R. Gaywood fecit

Muſick's Delight
ON THE
CITHREN,

Reſtored and Refined to a more Eaſie and Pleaſant Manner of Playing than formerly; And ſet forth with Leſſons *Al a Mode*, being the Choiceſt of our late new *Ayres*, *Corants*, *Sarobands*, *Tunes*, and *Jiggs*.

To which is added ſeveral New Songs and Ayres to Sing to the Cithren.

Res. Vm f. 34

By *John Playford* Philo-Muſicæ.

London, Printed by *W. G.* and are ſold by *J. Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple*. 1666.

BIBLIOTH. NATIONALE
Musique
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B.N. MUS.
DON
79.291 (1661)

The PREFACE.

IT *is observed that of late years all* Solemn *and* Grave Musick *is much laid aside, being esteemed too heavy and dull for the light Heels and Brains of this Nimble and wanton Age; Nor is* any Musick *rendred acceptable, or esteemed by many, but what is presented by Forreigners; Not a City Dame though a* Tap-wife, *but is ambitious to have her Daughters Taught by Mounsieur La* Novo Kicksha wibus *on the* Gittar, *which Instrument is but a new (old one) used in* London *in the time of* Q. Mary, *as appears by a Book Printed in English of Instructions and Lessons for the same, about the beginning of* Qu. Elizabeths *Reign, being not much different from the* Cithren, *only that was strung with* Gut-strings, *this with* Wyre, *which was accounted the more Sprightly and Cheerful* Musick, *and was in more esteem*

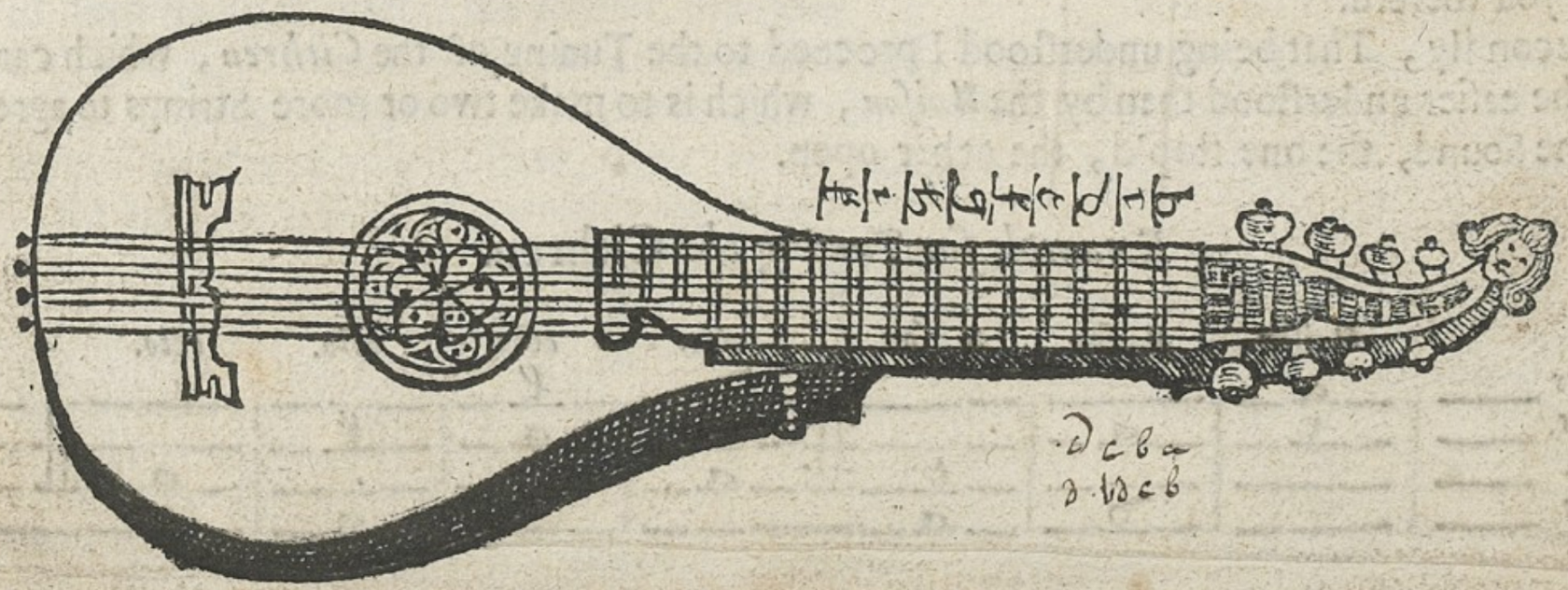
till

(till of late years) then the Gittar: Therefore to revive and restore this Harmonious Instrument, I have adventured to publish this little Book of Instructions and Lessons, making it my design and study to be useful for the practice of young Beginners, by a more plain and easie method then has been heretofore published, Omitting all those difficult full Stops which former Lessons were stuft with, whereby the Tune intended was quite lost, the Ear and Patience of the Practitioner Confounded; (yet to its old Tuning;) The Tunes herein are most of them New, and set after the manner of the Gittar way of Playing, which I hope will render it the more acceptable among our young Gallants, for whose delight is also added some short Ayres and Songs to sing to the Cithren, as a Taft of what may be done on the same; All which if it prove useful to any, I have the end of my Expectation, and remain a Well-wisher to all Lovers and Practitioners of Musick.

John Playford.

Brief Instructions to the Playing on the Cithren.

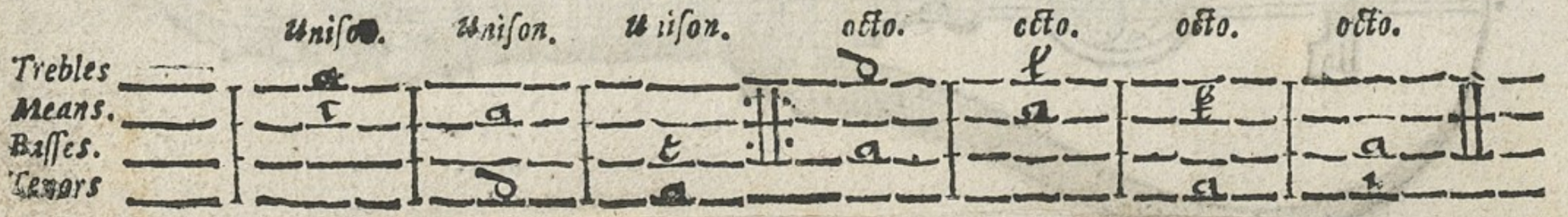
THE *Cithren* is ſtrung with eight Wyre Strings, which are divided into four Courſe, two in a Courſe, Each Courſe hath his diſtinction and name according to the *four* ſeveral Parts of *Muſick*: the firſt Courſe or ſmalleſt ſtrings are called *Trebles*, the ſecond *Means*, the third (which are uſual of twiſted Wyre) *Baſſes*, the fourth *Tenors*: the four double Courſes do allude to the four ſingle Rules or Lines on which all Leſſons are written.



By this Example also is demonstrated the several *Frets* or *Stops* made on the Neck of the *Cithren*, and the Alphabetical Letters as they are assigned to each Fret or Stop, the Letter *a* omitted, that being set where the String is struck open and not stop'd, these several Letters in your Lessons you will find variously placed on the several Lines on which places and Strings you are to strike; the first *Preludium* or *Lesson* of this Book will lead your fingers to the Ascending and Descending of usual Notes on the *Cithren*, and your next being the *Changes on the Bells*, your Ear will guide your Hand, which by a little practice will perfect you therein.

Secondly, That being understood I proceed to the Tuning of the *Cithren*, which cannot be easier understood then by the *Unison*, which is to make two or more Strings to agree in one Sound, the one stop'd, the other open.

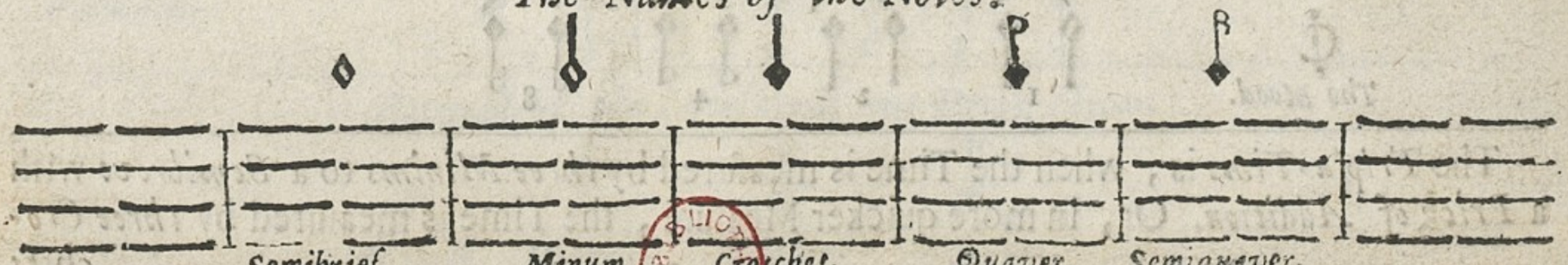
Example for Tuning the Cithren.



Begin firſt with the *Treble* winding up one of them as high as it will bear and not break, then wind up his Fellow, and make them two agree in Sound or Uniſon both alike; that done, turn up one of your *Means* and ſtop it in (c) and Tune it to agree in Uniſon or Sound with your *Trebles*, then Tune his Fellow to him: Next, Tune the *Tenors* in the ſame manner ſtopping them in (d) and make them to agree in one Sound with your *Means*, laſt Tune your *Baſſes* as you did the other, ſtopping them in (e) to agree in Sound with your *Tenors*, by this Rule your *Cithren* will be in perfect Tune, which for the proof thereof, ſtrike the octo's of each ſtring as is ſet in the former Example.

Thirdly, The next Rule you are to underſtand, The proportion of *Time* or *Meaſure*, which is expreſſed by ſeveral Notes or Characters which are placed over the *Tableture* or ſeveral Letters of your Leſſons, there are 8 ſeveral Notes uſed in *Muſick*, but 5 are only in the Leſſons to the *Cithren* which are theſe,

The Names of the Notes.



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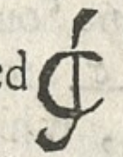
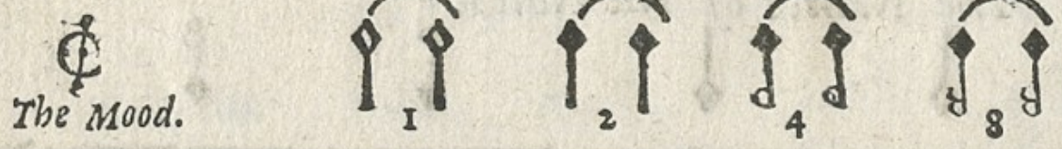
Theſe five *Notes* are variouſly placed on the ſeveral Stops or Letters for the continuing of *Sounds* long or ſhort, and are divided into two *Meaſures* or *proportions* the one called the *Semibrief* or *Common-Time*; the other *Tripla*; and are diſtinguiſhed by two ſeveral Moods, one of which is uſual put at the beginning of the Leſſon.

The *Common-Time* Mood is thus marked  The *Tripla* thus

The *Semibreve* or *Common-Time* is, when all Notes double their proportions by two to the *Semibreve*; that is, two *Minims* to the *Semibreve*, two *Crotchets* to the *Minim*, &c.

Example.

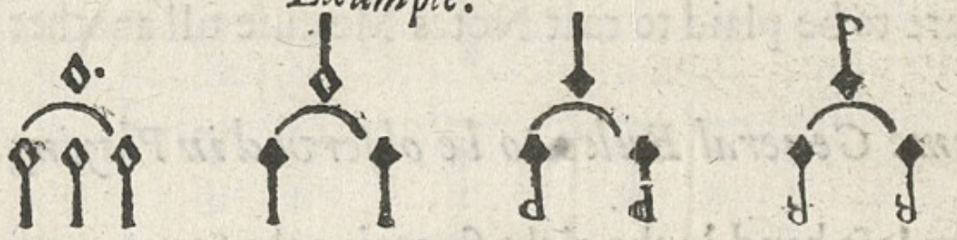


The Mood.

The *Trlpla-Time* is, when the Time is meaſured by *three Minims* to a *Semibreve* with a *Prick of Addition.* Or, in more quicker Meaſure, the Time is meaſured by *three Crochets*

chets to a *Minim* with a *Prick of Addition*, which *Prick* added to the *Semibreve*, or to a *Minim*, make his measure half so much longer then he was before: the *Semibreve* which was but two *Minims* is then three, and the *Minim* which was but 2 *Crochets* is then three *Crochets*.

Example.



The *Mood* in the more slow *Tripla Time*.

The *Mood* in the more quicker *Tripla Time*.

Example of the Measure of the Prick Notes.

Instructions for the Playing on the Cithren.

Thoſe who deſire a more full and large Accompt of the Notes, their Meaſures and Proportion, I Refer them to that Book of my *Introduction to the Skill of Muſick*, lately printed *pag.* 22. But this obſerve in the Time or Notes ſet over your Leſſons where you have a Note placed over a Letter, and more Letters follow with no Notes over them, thoſe Letters are to be plaid to that Notes Meaſure till another of the contrary appear.

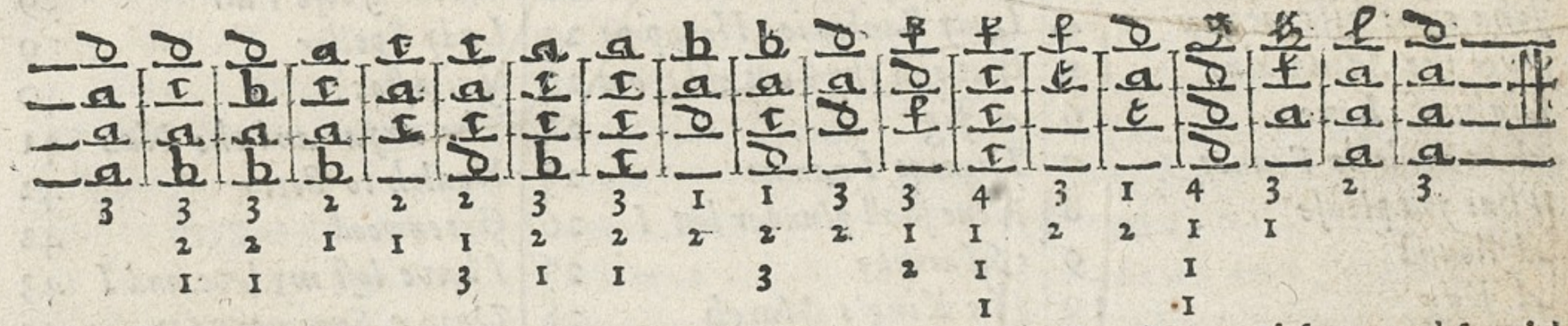
Some General Rules to be obſerved in Playing on the Cithren.

1. For your left hand in the right fingering the Stops, ever where you leave a Fret or Stop there to leave a finger; For Example, If your firſt Letter be (d) ſtop it with the third finger, then your firſt and ſecond finger will be ready for (b & c) if they happen to follow: But when you have many Letters which run down to (g or g) there ſhift your firſt finger again to (f) the reſt will follow with more eaſe.

For the true fingering or ſtopping of the full ſtops obſerve the four fingers on the left hand are thus accompted, the finger next the Thumb is the firſt, in order to the little finger the fourth; In this Example mark, the figures placed under the Letters are aſſigned to the Letters as they ſtand in order.

Example

Example of ſome uſual full ſtops with the Fingering.



2. For your right hand, reſt only your little finger on the belly of your *Cithren*, and ſo with your Thumb and firſt finger and ſometimes the ſecond ſtrike your ſtrings, as is uſed on the *Gittar*; that old Faſhion of playing with a quil is not good, and therefore my advice is to lay it aſide; and be ſure you keep your Nails ſhort on the right hand.

3. To ſtrive to ſtop clear; Which to do, be ſure not to ſtop ſhort of the Fret, nor juſt upon it, but with the end of the finger as neer the Fret as you can, and the harder the better.

Thus leaving theſe few Rules to your Memory and Practice in the following Leſſons, which I hope will merit your kind Acceptance, and be a further Encouragement to do you more Service in this Nature.

J. P.

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He that will court Wench	97
Fond love what dost thou	98
Man's life is but vain,	99
The wisemen were but 7	100
A Boat, a Boat have to	111

Some few Errata's having passed by reason of my absence, and the Printer's want of Skill in Musick, I crave the judicious to mend with a Pen these especially;

Lesson 30, the third and fourth Letters a must be upon the third Rule; and in the second Strain ninth and tenth Letters a on the third Line also. 35 Lesson, Line the second, the sixth Letter d must be upon the lower or fourth Rule.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE MUSIQUE NATIONALE

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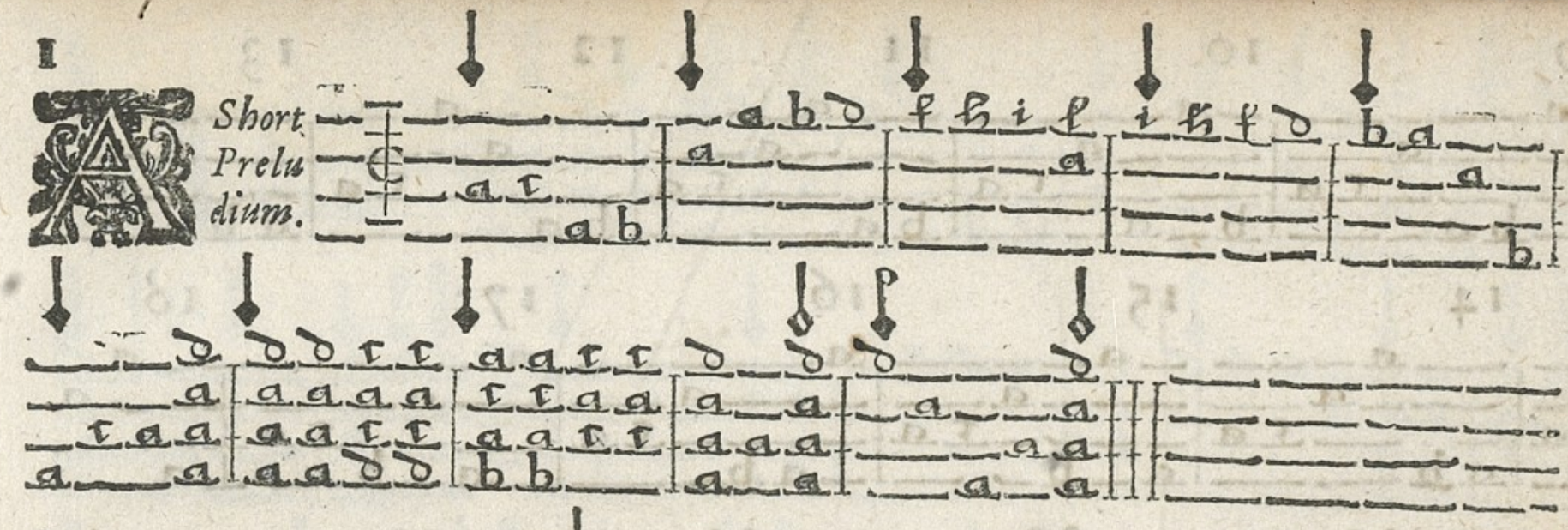
Short Prelu dium.



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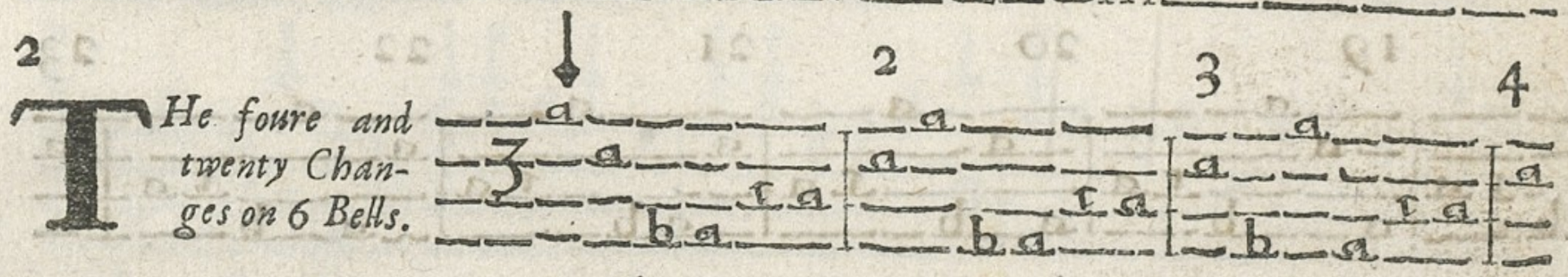
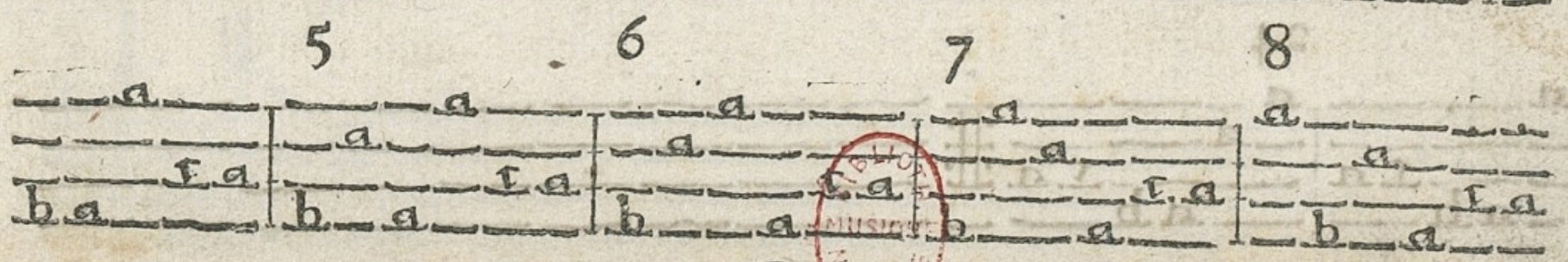


THe foure and twenty Changes on 6 Bells.



