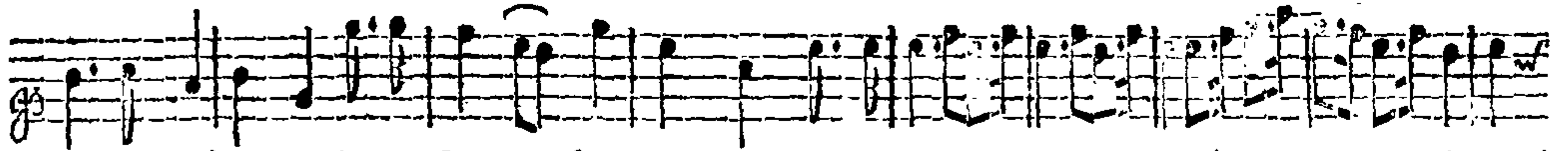
(3) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon our Victory at Sea.]

Dr. John Blow.



I Know Brother Tar, I know Brother Tar, those French dur't not stand us; nor the Dastardly Irish once



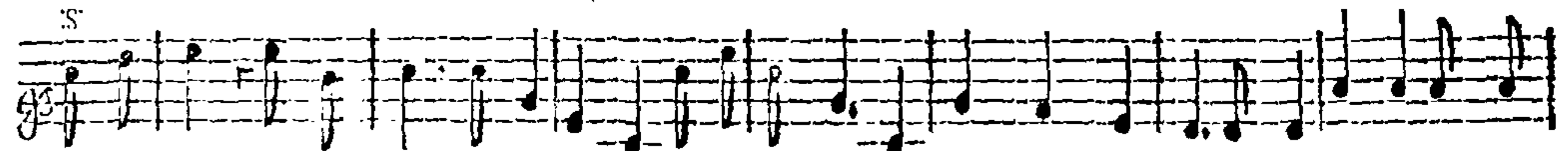
venture to land us; if we Bang not such scoundrels may a stor- — — -m ri- — — -le and strand



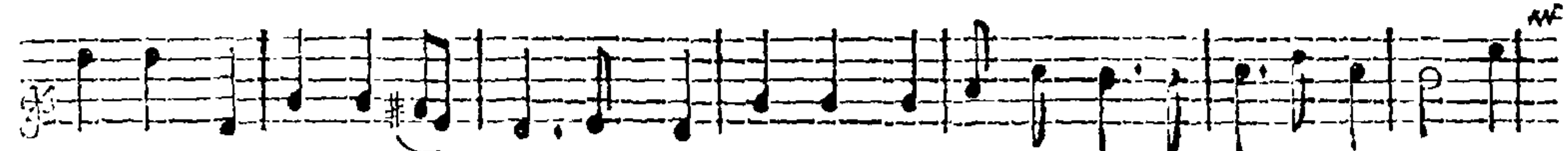
us. But the Boson's shrill whistle cries all, all, all, all hands a-loft Boyes, and a Boat full of Punch is a



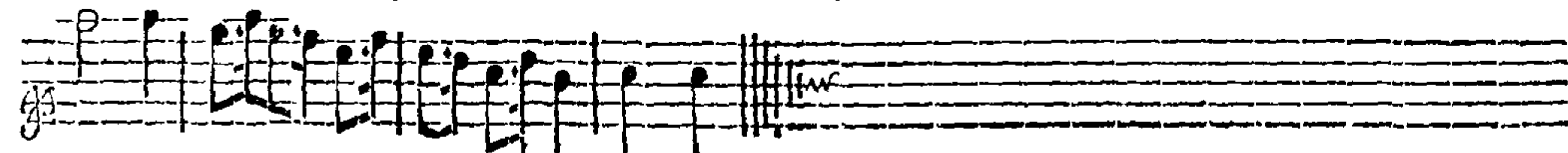
rich mornings draught Boyes; now tope we catt Harpin, now tope we catt Harpin, and then fore and aft Boyes,



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, wee'l Cover our Descent with Huzzas, Huz-

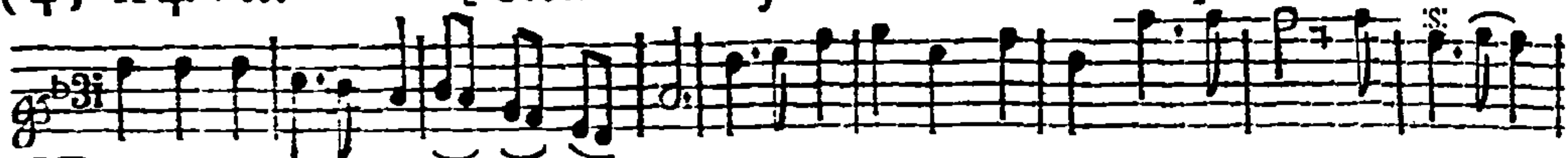


-zas and dow- -n drinking.

(4) A 4. Voc.

[Second Part of Bartholomew-Fair.]

Dr. Blow.



Here are the Rarities 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 *Raffing*, a Pox take the Mayor.

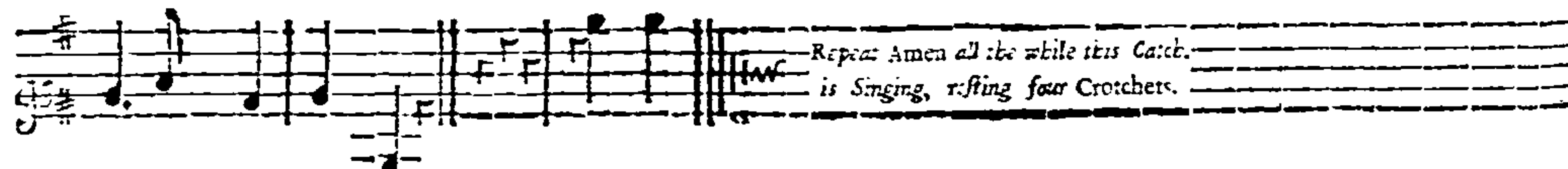
(5) A. 3. Voc.

[The Kings Health.]

Dr. John Blow.



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



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

take off your Hock, Sir

Amen.

(6) A. 3. Voc.

[The Nut-Brow Lads.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



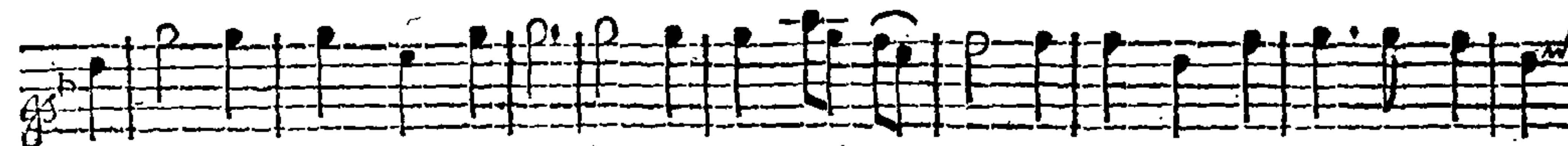
A Health, a Health to the Nut-brown Lads, with the Hazle Eyes; she that has good Eyes, has



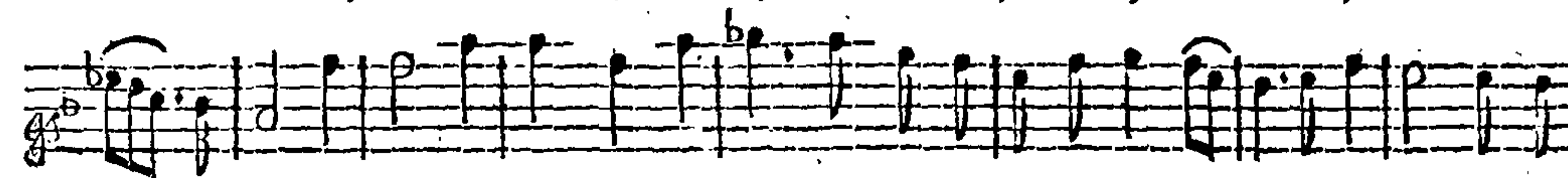
al-fo good Thighs, let it pass, let it pass: As much to the live-li-er Gray, they're as good by night as



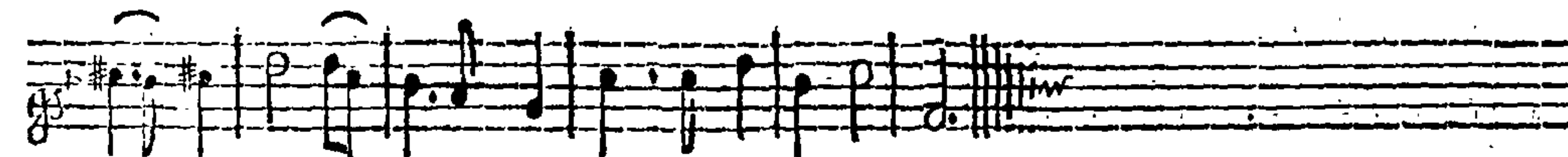
day; she that has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, drind a-way, drink away: I'll pledge, Sir, I'll pledge,



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.

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(4) A 4. Voc.

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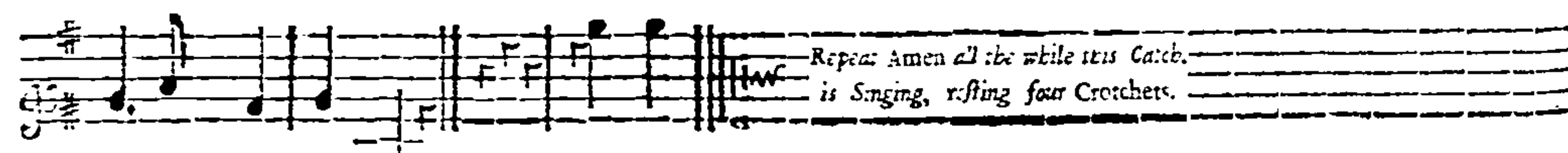
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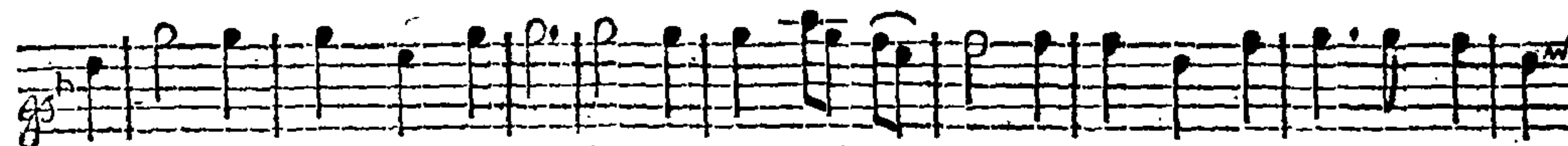
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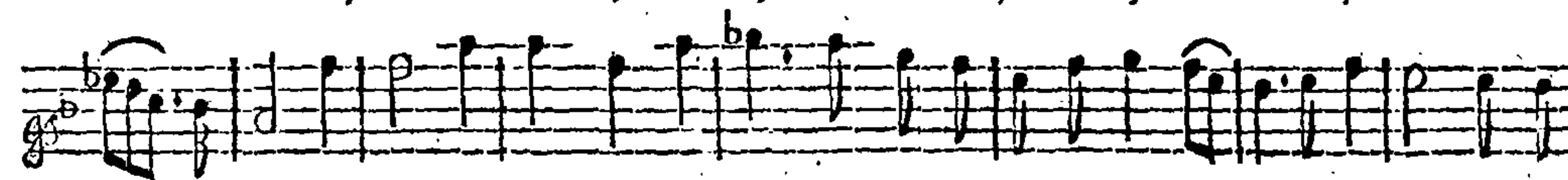
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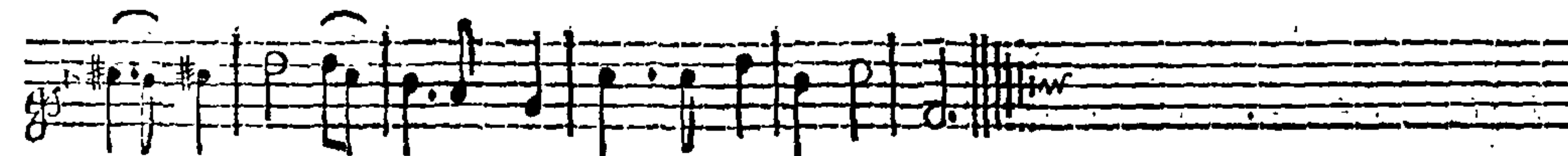
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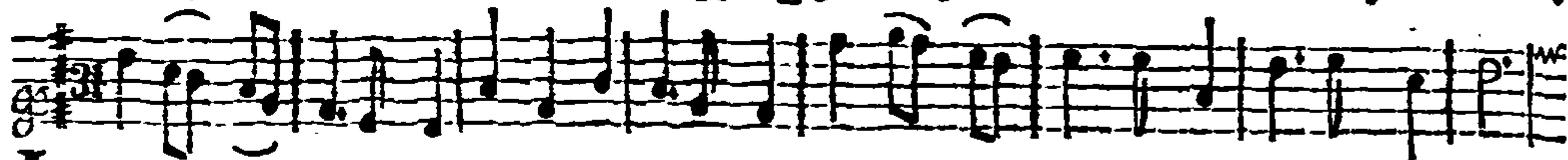
has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, and a better knack.

B

(7) A. 3. Voc.

[Galloping Joan.]

Dr. John Blow.



J Oan has been gallopping, gallopping, gallopping, Joan has been gallopping all the Town o'er;



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



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

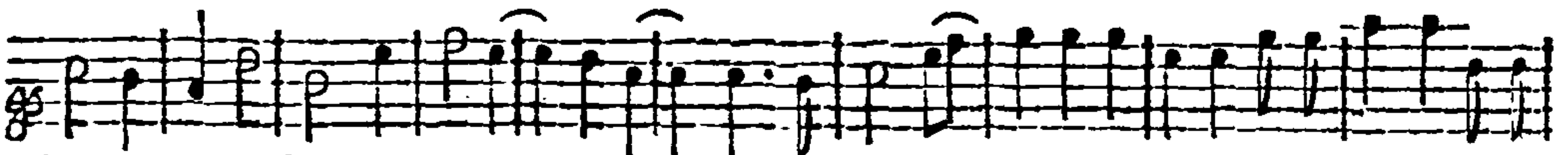
(8) A. 3. Voc.

[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

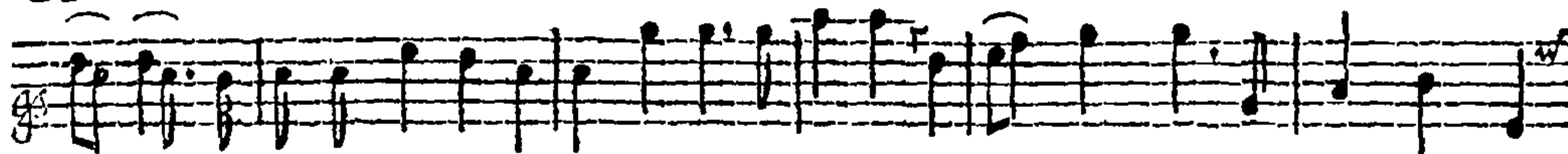


tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.

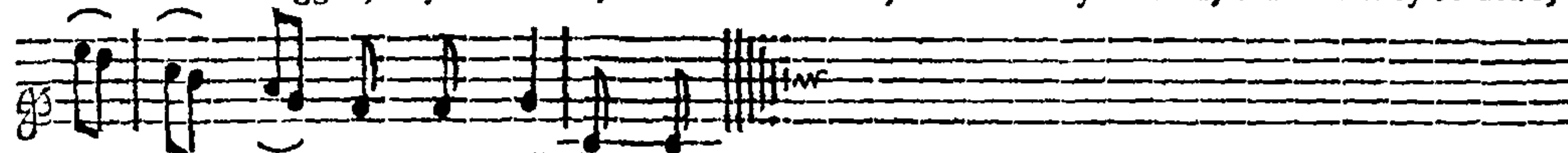
(9) A 3. Voc. [A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.] Dr. John Blow.



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



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



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

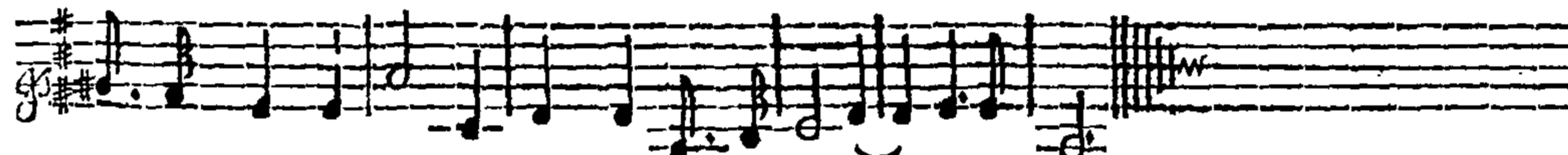
(10) A 3. Voc. [In praise of the Punch-Bowl.] Dr. John Blow.



H Ow shall we speak thy praise, delicious Bowl, thou chear'st the Heart and thou inspir'st the Soul; not



fove of Nectar 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.]



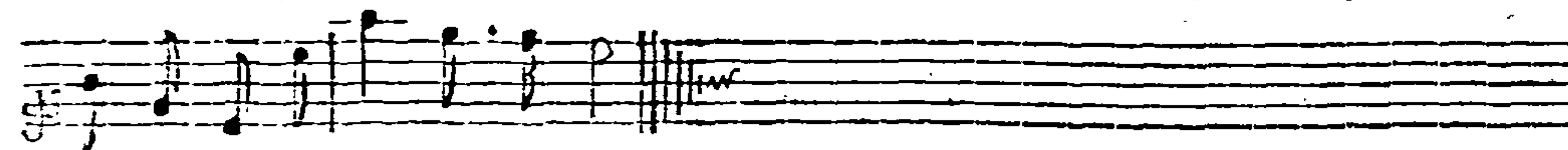
F Y! nay! prethee *John*! do not quarrel, man! let's be mer-ry, and drink a-bout: You're a Rogue



you've cheated me, I'll prove before this Com-pa-ny, I caren't a Farthing, Sir, for all you are fo



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.



STrange News from the *Rose* Boys, never heard be-fore Boys, Saint up-on a Sun-day, he play'd a--

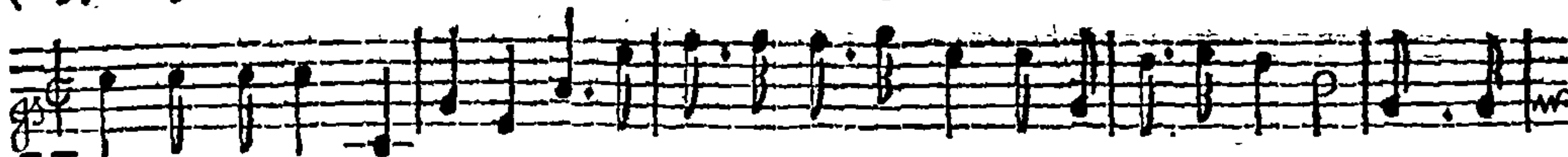


—way his Clothes Boys, never such a Saint was there e-ver heard be-fore Boys.

(13) *A 3. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

Mr. *H. Purcell.*



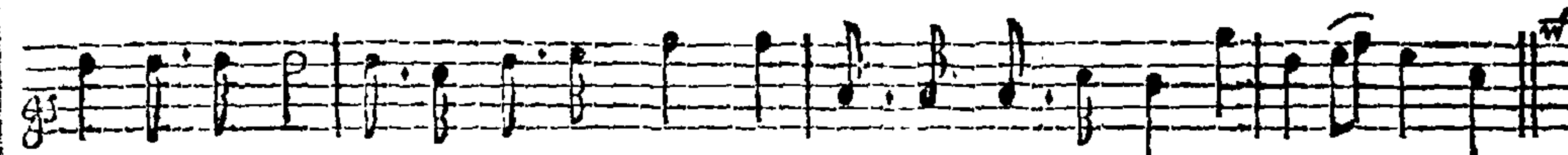
Here's that will challenge all the Fair, come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Bur-ga-my Pear; here's the



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



Di-ves and *La-za-rus*, 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 Pen-ny Trumpet, here's your *Fa-cob* Hall that can jump it, jump it;



found, Trumper, found, a sil—ver Spoon and Fork; come here's your dainty Pig and Pork.

C

(14) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



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



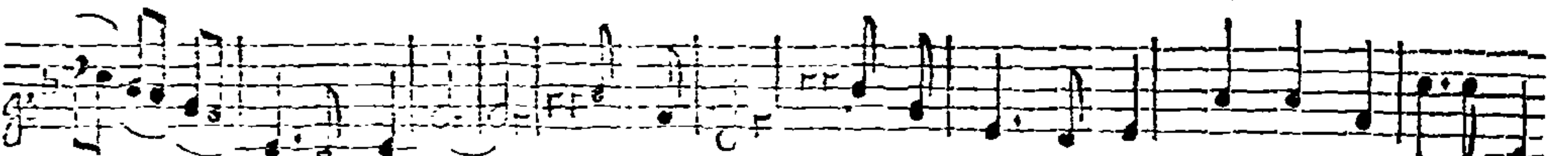
Allurements now chiefly in use; you'll find when compar'd, there's none can contend, with the so-lid En-



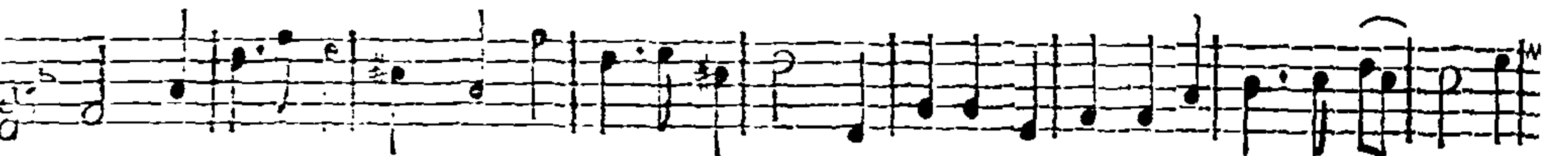
—juments of Bot-tle and Friend: For Honour, or Wealth, or Beauty, may waste, those Joys of ten



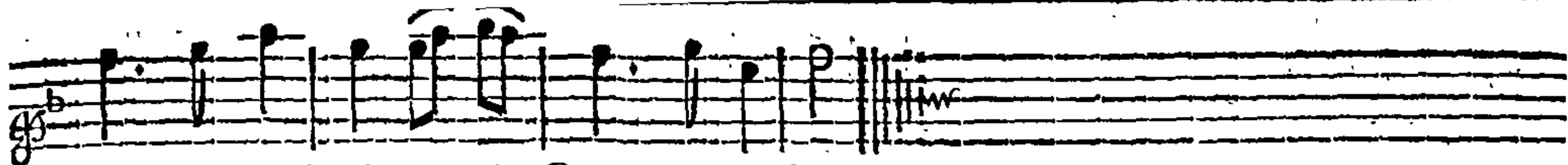
face, but rarely do last; they're so hard to at-tain, and so ea-si-ly lost, that the Pleasure ne'er



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

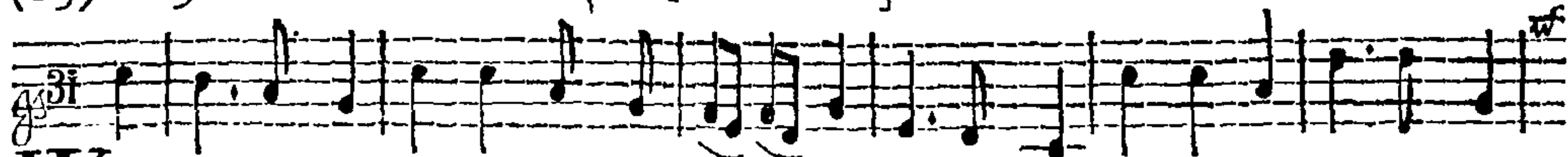


Friend and good Wine, are the Charms we a—dore.

