

SUPPLEMENT
OF
New CATCHES,
TO

The Second Book of the *Pleasant Musical Companion*.

Containing the Choicest *CATCHES* by Dr. *John Blow*, and the late
Mr. *Henry Purcell*, and other Eminent Masters.

*Short's a Catch United in its Parts,
And leav's a Lasting Pleasure in our Hearts:
As it dispells our Sorrows, and destroys
Th' impediment to Friendship's lawful Joys.
While Bacchus with Apollo jointly Reigns,
And Rapture fills our Soul, and Wine our Veins.*

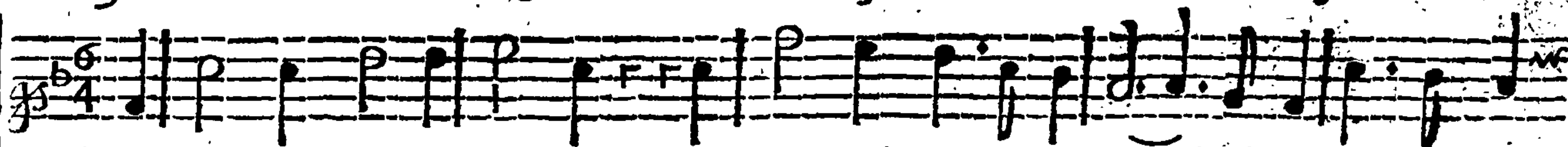
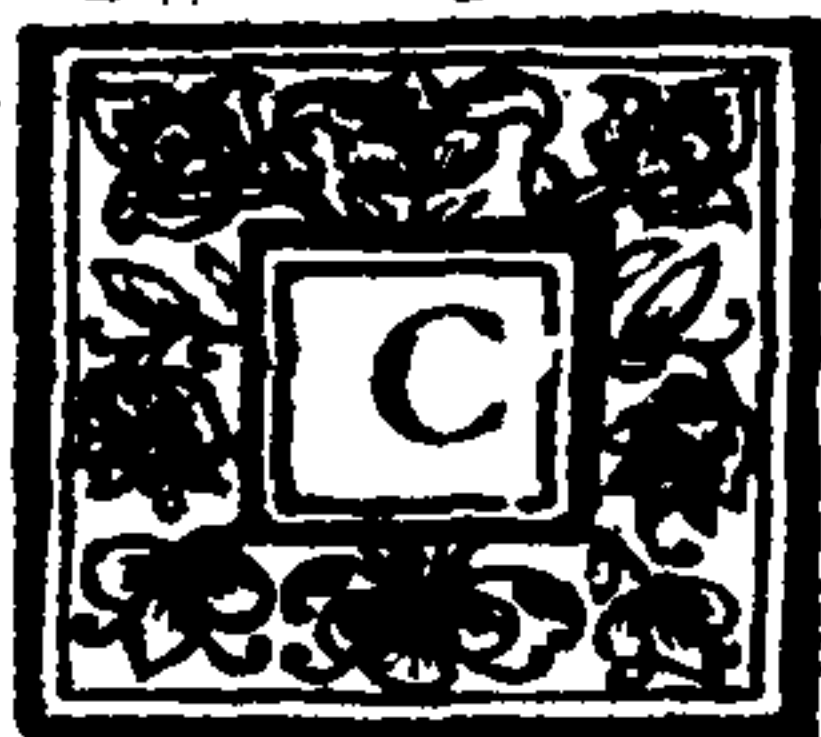
London, Printed by *William Pearson*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the
Temple-Change Fleet-street; And *J. Hare*, at the *Golden Viol* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and at his
Shop in *Freeman's-Tard* in *Corn-hill*. Price 6 d. or sticht up with the Second Book 2 s. 6d. 1702.