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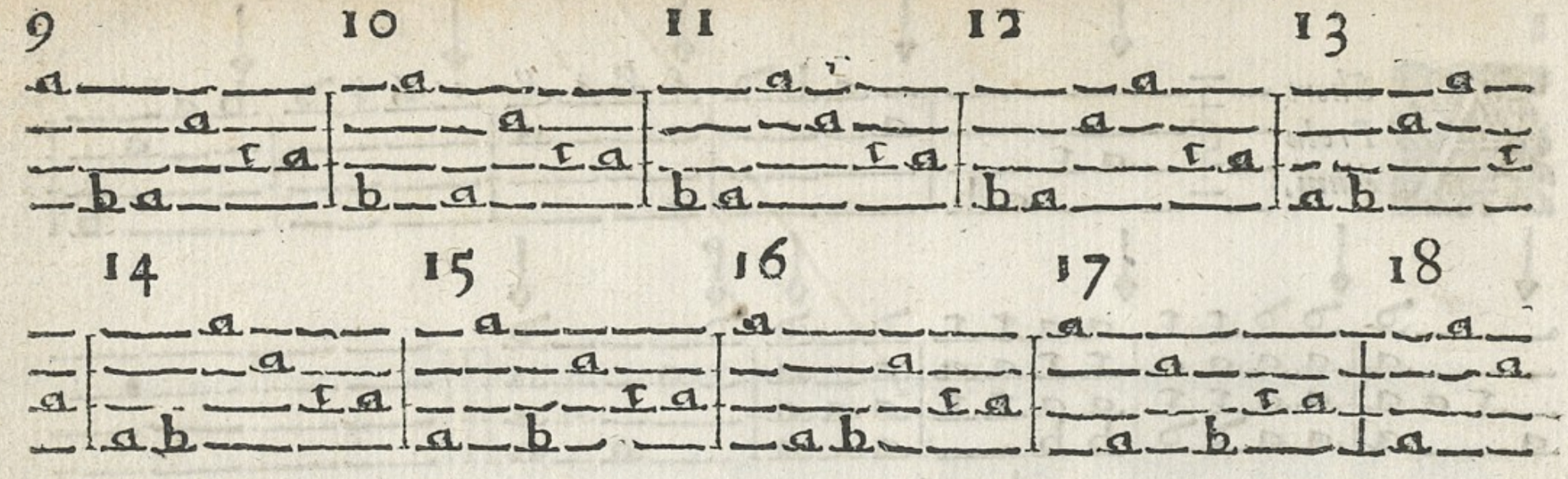
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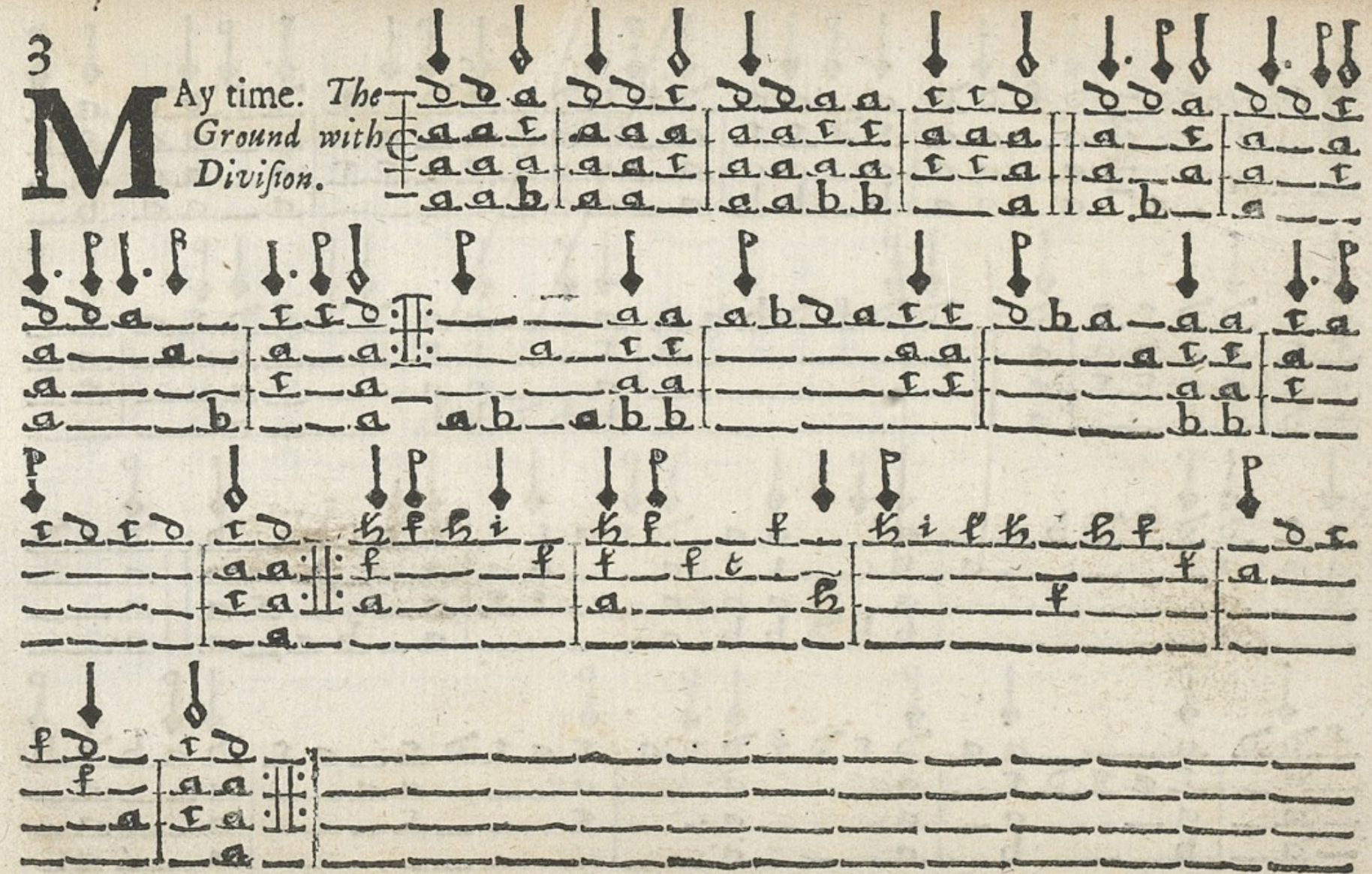
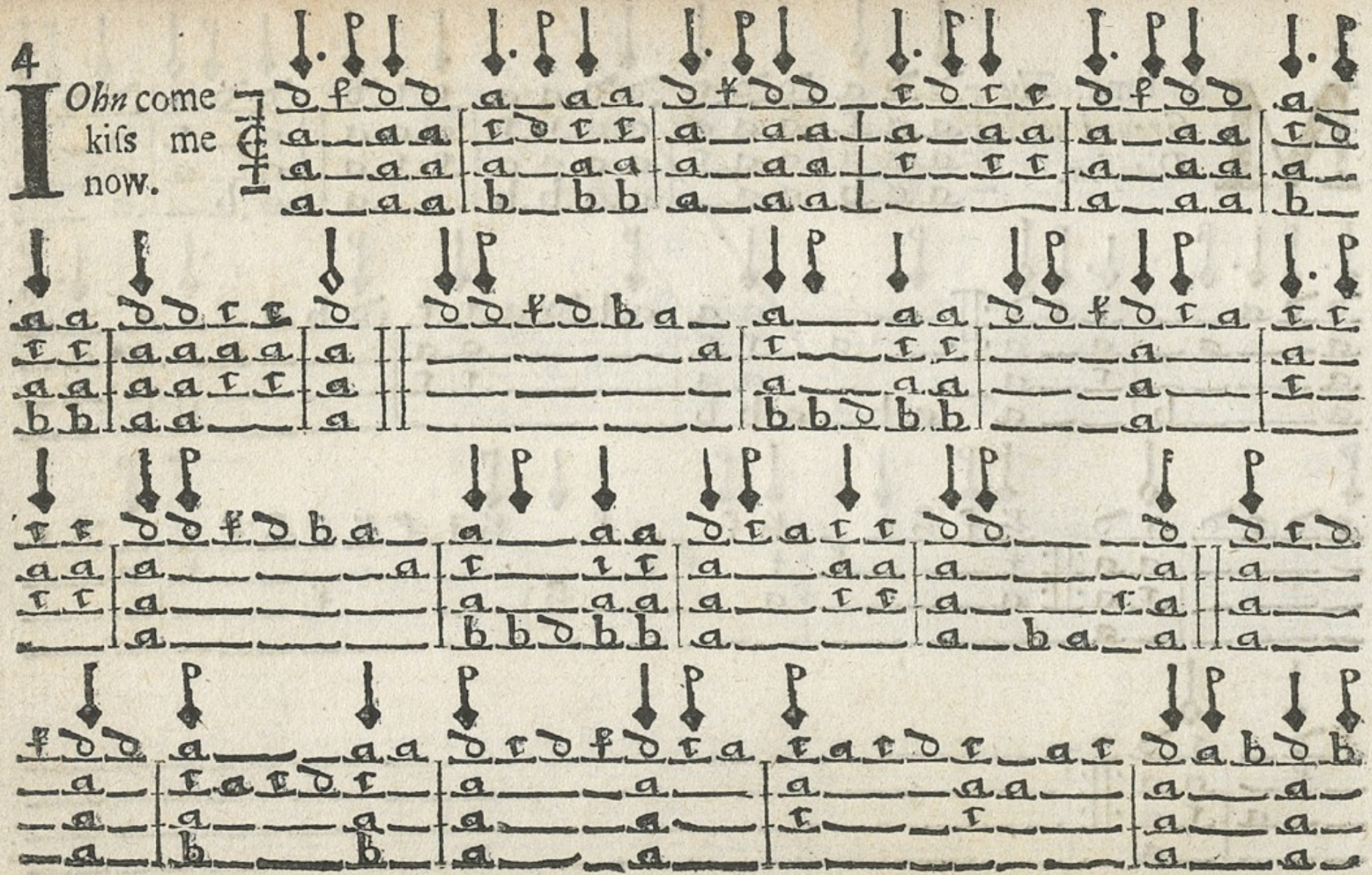
3

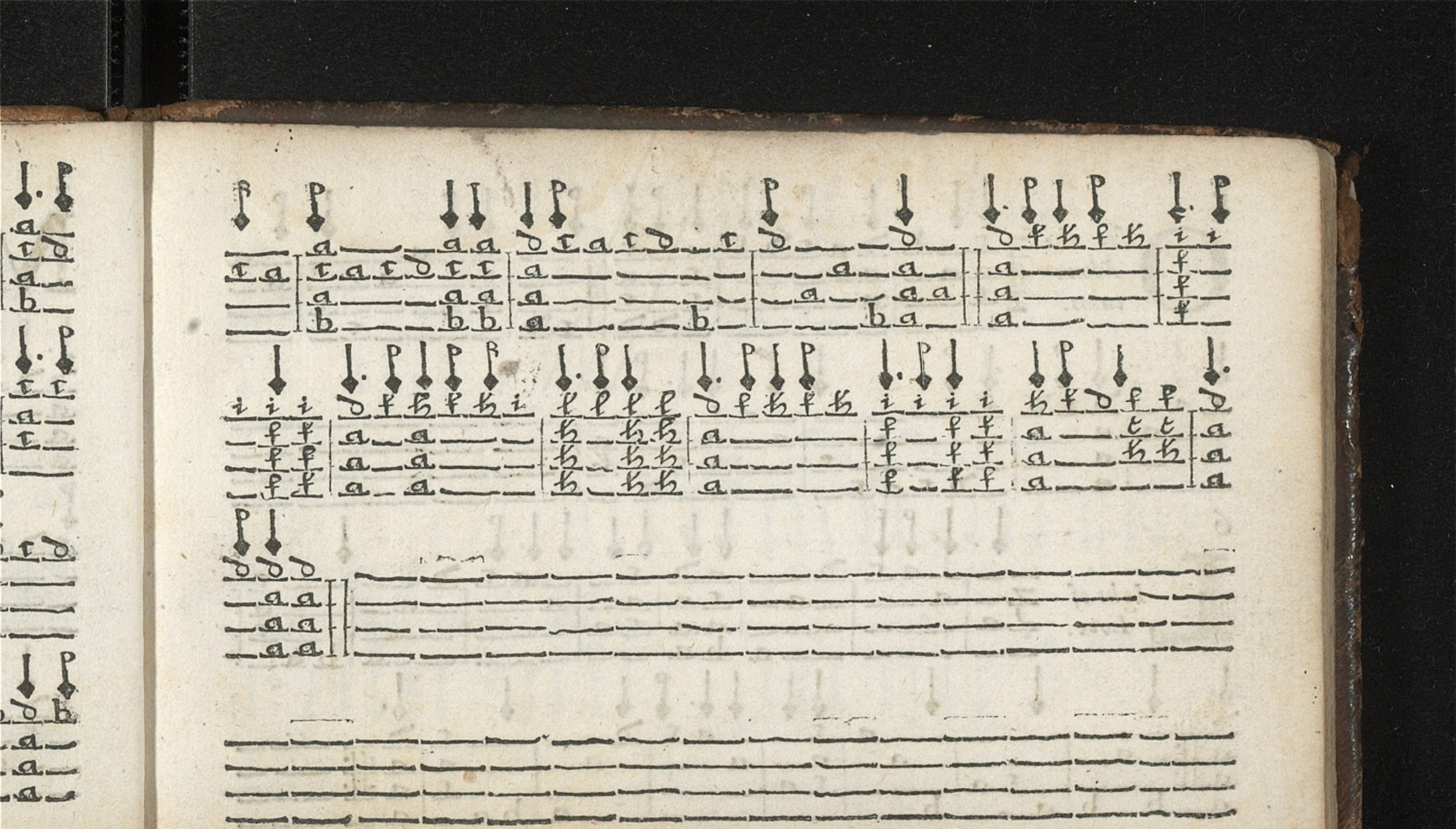
May time. *The Ground with Diviſion.*



4

I *Ohn* come kiſs me now.





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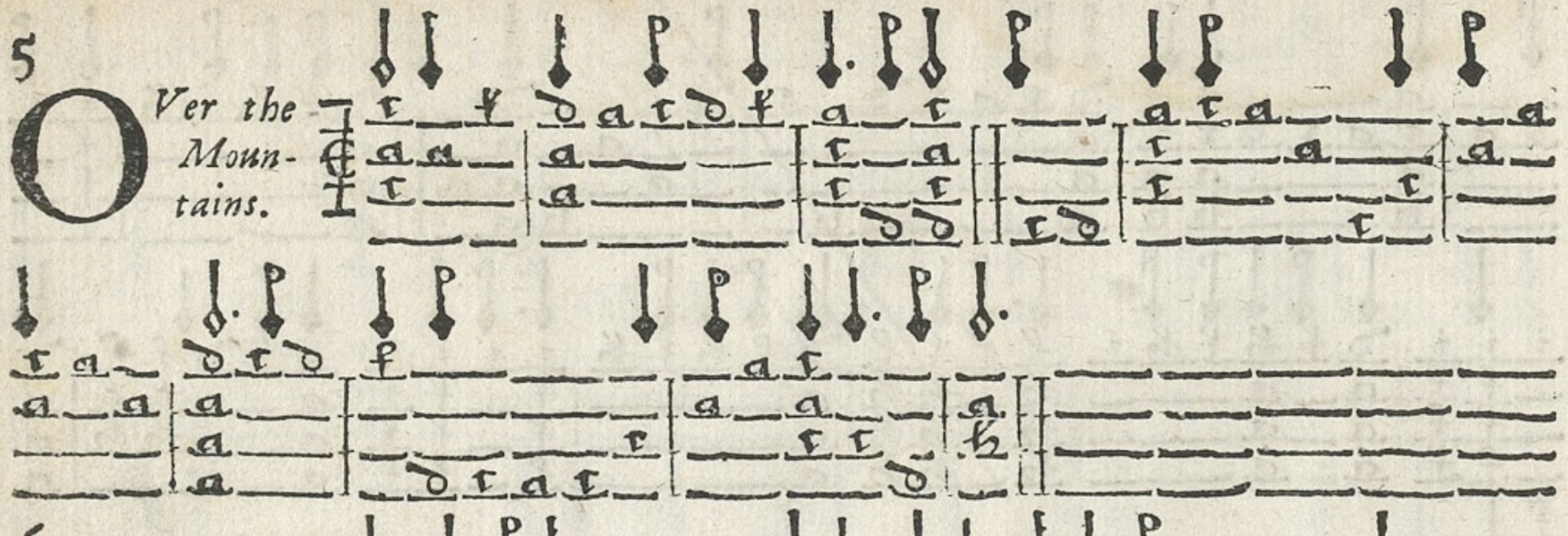
Over the Mountains.



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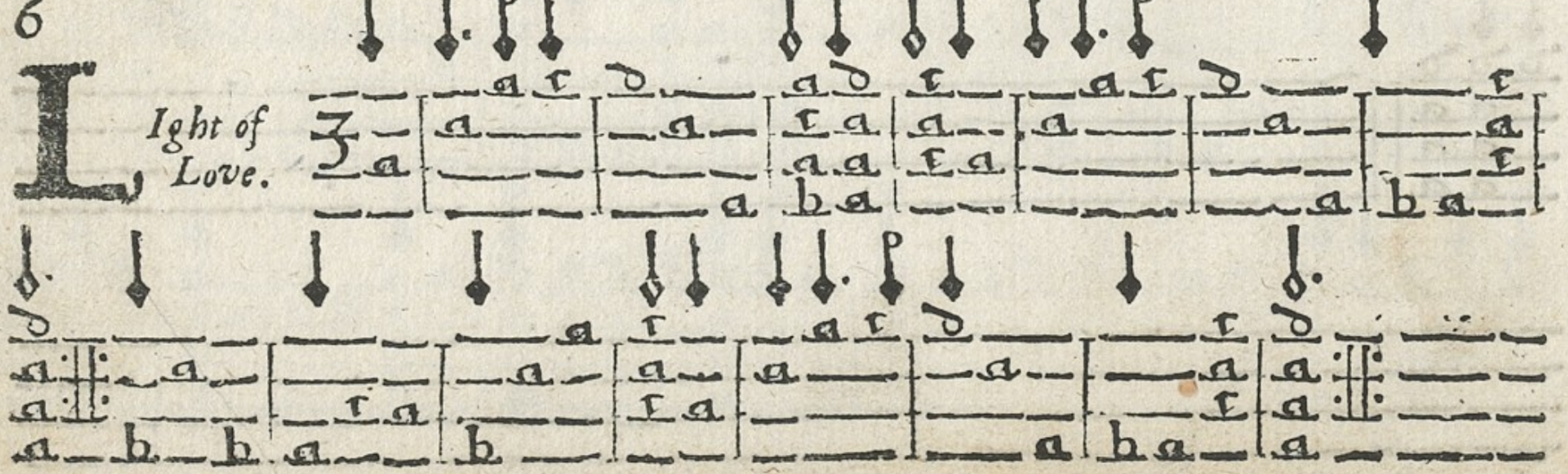
Light of Love.



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A *La Mode de* France.