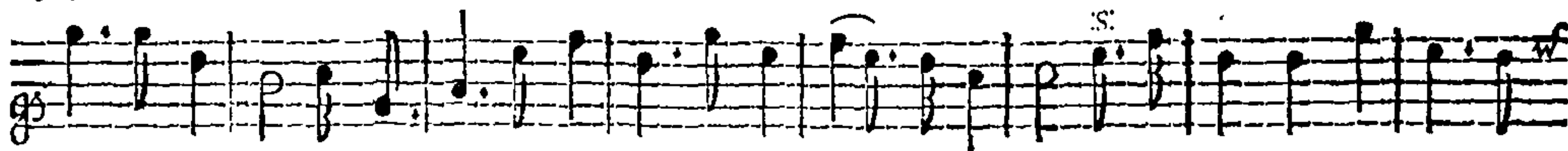
(15) *A 3. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

Mr. H. Purcell.



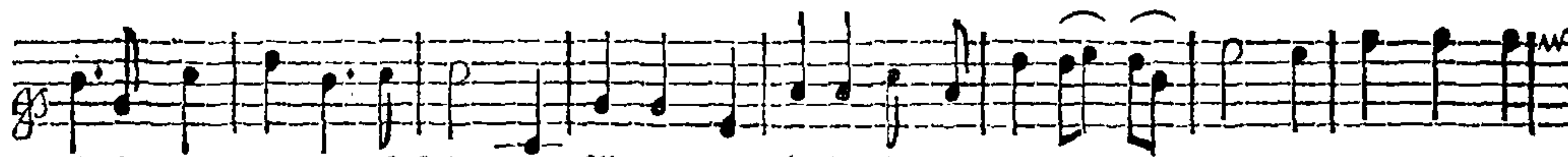
Wine, Wine in a Morn-ing makes us Fro-lick and Gay, that like Ea-gles we soar in the



Pride of the Day, Gouty Sots in the Night on-ly find a de--cay. 'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape, and



to Drink-ing 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 Mak--er de--clines.

(16) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



The Mil-lers Daughter ri-ding to the Fair, with-out a Saddle up-on a scur-vy 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



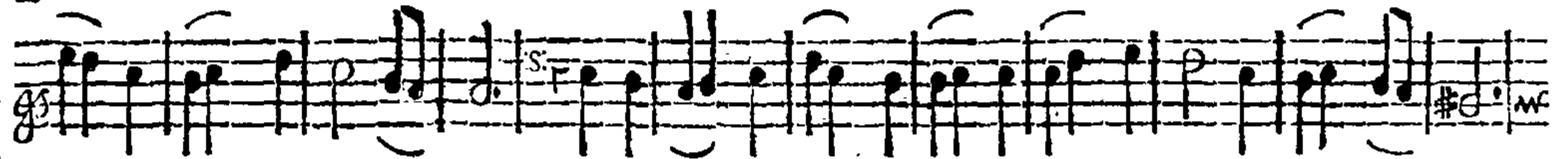
plain, O——h Mother, you're ten times worse! Oh, you're ten times worse! you're ten times



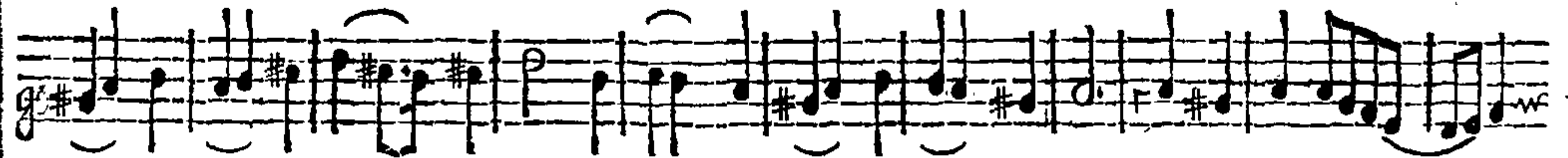
worse! you're ten time worse! why sure you rid up-on the Main!



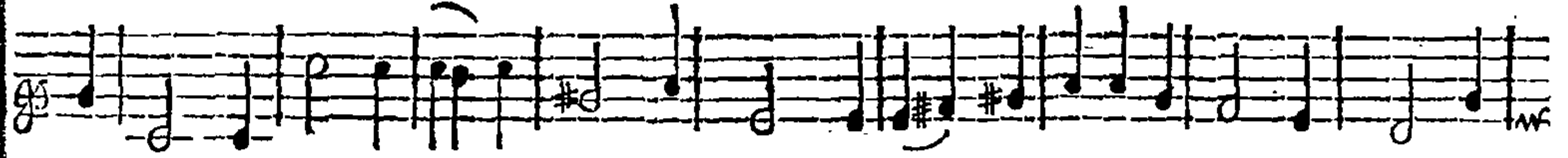
P Rithee ben't so sad and ser'ous, nothing's got by Grief or Cares; Melanchol—ly's too imperious,



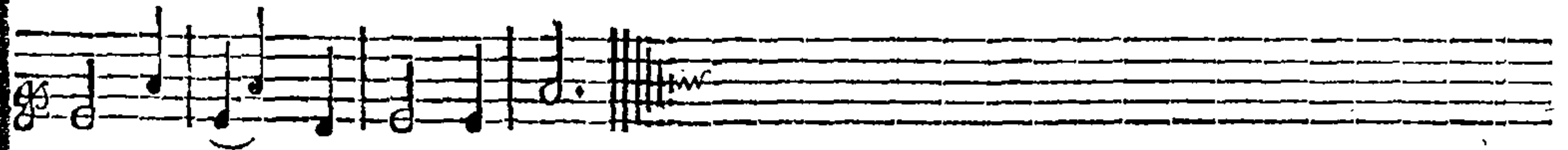
where it comes 'still do-mi-neers: But if Bus'ness, Love, or Sorrow, that pos--sesses thus thy mind;



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

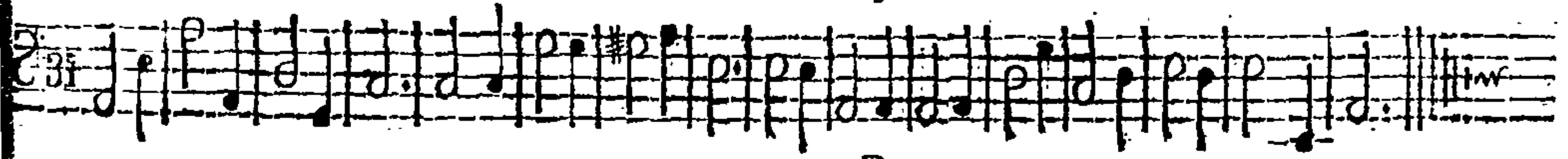


its round, and each good fellow keep his ground, and if there be a-ny fincher found, we'll



have, wee'l have his Soul new Coin'd

The Thorrow-Bass:



D



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 Madness: 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,



Land, hand about, hand, hand about, hand, hand about the Bowl, the delight of my Soul, and to my

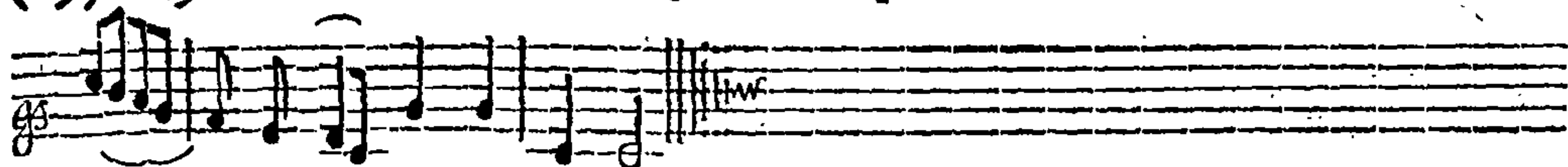


Hand, to my Hand com--mend it, a Fig a Fig for Chink, 'twas made to buy Drink, and be--

(19) A 3. Voc.

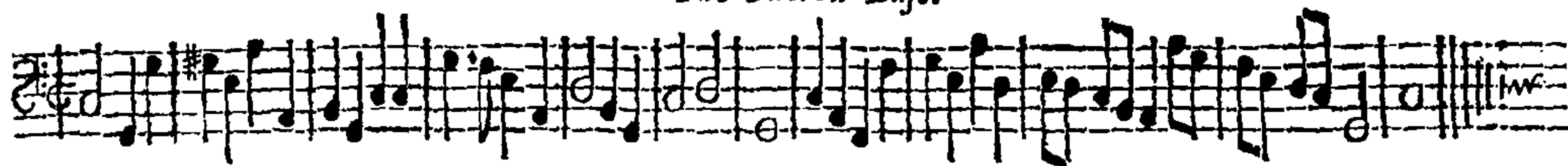
[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



fore we goe hence we'll spend it.

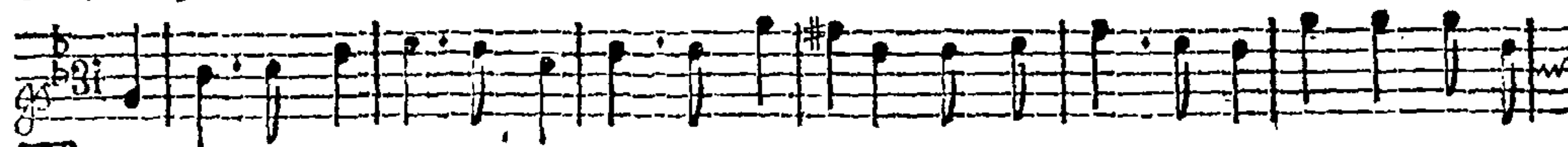
The Thorow-Bass.



(20) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

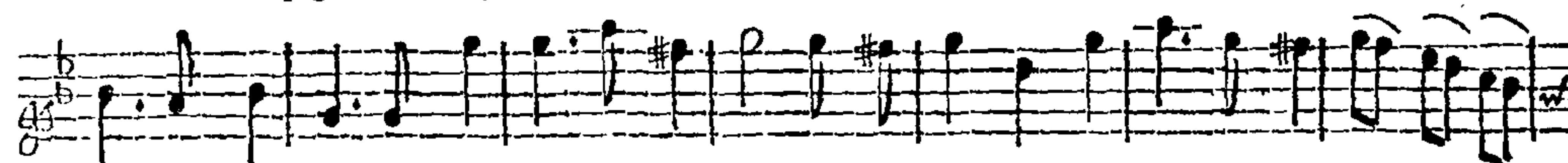
Mr. H. Purcell.



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



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



Ma-lice as well as their Arguments fail: Then remember the Sev'n who support-ed our



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



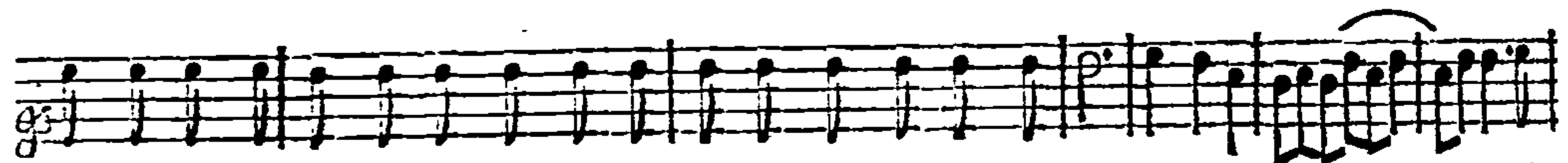
J Ack thou'rt a Toper, Jack thou'rt a, thou'rt a Toper, let's have tother Quart; Ring, ring, ring, ring,



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 Bally'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming,



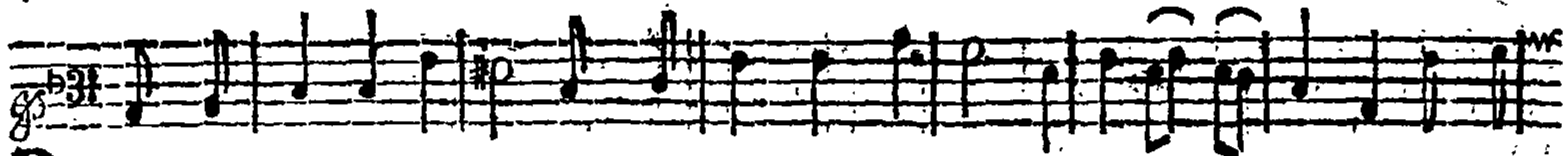
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do—mes—tick



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



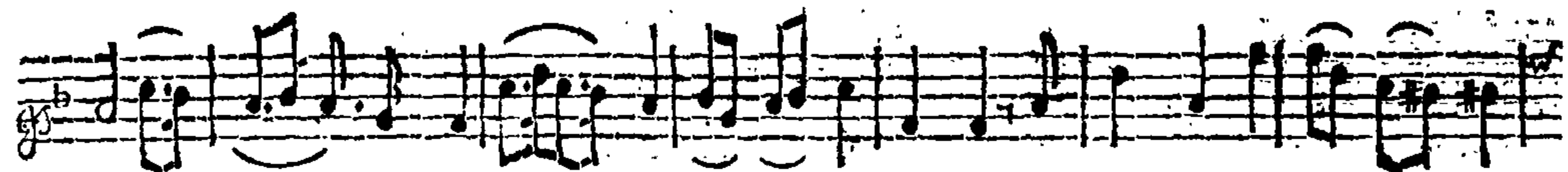
bold—ly, knock bold-ly, knock bold-ly, tho' Watchmen cry *pat* two a Clock.



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



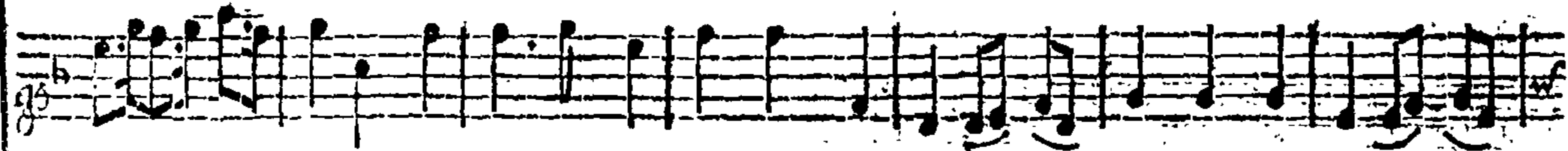
great deal of bus'ness, we've a great deal of bus'ness, 'tis time to be fix-ing: Dip, dip your Dish



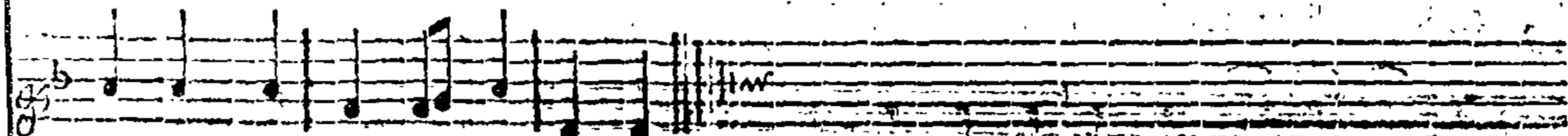
fair a—round to all jol—ly, jol—ly Punch-drinkers; we lose not a mi—nute, we



lose not a mi—nute, while we are our own Skinkers, we need no Damnd Drawers, our



mo—tions, our mo-tions art quicker, we sit at the Well Boys, we sit at the

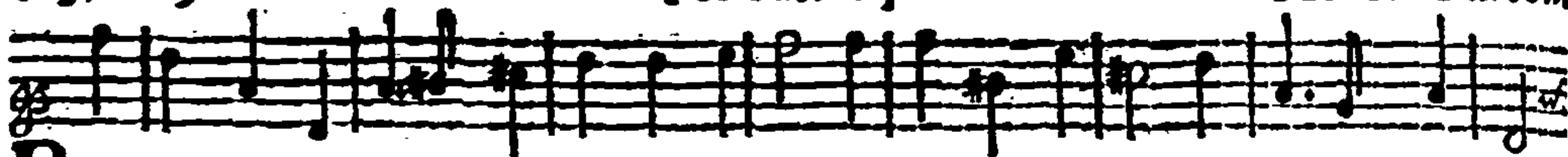


Well Boys, and drink ri—cher Liquor.

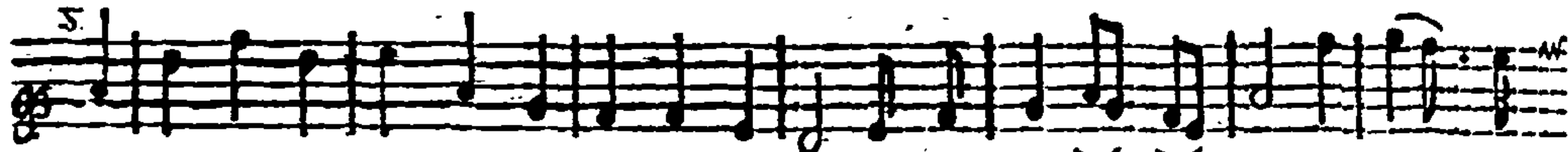
(23) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

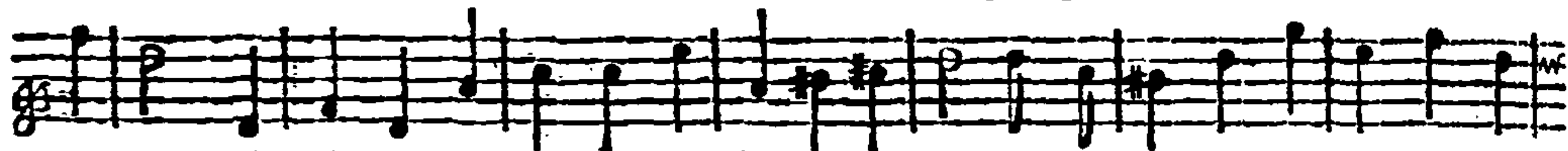
Mr. H. Purcell.



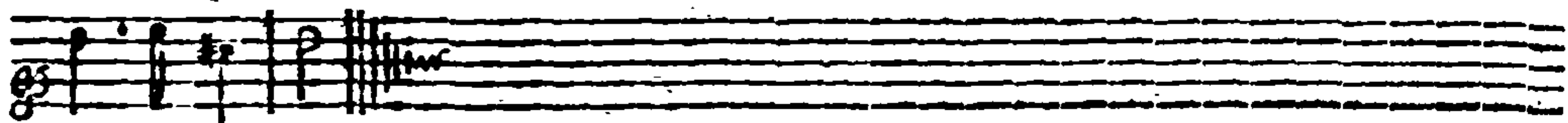
P Ale Fa—ces stand by, and our bright ones a-dore, we look like our Wine, you worfe then our Score ;



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



di—vine : Clean Glas-fes are Pencils, old Cla-ret is Oyl, he that fits for his Picketure must



fit a good while.

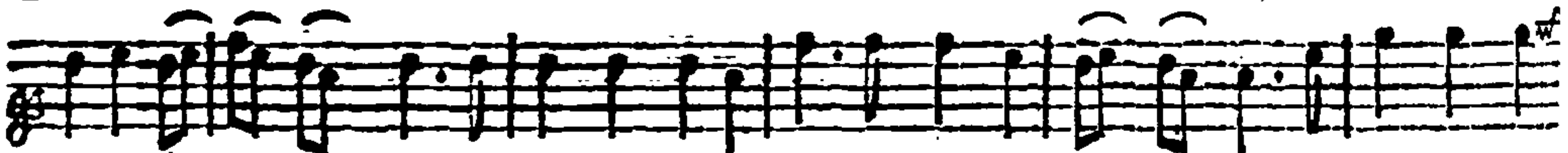
(24) A 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



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

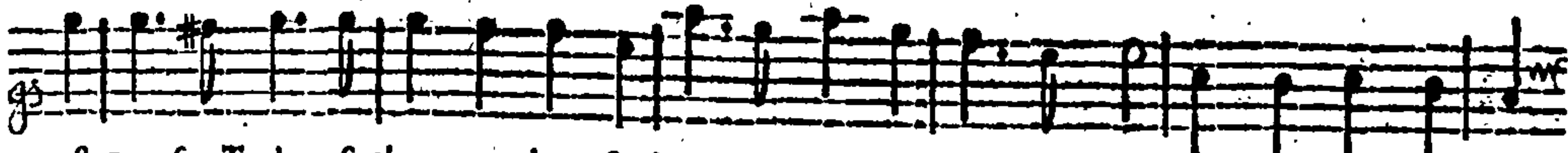


can I my poor Locks shake, that have but Ten, I have but Ten Haires on my Pate, and one of them

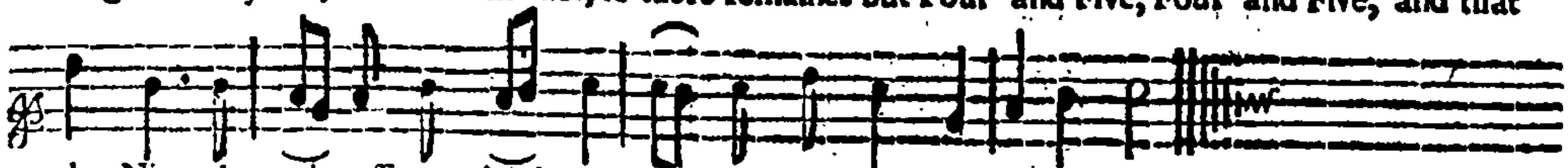
(24) A 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



must goe for Tythes, so there remaines, so there remaines but Four and Five, Four and Five, and that

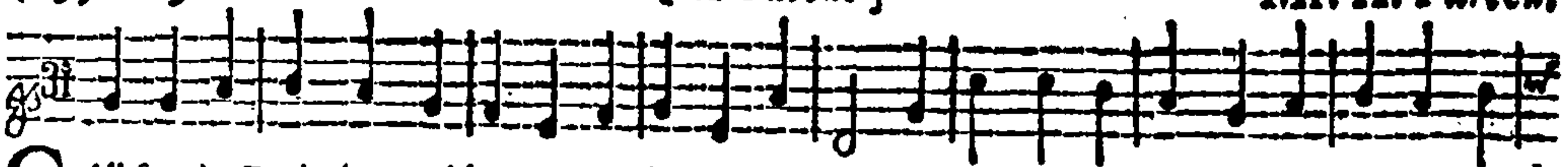


makes Nine, then take off your drink, then take off your drink as I take mine.

(25) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



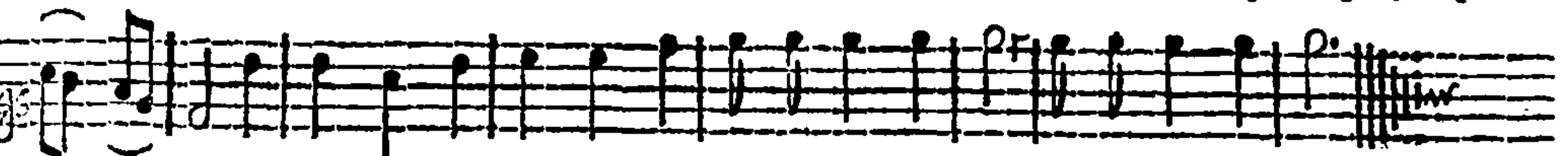
C All for the Reck'ning, and let us, and let us be gone, such careles attendance sure ne-ver, sure



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



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



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

(26) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

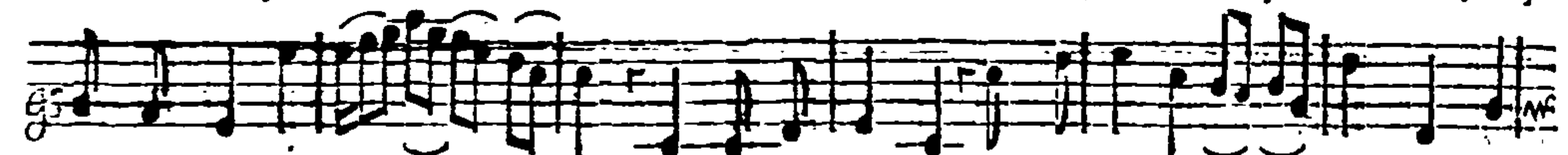
Mr. H. Purcell.