(1)

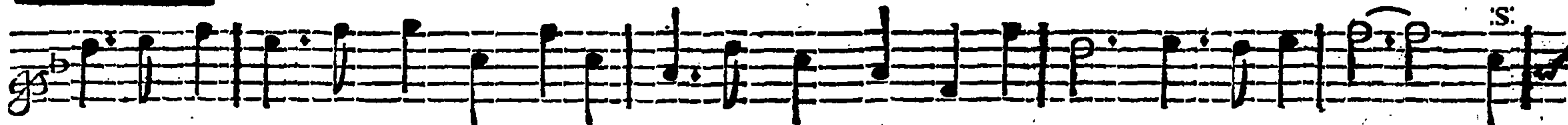
A. 3. Voc.

[A New Catch.]

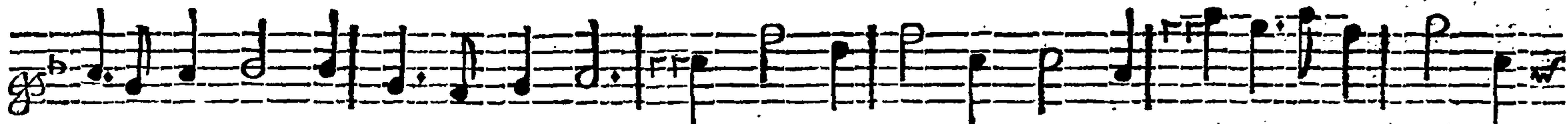
Dr. John Blow.



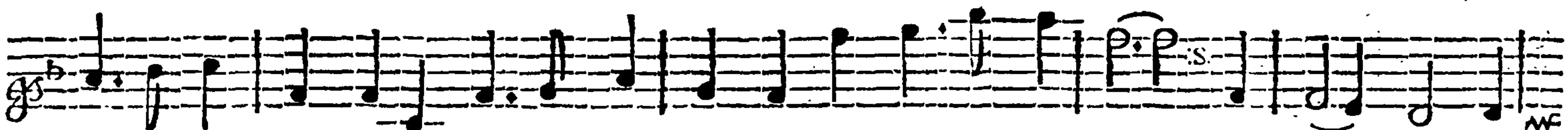
One hear me, hear me, hear me; come hear me, hear me my Boy; haft a mind to live



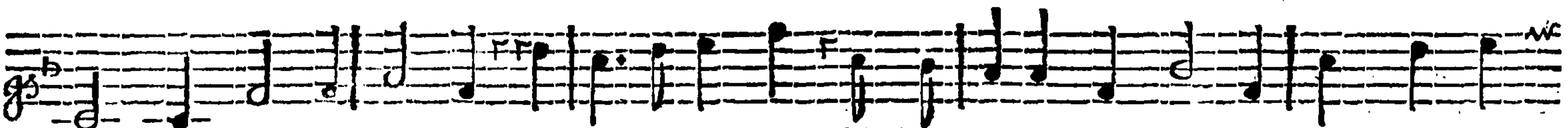
long, to live long, to live long, take a dose of brisk Claret, and part, part of a Song; a



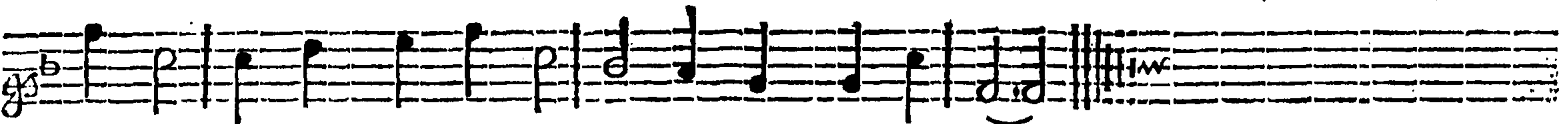
Generous Heatt good Wine does impart, come hear me, hear me, hear me, a Generous heatt good



Wine does im-part, and a Time to good Musick is beat by the Heart; let each be con-



-tent; come hear me, hear me, let each be content, with his own proper store, and keep our selves

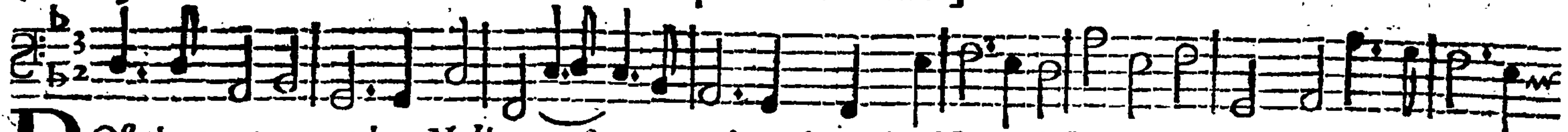


ho-nest, keep our selves honest, tho' the world keeps us poor.