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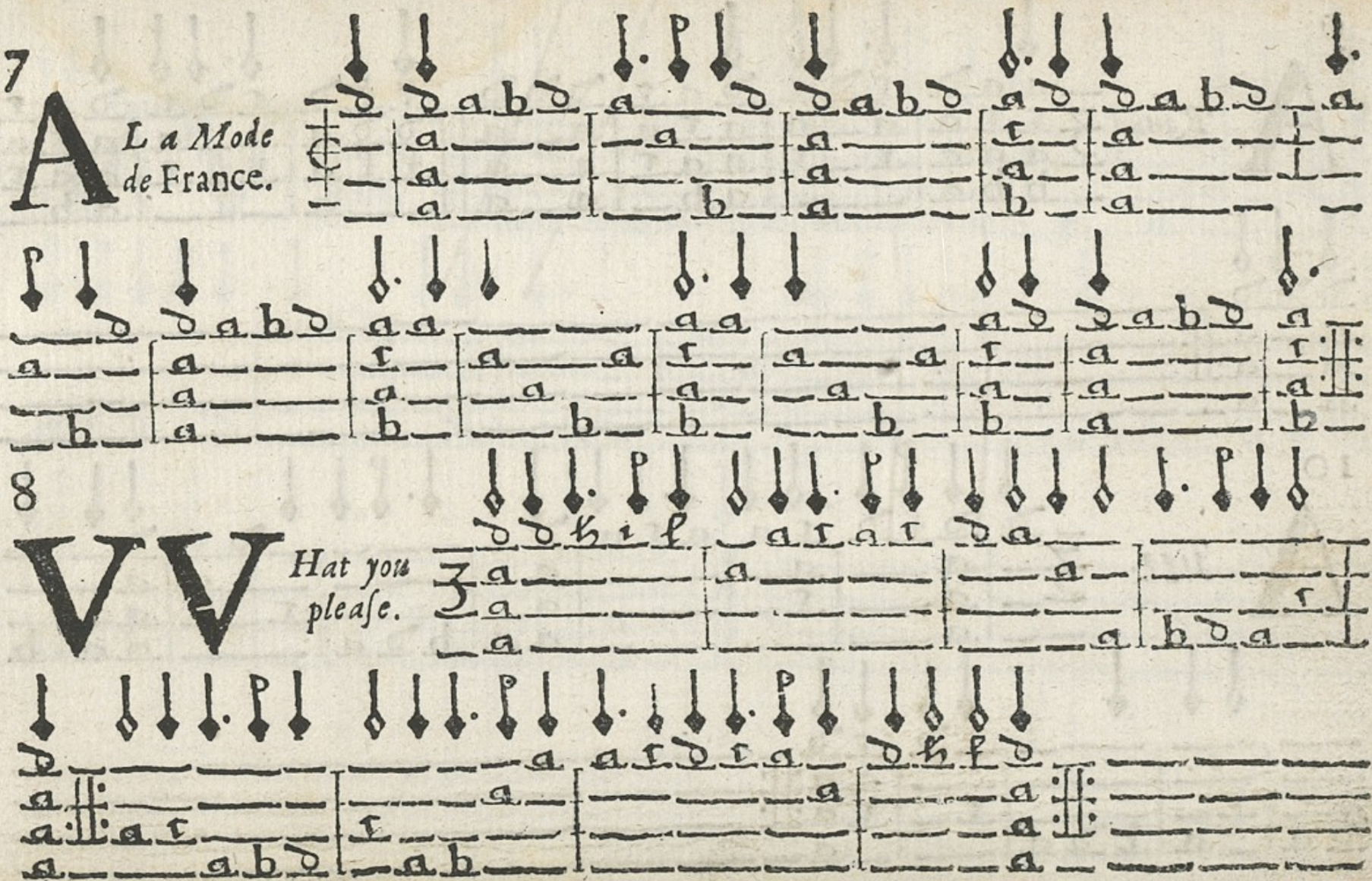
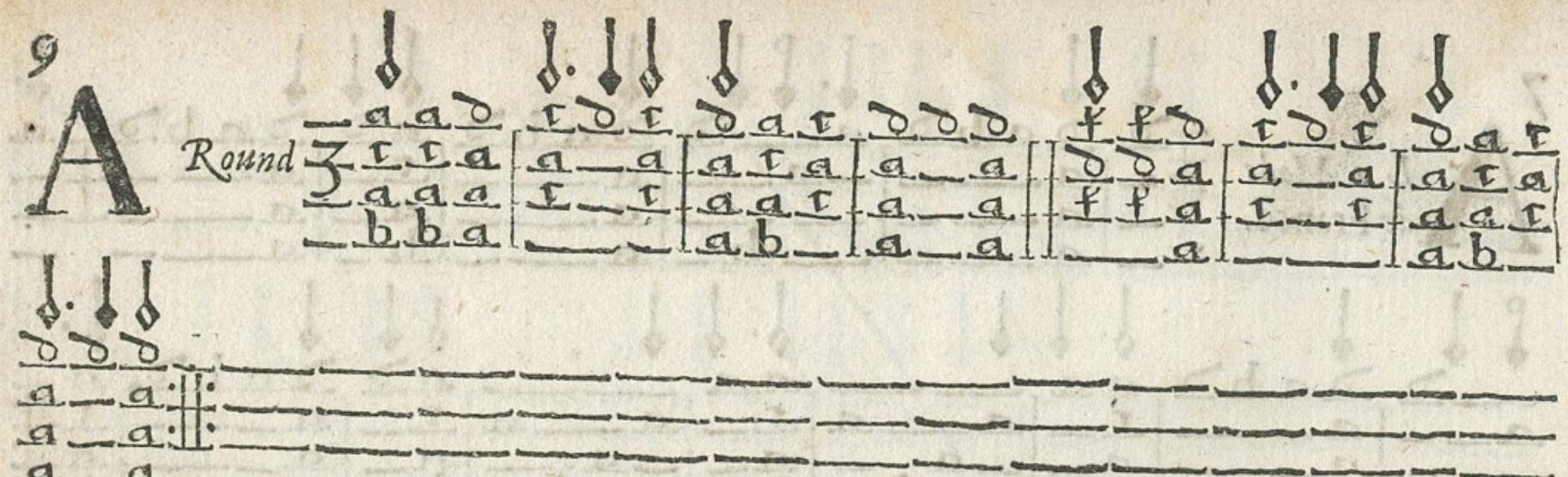


VV *Hat you please.*

9

A *Round* 3



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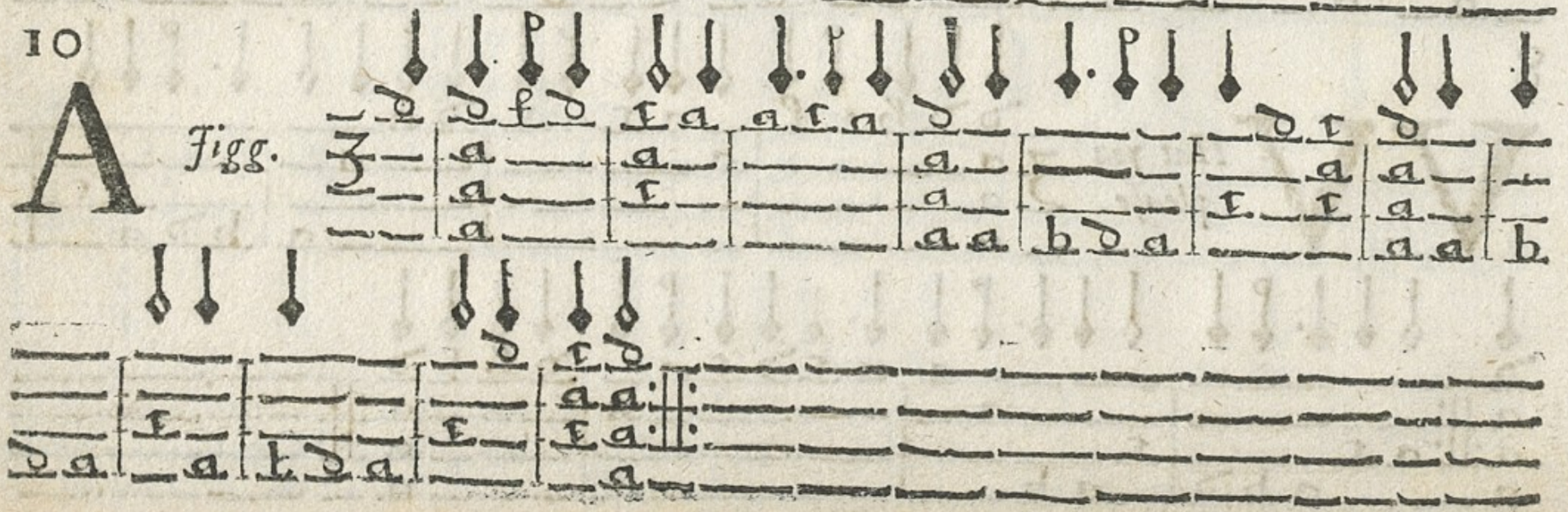
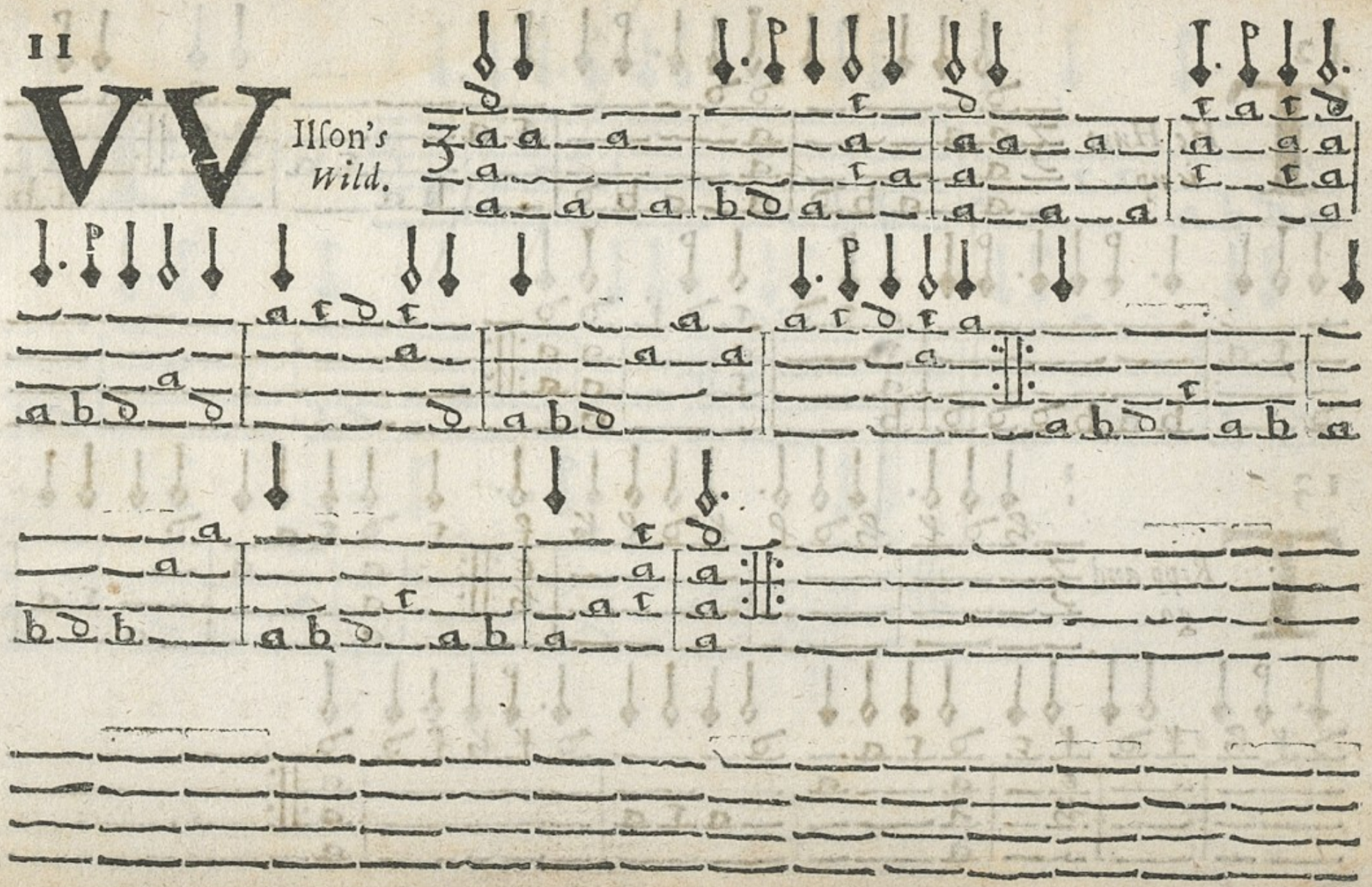
A *Figg.*



VV

Ilson's *Wild.*



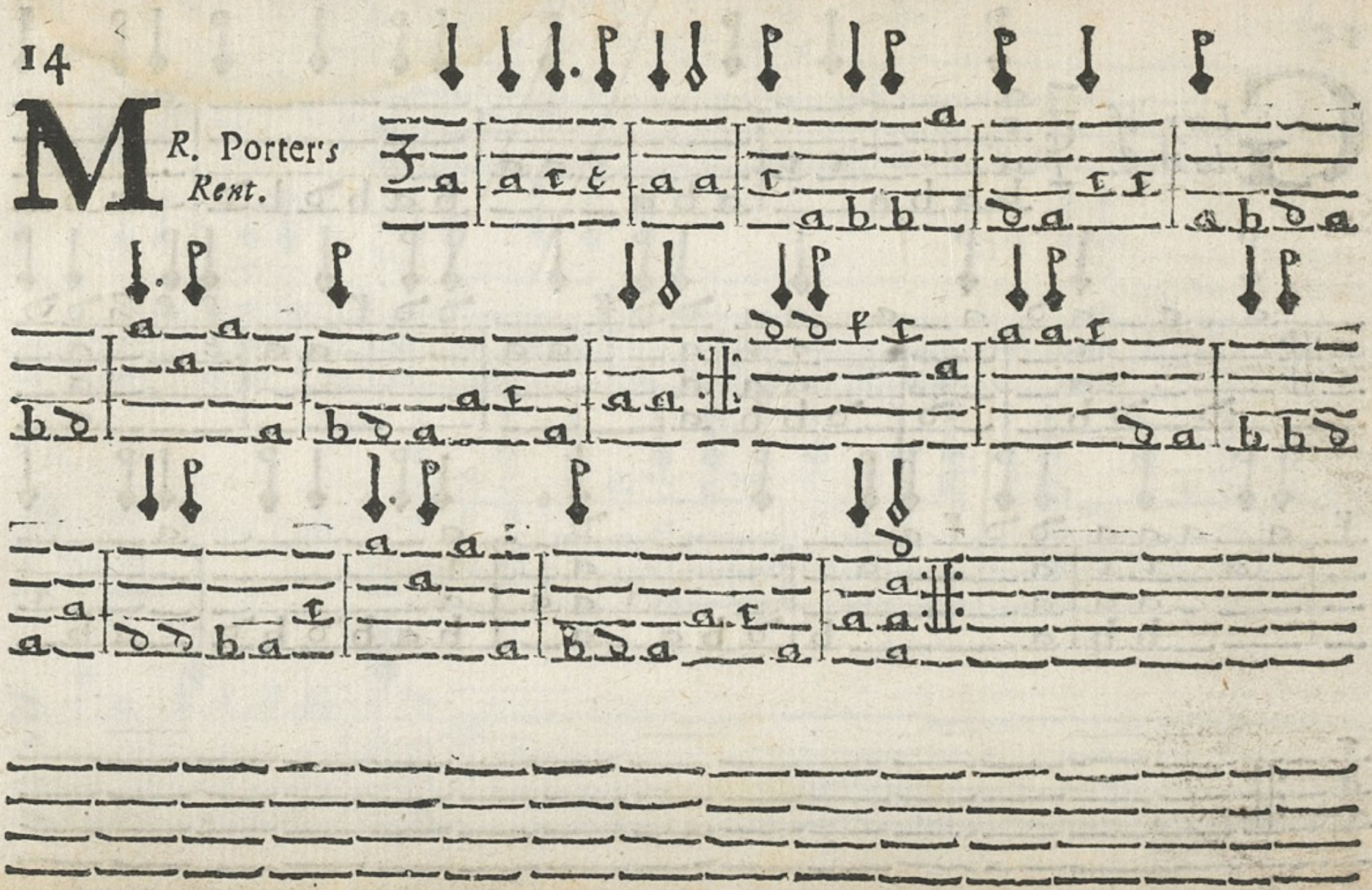
12

THe Hunt is up.

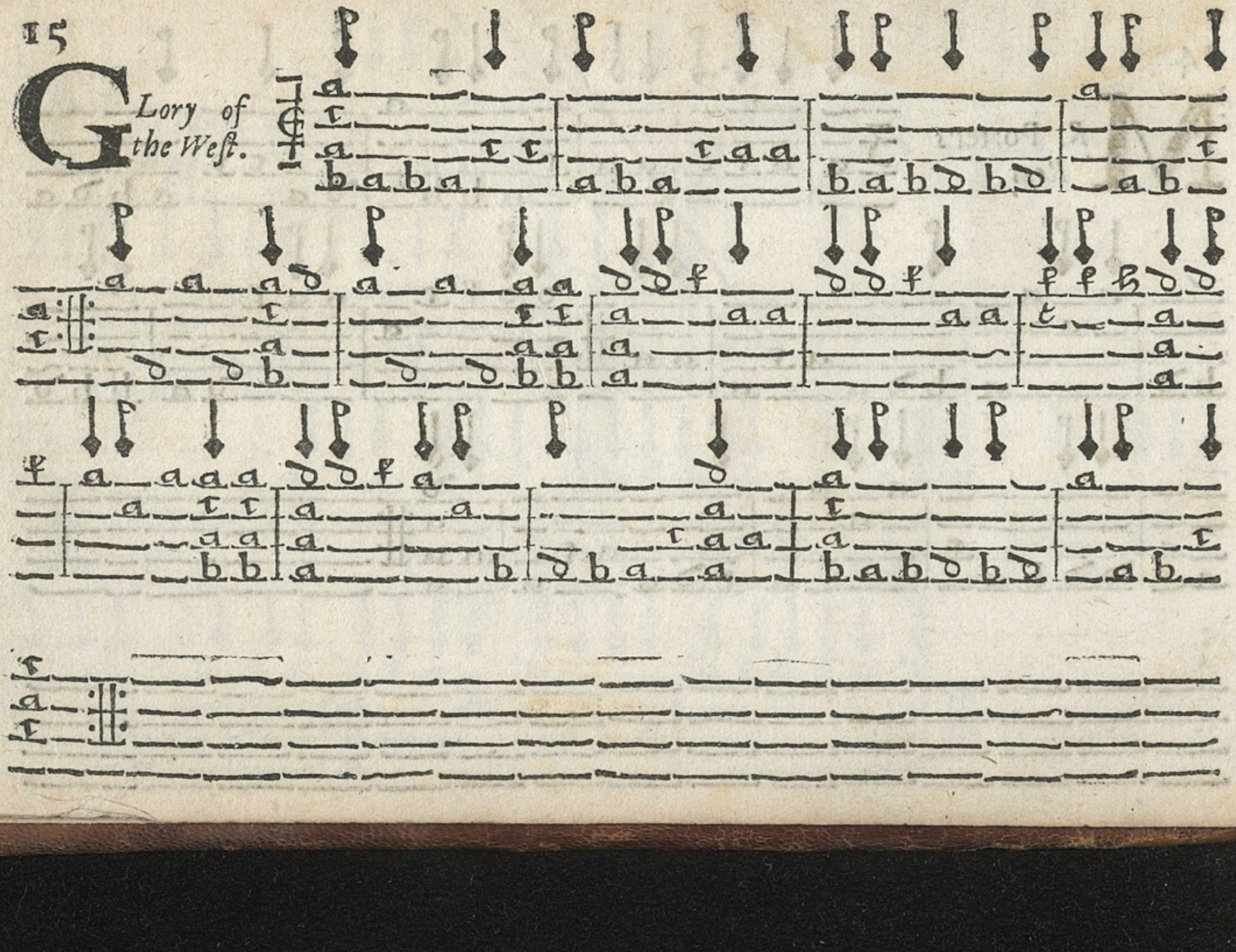
13

Ripp and go.

MR. Porter's Rent.



Glory of the West.



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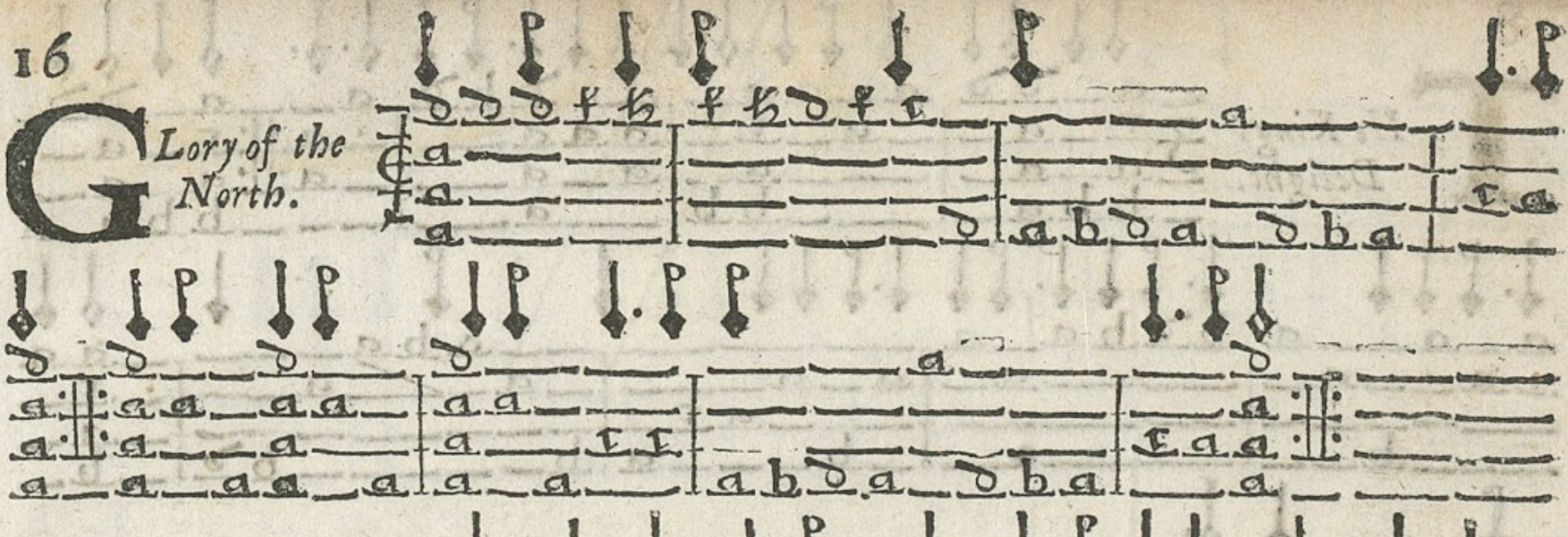
Glory of the North.