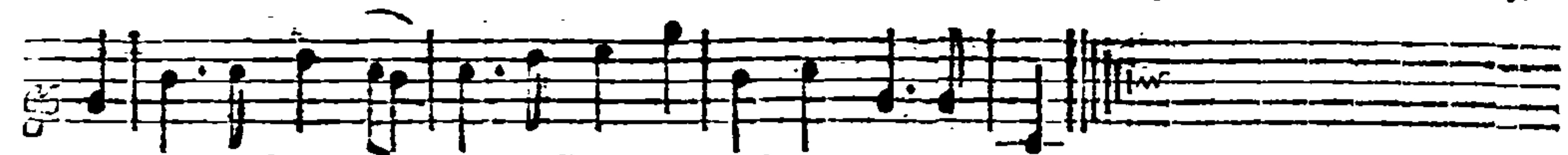
Drink on, drink on, drink on, till Night be spent, and Sun do shine, did not the Gods give anxious



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 Bumpes, let this Bumper for the next make way,



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

(27) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

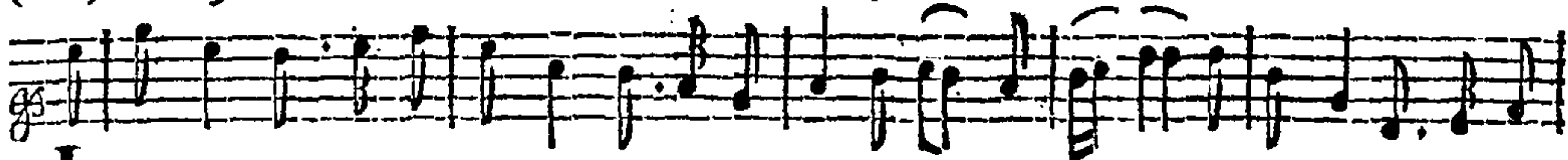
Mr. H. Purcell.



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



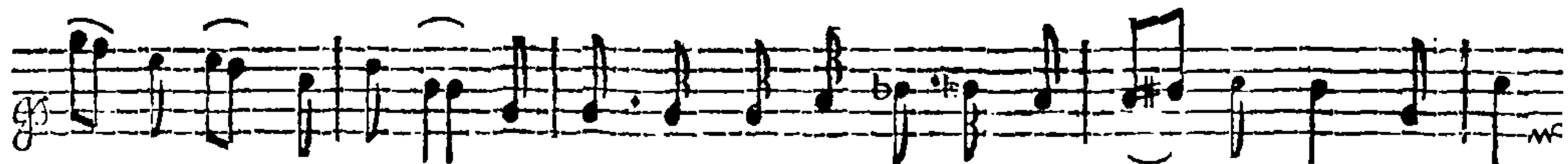
then we 2 can make but 4: But when that *V* from *I* am gone, a-las! poor *I* can make but one.



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 Braceletts fine, and I



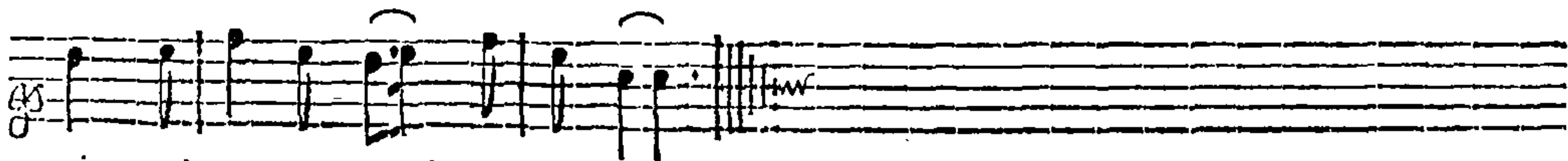
gave her Gold down der-ry; I thought she was a-feard, till she stroak'd my Beard, and we



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



merry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, 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.]

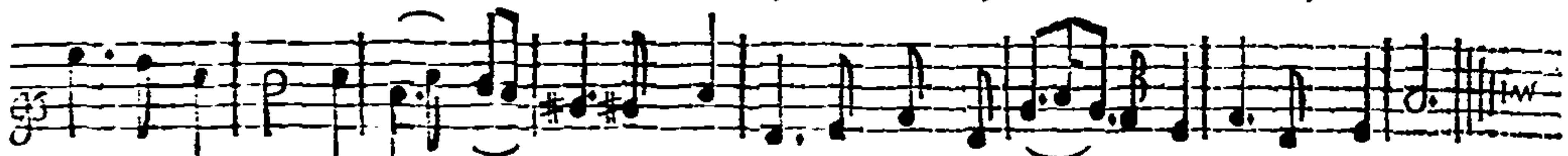
Mr. H. Purcell.



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



cover his Head with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one:



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

(30) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

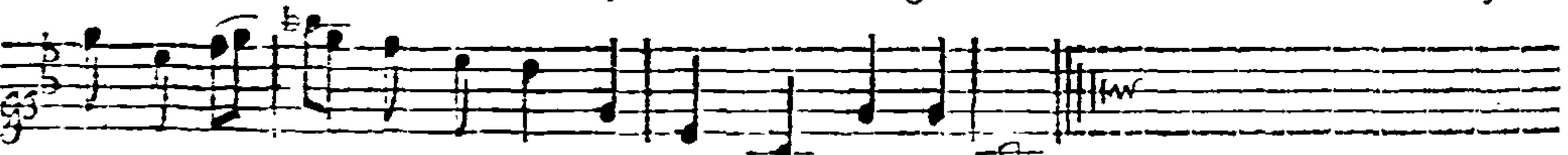
Mr. H. Purcell.



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



beer, and the De-vil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all: To this hear-ty



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

(31) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

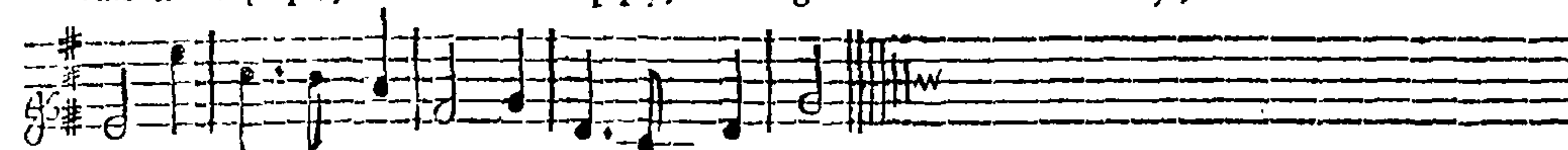
Mr. H. Purcell.



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



Wine still sup-ply, for Wine still sup-ply, what Age wea---rs a---way; how can he be



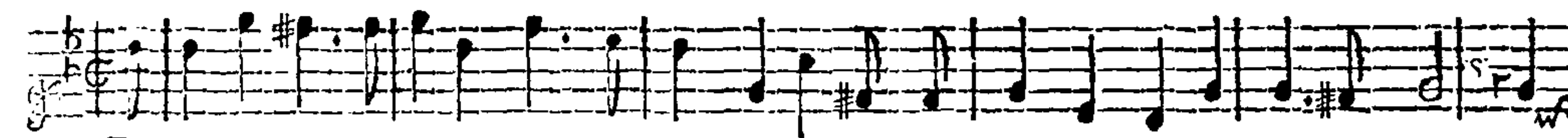
Dust, how can he be Dust, that moistens his Clay?

(32) A 3. Voc.

4

[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 bc-ing Dry, or least we shou'd 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.

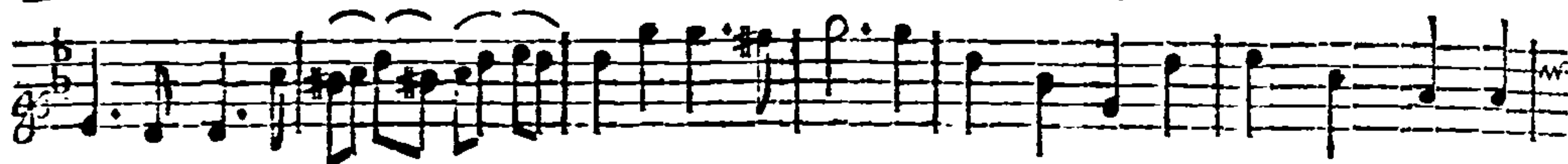
(33) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

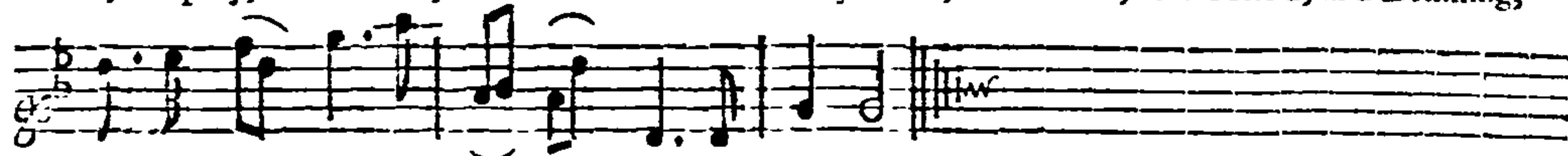
Mr. H. Purcell.



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* land 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 Mon's Life as it were in a Glass; for



A—p th we are till Twenty and one and af—ter that, Ly—ons till For—ty be gone: Then



Witty as Fox—es till Threescore and Ten, but af—ter that Asses, and so no more Men.

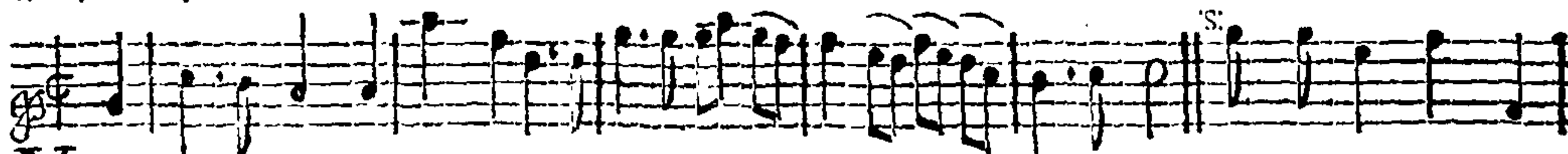
The Second Part; to the same Tune.

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.

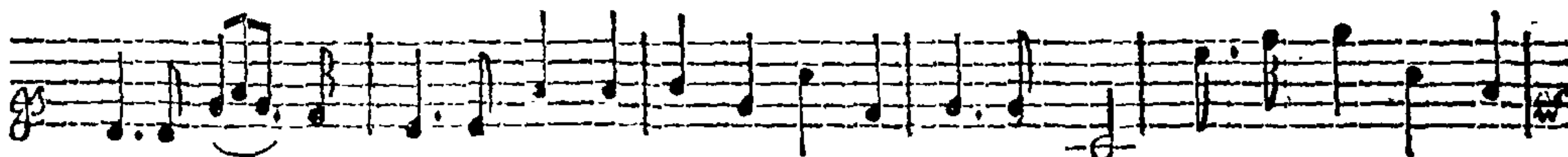
(35) A 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Young *John* the Gard'ner having lately got a ve-ry Rich and Fertile Gardon 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 p'ace, that does your Garden far excell: Where's that? says *John*; In mine Ars quoth

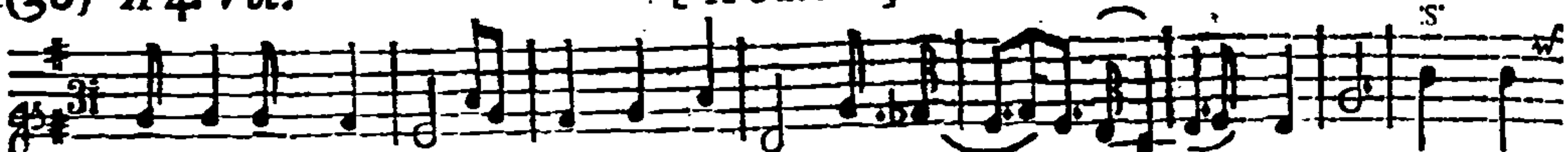


Joan, for there is store of Dung and Water all the Year.

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

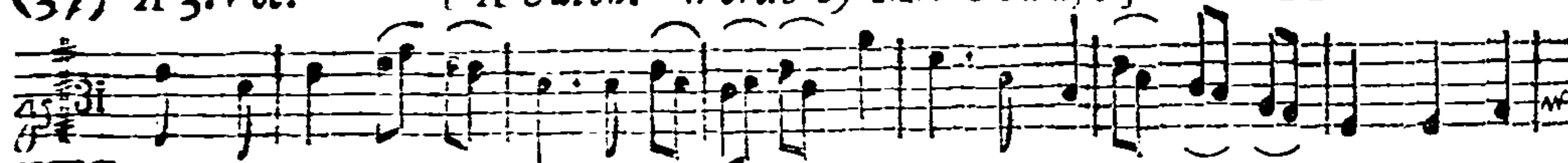


Bo—dy and Eyes, she'll have the same Tongue, folks say.

(37) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch. Words by Mr. Otway.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



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

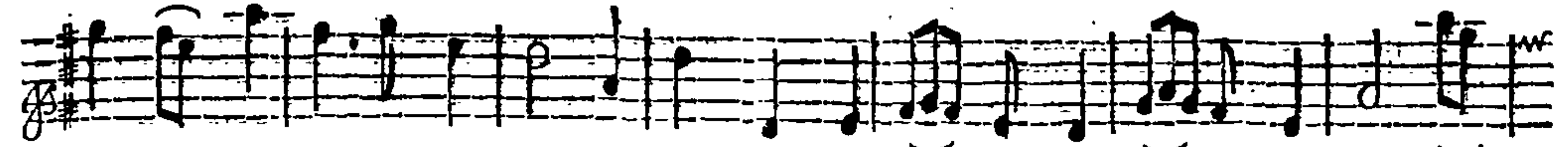


min—gle our Souls ; the Sweet melts, the Sharp, the Kind sooths the Strong, and no—thing but

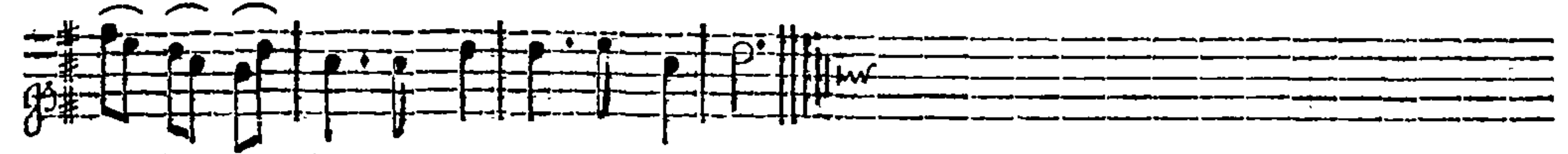
(37) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



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



on—ly re—mains, our un—quenched—able Fire.

(38) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



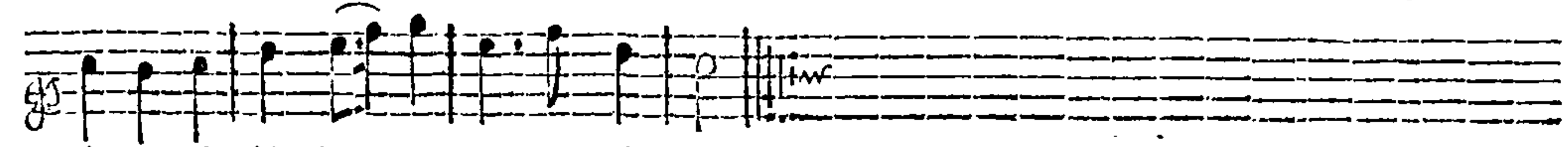
Is too late for a Coach, and too soon to reel home, we have freedom to stag—ger when the



Town is our own; let's whirl it a---way, and whip Six—pences round, till the Drawers are four—



—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.

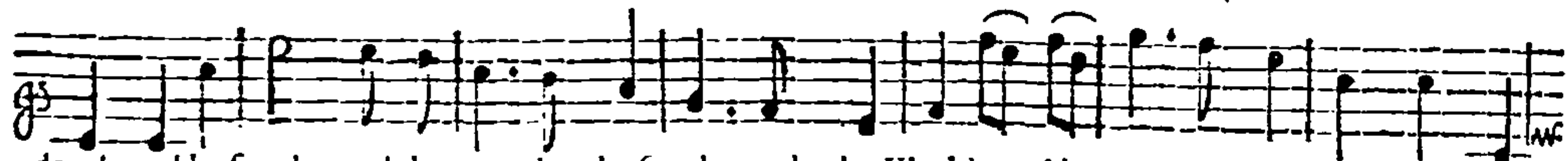
(39) *A. 4. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

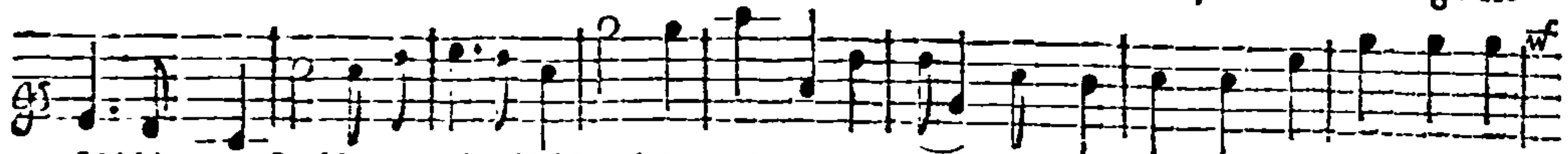
Mr. H. Purcell.



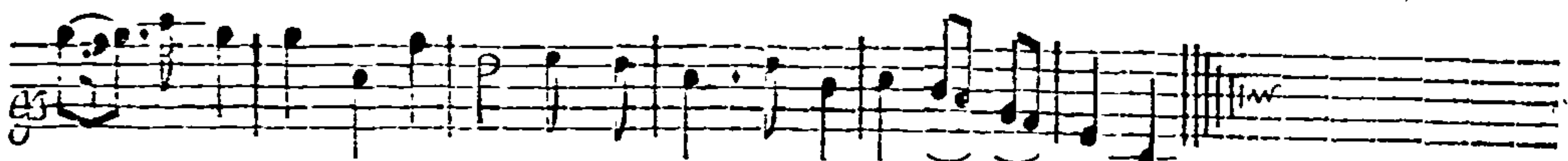
THe *Macedon* Youth left behind him this Truth, That no-thing was done with much thinking; He



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 a-way Trou-ble and Sorrow; his Mind did not

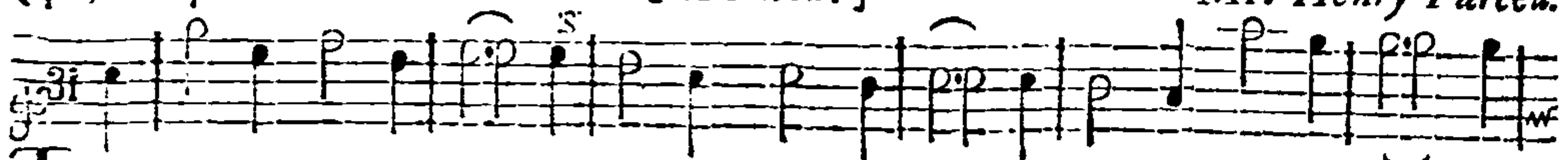


run of what was to be done, for he thought of to day, not to morrow.

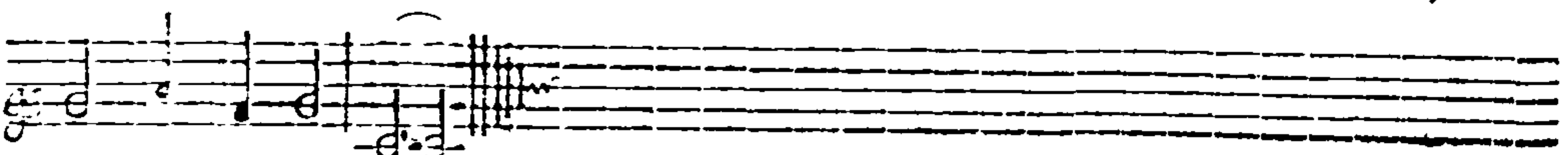
(40) *A. 4. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



IS Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us sad; 'tis Sadness makes us drink, and



drinking makes us mad.

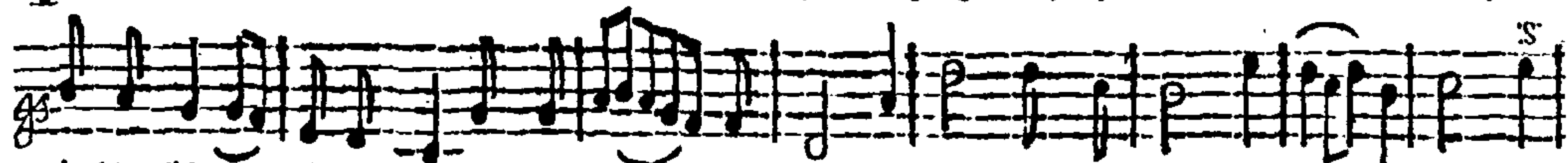
(41) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

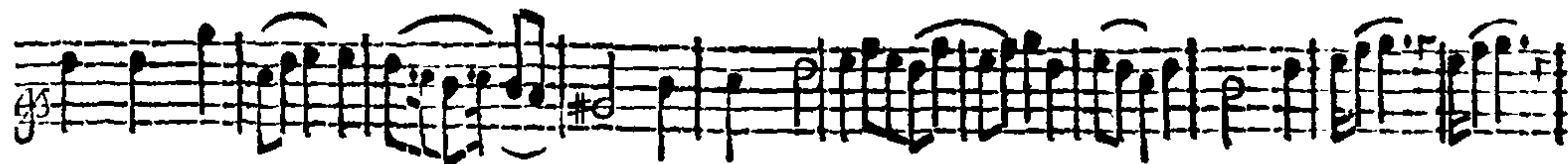
Mr. Henry Purcell:



Young *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 couſe wou'd know, that Hem made the Wedge much farther goe. Plump



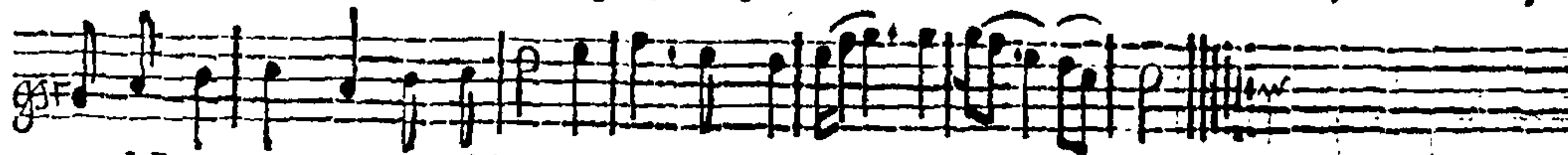
Joan when at Night to Bed they came, and both were play—ing at the ſame, cry'd Hem! Hem!



Hem! prethee, prethee, prethee *Collin* doe, if ever thou Love'dſt me, Dear Hem now; he Laugh—ing



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:

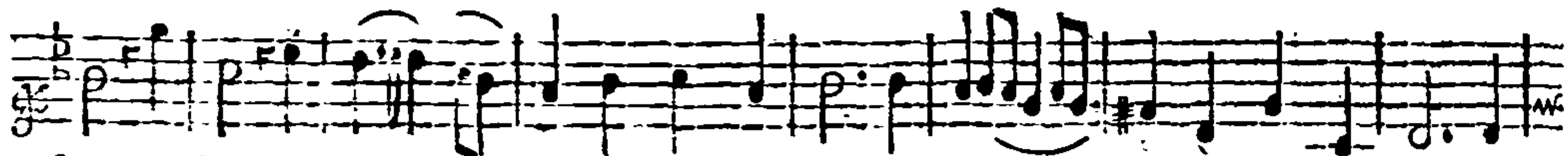
(42) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



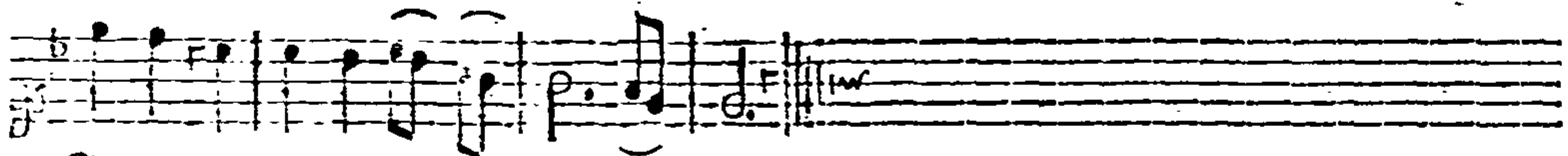
O No-, Twice, Thrice, I Ju-lia try'd, the scorn-ful Pufs as oft de-ny'd, and



frice, 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- dif-dain-ful Sow, good

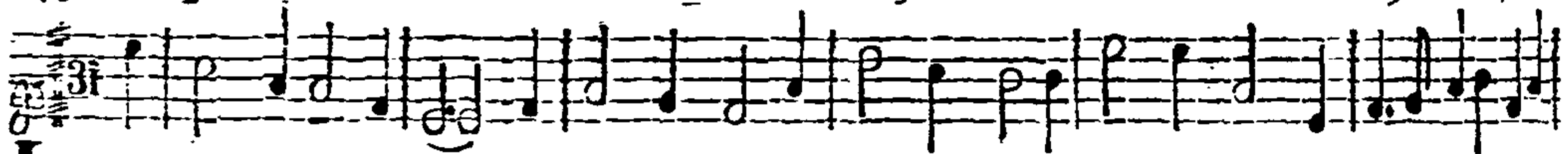


Claret, good Claret is my Mi-stress now.

