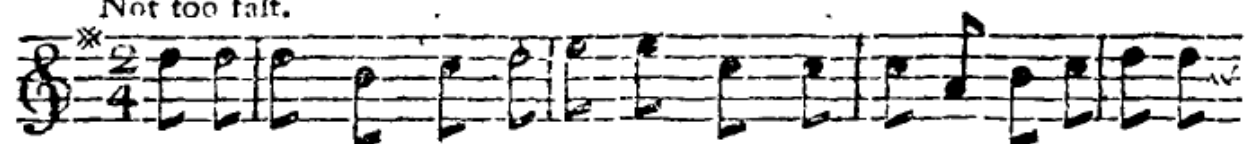


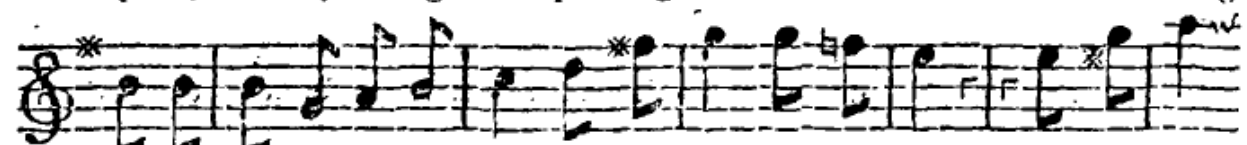
C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Charles Lampe.

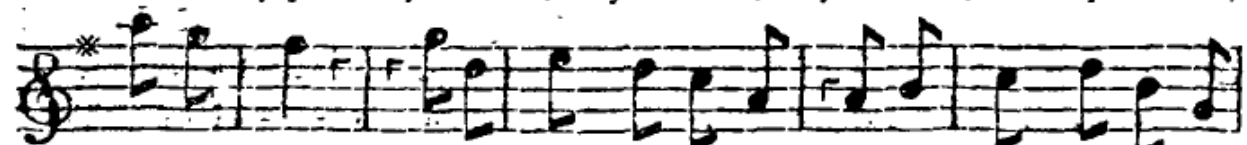
Not too fast.



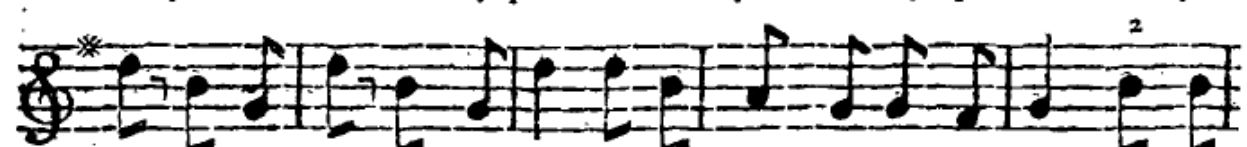
Jack, I hear you're good at pinking, But you're bet-ter far at drinking;



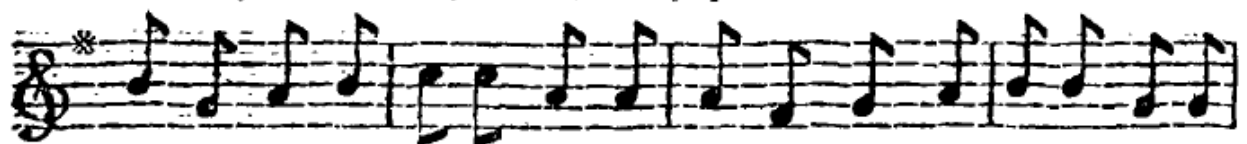
And I'll lay you, if you durst, if you durst, if you durst, if you durst,



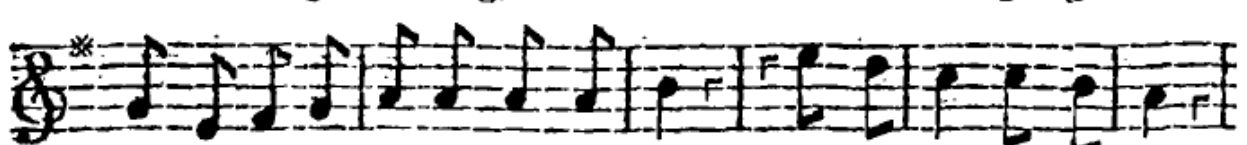
if you durst, Fifty pounds I hit you Fif-ty pounds I hit you