B

(2)

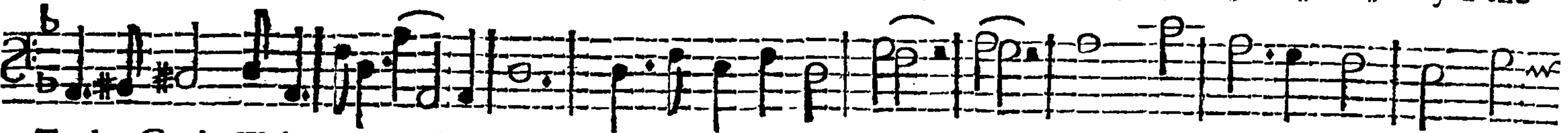
[A. 4. Voc. Catch.]



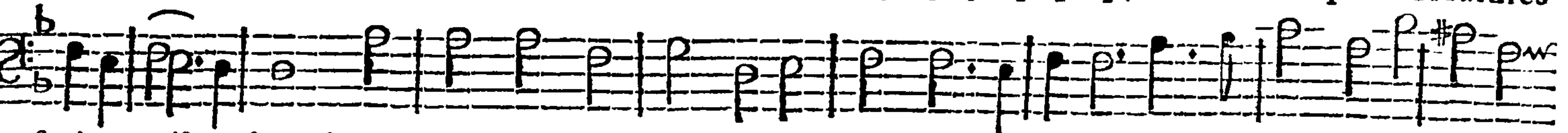
Dost thou not remember *Ned* how of—ten we have hear'd, a Natural Chorus of Brutes in *Father Dodwells*



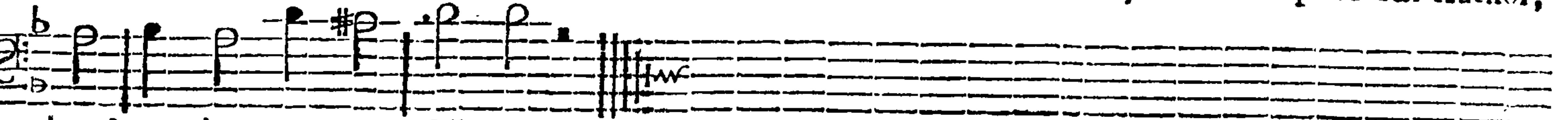
Yard; Cock-a-doodle-doo, cry'd the Cock, and the Duck quack, quack, Cobble, :: :: :: :: cry'd the



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



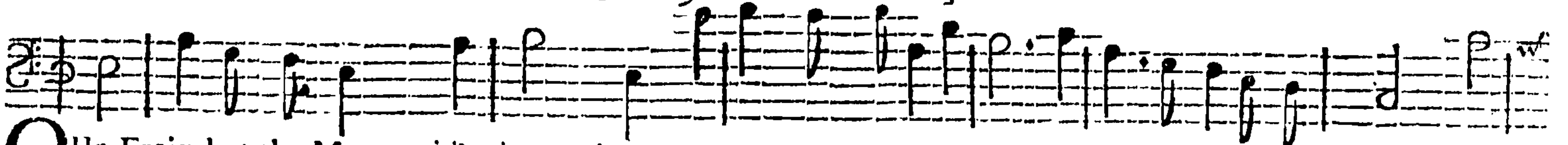
such a coil to keep? Ev'n that, that once made the Thirteen Cows to bellow, and to keep to our Author,



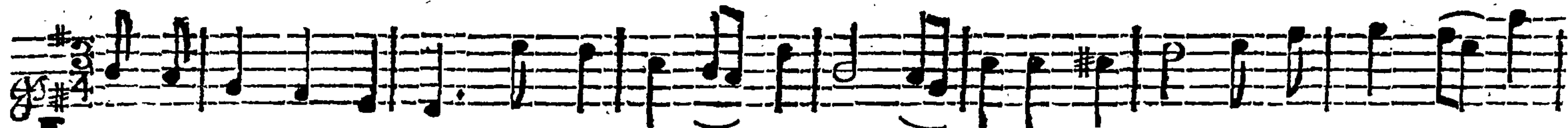
here's to thee my good fellow.