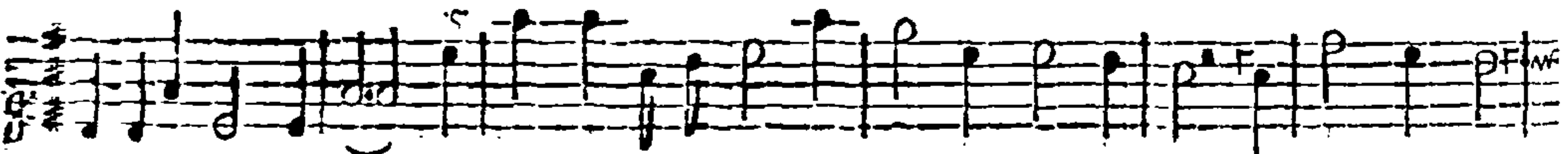
(43) A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



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

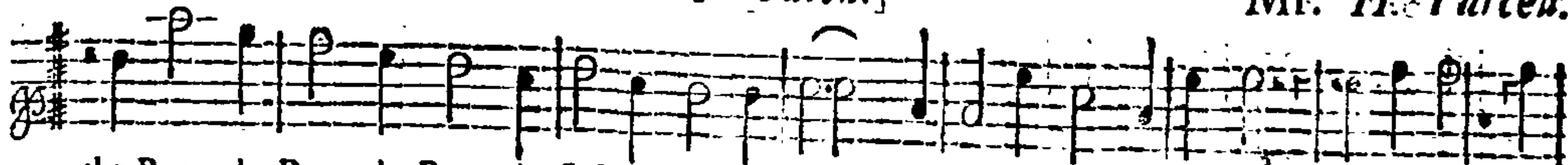


merrily drink our Glafs: God bless our noble King, what need we fear the Pope, the Pope, the Pope

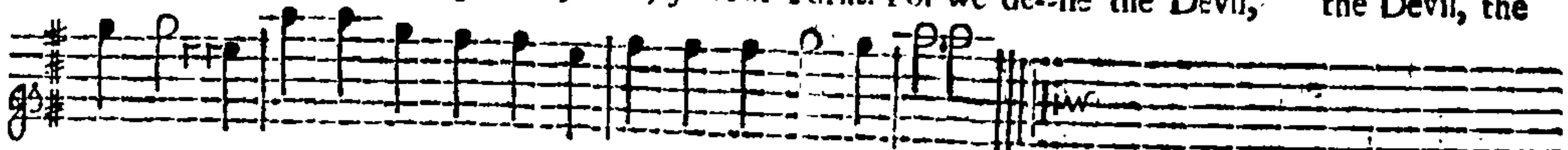
(43) A. 4. Voc.

[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

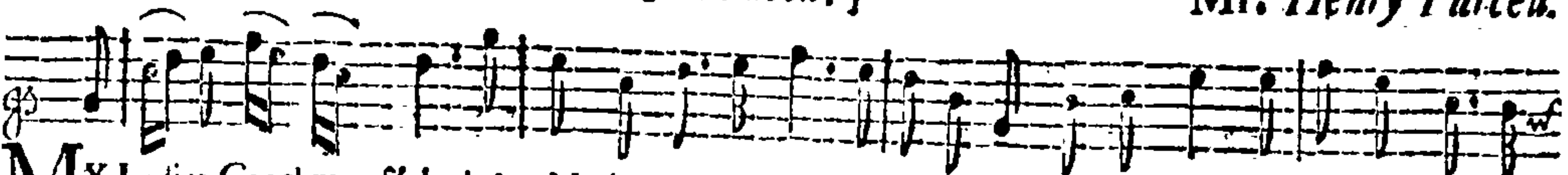


Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil and all his Works.

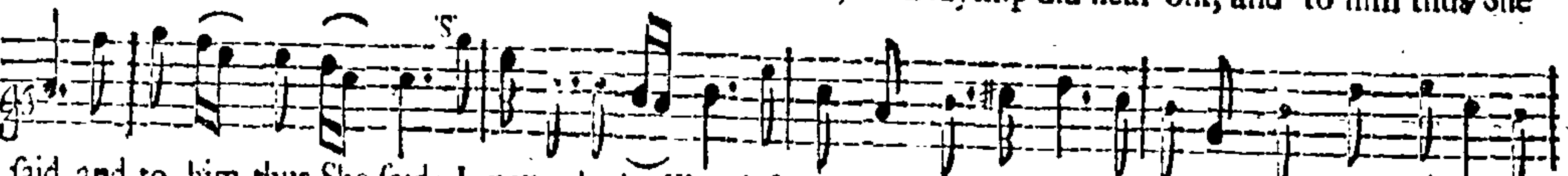
(44) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

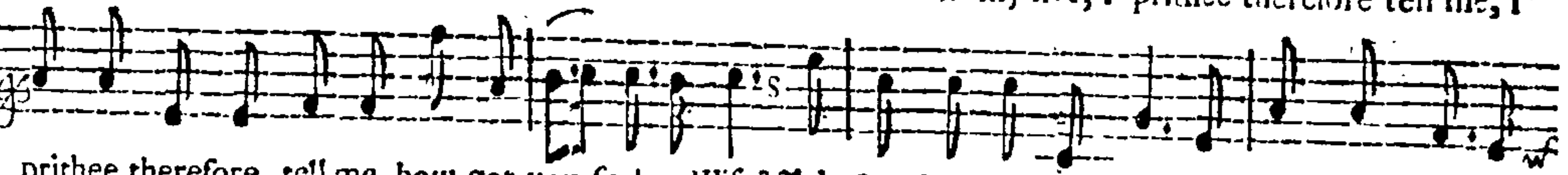
Mr. Henry Purcell.



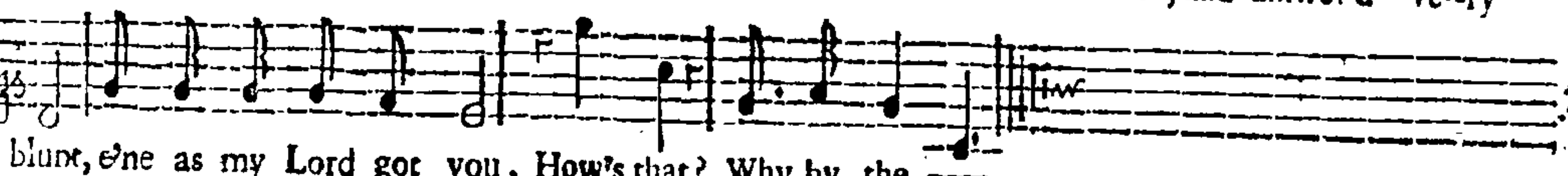
MY Ladies Coachman *John*, be'ng Meried to her maid; her Ladyship did hear ont, and to him thus She



said, and to him thus She said; I never had a Wench so handfom in my live, I prithee therefore tell me, I



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

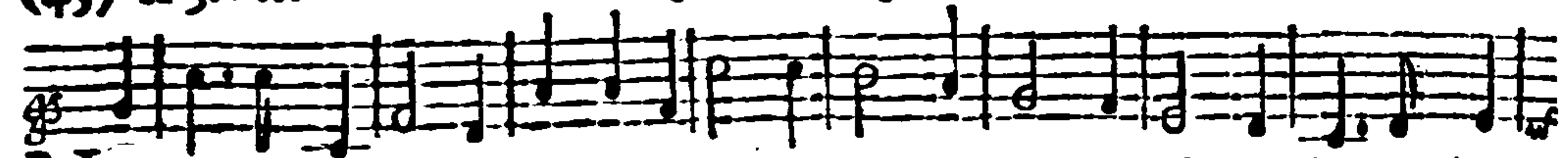


blunt, e'ne as my Lord got you, How's that? Why by the

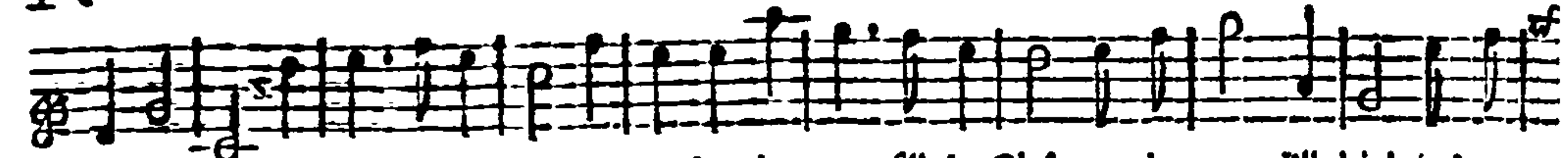
(45) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

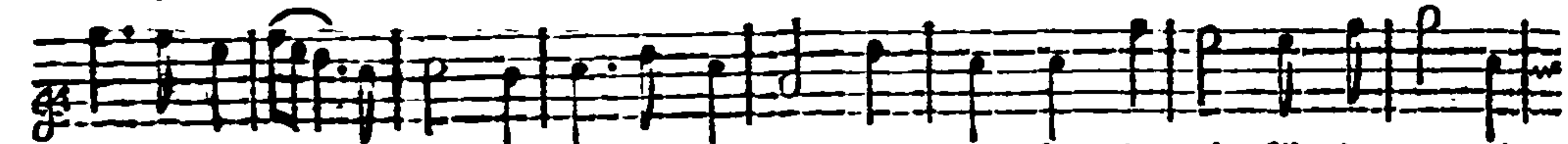
Mr. H. Purcell.



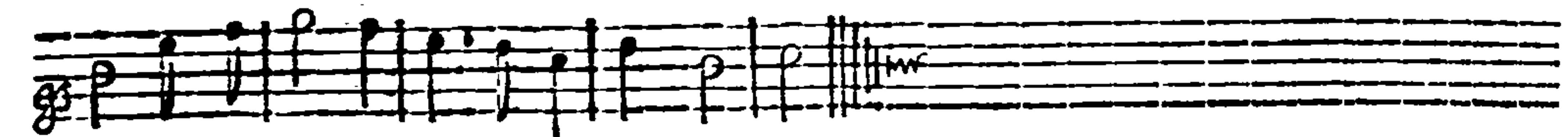
Now, now we are met, and humours agree, call, call for Wine, and lose no time, but let's



mer-ry be; fill, fill it a-bout, to me let it come, fill the Glafs to the top, I'll drink 'ev'ry



drop, ~~Super-secu-lum~~; a Health to the King, round, round let it pass, fill it up, and



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

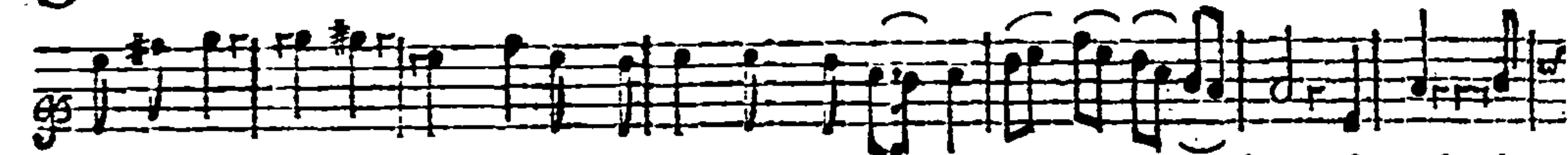
(46) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



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

(46) A. 3. Voc.

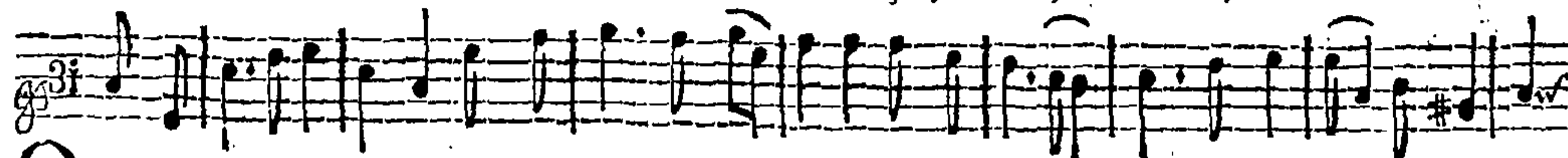
[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.

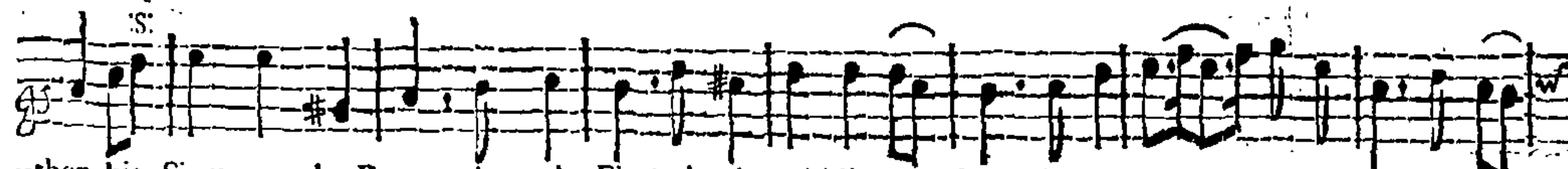


must, I can't, forbear, I can't, I can't forbear, lye still, lye still my dear.

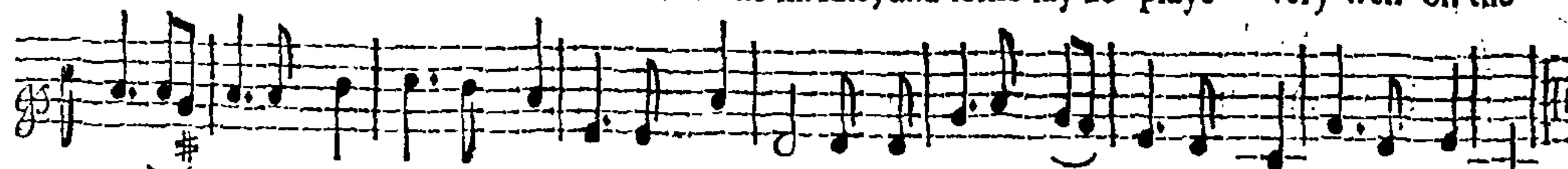
(47) A Rebus upon Mr. *Anthony Hall*, who keeps the Mermaid Tavern in *Oxford*, and plays his part very well on the *Violin*. The Words Mr. *Tomlinson*, Sett by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



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

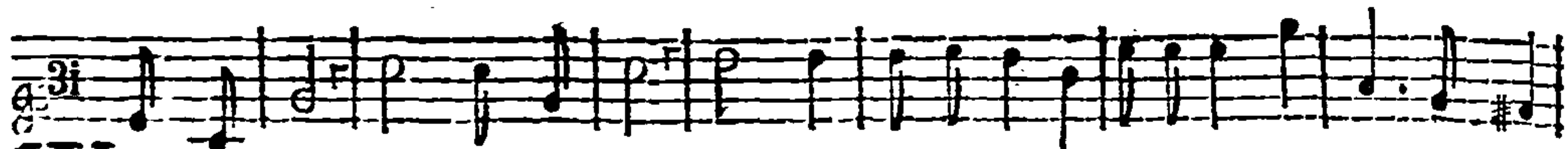


-ther, his Sirmame the Room where the Fire's in the middle, and some say he plays very well on the



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

*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 potabundi.*



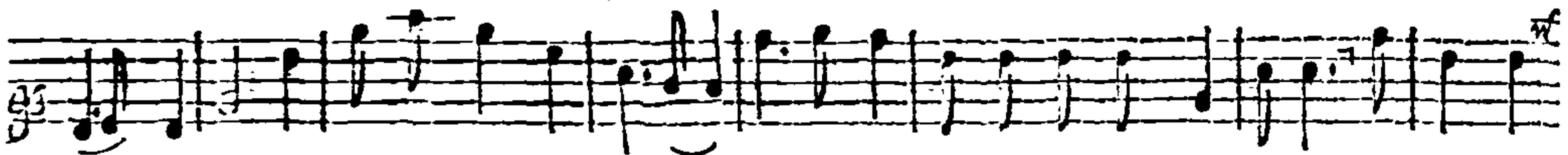
W Ho comes there? stand; who comes there? stand, and come before the Constable, we'll know what you



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



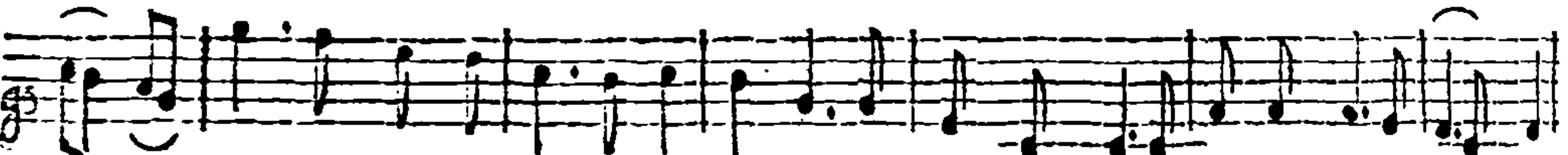
wooden Chair of State. Whence come you Sir? and whether do you go? you may be, Sir, a *Je-su-it* for



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



he's a dan-gerous Man. To tell you the truth, Sir, I am an honest *To-ry*; but here's a

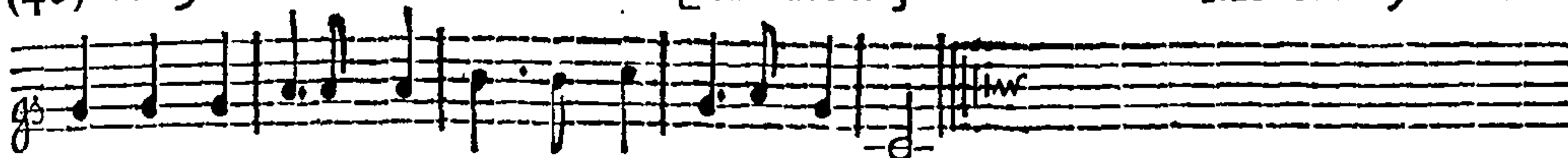


Crown to drink, and there's an end of the *Sto-ry*. Good morrow, Sir, a ci-vil-Man is al-ways

(48) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

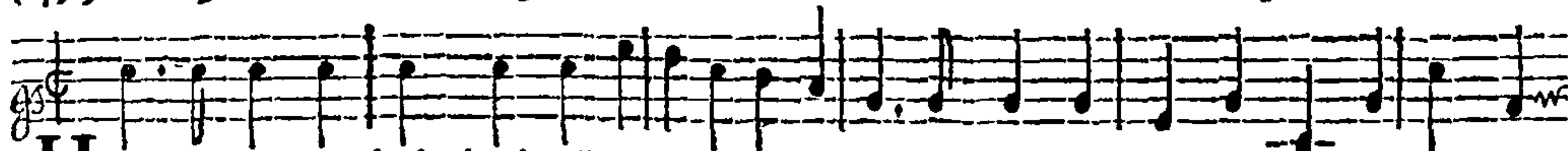
Mr. Henry Purcell.



welcom, go Bar-na--by Bounce, light the Gentleman home,

(49) A. 3. Voc.

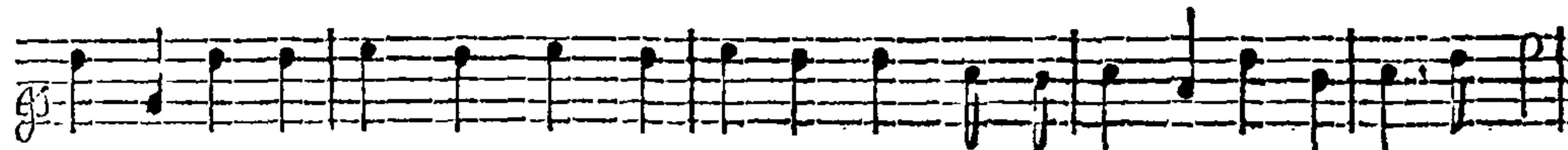
[Upon Christ-Church Bells in Oxford.]



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



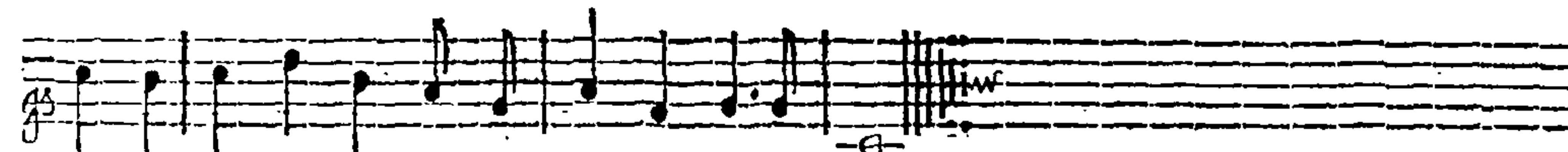
sweet, and they trol so mer--ri--ly, mer--ri--ly. Hark! the first and se--cond Bell that e--ve-ry day at



Four and Ten, cries, Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virges troops be-fore 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 he hears the mighty Tom.



OF 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—al* can compare; mark, mark, mark, mark how the



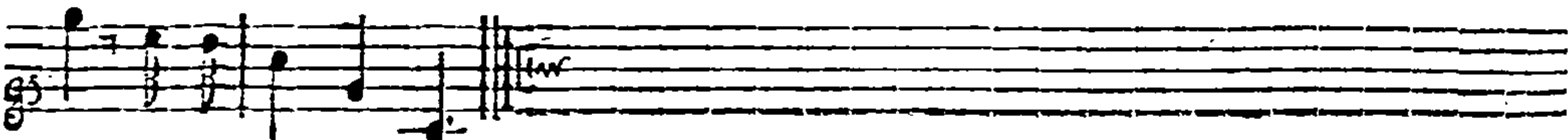
Strings, how the Strings their order keep, with a whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet,



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



fill a bounds, with a zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle,



zing, and a zit zan zounds.