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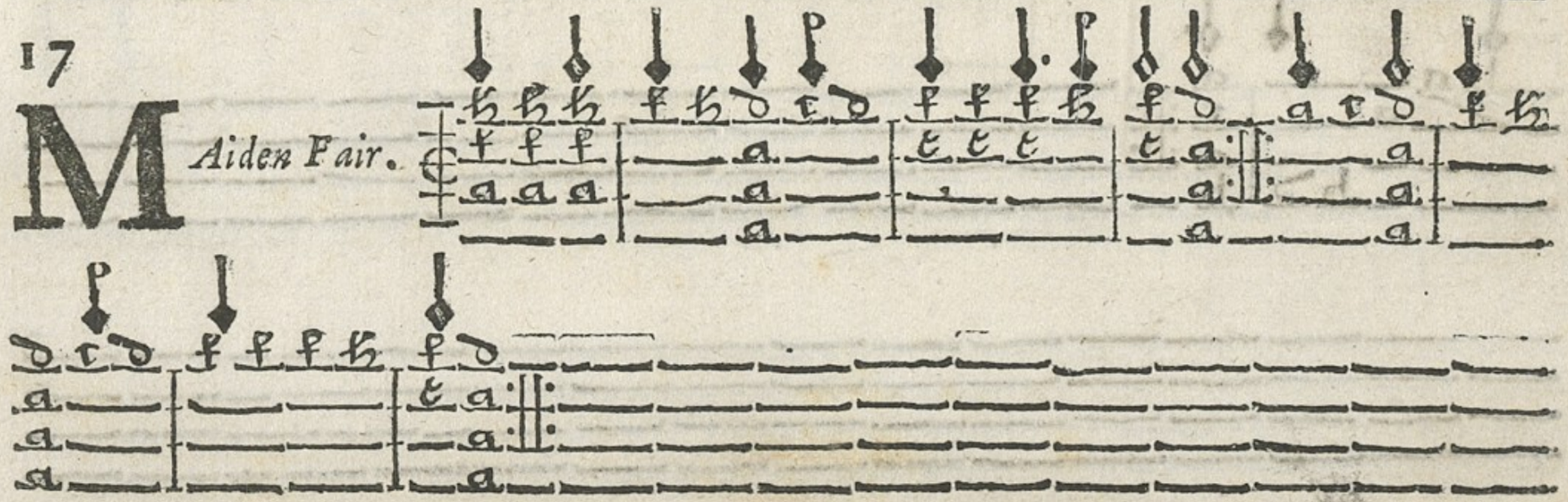
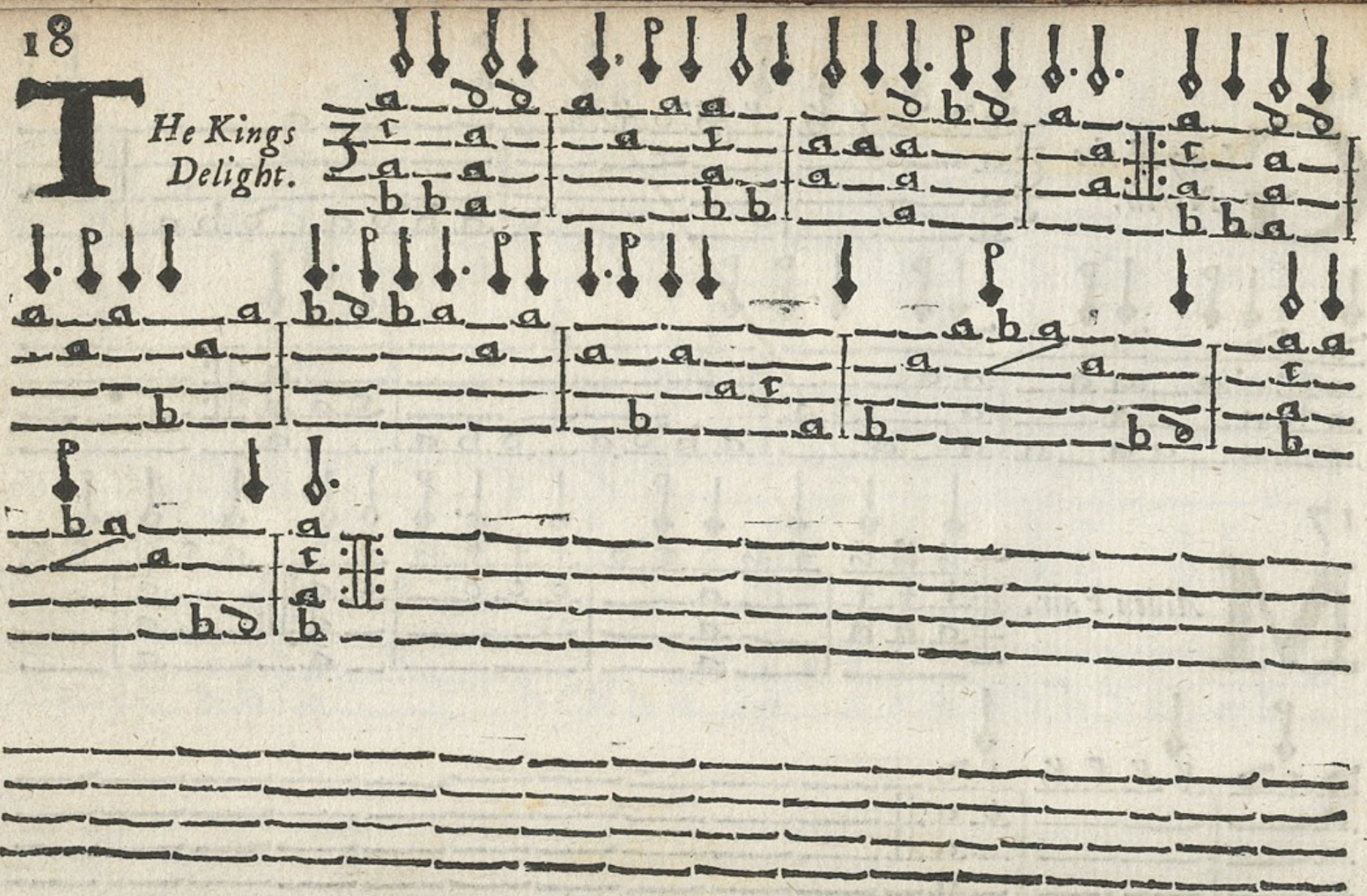
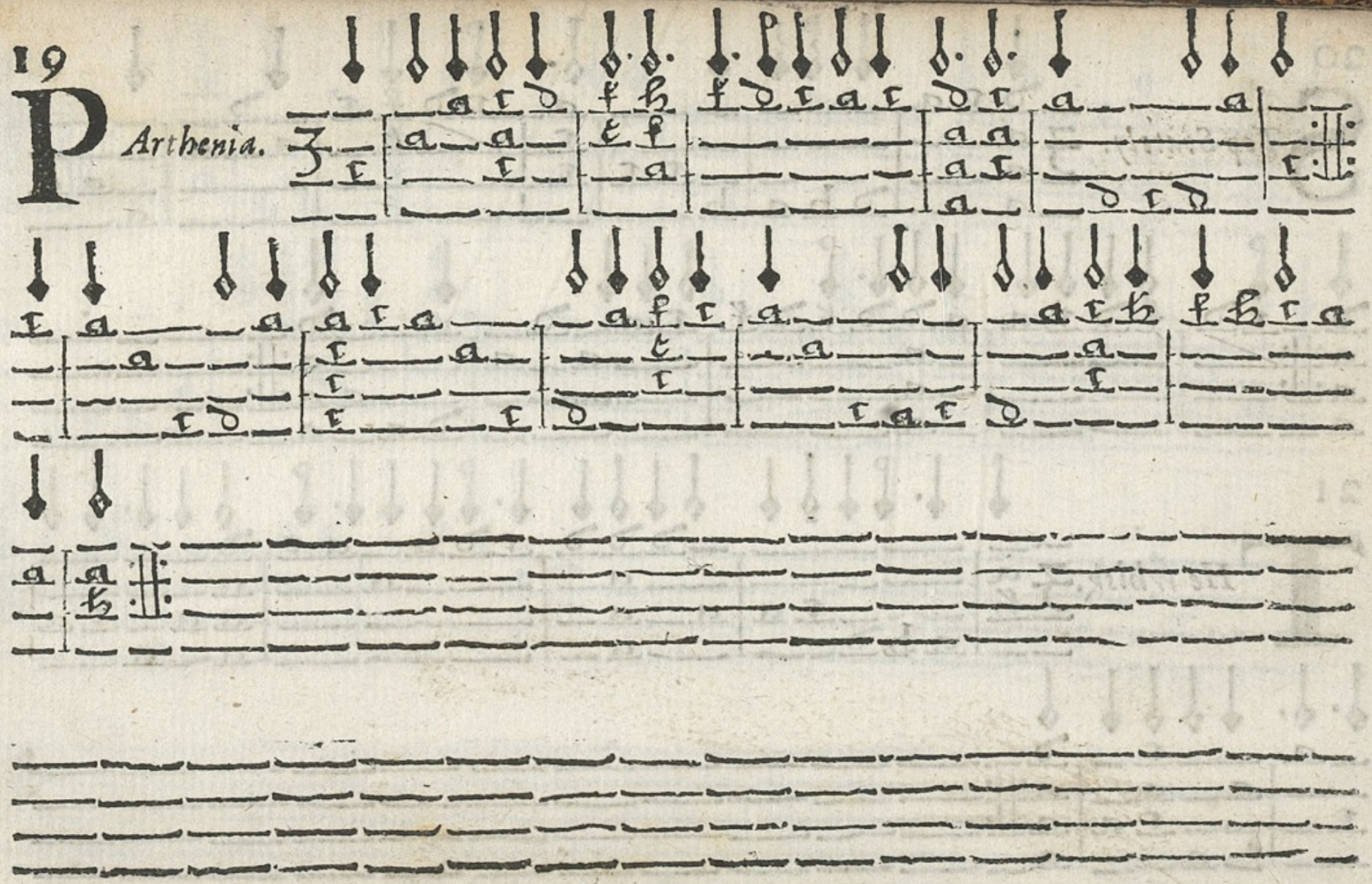
Maiden Fair.



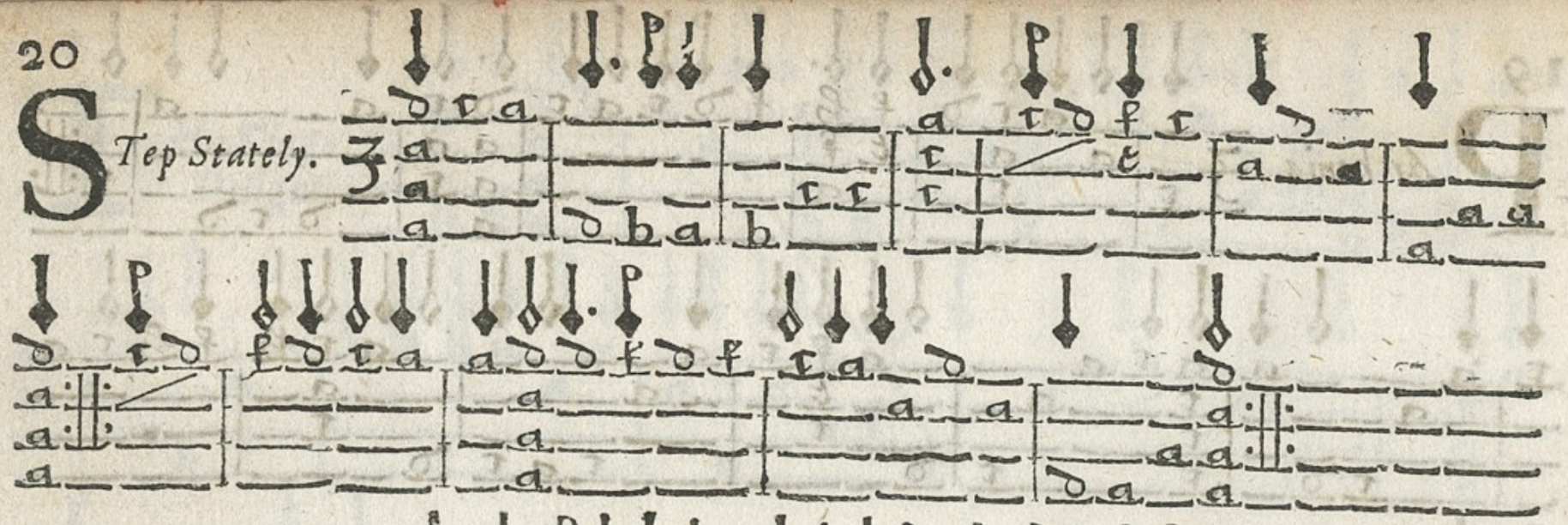
The Kings Delight.




P Arthenia.

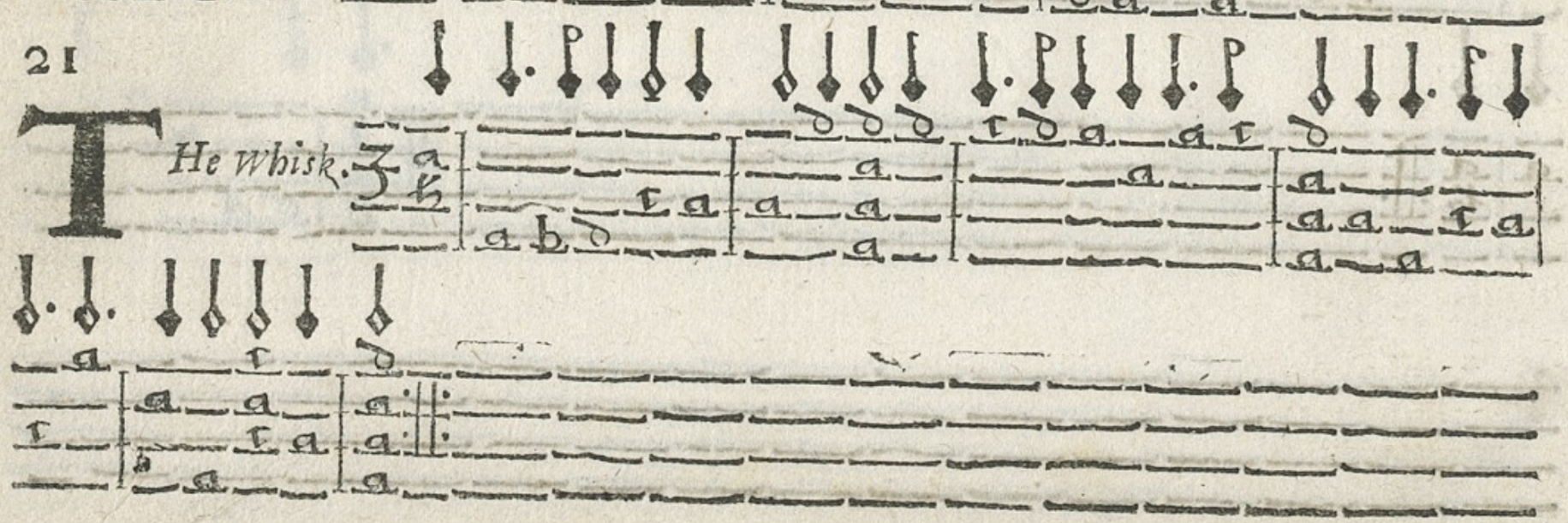
20

Step Stately.



21

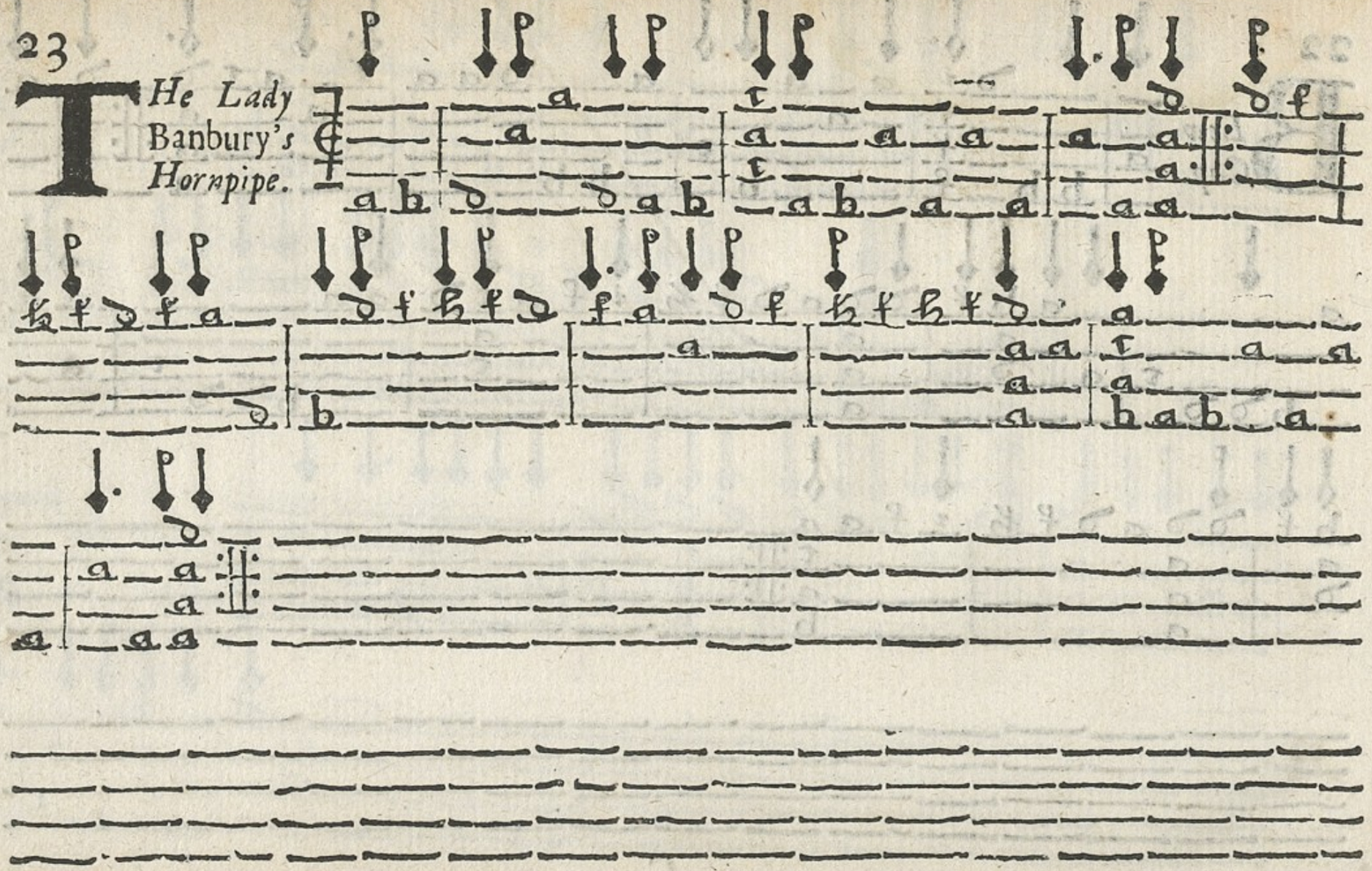
The Whisk.



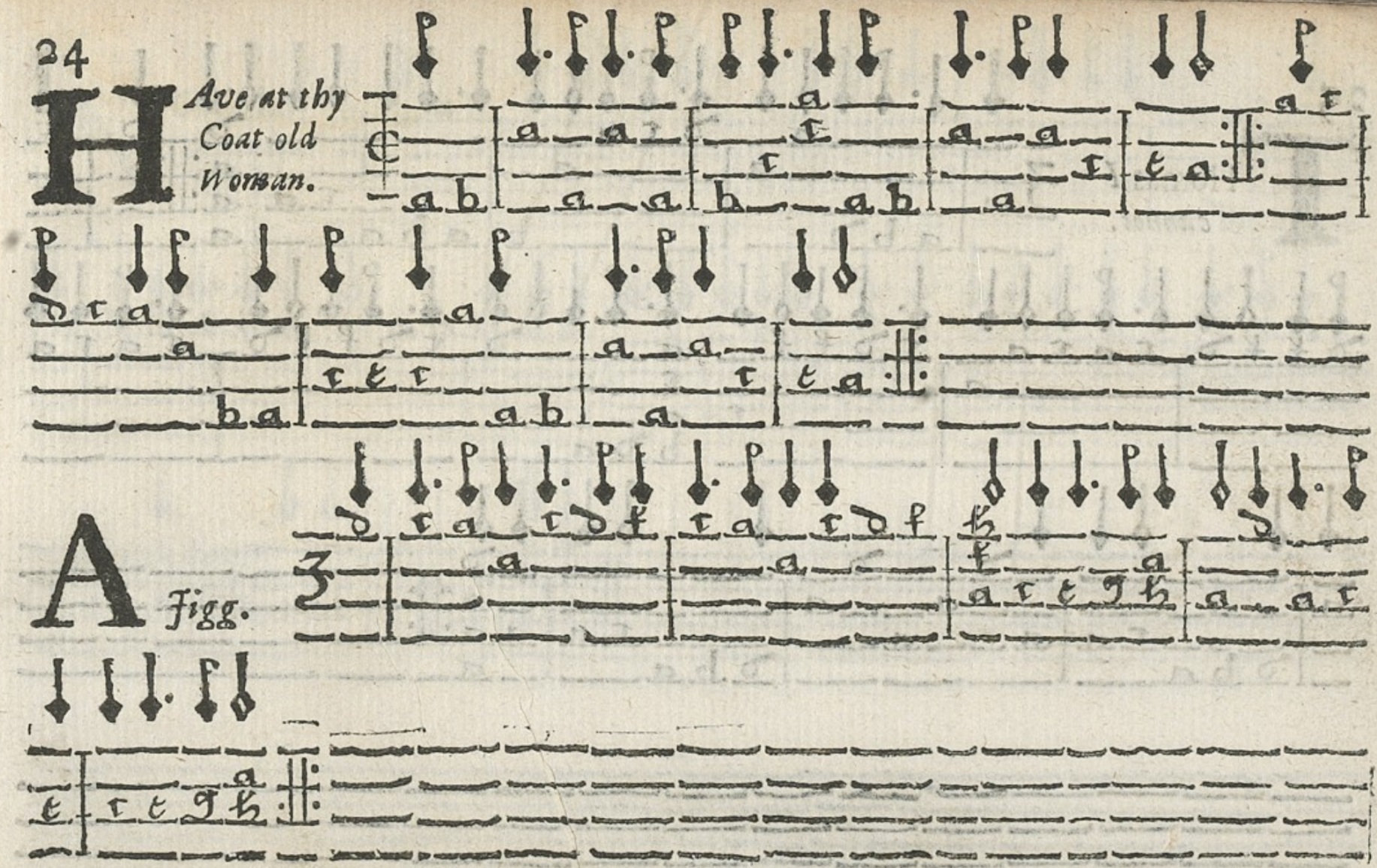
B

Lew
Cap.

The Lady Banbury's Hornpipe.