(3)

[A. 3. Voc. Catch.]



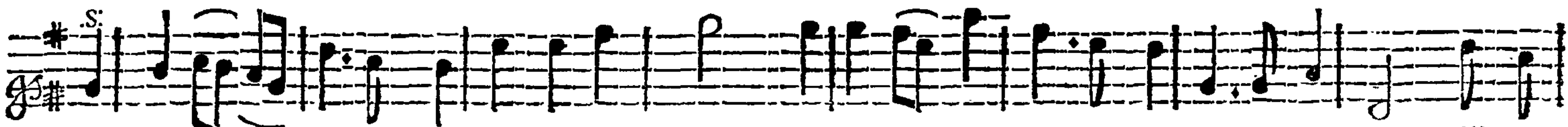
Our Freind at the Meremaid's down, down, at *Punts* there is e-vil *Sack*, 'tis Poison all at the Crown ; at



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



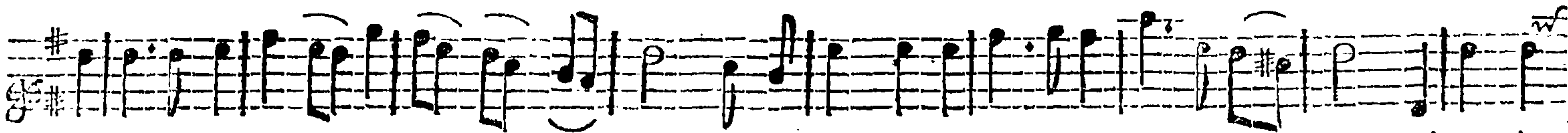
—vite; but we'll be reveng'd before-hand with them for't, and crowd a' Life's Mirth in the space of a Night:



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 Cellar becomes where the Chamber is now.



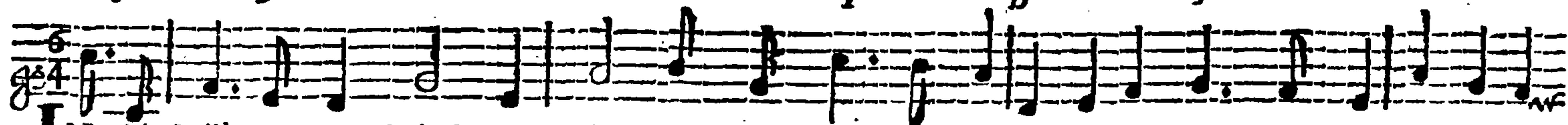
The Sun in the Rays of his rich Morning Gown, shall be Rivall'd by Faces as bright as his own, and wonder



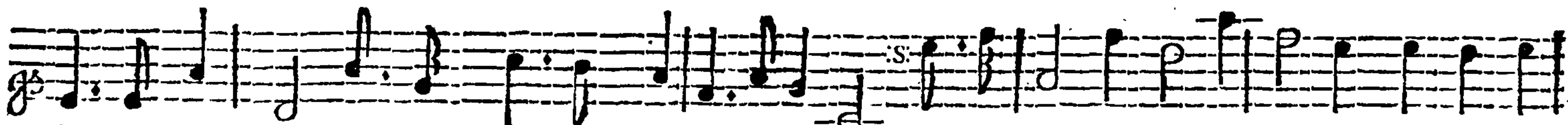
that Mortals can tude-dle a-way, more Wine in a night than he Wa-ter ith' day.

(7) A. 3. Voc.