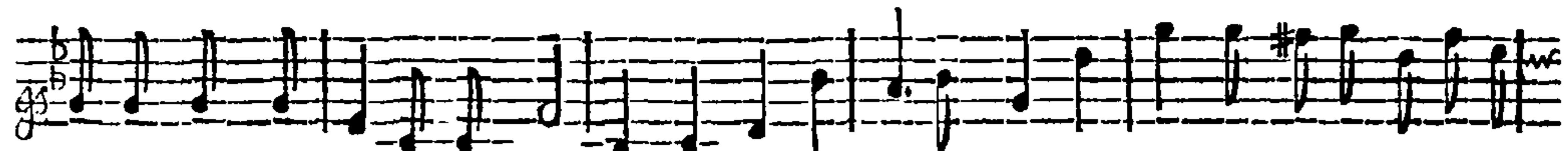
I F all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here to club strong-ly in behalf of



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



little the Tiff to exalt, and to make out in Metre what it wants in Malt: The *French* call it



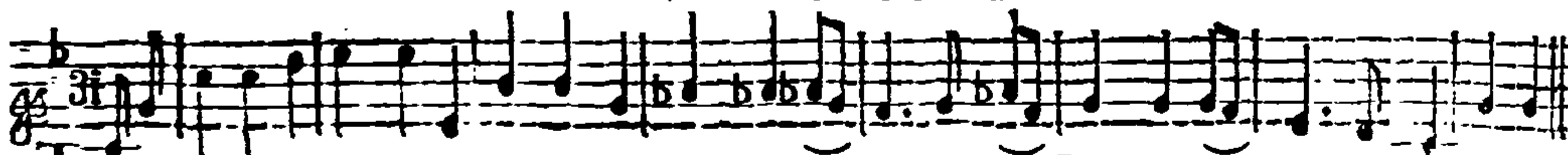
Lit-tle Beer, and we call it *Small*, and we call, we call it *Small*, and some sort of People never



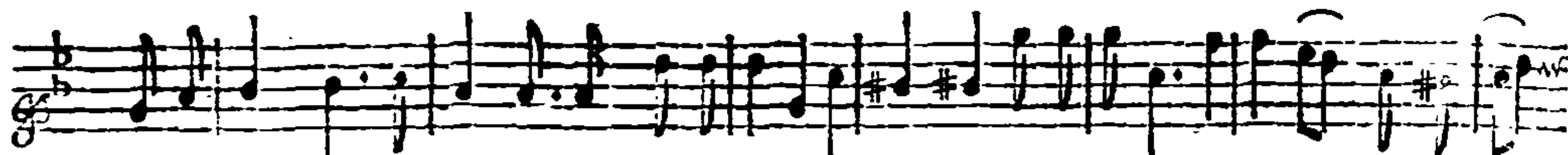
call for't at all: But I wish all those once, at least for a warning, *Strong* o-ver night; much



Strong o-ver night, and no, no *Small* the next morning.



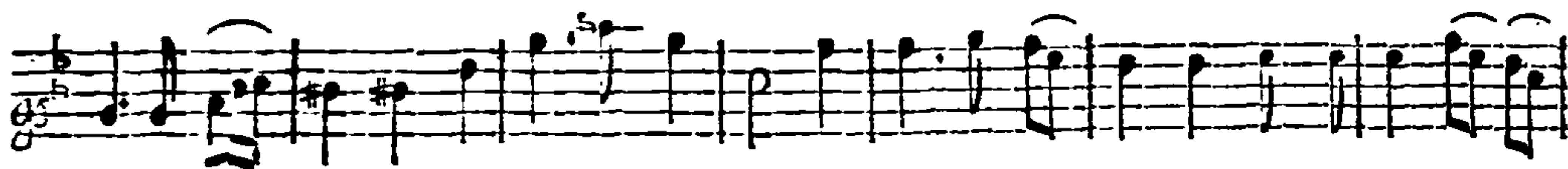
I O all Lovers of Musick Performers and Scrappers, to those that love Catches, play Tunns and cut Capers.



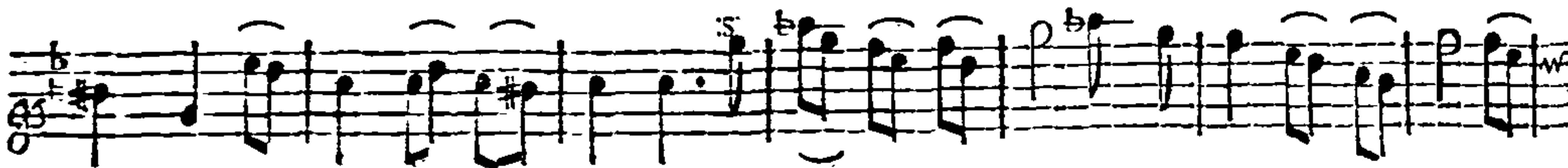
W ith a New Catch I greet you, and tho' I say it that shudn't, like a Fiddle, 'tis Musick, tho' the Words



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 *Temple-Gate* will

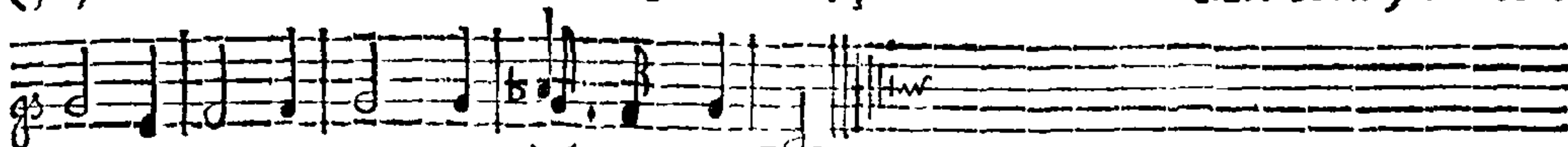


further in—form you, If not, my Wife *Kare*; from between the two *Devils* near *Temple*—

(52)

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

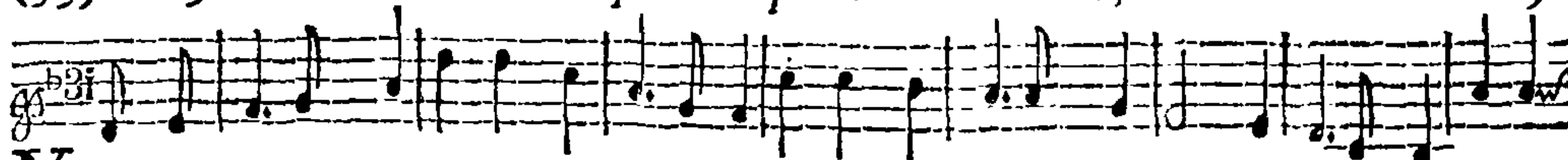


—Bar, I rest Your Friend and Servant John Carr.

(53) A. 3. Voc.

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

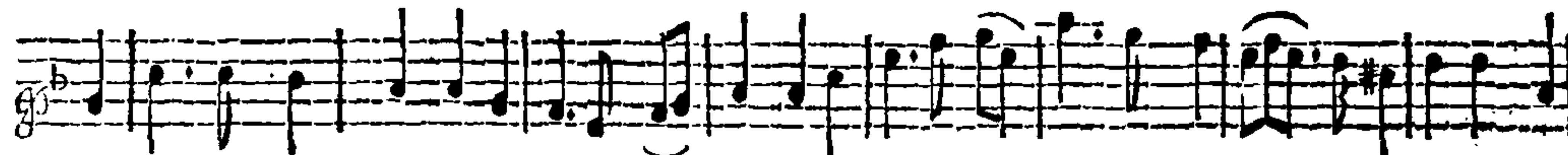
Mr. Tho. Tudway.



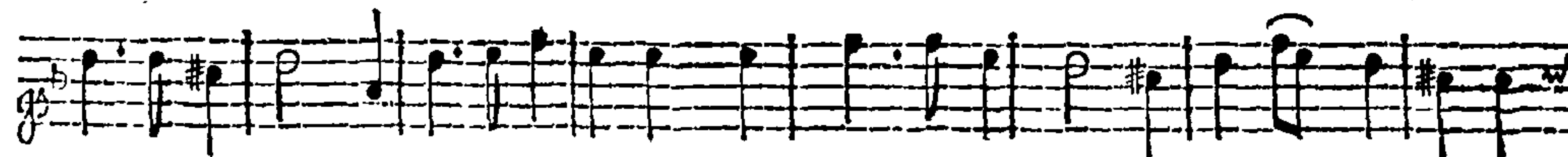
YOU may talk of brisk Claret, sing Praises of Sherry, speak well of Old Hock, Mum, Sider and Perry,



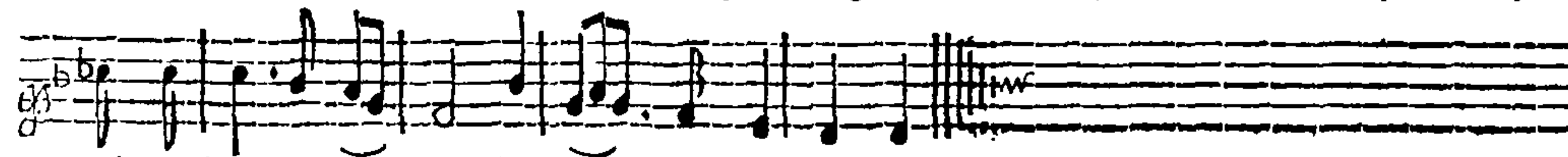
but you must drink *Punch* if you mean to be merry: A Bowl of this Liquor the Gods be-ing all at,



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 passionate 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, Puffs, Puffs, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore. Men ride many



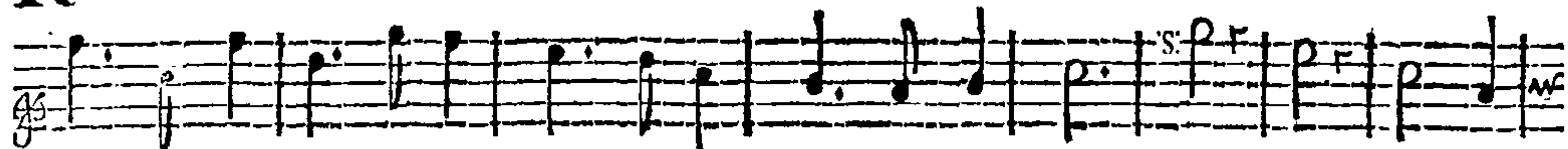
Miles, Cats tread many Tiles, both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the fray; on-ly Cats, if they fall



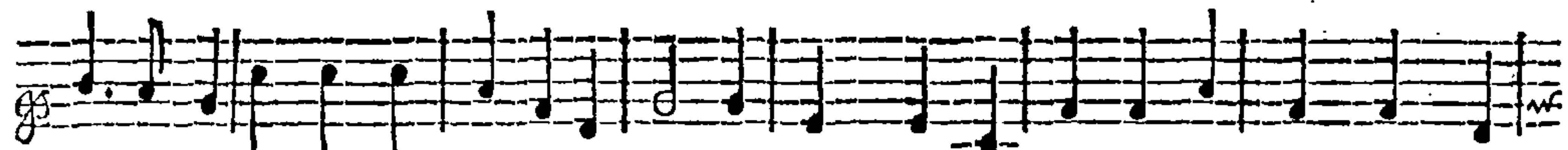
from a House or a Wall, keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and a—way.



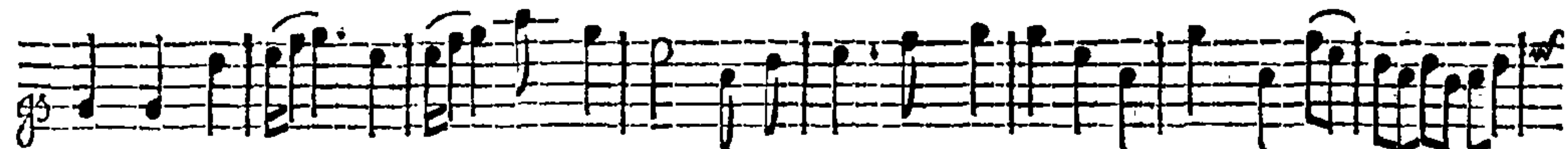
Room, room, room, room, room for th'ex—pres at length here it comes; *Limrick's* our own,



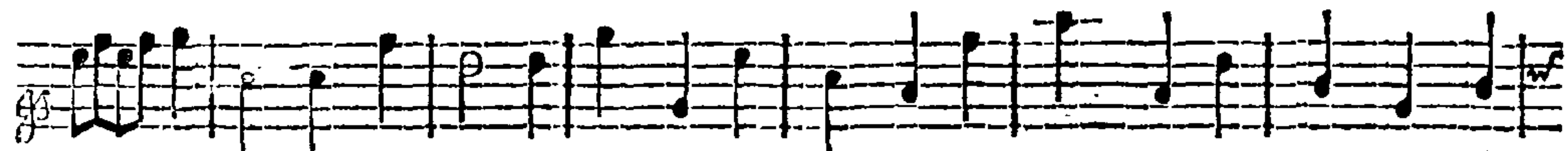
Limrick's our own, be it known, be it known to all Grumms. Hark! hark! hark! the



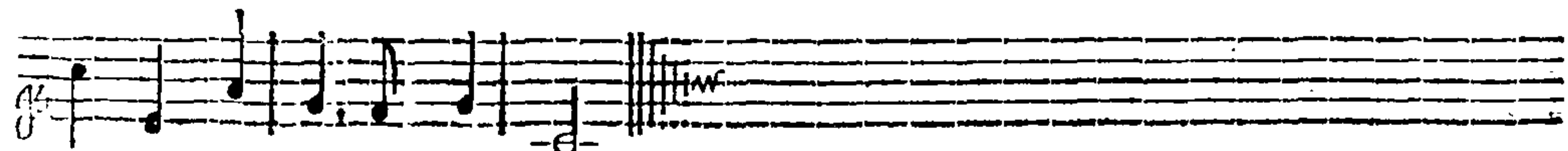
Guns of the Tower ring, ring it in peals, we'll drink round the Bonfires, we'll drink round the



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



—d Praises lets Sing, and now *Monsieur* French-man, and now *Monsieur* French-man have

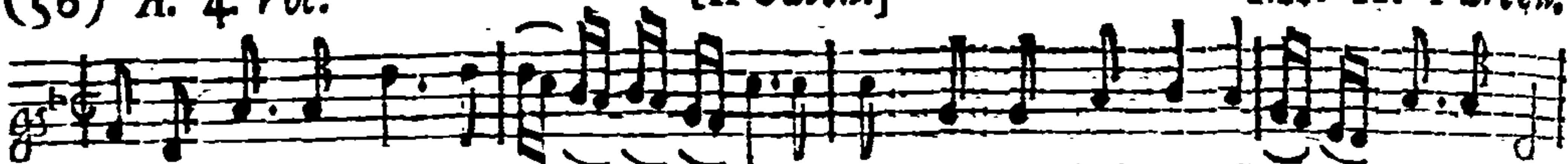


at you, have at you next Spring.

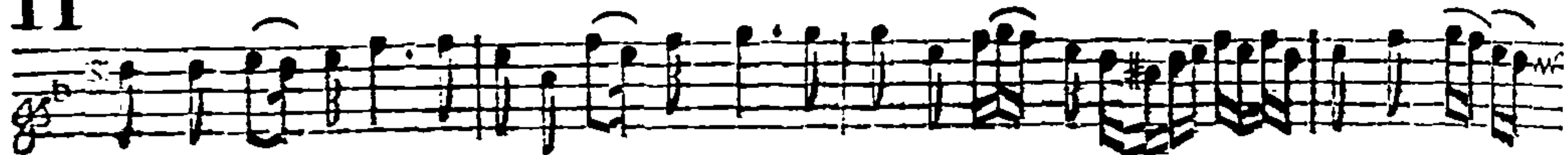
(56) A. 4 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



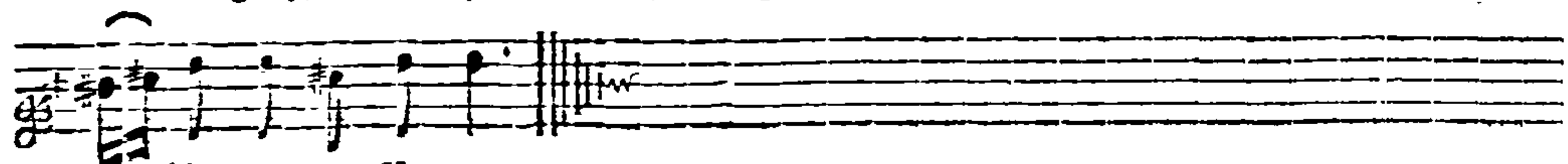
Here's a Health, a Health pray let it pass about, a Health that ne'er shall cease till all our Wine is out



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



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



Ruddy Ro-ger Hewitt.

(57) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



S I R *Walter* En-joying his Damsel one Night, He tick'd, and pleas'd her to so great a height ;

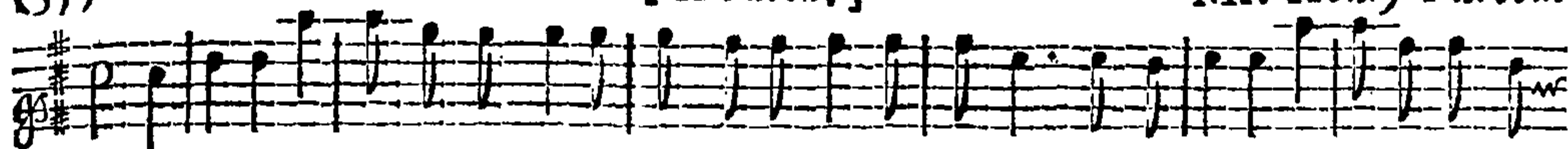


that she cou'd not con-tain t'wards the end of the matter, but in Rapture cry'd out O

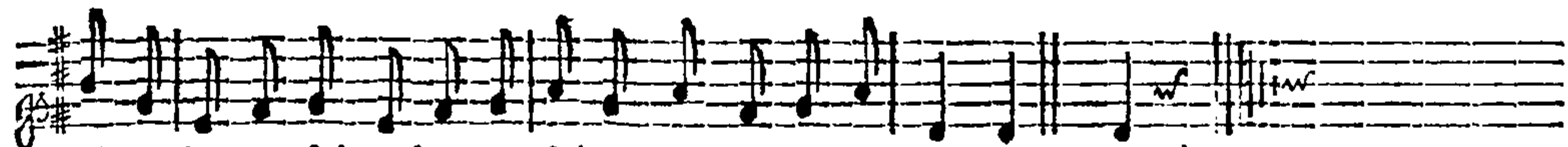
(57)

[*A Catch.*]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir, sweet Sir *Walter*, O switter swatter



switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter. Sir. &c.

(58) *A. 3. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

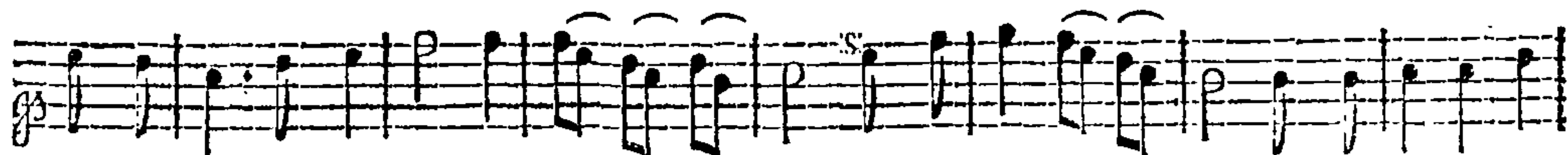
Mr. Henry Purcell.



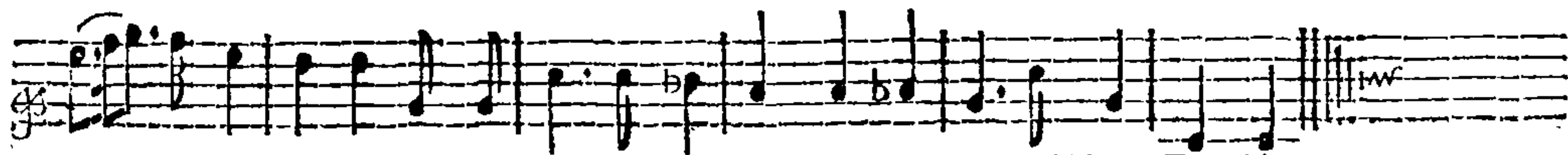
LET us Drink, Let us Drink to the Blades Intrench'd on the *Shannon*, discharge our full Glasses



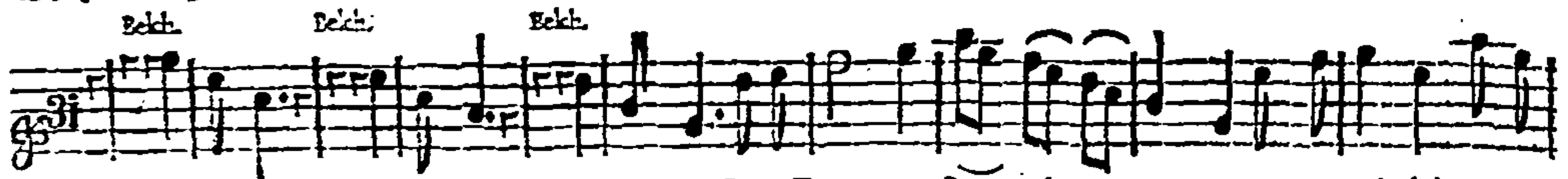
as they their whole Cannon: Ev'ry Health shall be Flou-———right with Trumpets and Drums,



and our Bumpers go off in Pledge to their Bombs, see the Town in a Blaze, now our Faces, our



Fa——ces Resembles, and at both the pale *Monfieur*, poor *Mac* and *Teague* Trembles.



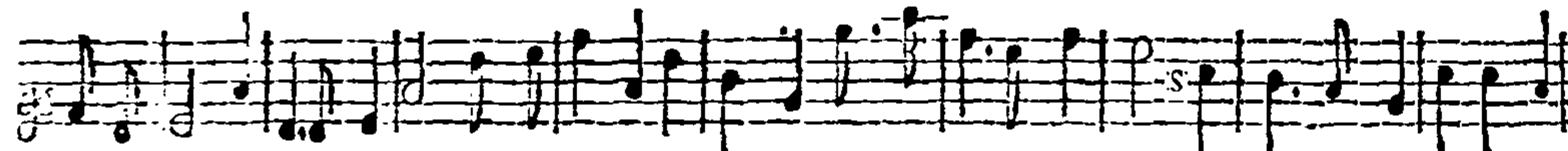
P Ox on you, pox on you, pox on you for a Fop, your Stomach too queazy, cannot I belch, cannot



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



Fogh, Fogh, Fogh, how fow'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 d'ye 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 Bam or the Weason, for Belching and Farting were always in feason.



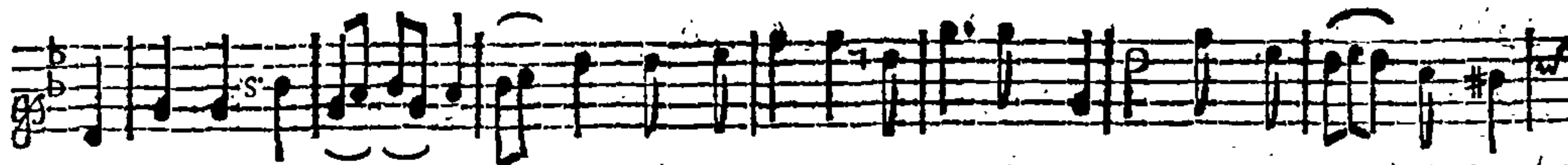
I S Charleroy's Seige come, come, come too? who wou'd a thought it? then the Rumours was false, was



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



with the briskest Champaine 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



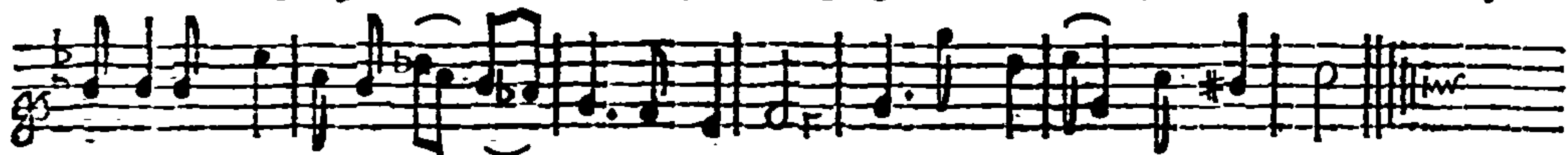
Dance.—No, no, no, no shan't Dance at old *Maintenons* Ball.



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



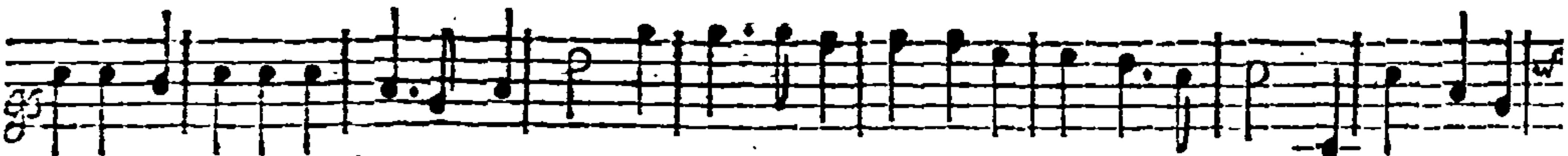
sooner kind *Jenny* did find, but with laughing she purg'd both before and behind : Pox take it quoth



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

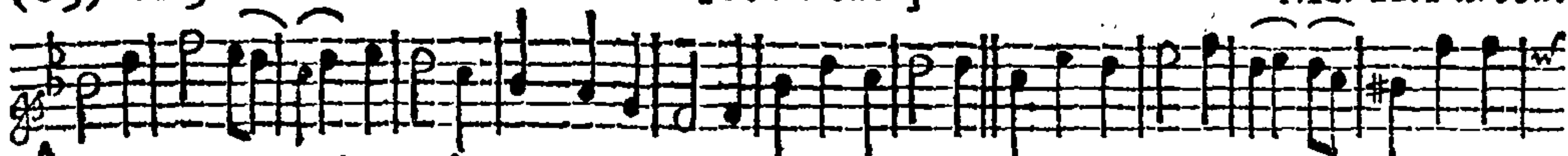


Fuddle, and the Fuddler did Fiddle, a U-ni-son sure doth un-rid-dle the Riddle.