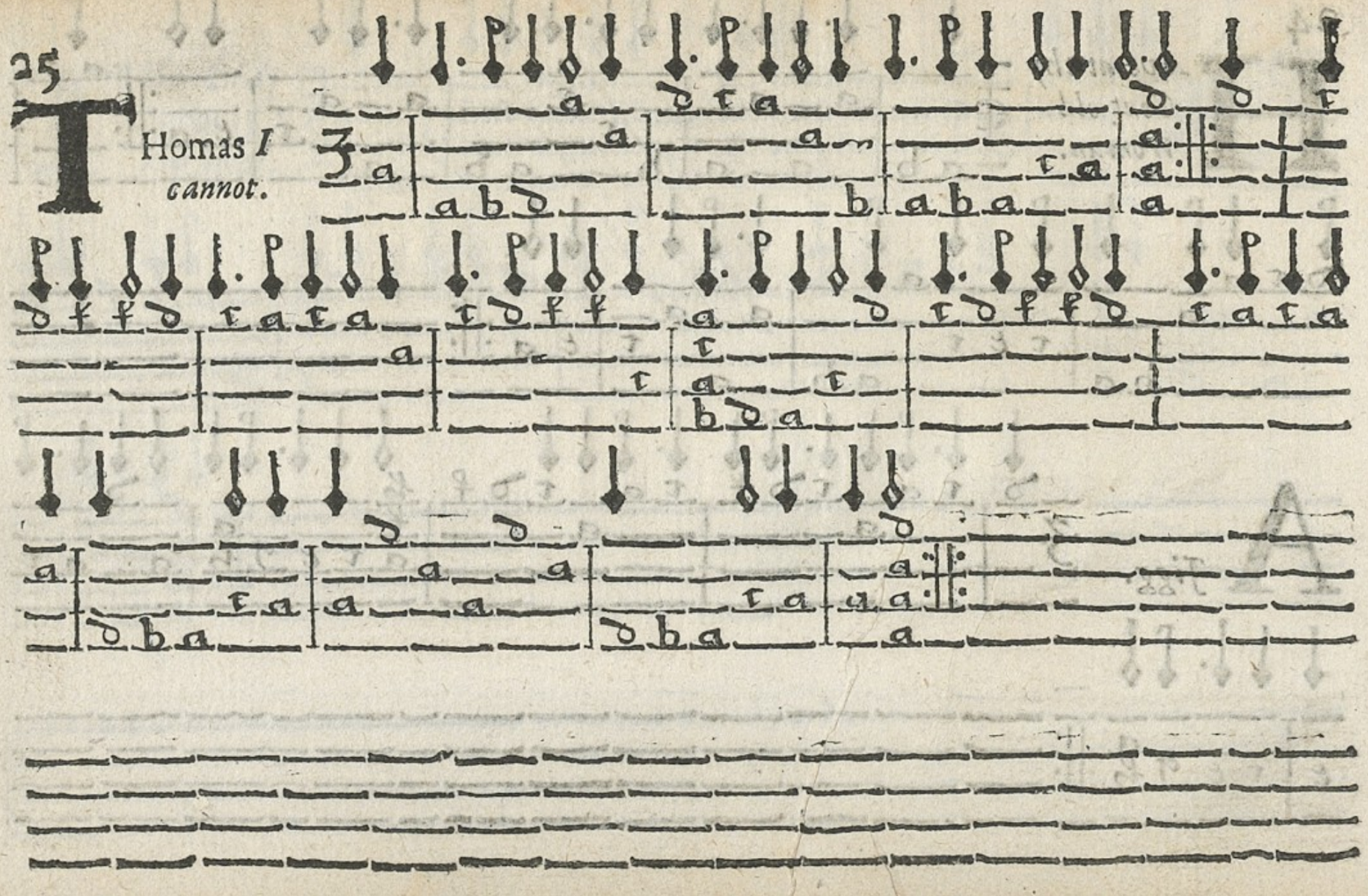
HAve at thy Coat old Woman.



A Figg.

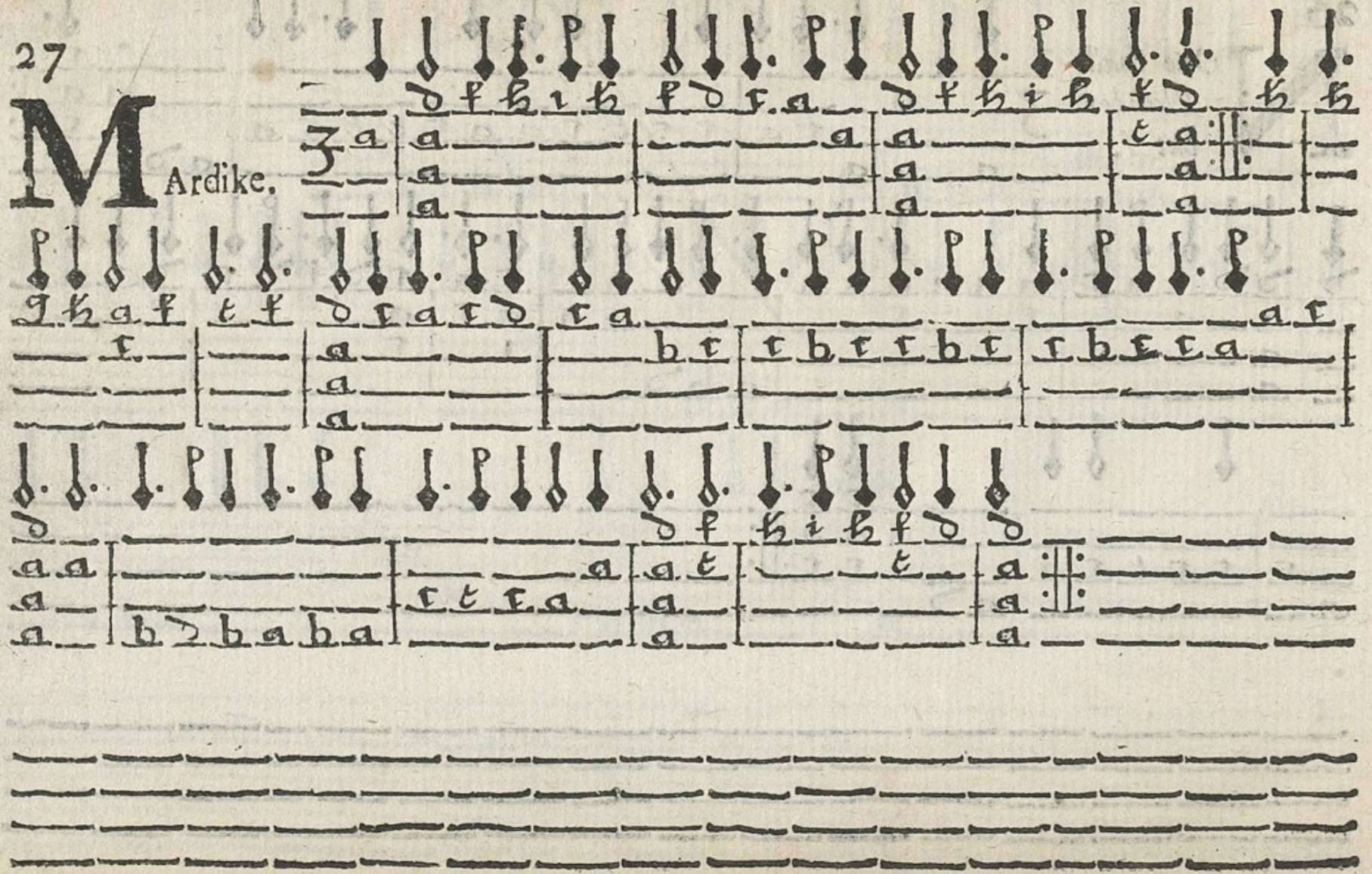
25

THomas *I*
cannot.



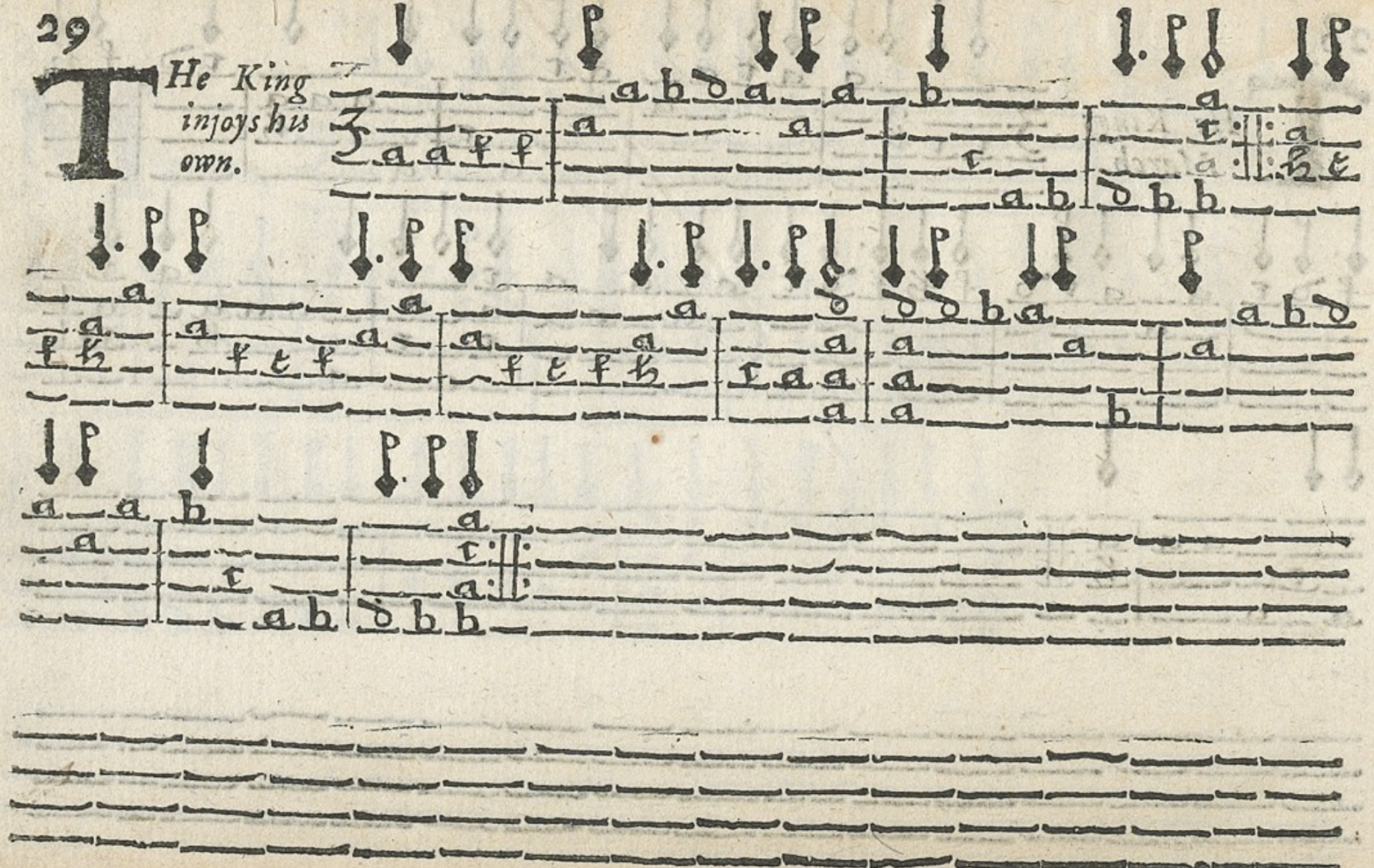
None shall Plunder but I.

Mardike.

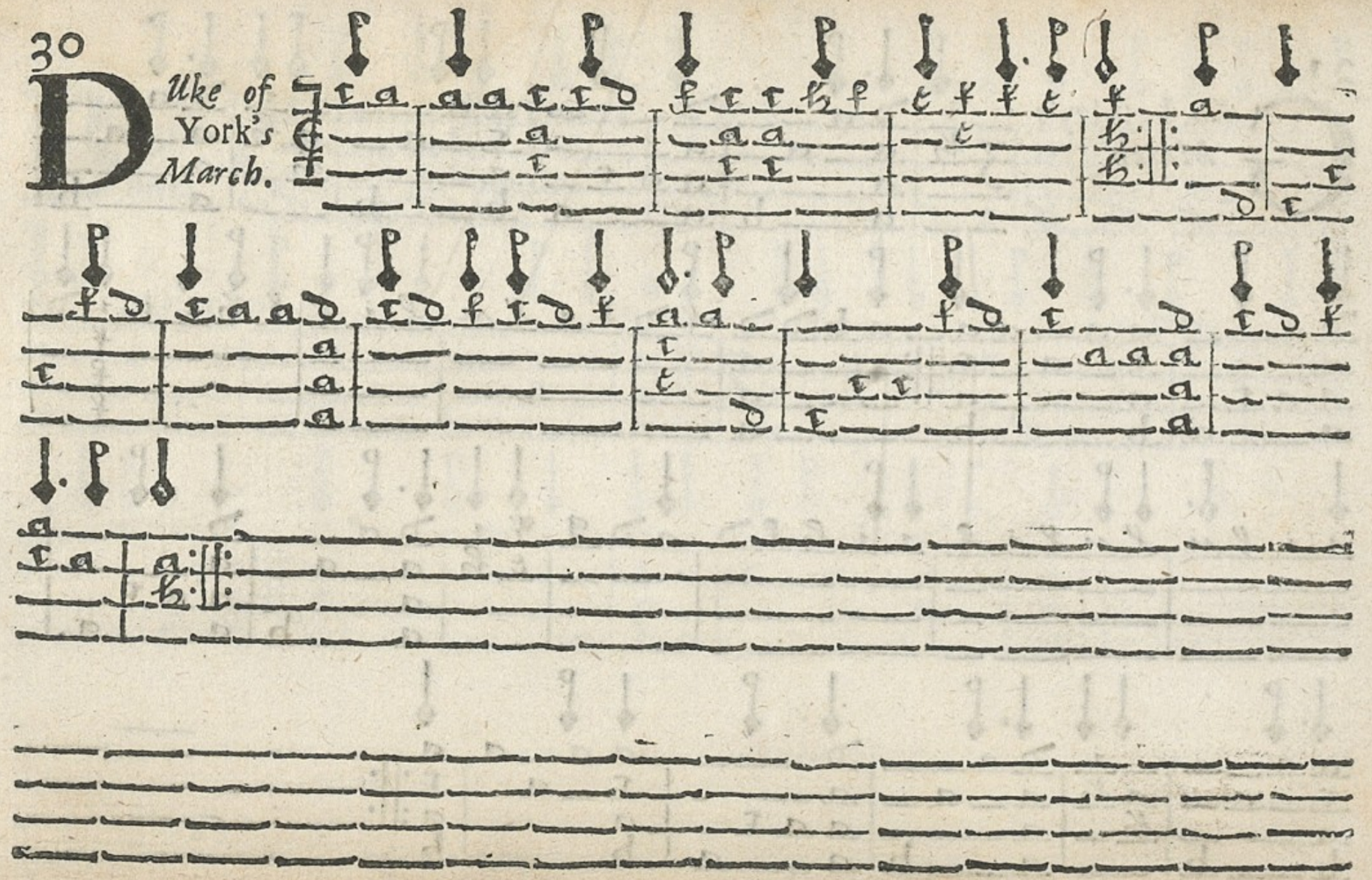


The Kings March.

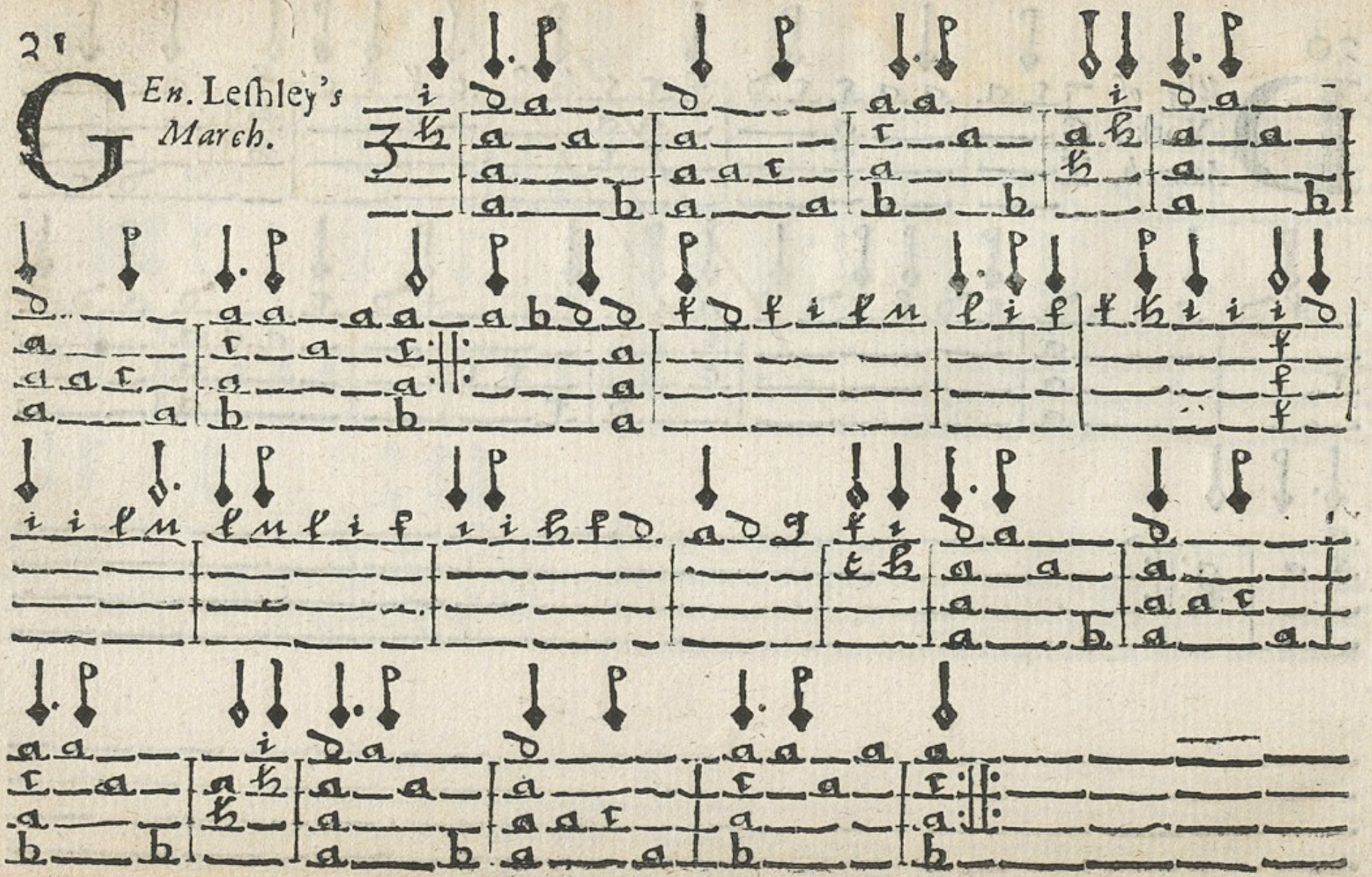
The King injoys his own.



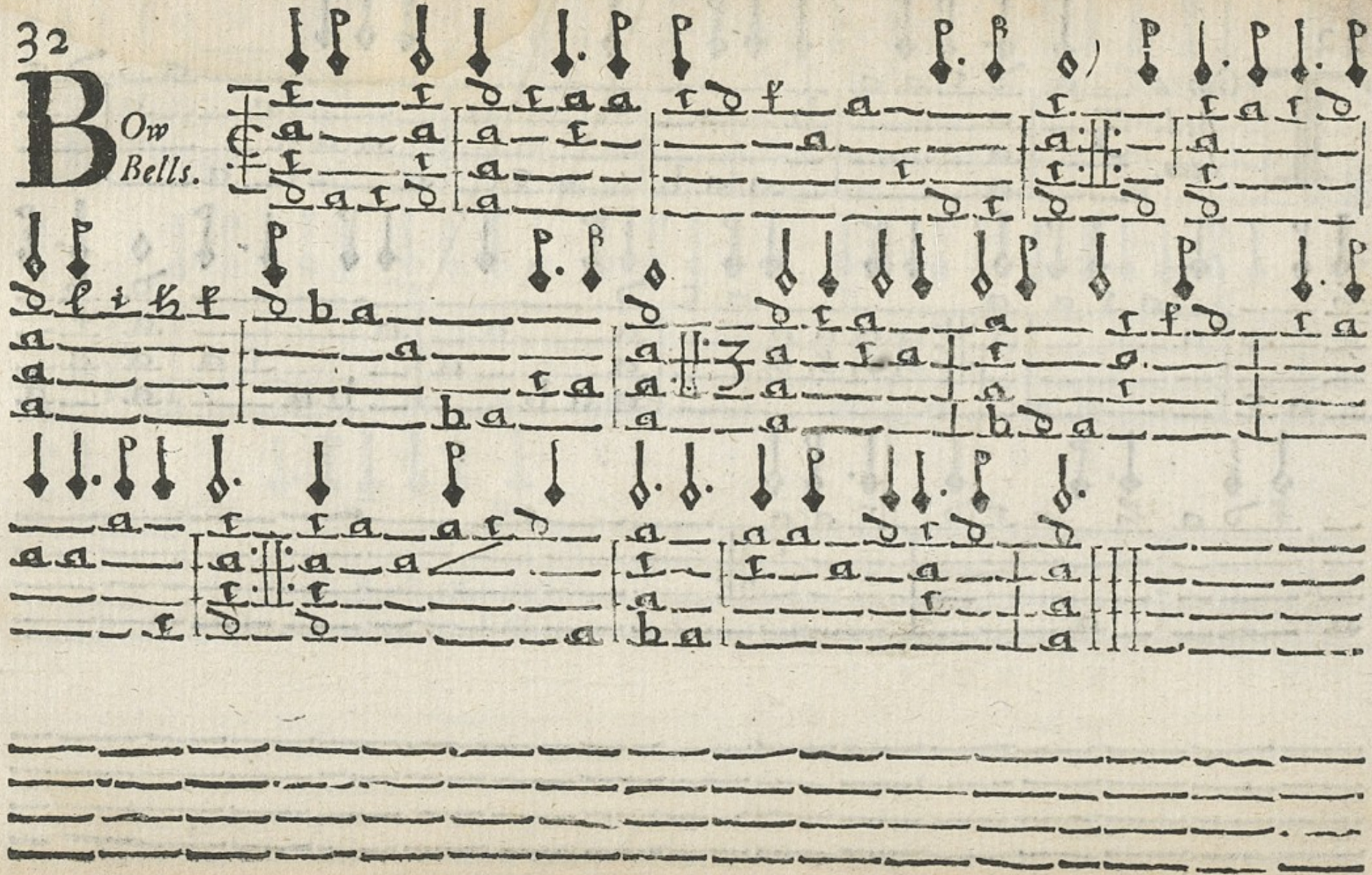
Duke of York's March.