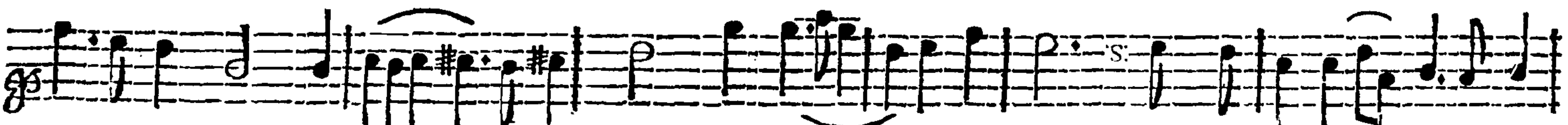
[A Catch upon a Coffee-Mill.]



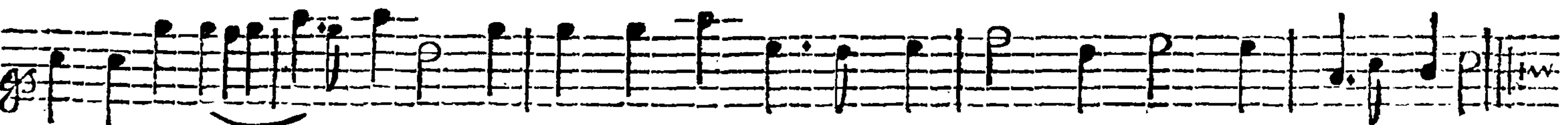
I N this Mill you may Grind, may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind, without Water or



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

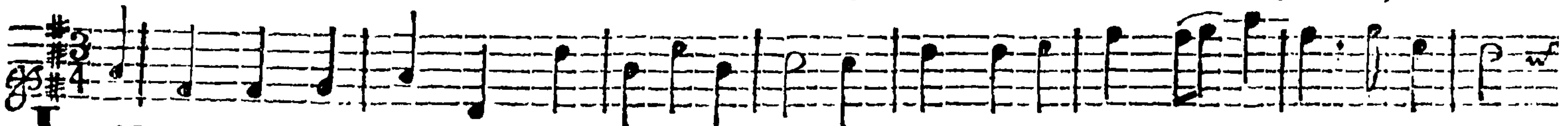


Hopper, the Hop—per you fill, you'll still find there's wanting more Grist, more Grist, more Grist to the Mill.

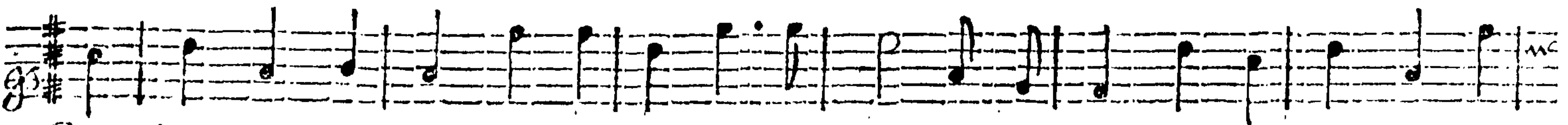
(8) A 3. Voc.

[Catch.]

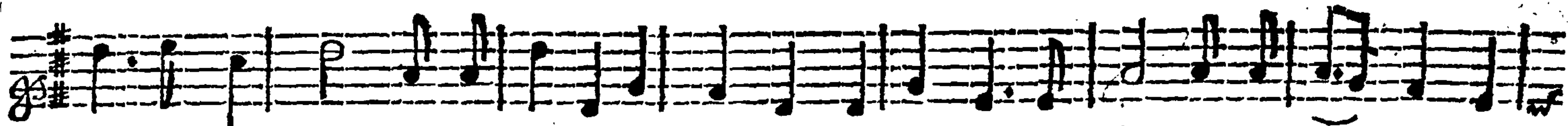
Mr. Jeremy Clarke.