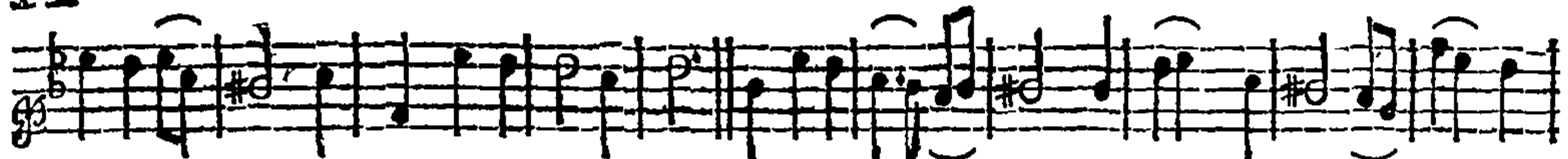
(63) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

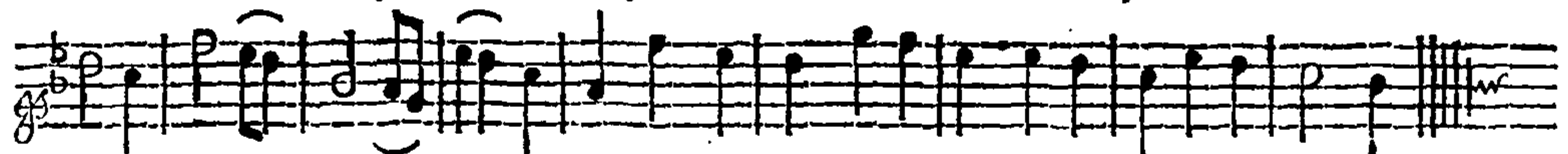
Mr. H. Purcell.



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 than you are aware on, Wine has a Ce-le-stial 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.

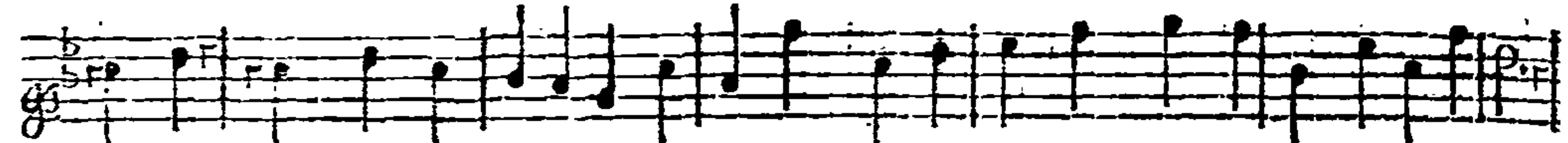
(65) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

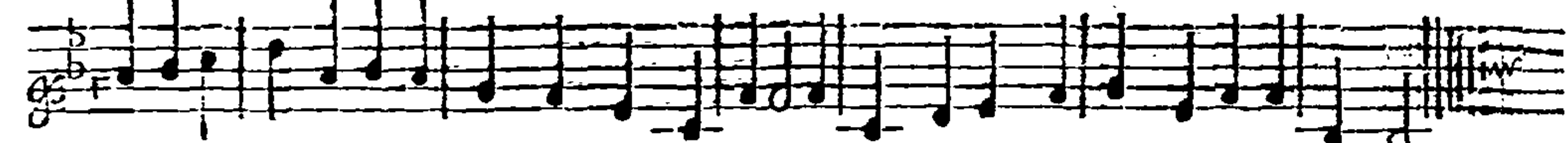
Mr. John Eccles.



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



Drink, drink, drink, drink, while sober sots 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.

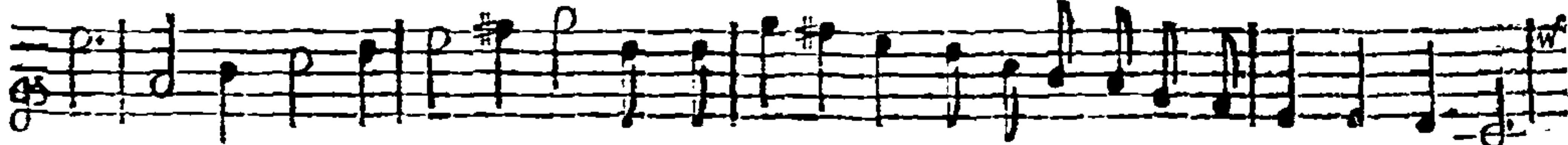
(66) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

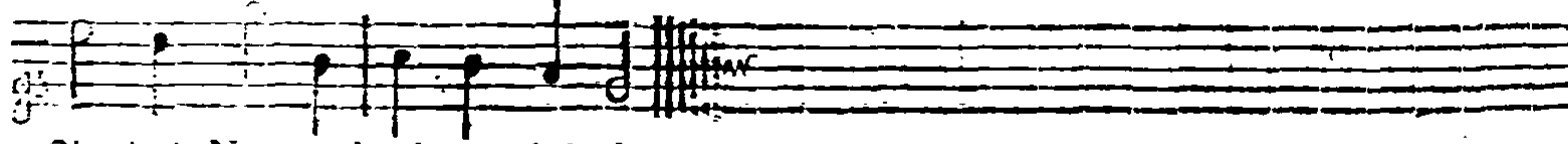
Dr. John Wilson.



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 Turd in-to a True-lover's Knot,

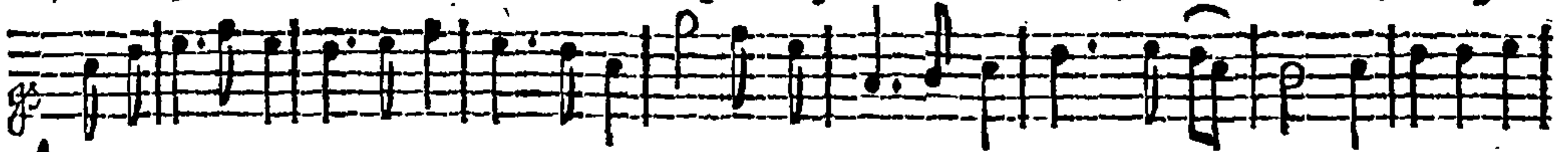


Oh! that's News to laugh at indeed.

(67) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon Squire Wickham]

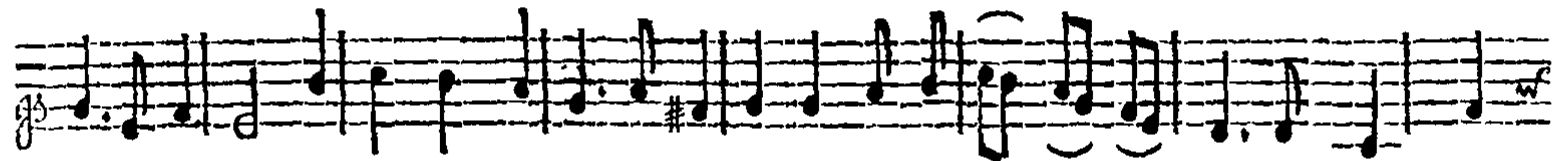
Mr. J. Roffee.



AN Imposter of late, within view of his Fate, was resolv'd to do something was new; in order to



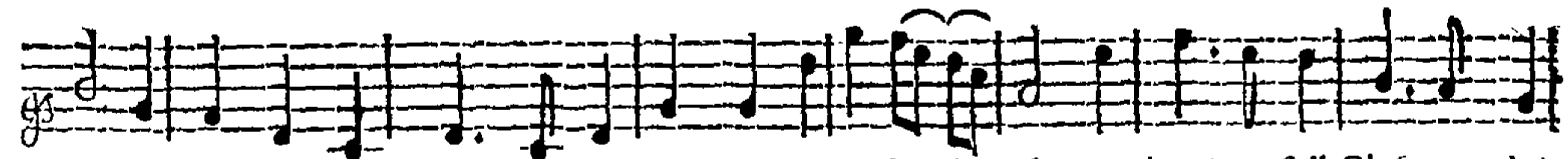
which, this Son of a B— made a Will and a Co-di-cil too; wherein this D—d Knave ma-ny



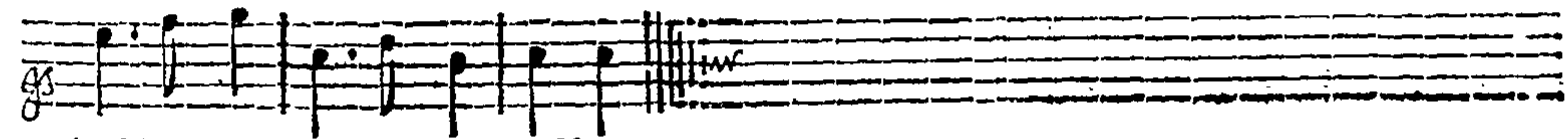
Legacy's gave, to's Landlord and others a-bout him; but it so comes to pass, they'r all serv'd



the same sawce, and are glad to be quiet without 'em: Well since he is dead, no more can be



said, but that this D—d Rogue did out trick 'em, and so let it pass, come here's a full Glas, to the



health of the right Master *Wickham*.

(68) *A. 3. Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]

Mr. Gillier,



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



Chain, enjoys his freedom most : Ex-ert a-las 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 se-cu-ter



Shore, looks back and hugs himself to see, to see the Storms he felt before.

(69) *A 3. Voc.*

[*A Catch, The Words by Cob. Allistree.*]

H. Purcell.



F Ull Bags, a brisk Bottle, and a beautifull Face, are the three greatest Blessings poor Mortals

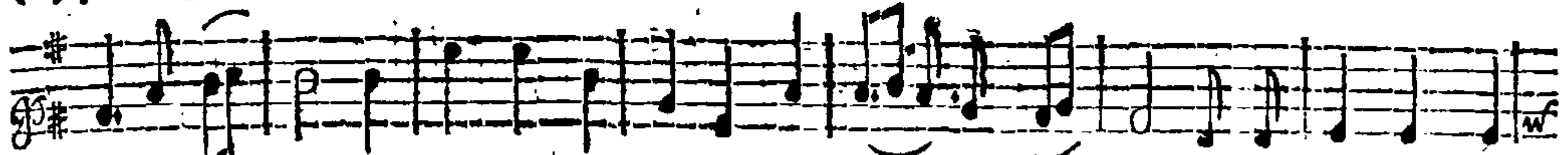


embrace ; but a-las ! we grow Muckworms if Bags do but fill, and a bon-ny gay Dame of-ten

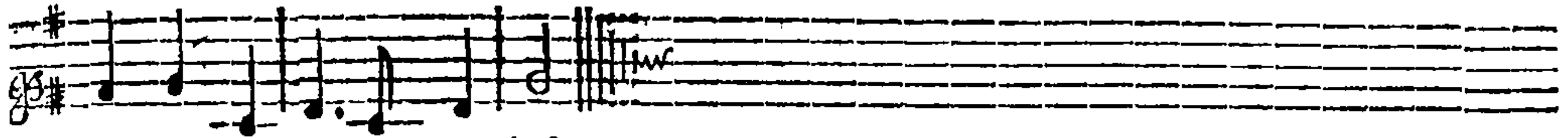
(69) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch]

Mr. H. Purcell.



ends in a Pill: Then hey for brisk Claret, whose Pleasures ne'er wast, by a Bumper we're



rich, and by two we are chaf.

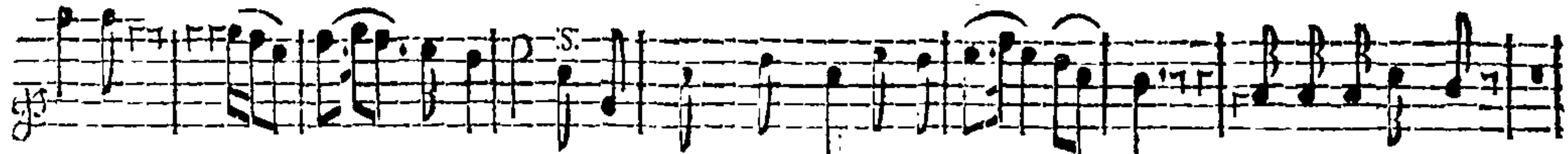
(70) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

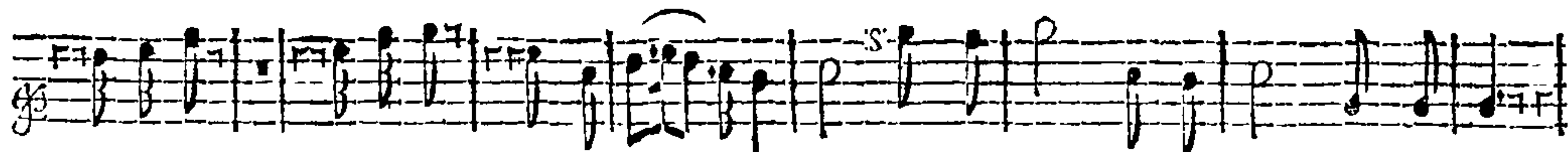
Mr. John Gilbert.



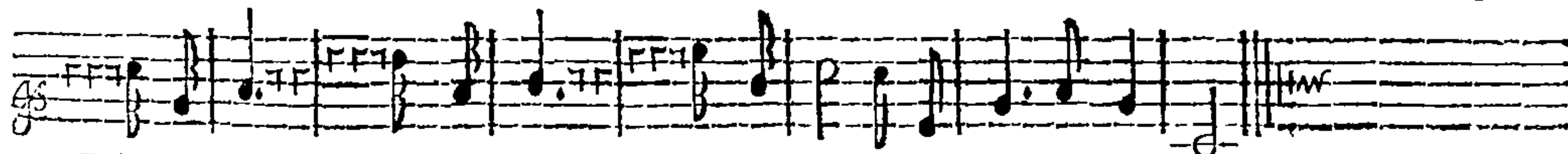
Crown the Glafs, Crown the Glafs, fill, fill it a little higher, a little higher, a little



higher, a—round let it pass, he that slips, slips, slips, is pre-cise and prays, so, so, so enough,



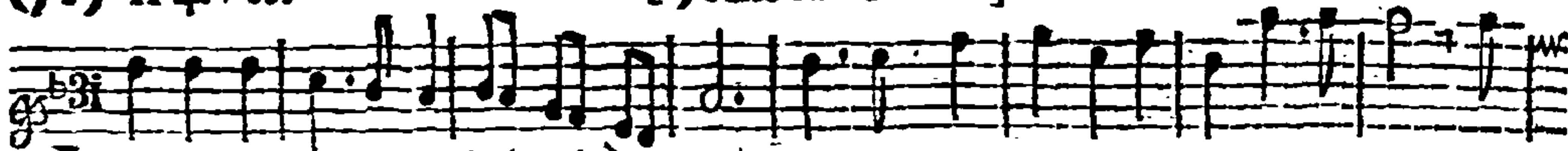
so enough, so enough, throw his snuff in his Face; Whither now? Whither now? keep your place,



Drink it off, Drink it off, Drink it off, I'll not bate you an Ace.

(71) A 4. Voc.

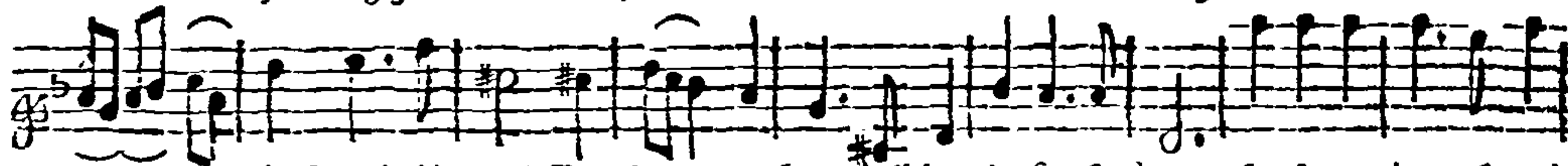
[John the Miller.]



John ask'd his Land-la-dy, 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



o-thers 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.]



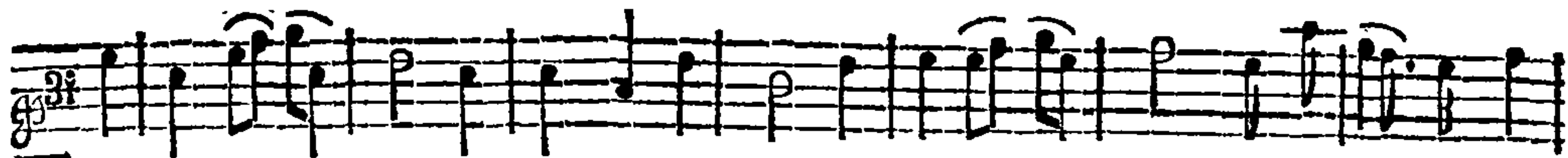
Well rung Tom-boy, well rung Tom, Ding-dong, Cuckoo, well rung Tom; the Owl and the Cuc-koo, the



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

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

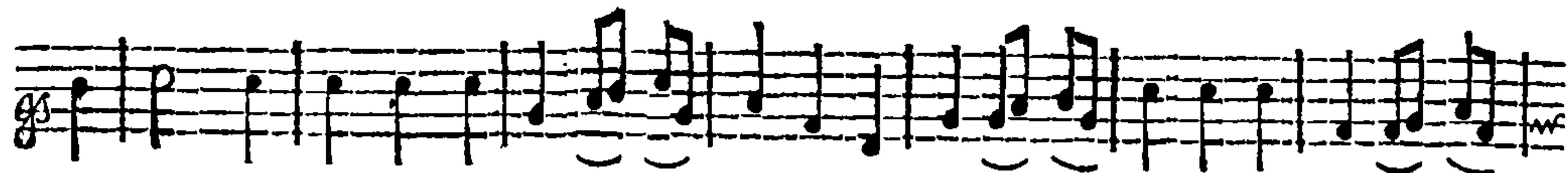
Sett to Musick by Mr. John Lenton.



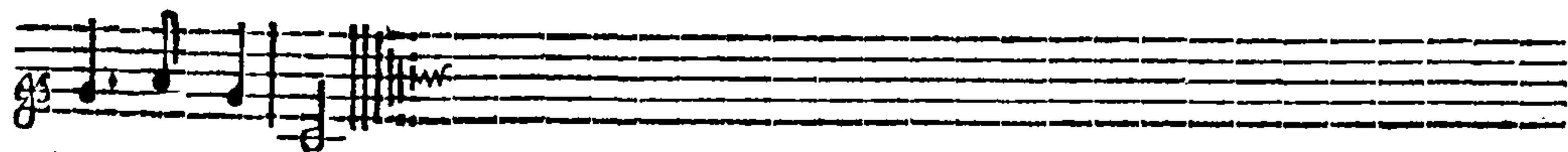
THe Mate to a Cock, and Corn tall as Wheat is his Christian Name, who in Mu-sick's Com-



—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 maritā par tritico seges,
Prænomen est ejus, dat chromati leges
Intrat cognomen; blanditiis Cati,
Exit Eremita in Aedibus stali,
Expertum effectum omnes admirentur
Quid merent Poetae? ut bene calcantur.*

(74) A. 3. Voc.

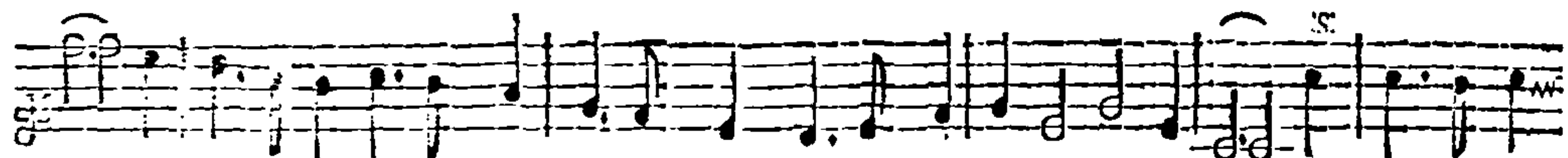
[A Catch upon NOTHING.]



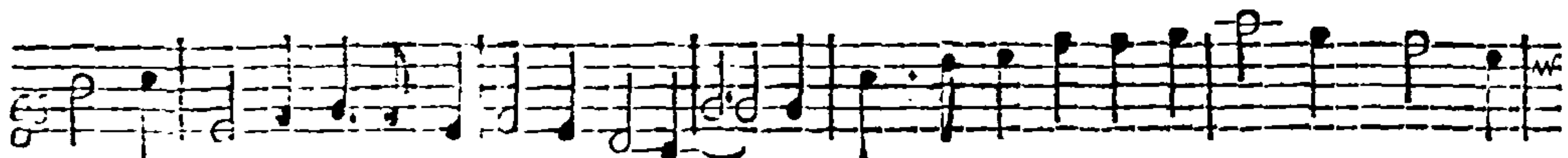
Sing merrily now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you ;but come by the Wheel of For—



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



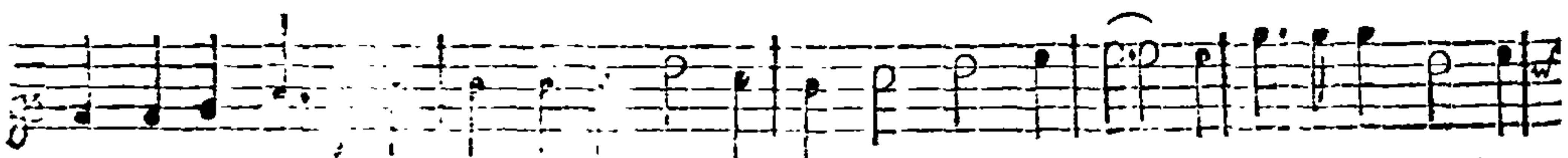
hot ; a Catch he resolv'd he wou'd make, he wou'd make and he cou'd-n't tell of what. He thought of the



Sm. at the Weed affords, and it vanish'd all a-way ; he thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and



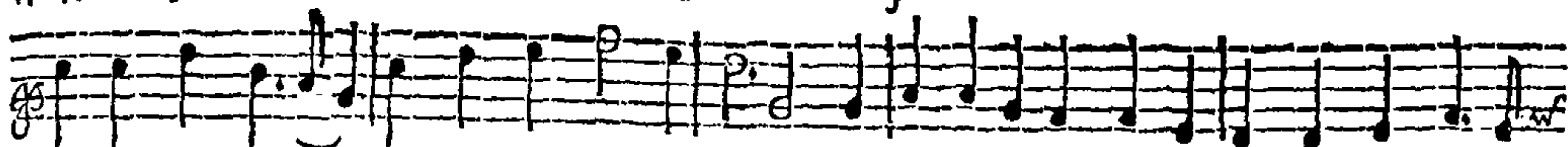
yet he found nothing to say. He thought of a thousand Pound, but it wou'd-n't turn to account : He



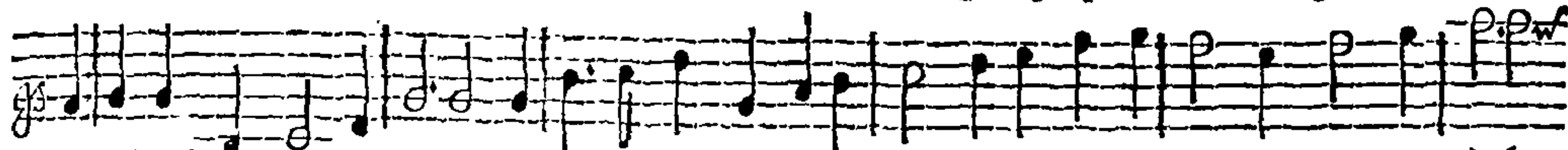
thought of the For, and he thought of the Plot, but nothing wou'd come o'u't. At last he resolv'd, tho'

(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



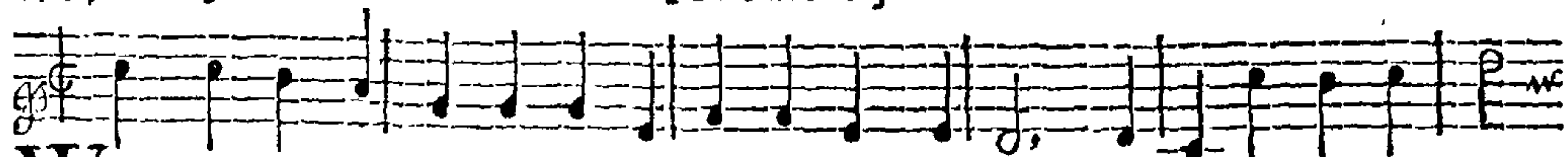
no body shou'd be the wiser: 'Tis nothing to you if he wou'd do so, and if Nothing's in't you find;



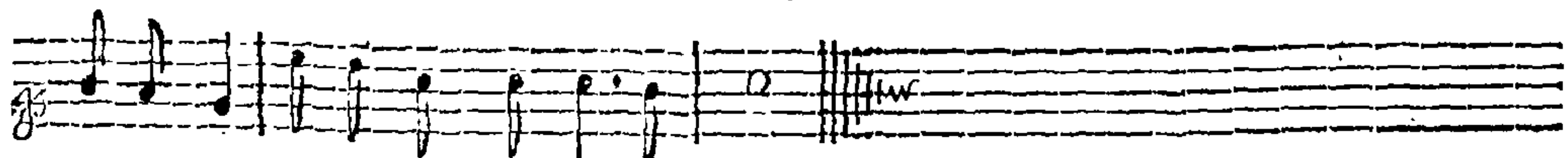
then thank him for Nothing, and that will be more than e-ver he de-sign'd.