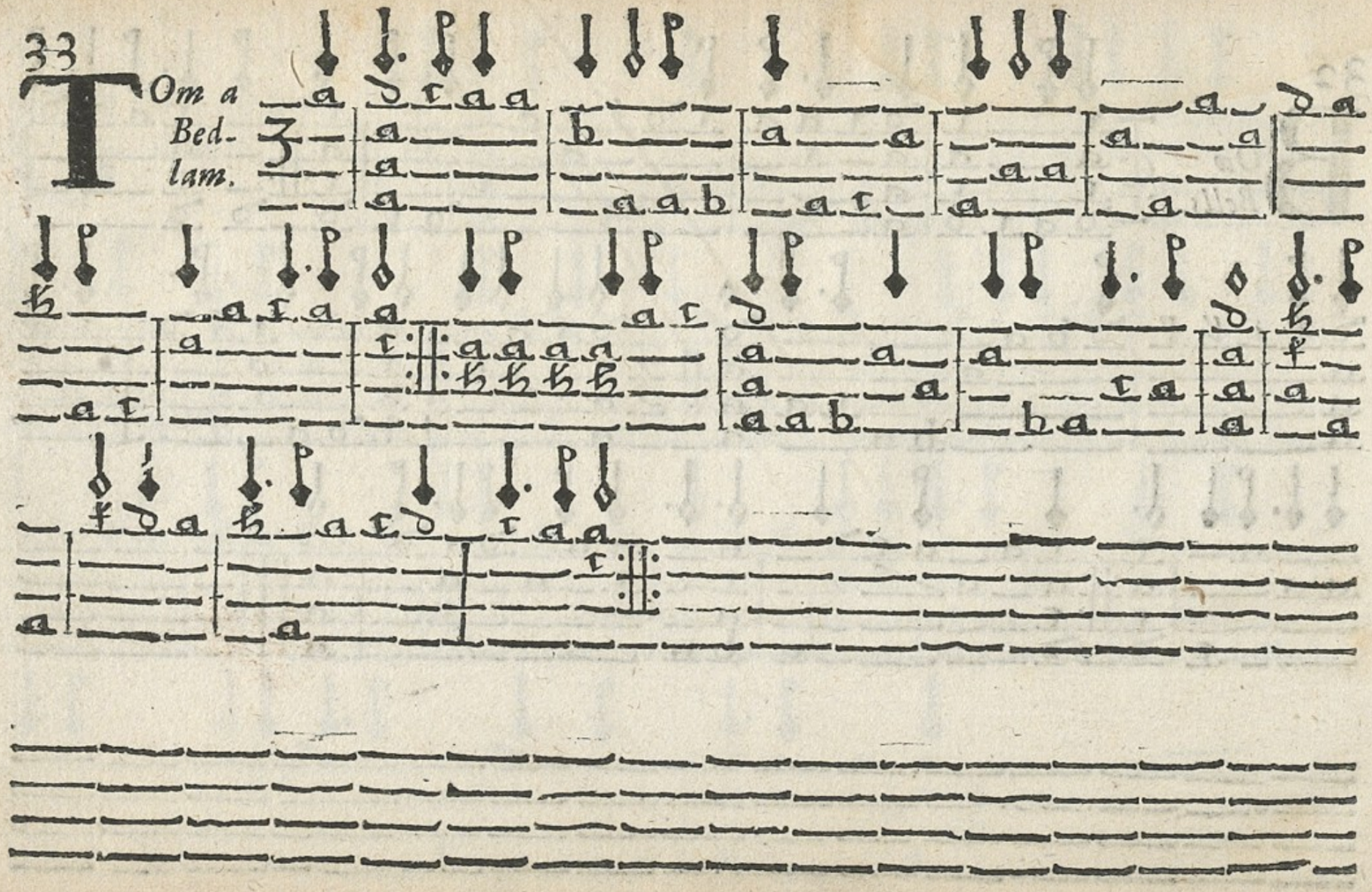


En. Leſhley's *March.*

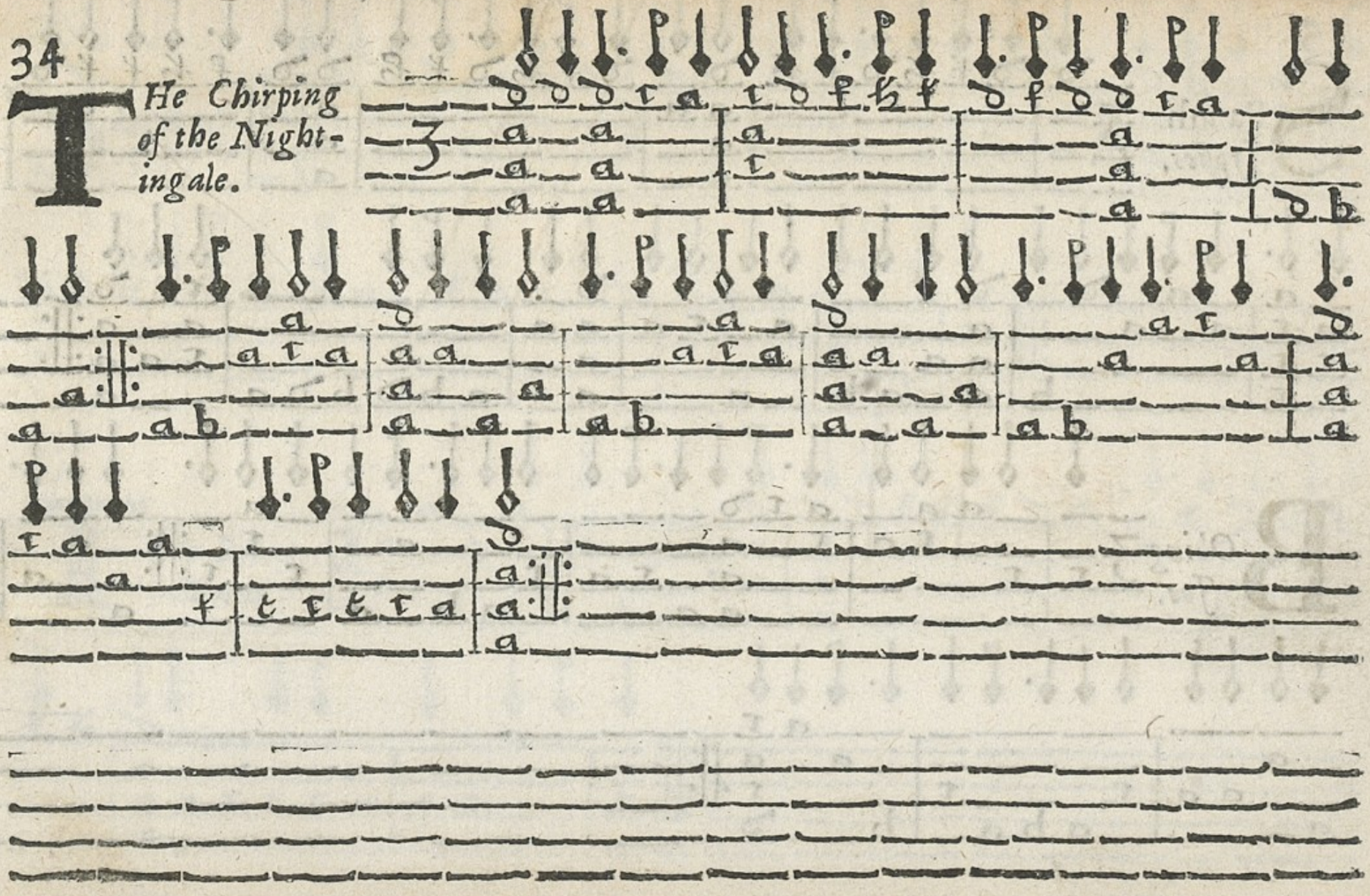


B *Ow Bells.*

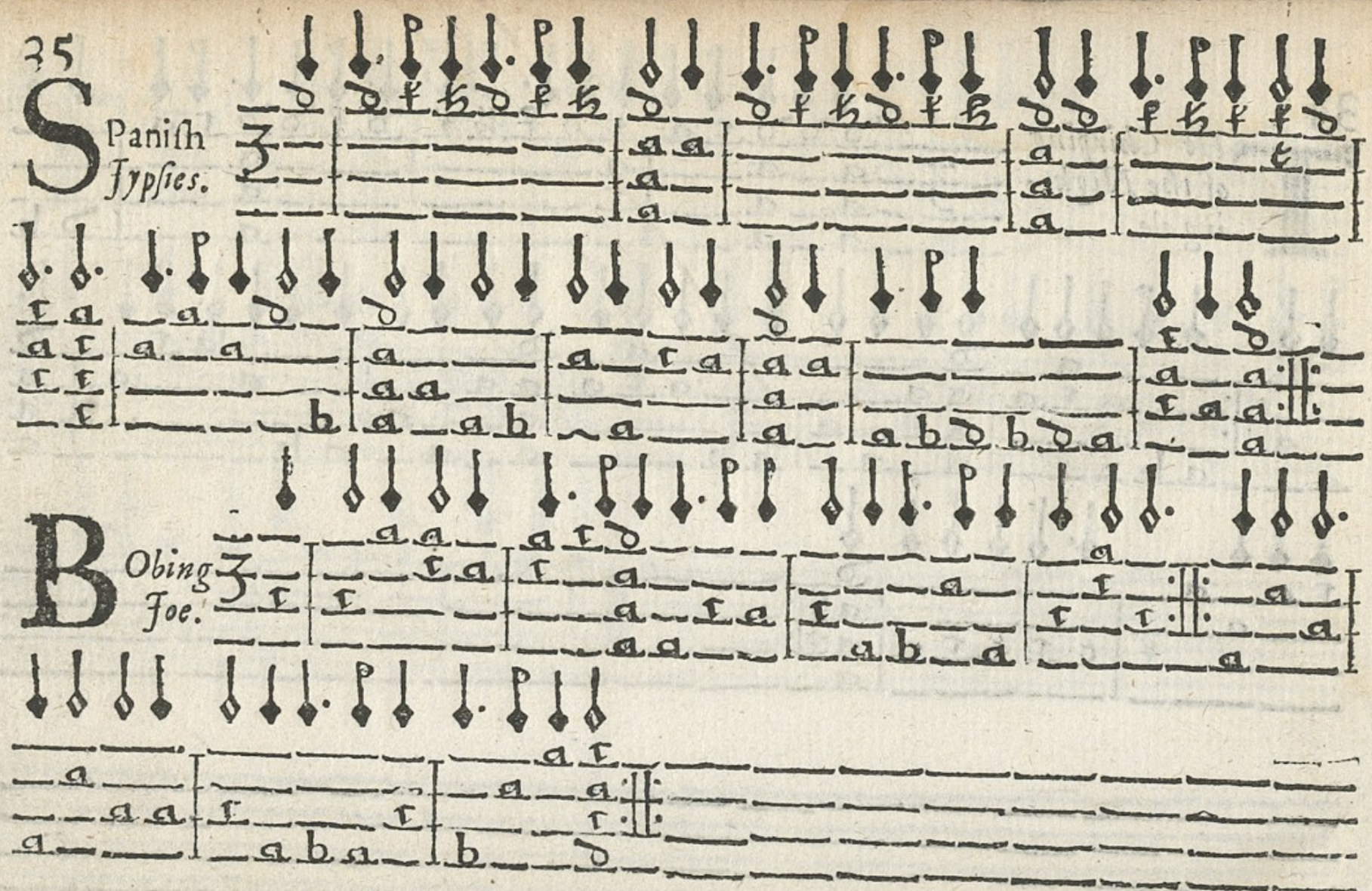



Tom a Bed-lam.

The Chirping of the Nightingale.



Spaniſh Jypſies.



Bobing Joe.

36

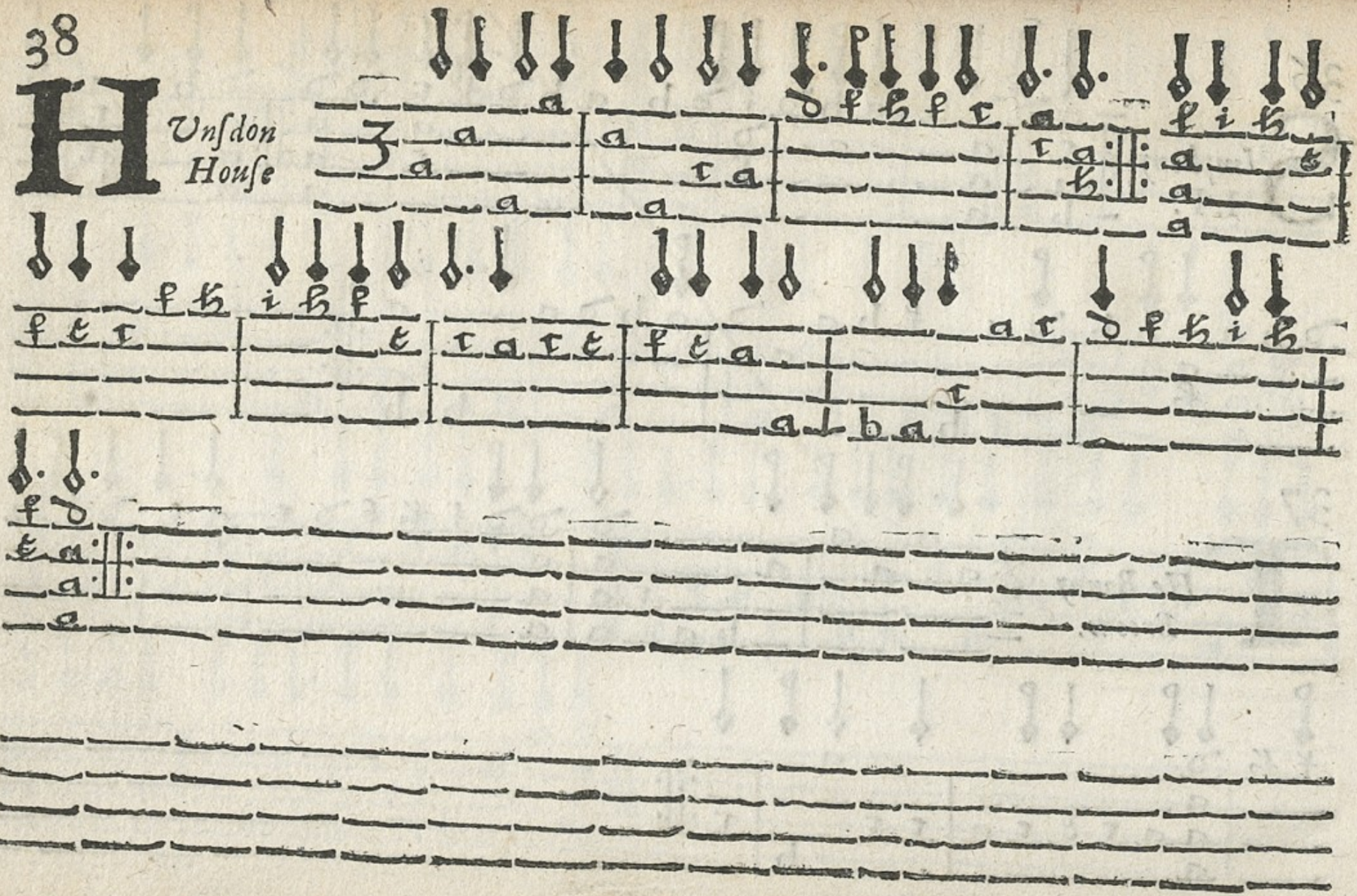
Symphony

I. P.

37

The Bonny Broom.

HUnſdon House

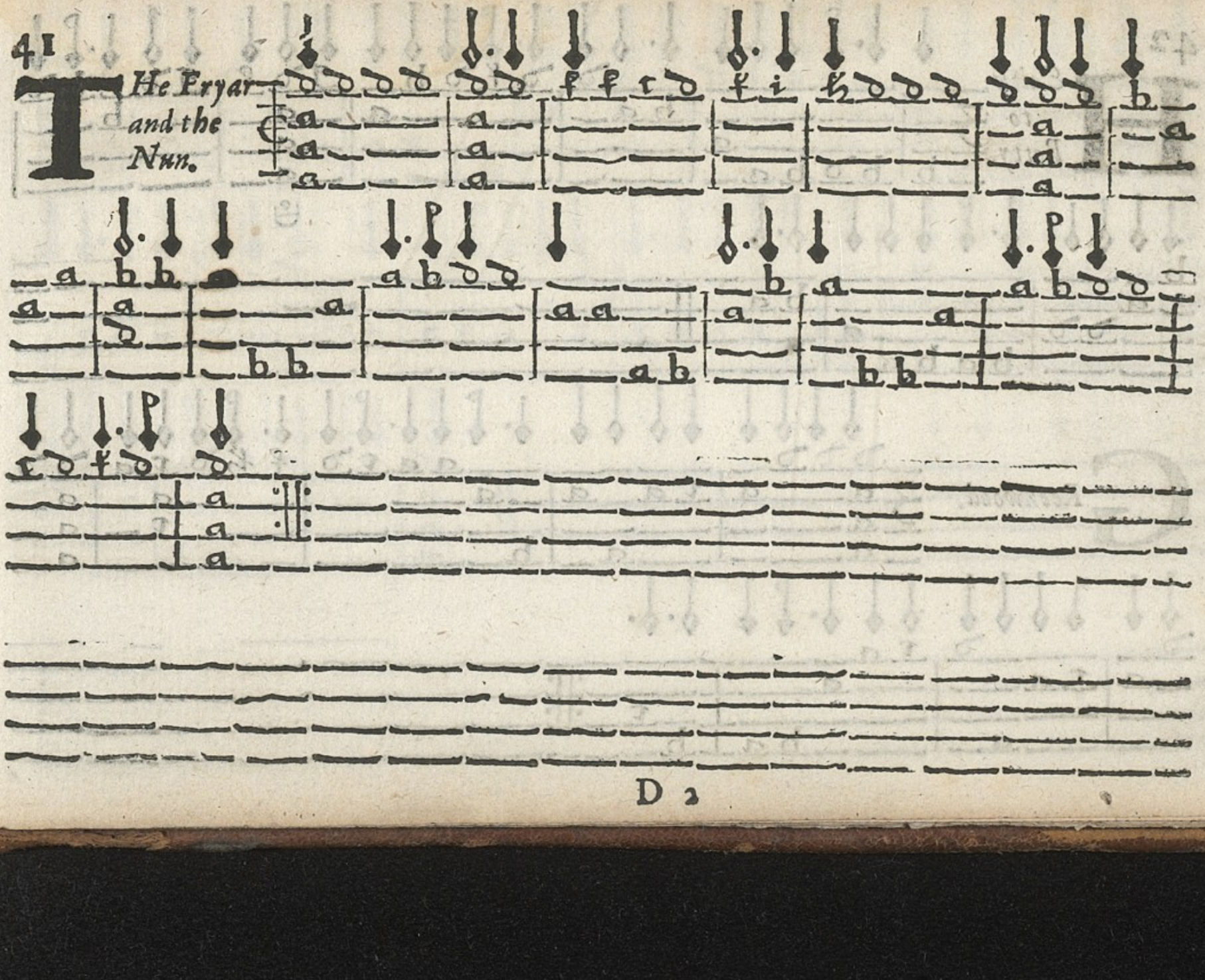


GReen Gooſe Faire.

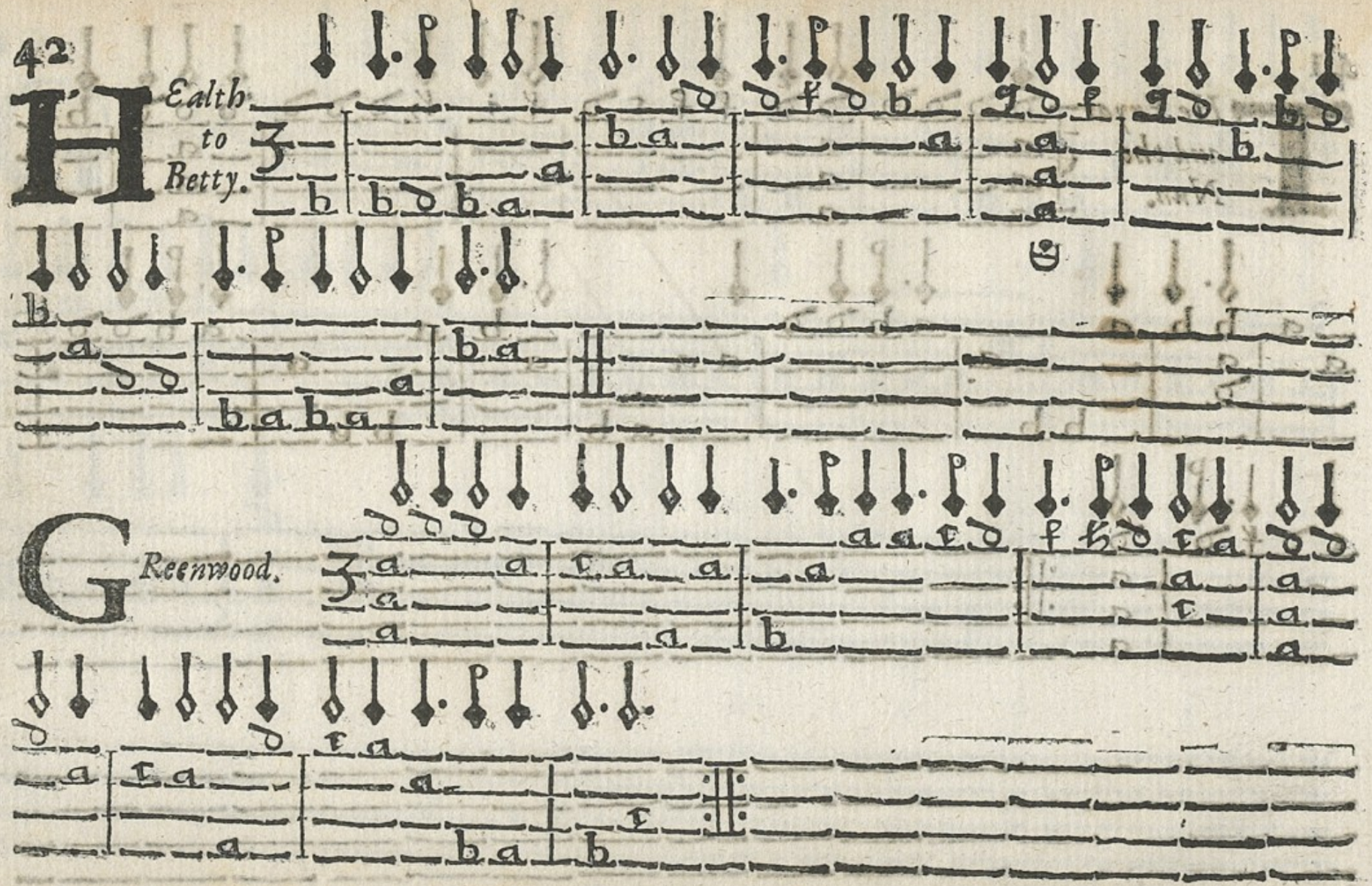
Lady Spellor.