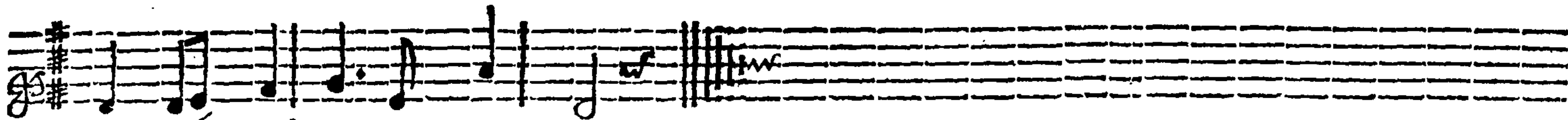
I N Drinking full Bumpers there is no deceit, then let's not re—pine at our sitting up late;



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



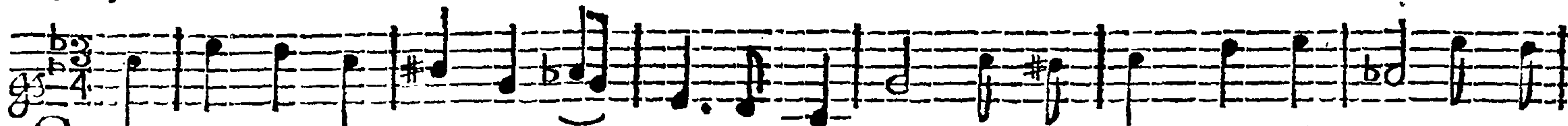
light of the Weed, may our Jolly Club ne'er by In-truders be broke, then our for-row in



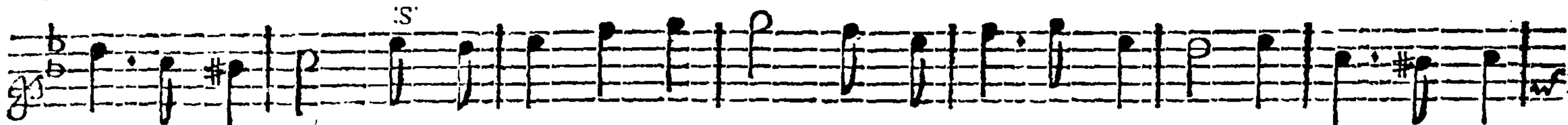
clouds shall a-scend like our Smoak.

(9)

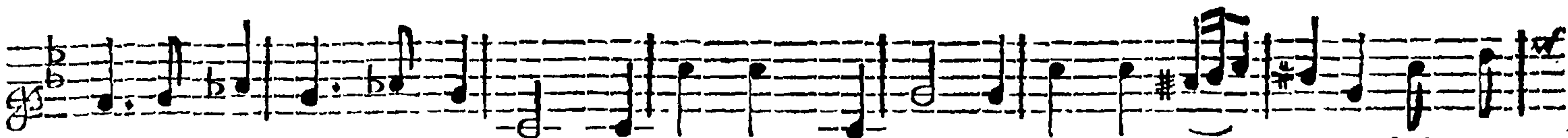
[A. 3. Voc. Catch.]



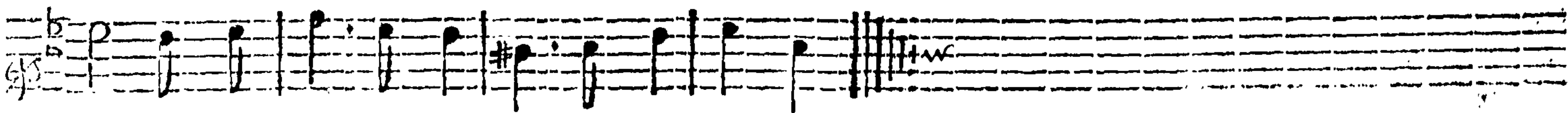
S Ay, good Master *Bacchus*, a-stride on your Butt, since our *Champaign's* all gone, and our