(75) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Whose 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.



L Et Chrystal White-wine cheer the drowfy 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

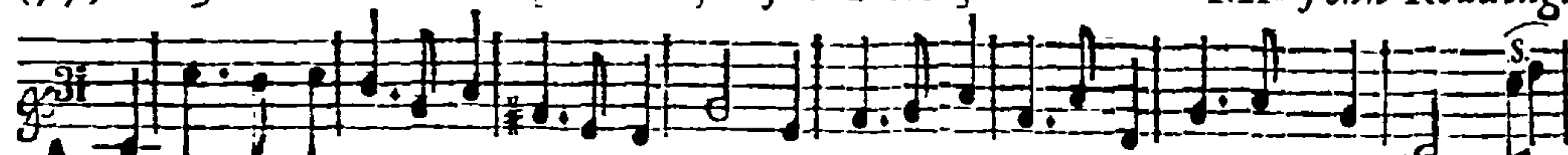


Image is red ; o'er Night his Cheeks blush in the Morning they're dead.

(77) A. 3. Voc.

[In Praise of Claret.]

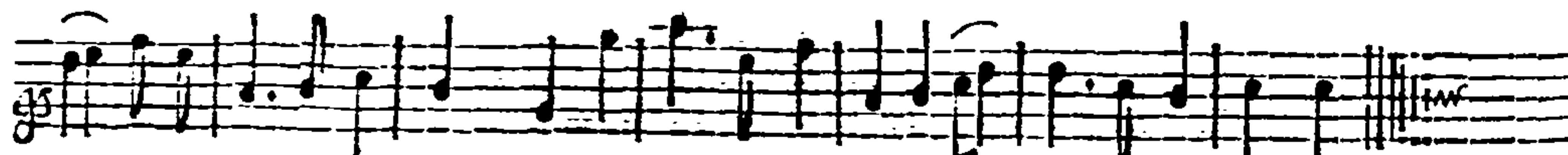
Mr. John Reading.



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



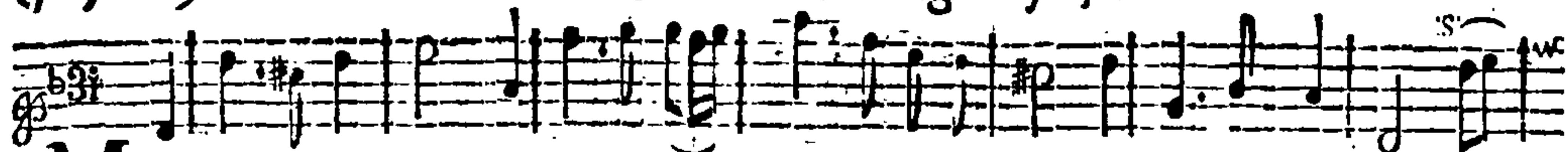
curs'd in a passion, Damn't, rot it, and mar it, did'st ever know *Bacchus* drink other than Claret ? So the jolly red



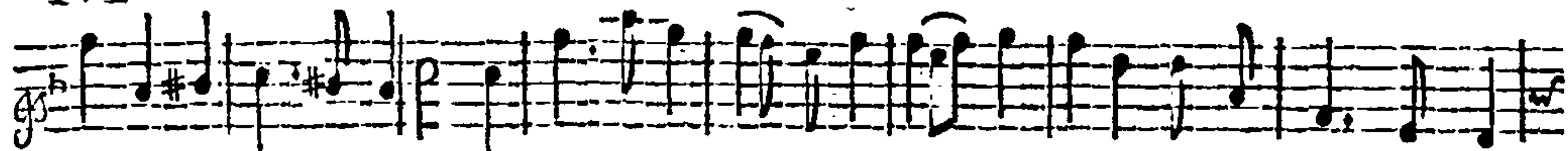
God having empty'd the White-wine, return'd the poor Vot'ry the Hoghead to shite in.

(78) A 3. Voc.

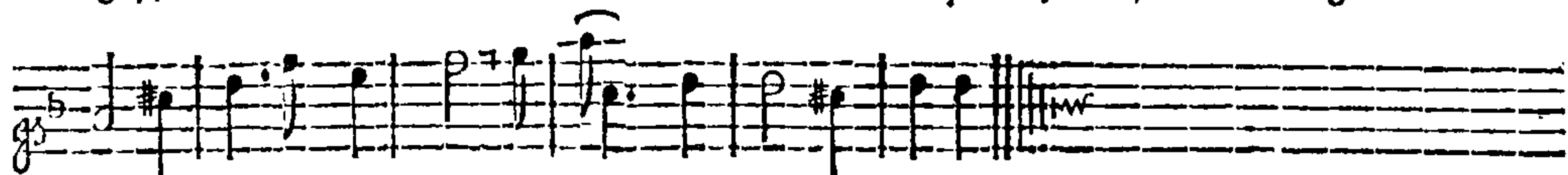
[On a Scolding Wife.]



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 curst Scold, with a dam-nable *Nunquam sa-tis*; for her Tongue and her

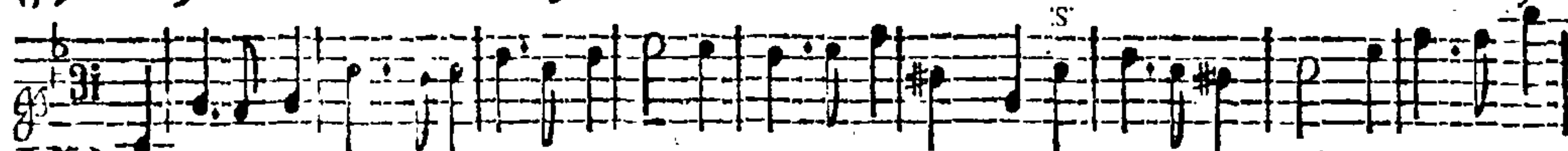


Tail, if e-ver they fail, the Dee'l shall have her *Gratis*.

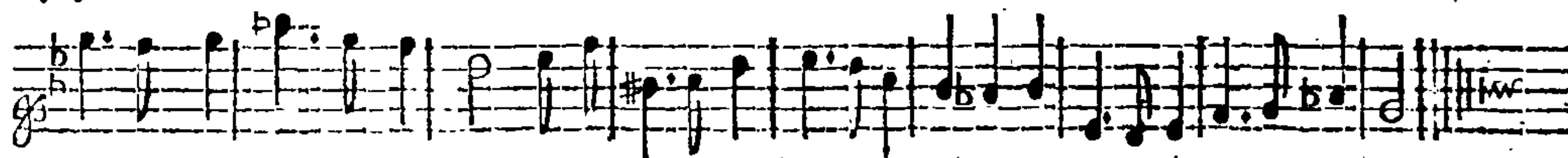
(79) A 3. Voc.

[Judith and Holifernes.]

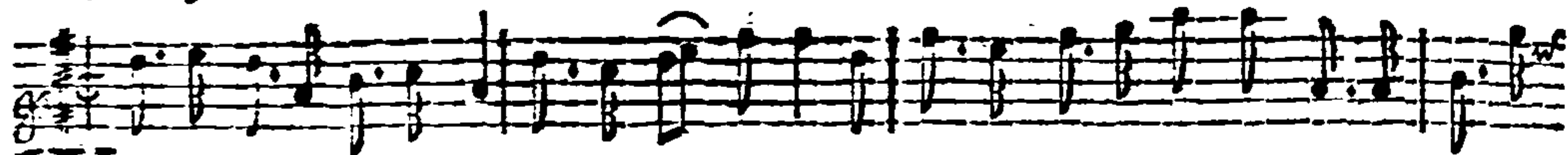
Mr. Mich. Wise.



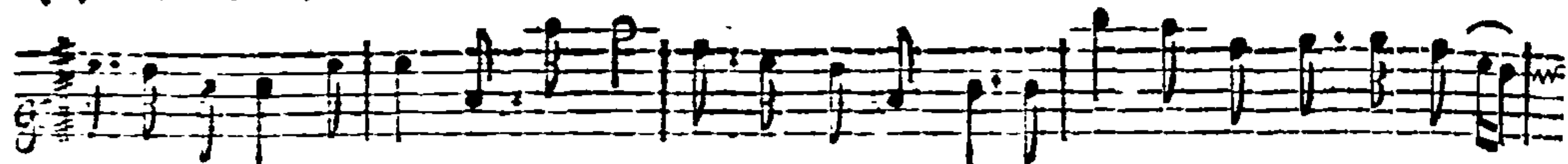
WHen *Judith* had laid *Holifernes* in Bed, she pull'd out his Fau'chion, and cut off his Head; the reason is



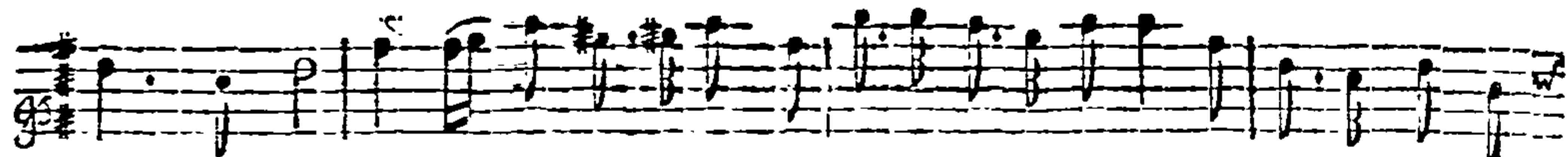
plain, he'd have made her his Whore, so she cut off his Head as I told you before, as I told you before.



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



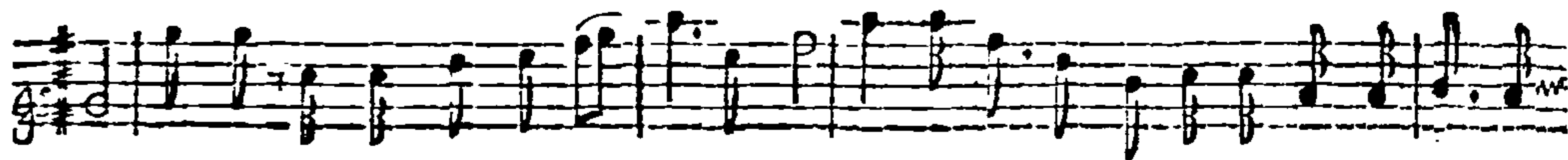
be no fuller: Next Oars, Sir, next Oars; whither is't you go, to Fox--ball or Westminster, or



Through-Bridge Ho? Pray Master, trim the Boat, and sit a lit-tle higher; you have a handfom



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



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

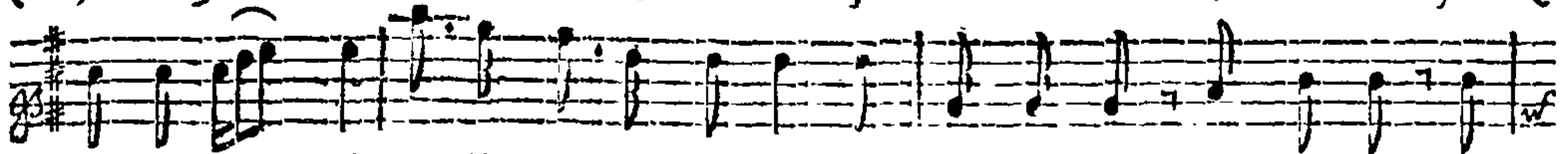


hold water; look! look! the Rogue runs foul of us, remem-ber this hereaf-ter: Come land us

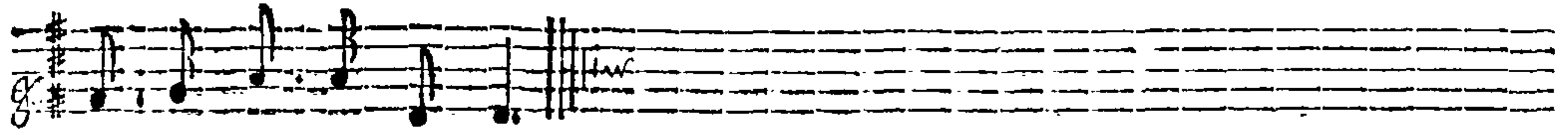
(80) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Barth Isaack.



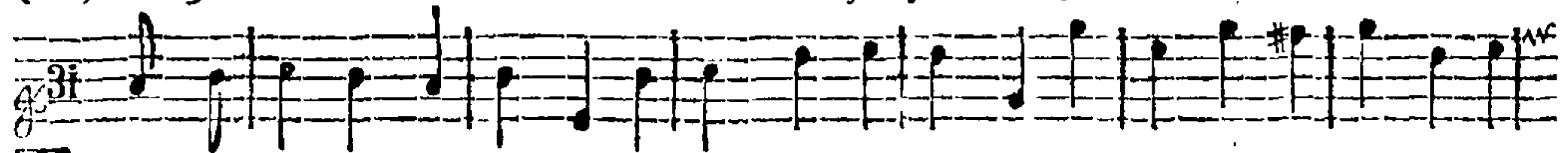
here at *Kings—Bridge*, Ay Sir, if you're willing: Here Wa—ter—man there's Six-pence; Good



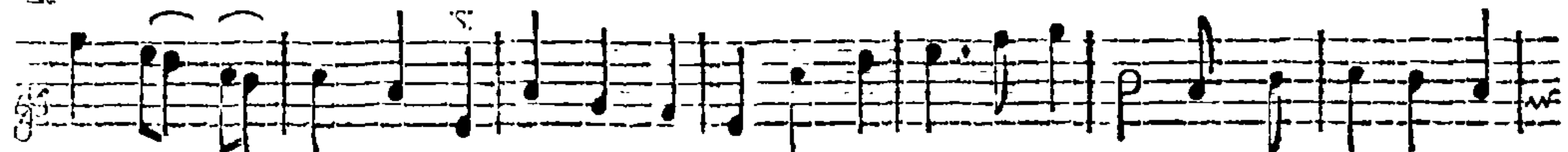
faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

(81) A. 3. Voc.

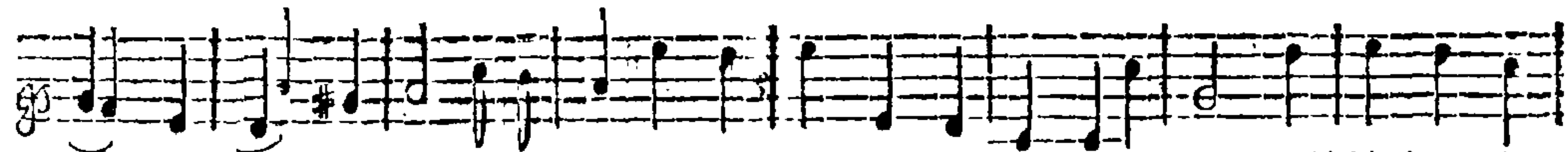
[A Catch in Praise of Mum.]



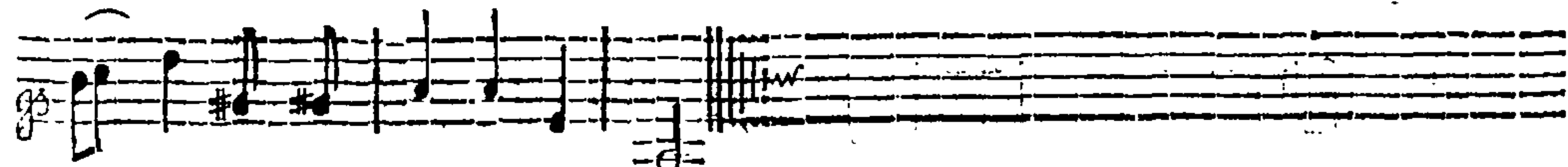
Here's an odd sort of Liquor new come from *Hamborough*, 'twill stitch a whole Wapentake



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

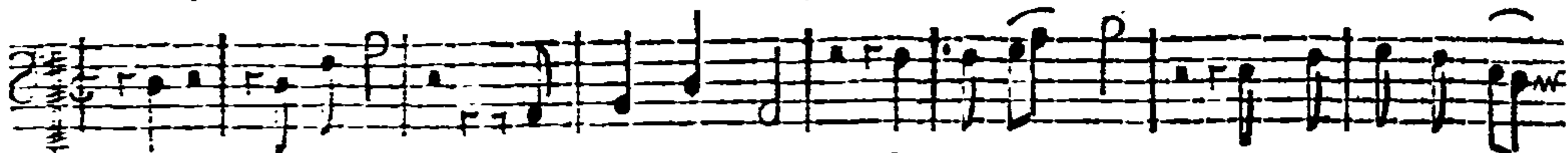


Hor—ses, Coach and all; As I told you, 'twill make you as drunk as a Drum; you'd fain know the



Name on't, but for that my friend, MUM.

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



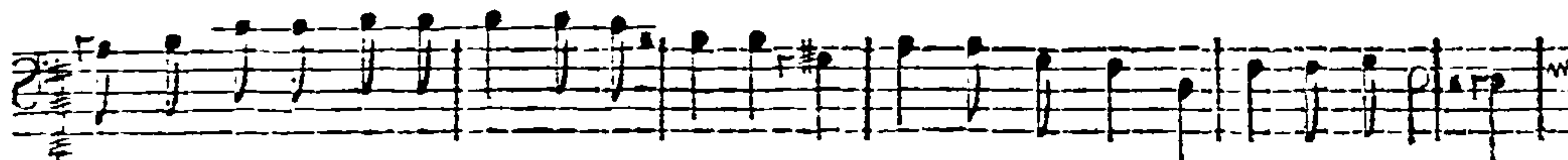
G Ood! good indeed! the Herb's good Weed; fill thy Pipe *Will*, and I prithee *Sans*



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



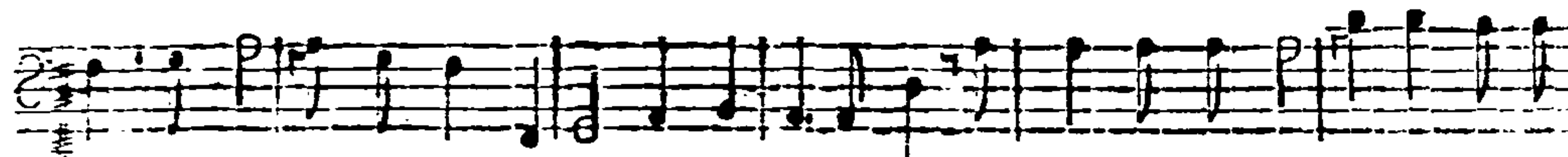
say the Learned? *Vita fumus; vi-ta fumus;* 'tis what you and I, and he and I;



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



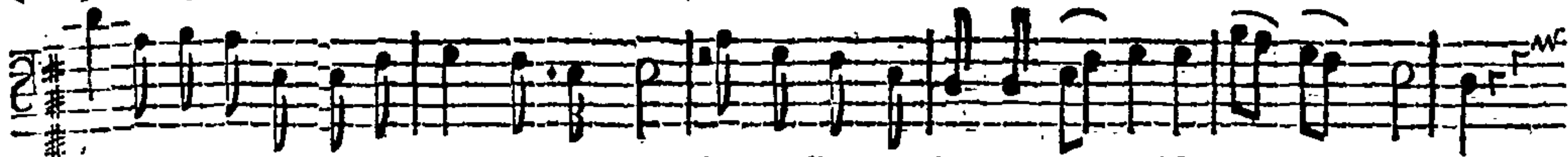
Life's a Smoak as they maintain, if Life's a Vapour, without doubt, when a Man does dye, they



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

(82) A 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



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

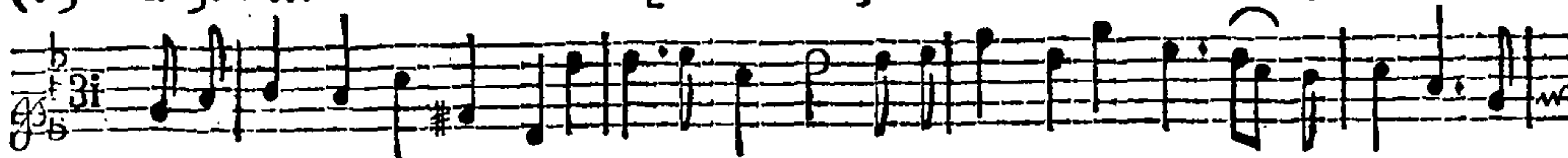


like a Pipe, like a Pipe of Spanish; thus, thus, like a Pipe of Spanish.

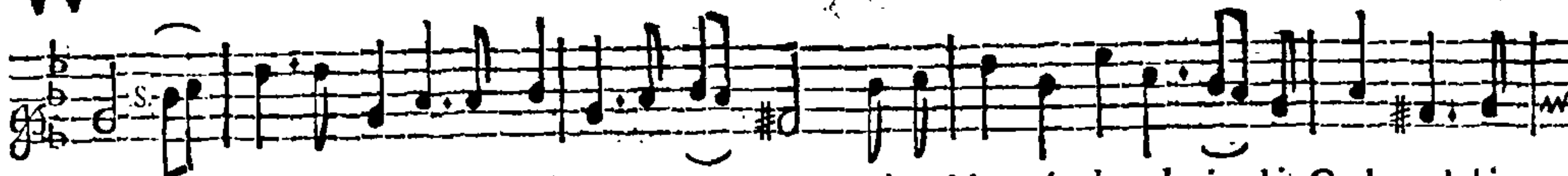
(83) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

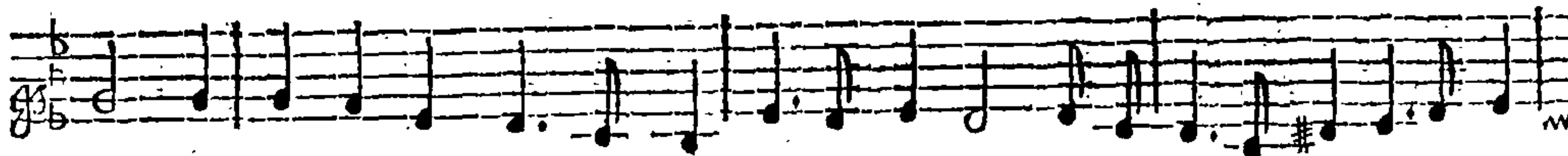
Mr. John Jackson:



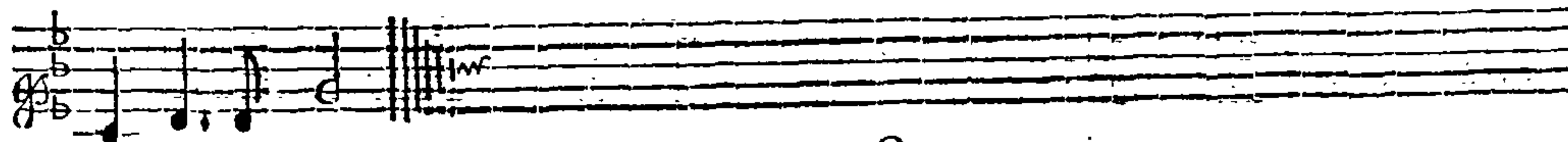
When a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does wed, 'tis a madness to think she'll be true to his



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 drowly Mechanick's a



Cuckold of course.