Rimſtock.

The Fryar and the Nun.

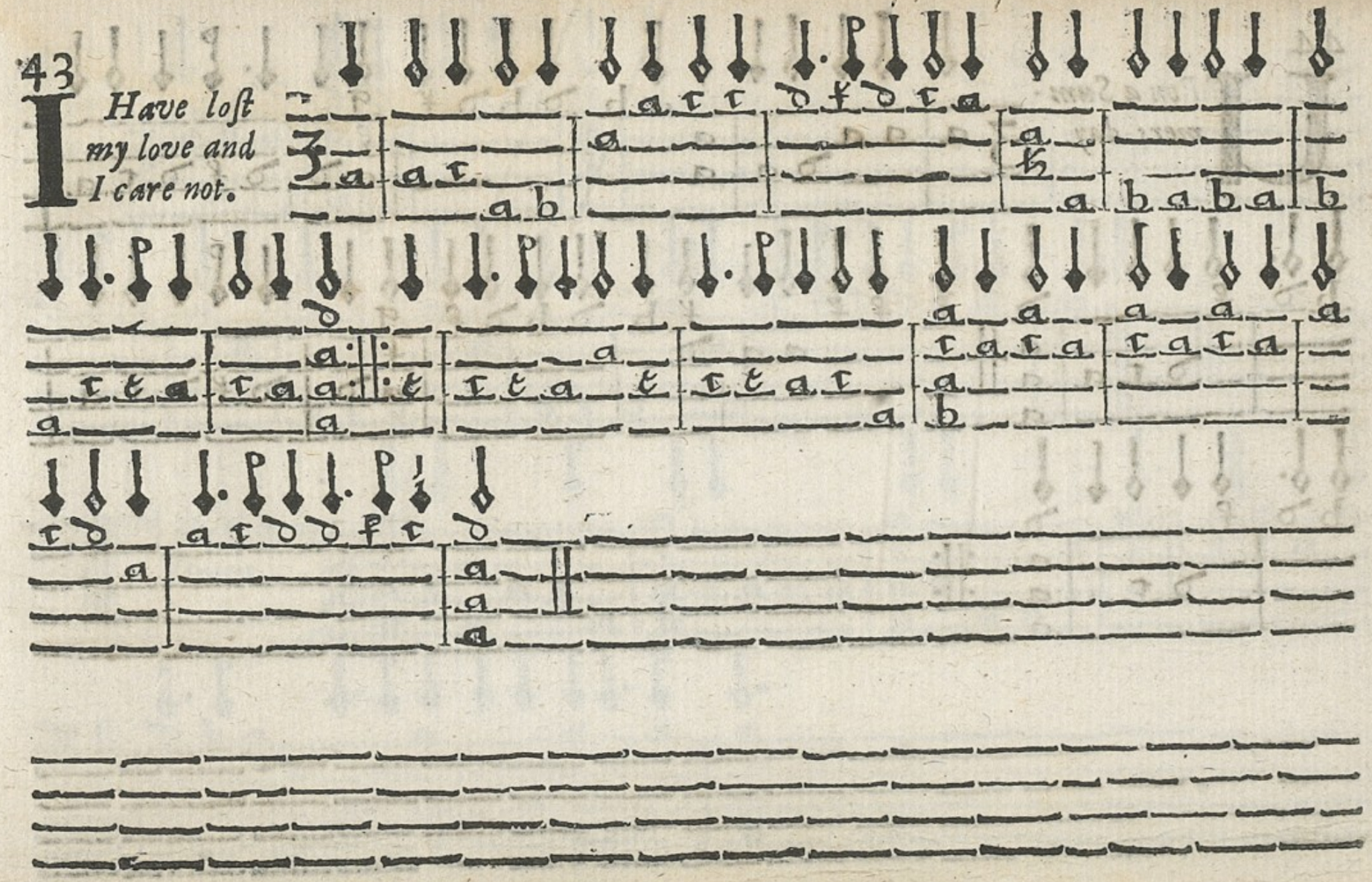


Health to Betty.

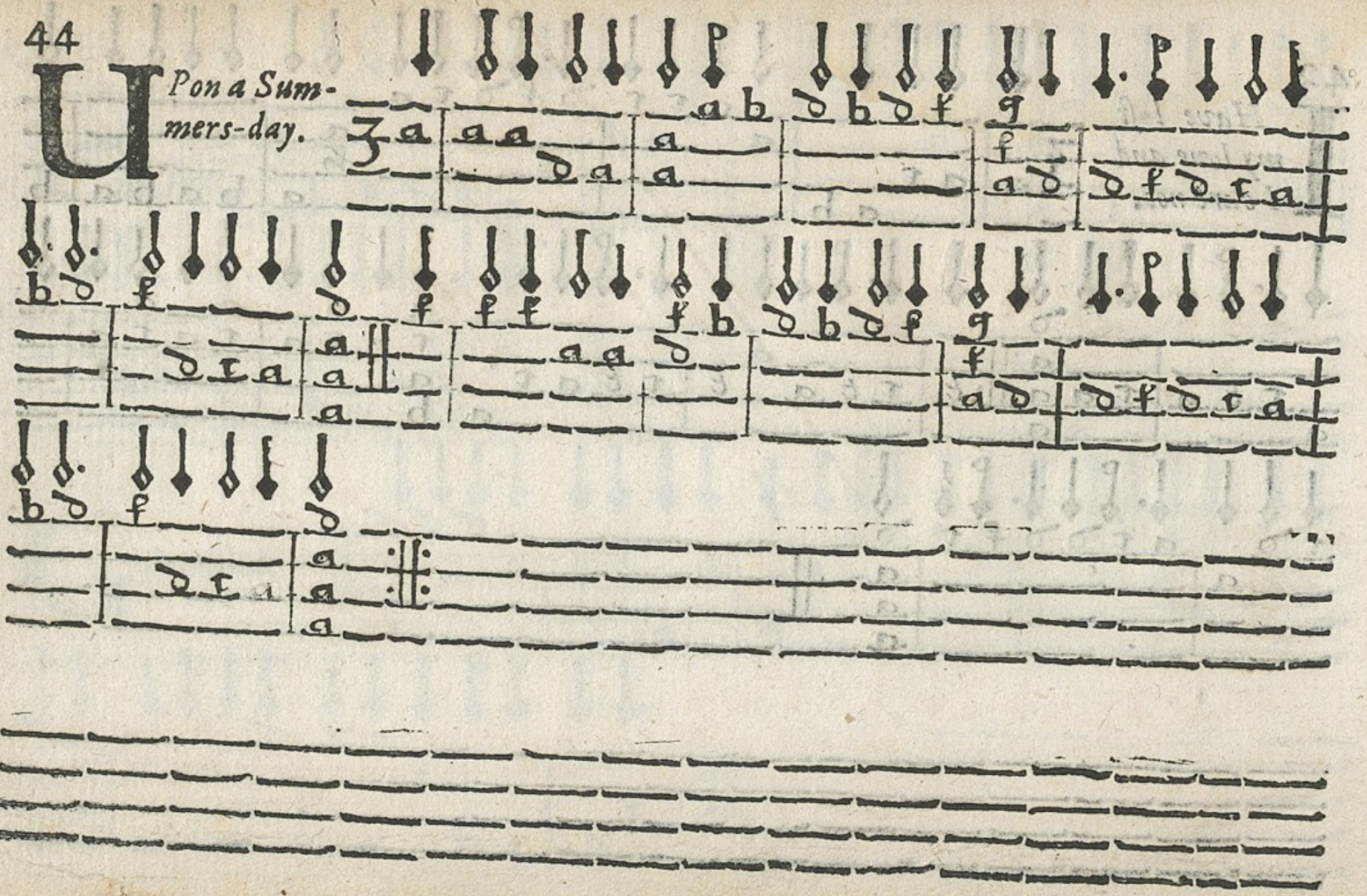


Greenwood.

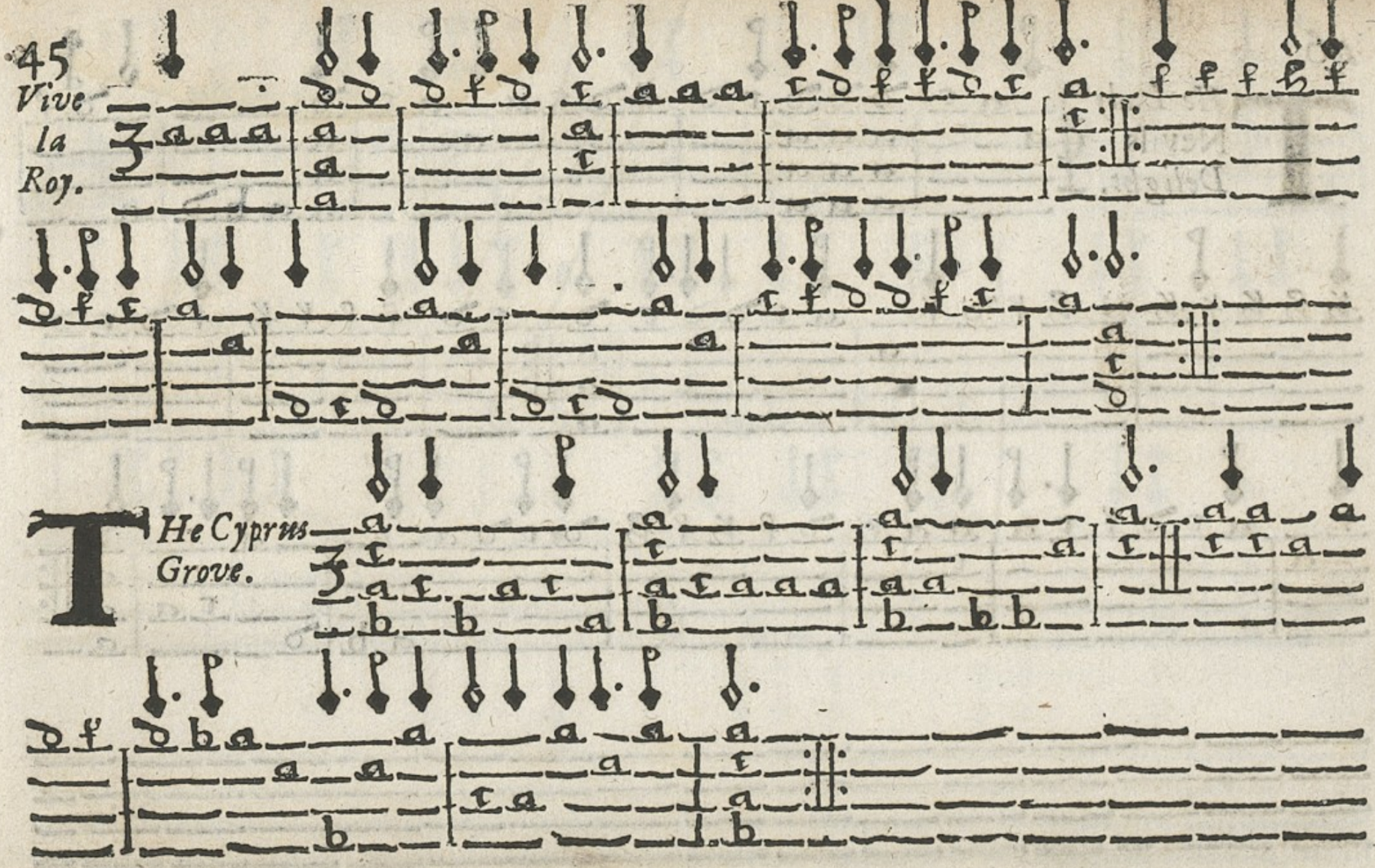
I Have lost my love and I care not.



UPon a Summers-day.

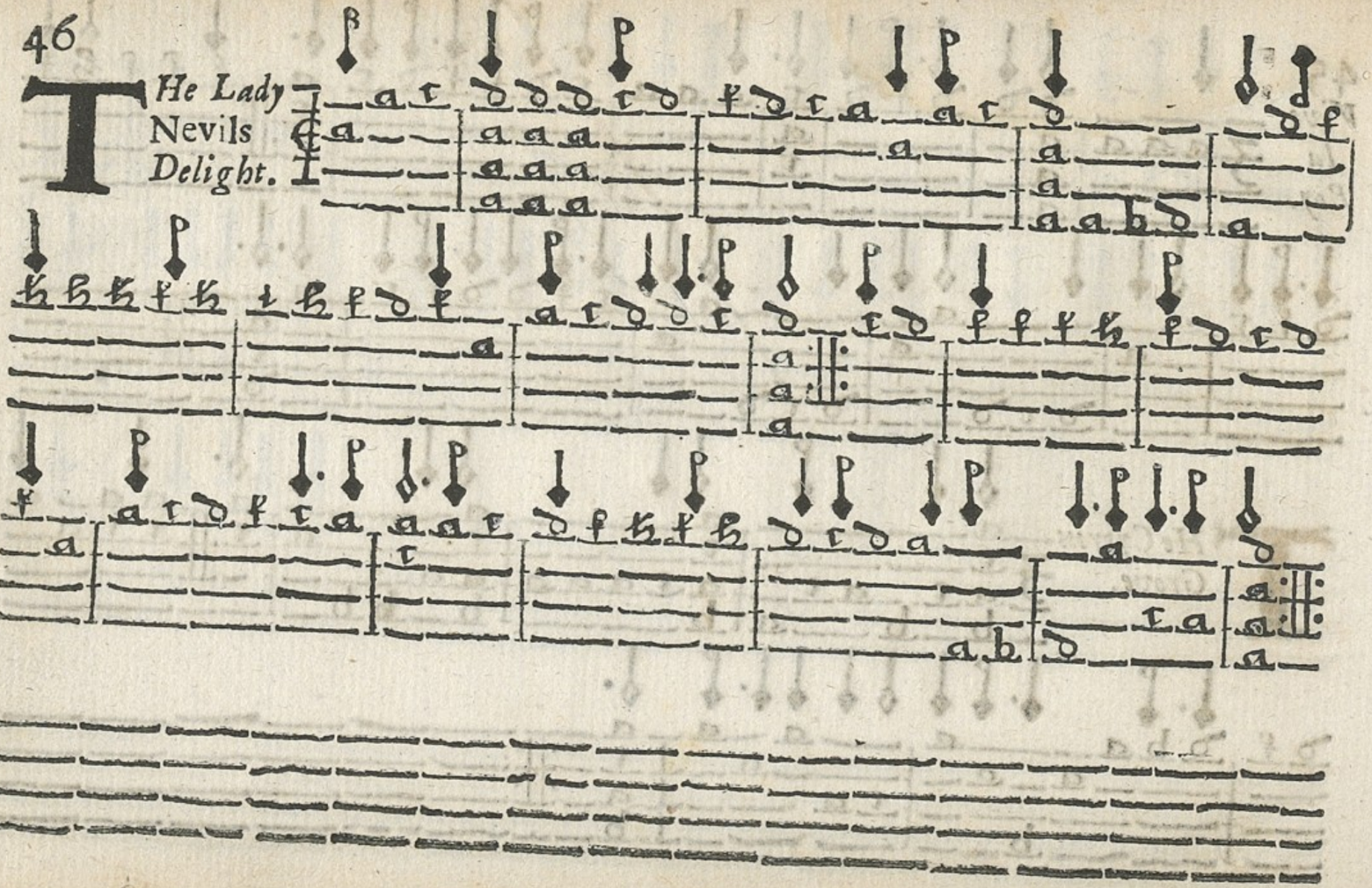


Vive la Roy.



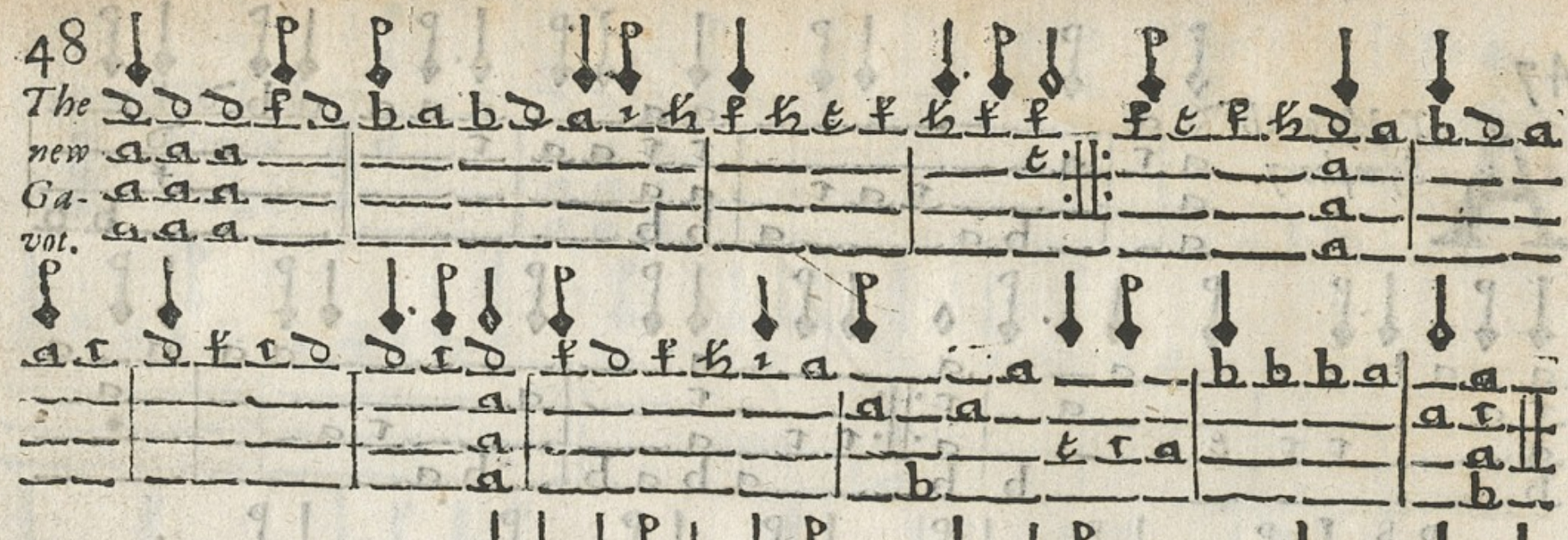
THE *Cyprus Grove.*

The Lady Nevils Delight.

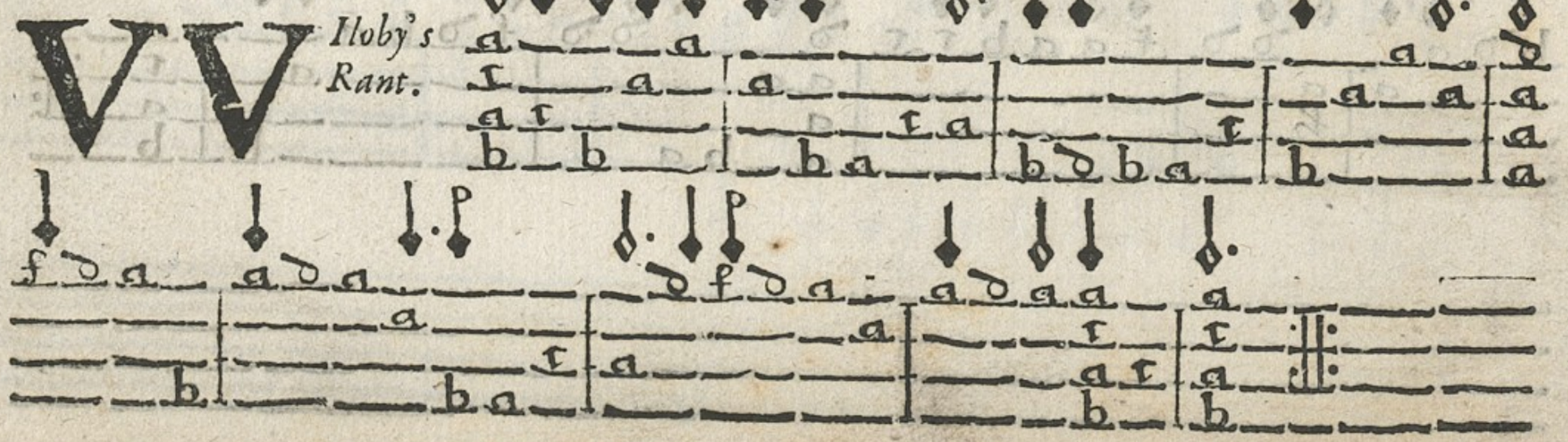


AIr Me or the Symphony.

The new Ga-vot.