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



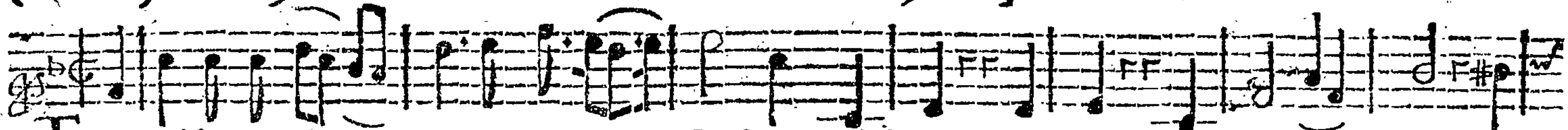
—light your poor Drunkards be-low? Resolve us, Grave Sir, and soon send it over, lest we



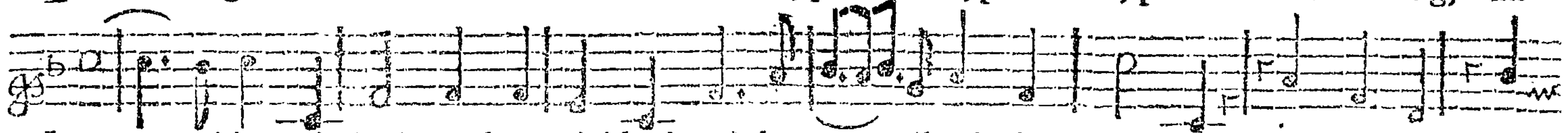
dyc, lest we dyc of the Sin of be'ng Sober.

(10) A. 3. Voc.

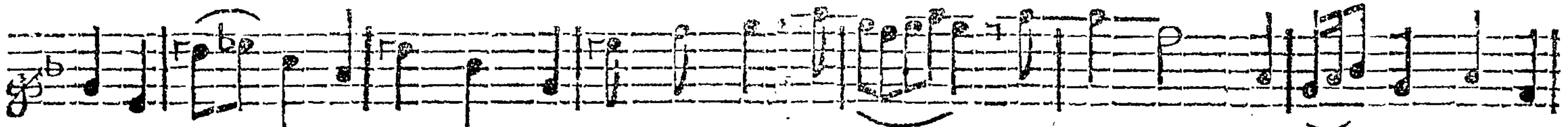
[Tom the Taylor.]



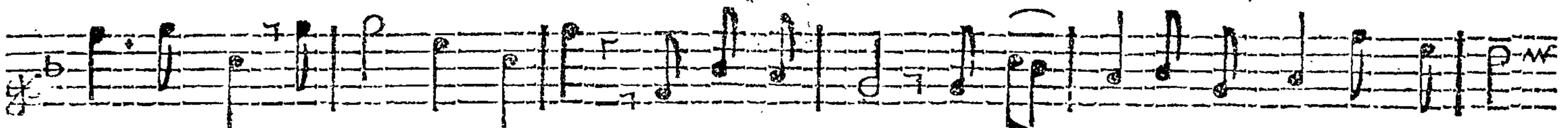
Tom making a Manteau for a Lass of Pleasure, pull'd out, pull'd out, pull'd out his Long, his



Lon—g and lawful Measure ; but quickly found tho' woundily streight-loc'd Sir, Nine Inches, Nine



Inches, Nine Inches, Nine Inches wou'd not half fur—found her waist Sir ; Three Inches more at



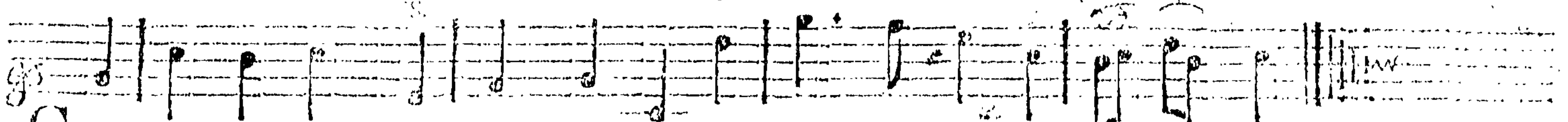
length Brisk Tom ad-vances, yet all, yet all too short, yet all, all, all too short, all too short ;



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

(11)

[A. 4. Voc. Catch.]



Sing One, Two, Three, come fol—low me, and so shall we, good Fellows be.

F I N I S.