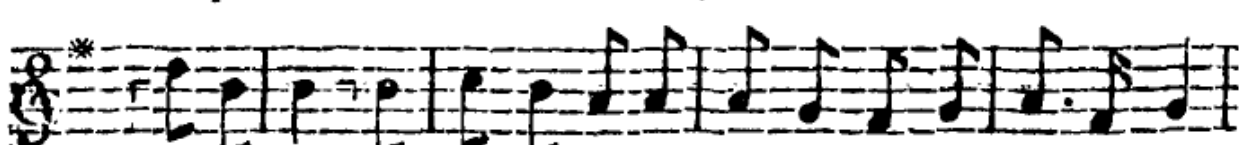
first, hit you first, hit you first, Fif-ty pounds I hit you first. You're a



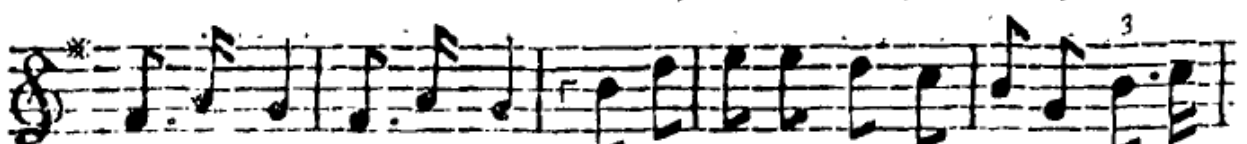
fool, and brag of doing, But 'tis time we shou'd be going; Do but



look up at the di--al, 'Tis too late, 'tis too late, 'tis too late,



'tis too late to make a tri--al, 'tis too late, too late, too late,



'tis too late, 'tis too late, 'tis too late to make a tri--al. To be

Continued.

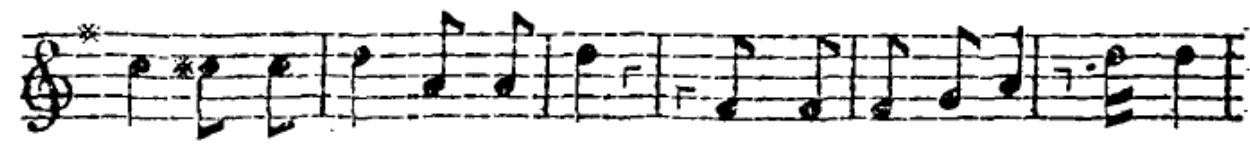
Continued.



treated in this fashion, By a coward, stirs my passion; Zounds, you



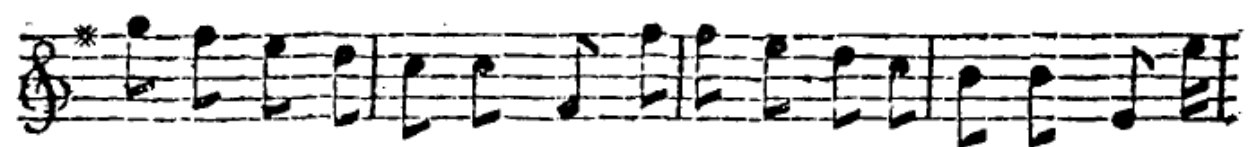
scoundrel, you shall die, you scoundrel, you shall die, you shall die, you shall



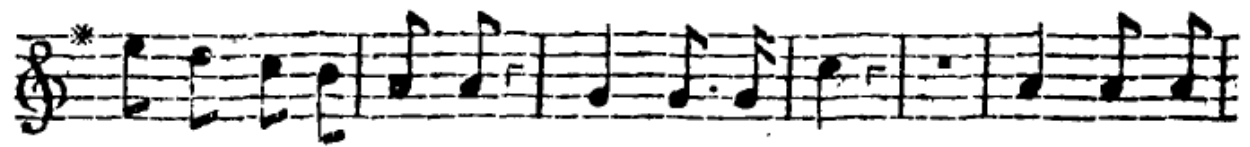
die, you shall die, you shall die. Damn me, fir, I say you lye,



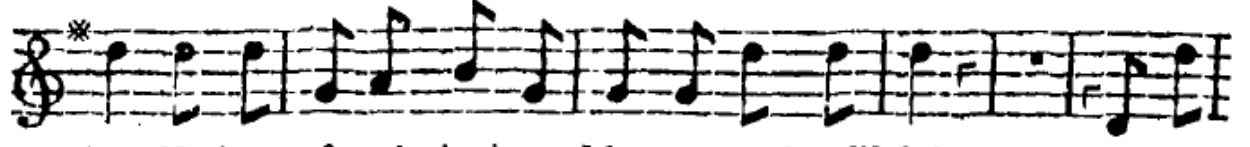
you lye, you lye, Damn me, fir, I say you lye: 'Tis quite



wrong to give the lye, fir; Drink about, and let it die, fir, Drink a-



bout, and let it die, fir; Zounds, fir, you lye, zounds, fir, you



lye: Hark, ye, fir-rah, hark ye, Meet me, and we'll fight, and we'll



fight, and we'll fight, Meet me, and we'll fight to—morrow.