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



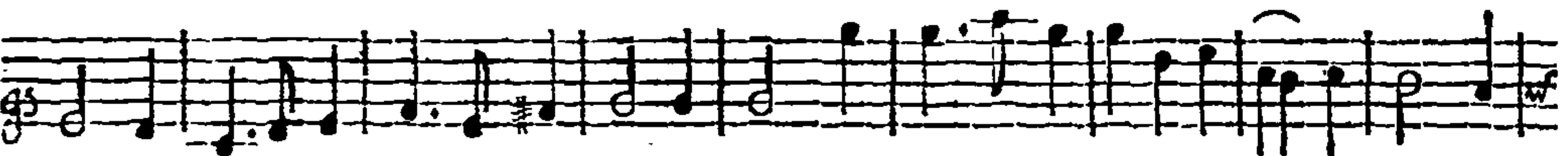
Tom that shines so bright, I'll ea-si-ly fol-low it by its own light: Thy Nose Tom Jol-ly



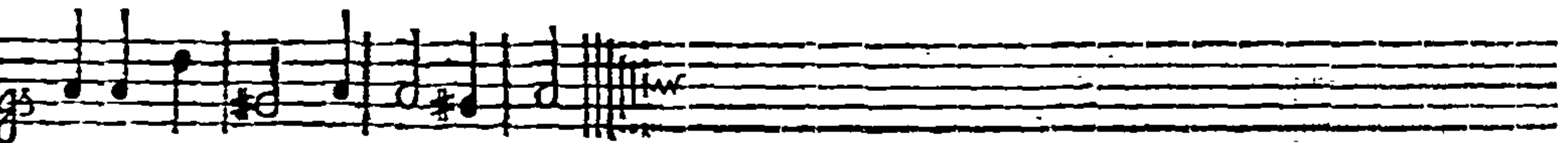
no Jest it will bear, al-though it yields Matter enough, and to spare; but jol-ly Tom's



'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 Glas, or



jol-ly Tom's Noose will fire his Face.

(85) A. 3. Voc.

[Answer to Tom Jolly's Nose.]



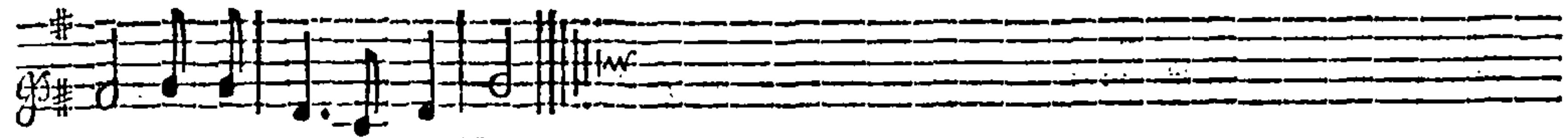
A lthough jol-ly *Tom*, great Fame thou hast won, thy bloody red Nose shall look paler e're



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



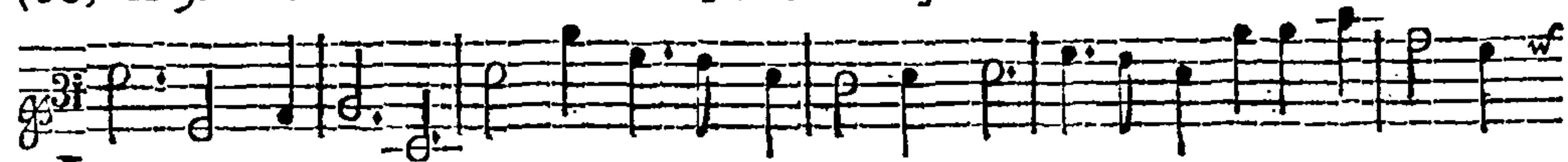
yours; And when the large Bumper floats round in the close, we'll de-spise the, and



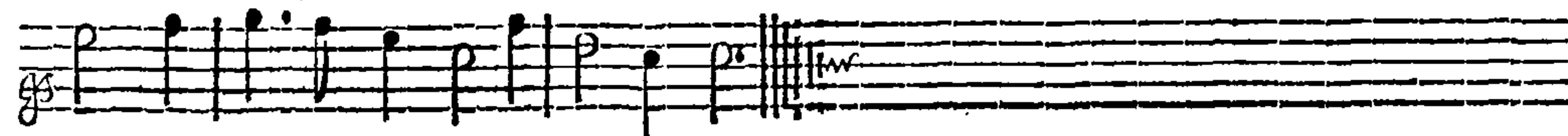
swear, 'tis mine Ar--of a Nose.

(86) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



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

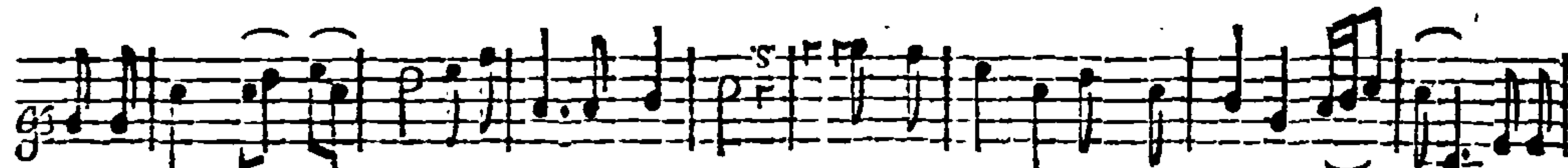


Joan; and therefore to thee I make my moan.

Written and Compos'd by Richard Brown.



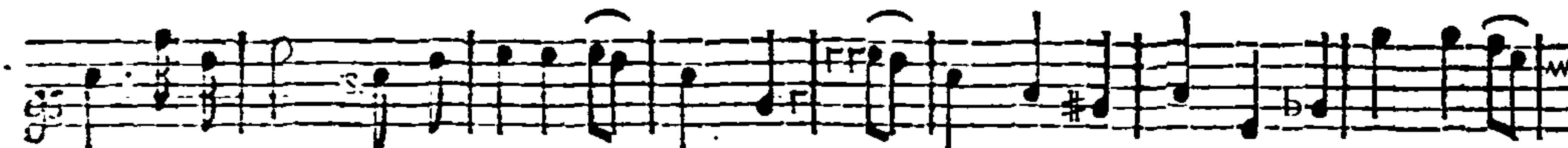
Come Boy, Boy, come Boy, boy, light a Faggot, the Ev'nings are cold, bring a Flask that's well clad;



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



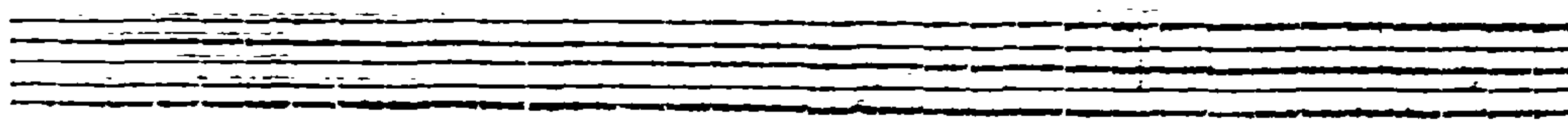
moment, in a moment of time, do you light the Fire Jack, do you light the Fire, I'll run



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



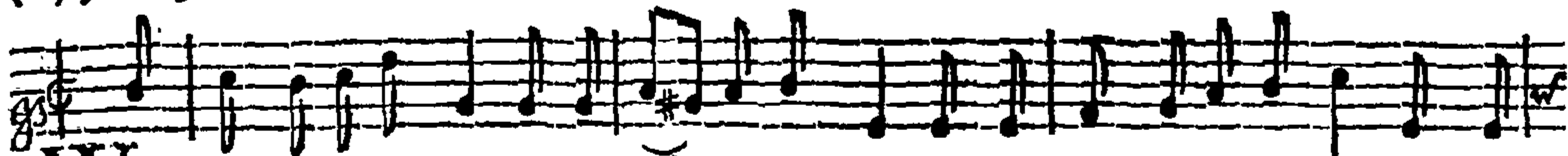
—non, their Palates now are nice boy, their Palates now are nice boy, but then they'll drink Shim.



(87) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch on the London Coopers.]

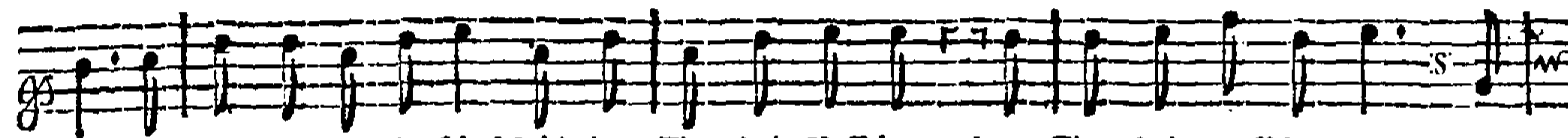
Mr. Richard Brown.



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 Vessels, how Tite their Vessels stand; And



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

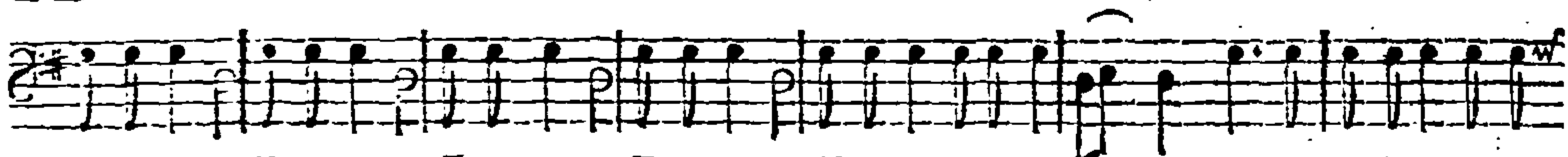


work for the Cooper, a-ny work for the Cooper.

(88) A. 3. Voc. [A Catch in the Play of The Knight of Malta.] Mr. H. P.



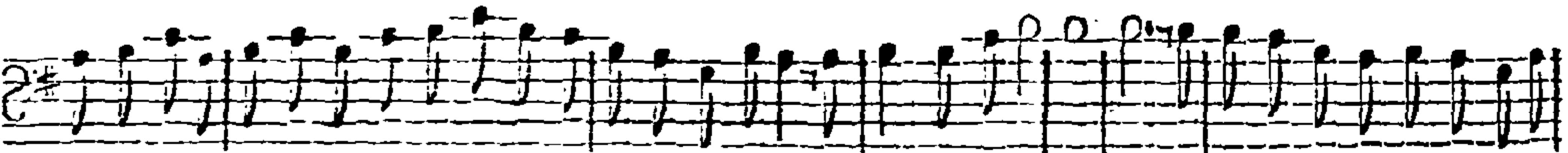
AT the close of the Evening the Watches were set, the Guards went the Round, and the Ta-ta ta-too,



Ta-ra-ra-too, Ta-ra-ra-too, Ta-ra-ra-too, Ta-ra-ra-too, Ta-ra-ra-ra-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

(88) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

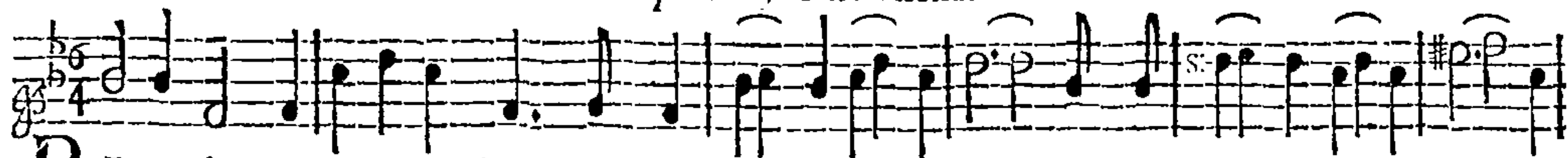


you, let us drink, let us drink till 'tis day, let, let us drink till 'tis day.

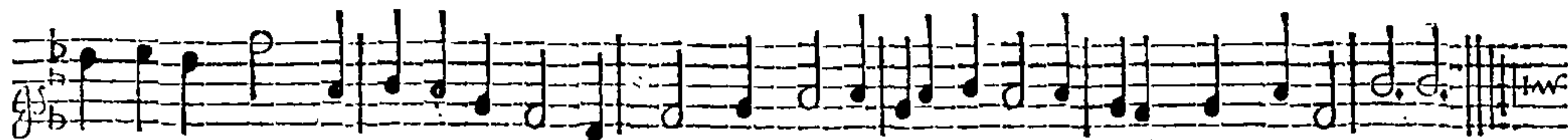
(89) A. 3. Voc.

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

Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.



PE-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.

(90) A. 4. Voc.

[The Almanack Catch.]

Mr Richard Brown.



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

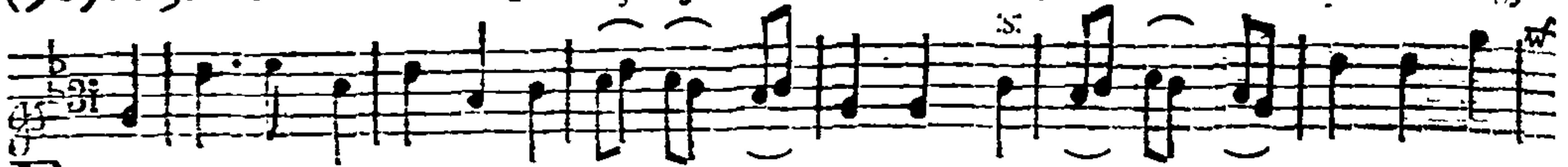


prod~~uce~~ Pride, Pride is War's ground, War begeteth Po-verty the world goes round.

(91) A 3. Voc.

[Counsel for Married Folks.]

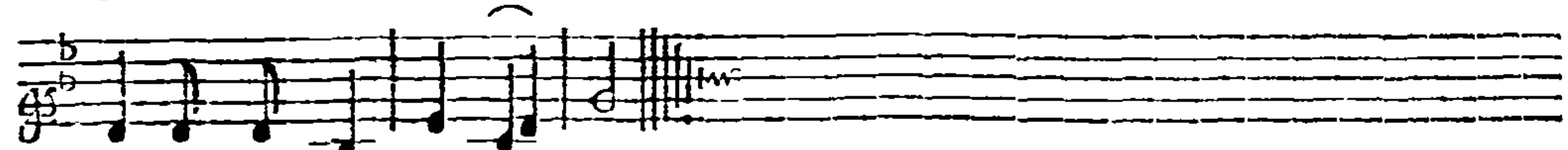
Mr. Mich. Wise.



F Rom twenty to thir-ty, good night and good morrow; from thir-ty to for-ty good



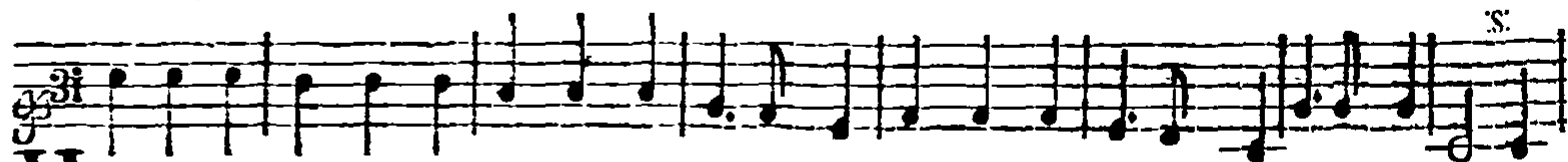
night or good morrow; from for-ty to fif-ty as oft as ye shift ye; from thence to three-



-score, once a Month, and no more.

(92) A 3. Voc.

[On a Widdow, who married an old Widower.]



H Ad she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough, Care enough of the old Man; she



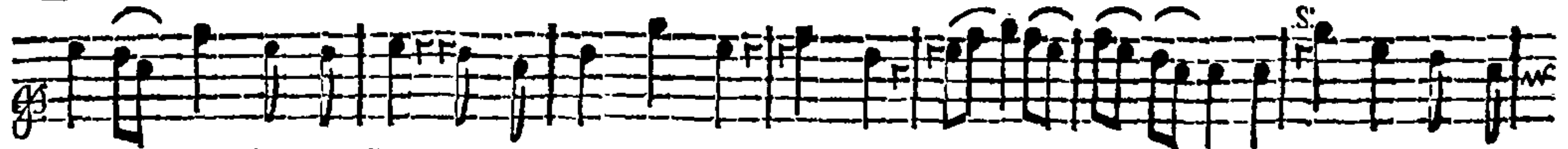
wed him, she fed him, and to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she lif-ted him on: But



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



Tinking *Tom* was an honest Man, tink a tink t- - - - - and a Lad of bonny Mettle, he dext'rously cou'd



clink, the Pan, clink a clink, clink a clink, and stop, and stop and stop a hole i'th Kettle, to him did my



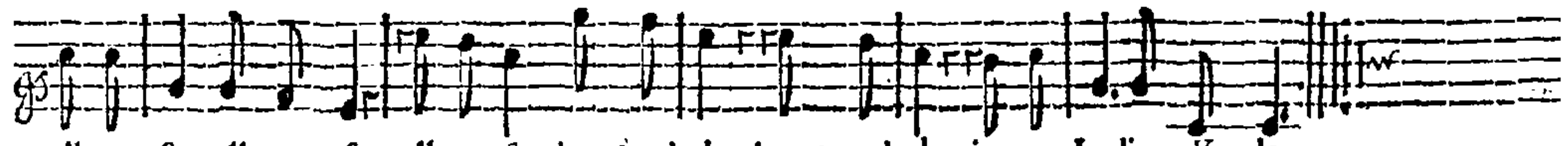
Ladies Maid advance, advance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a fad mischance, a fad mischance,



heres a hole, a hole, a hole in my Ladies Kettle, *Tom* went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a



Man, like a Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done 'twas all a case,



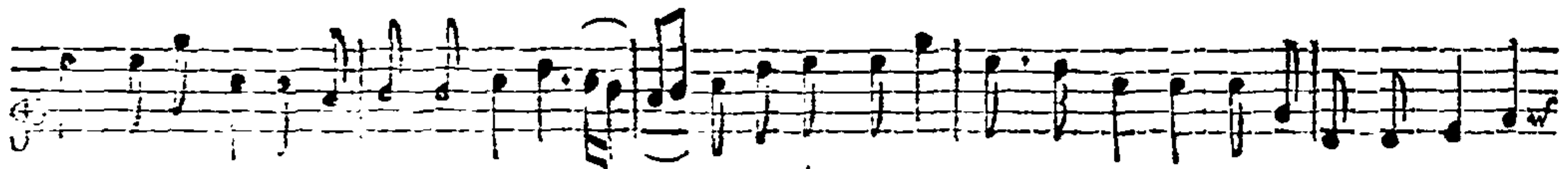
all a case, all a case, all a case, there's a hole, there's a hole in my Ladies Kettle.



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



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



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



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



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

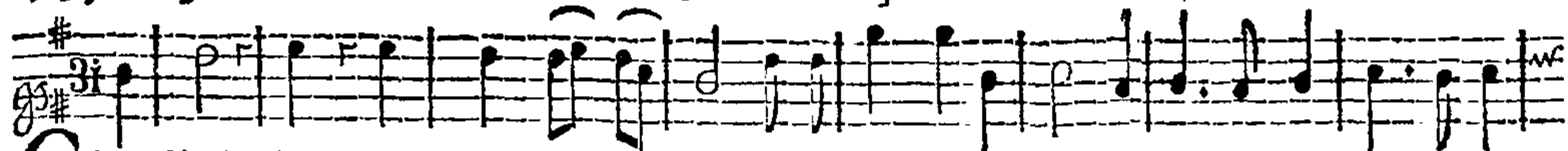


pawn for the shot, unless you will show us how we were be-got.

(95) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Richard Brown.



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,



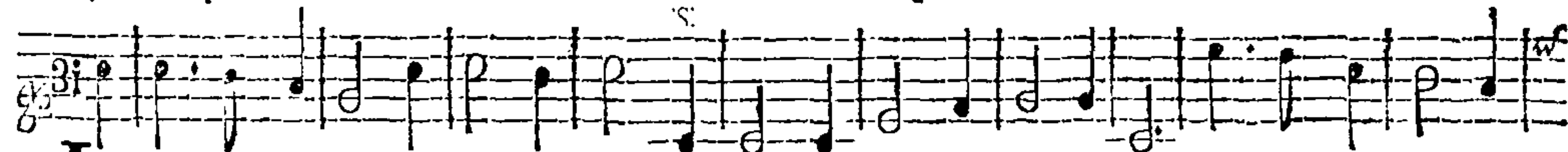
take a Pint that's a brimmer and a-way the next Tide, then Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring for the



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

(96) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



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



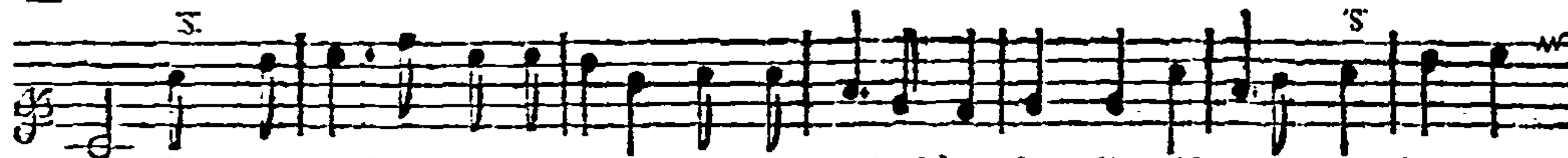
well as he should, but he would fain, but it would not be.

(97) A. 3. Voc.

[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 Sor, Sir, did ever you hear of



a Pro-tes-tant Plot, Sir! Marry have I, quoth Tom, and I migh-ti-ly fear it; You're a Je-su-it,

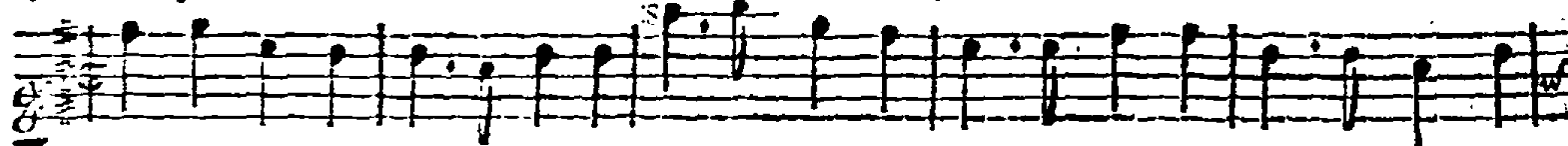


quoth the Doctor, if you vex me, I'll, swear it.

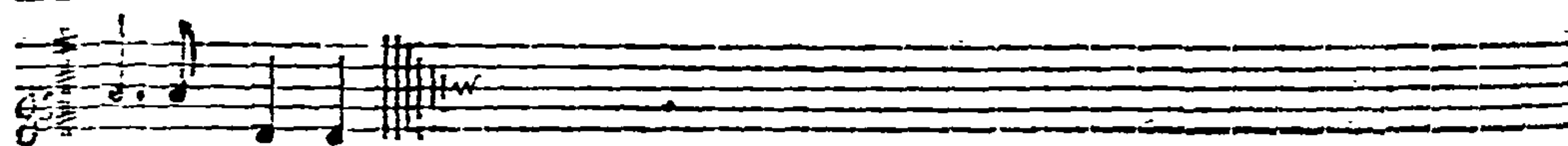
(98) A. 3. Voc.

[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.

F I N I S.