VV *Iloby's Rant.*



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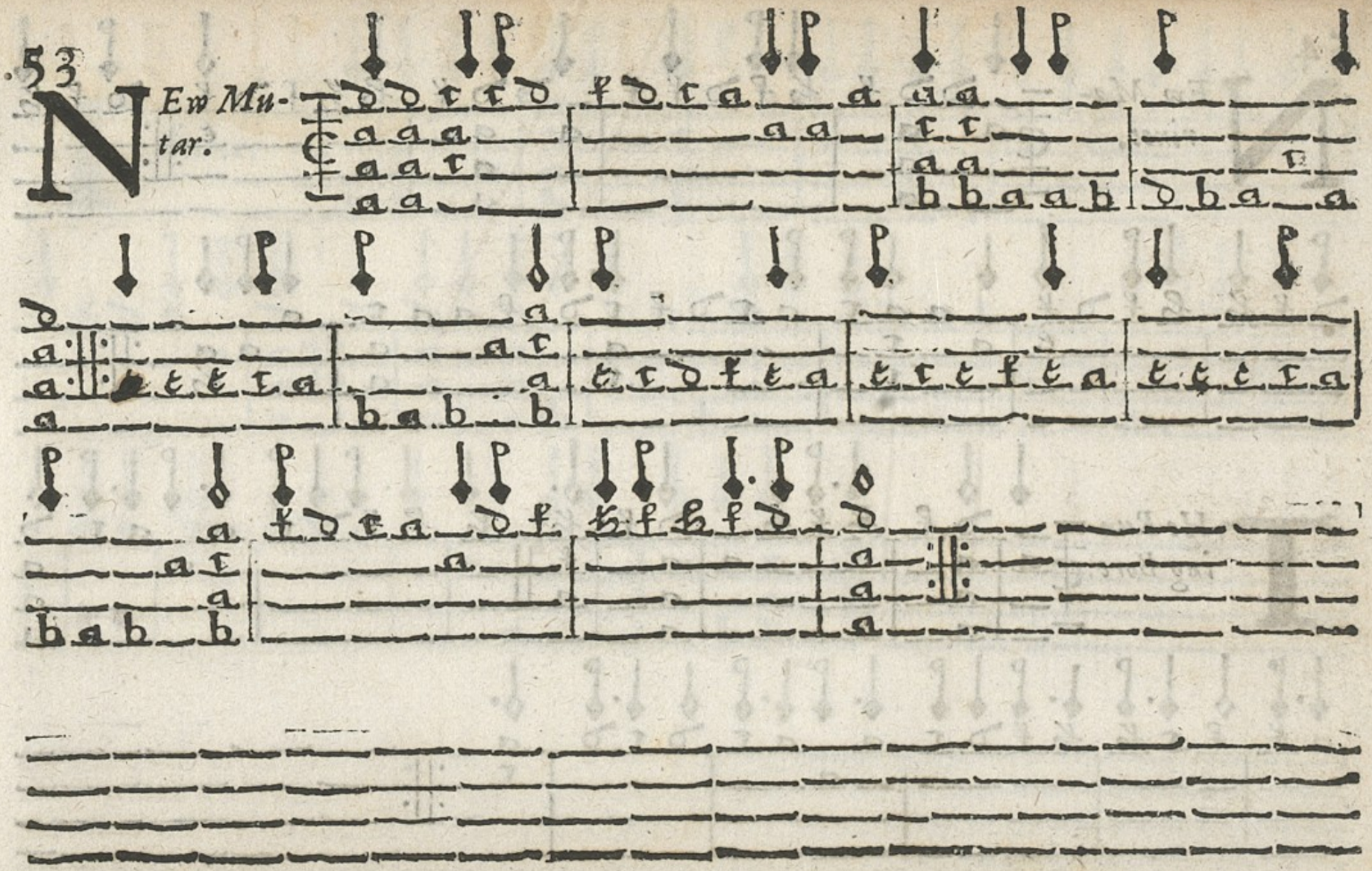
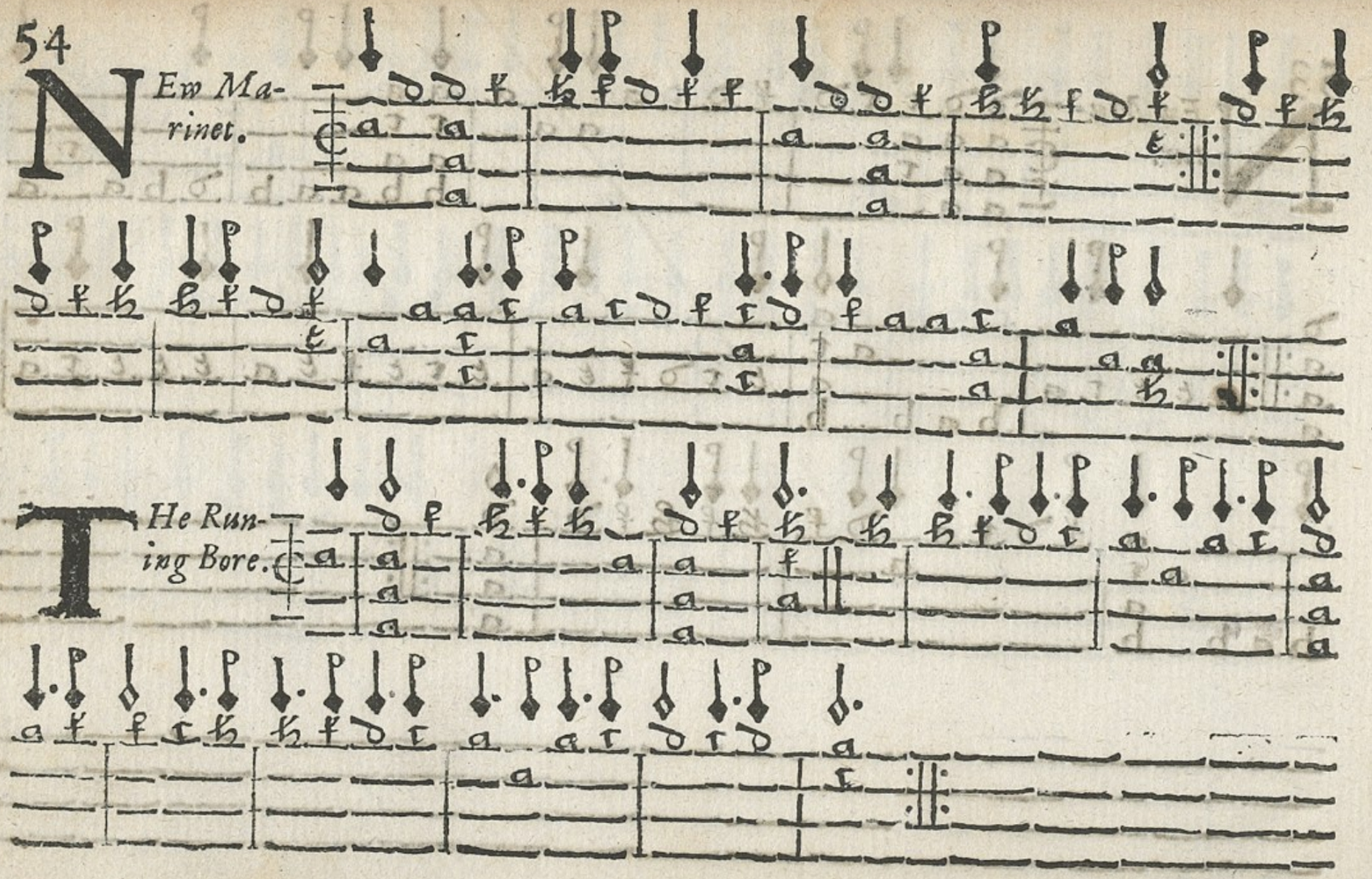
Ingleton's Slip.

ON the cold ground

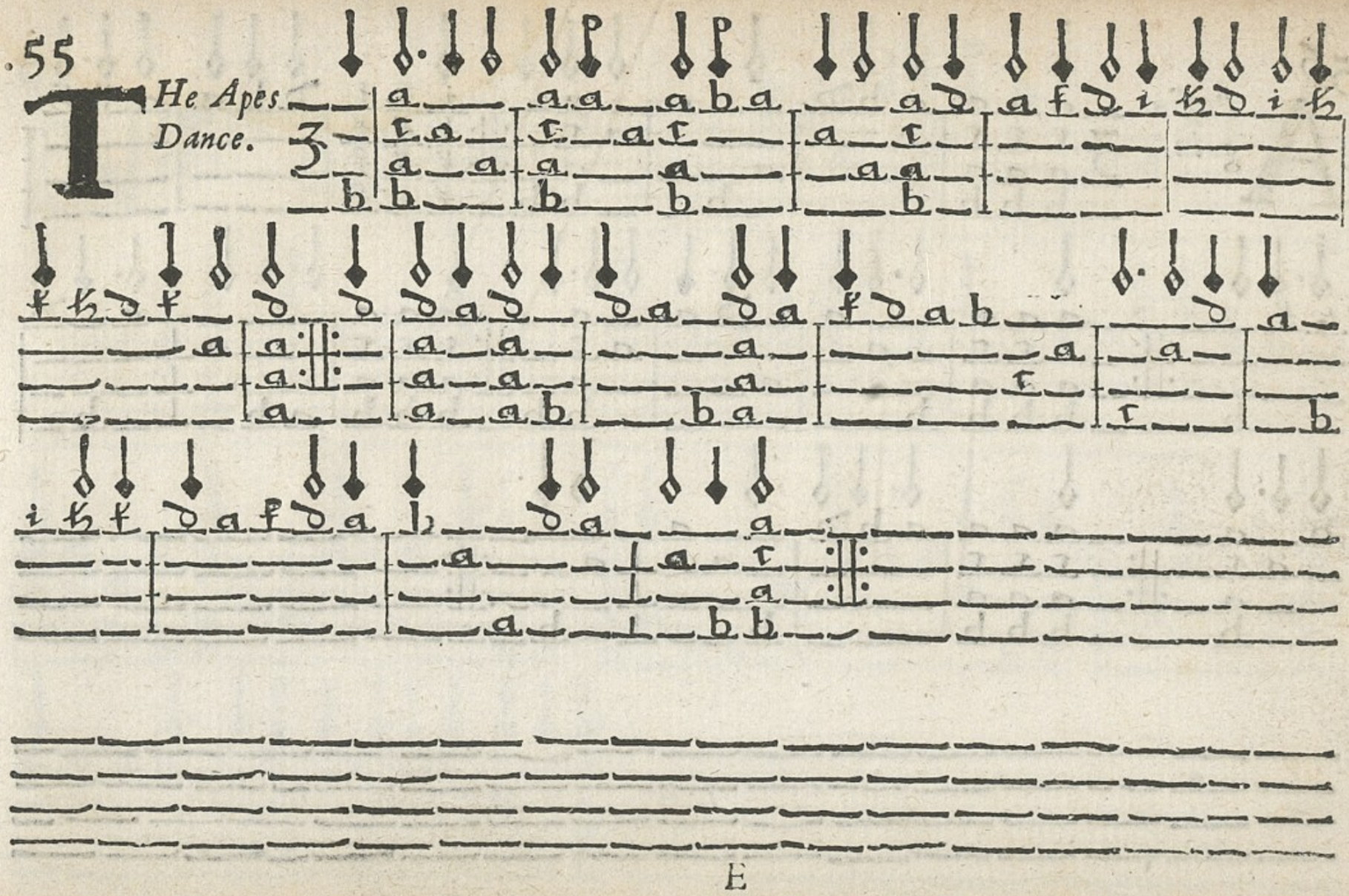

NEw Mutar.

NEw Marinet.

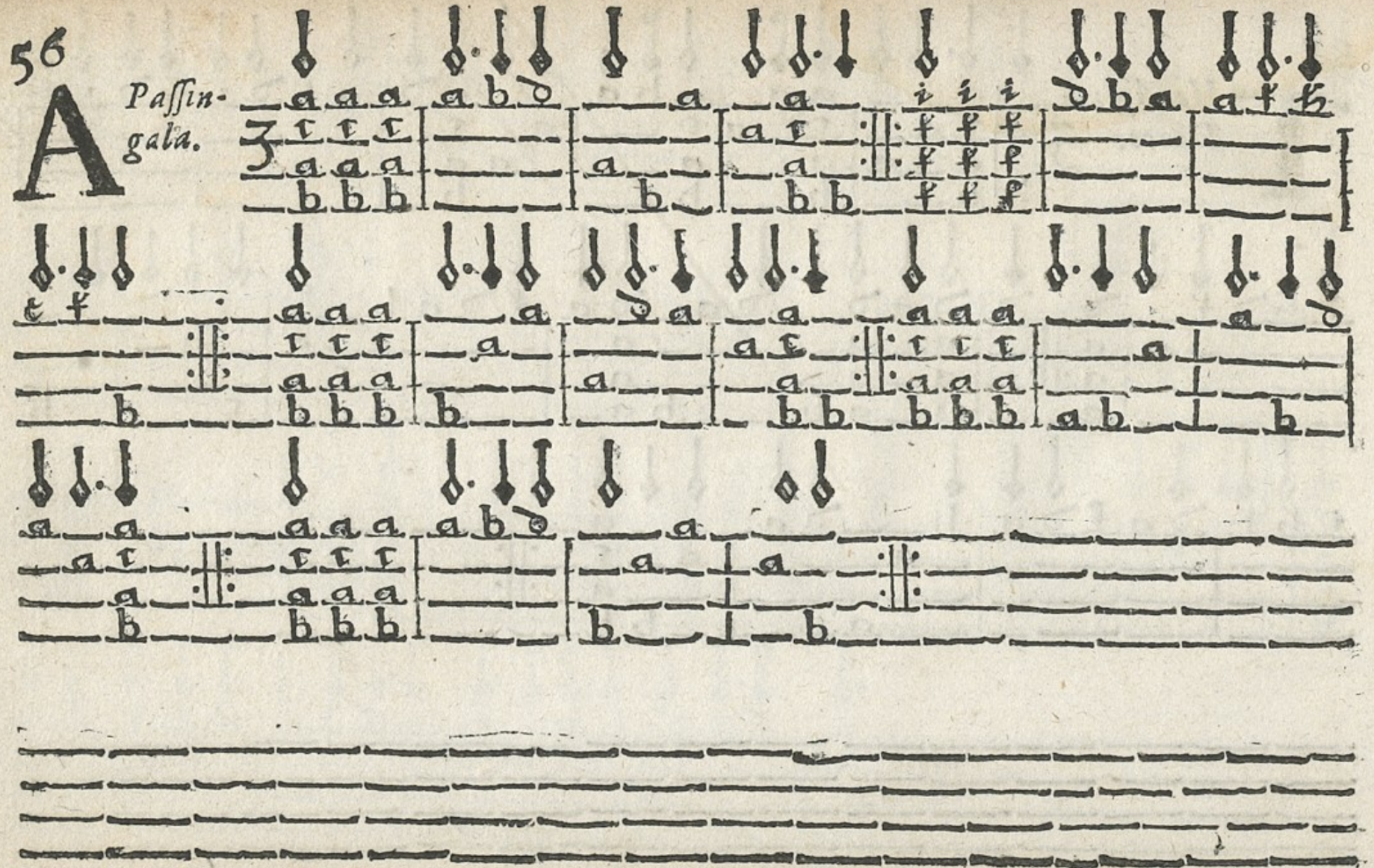


THe Runing Bore.

The Apes Dance.



A Passingala.



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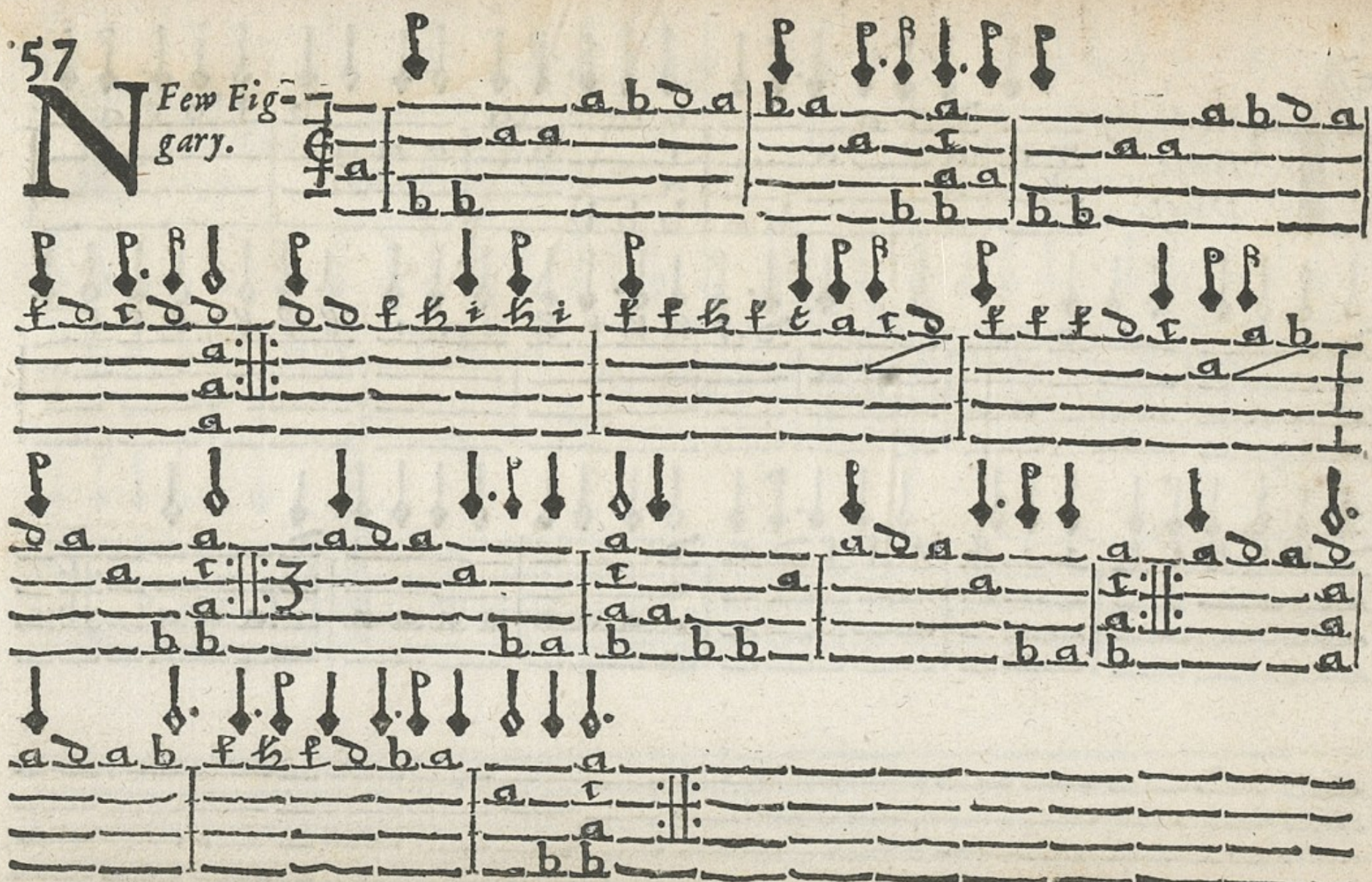
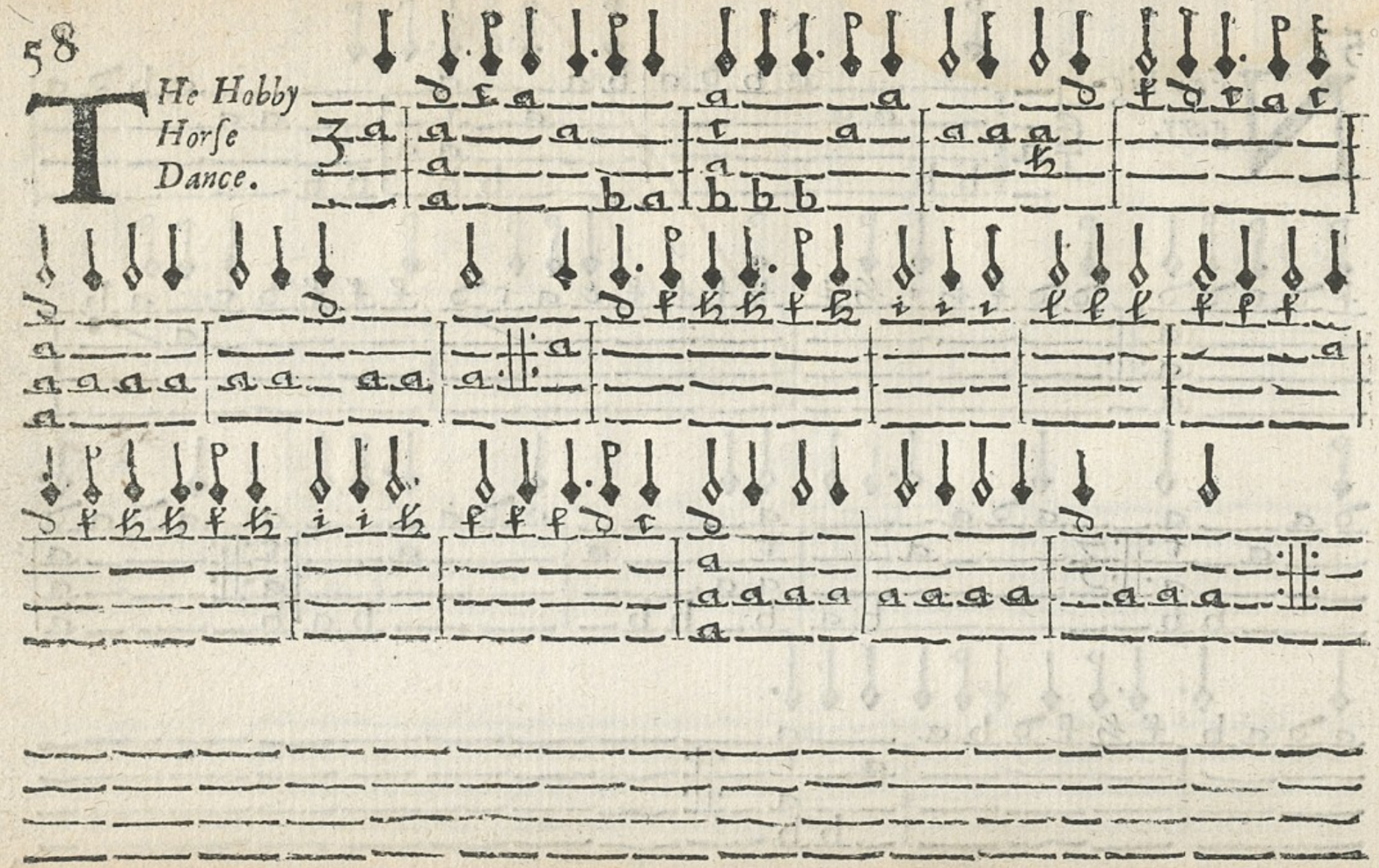
A New Figgary.

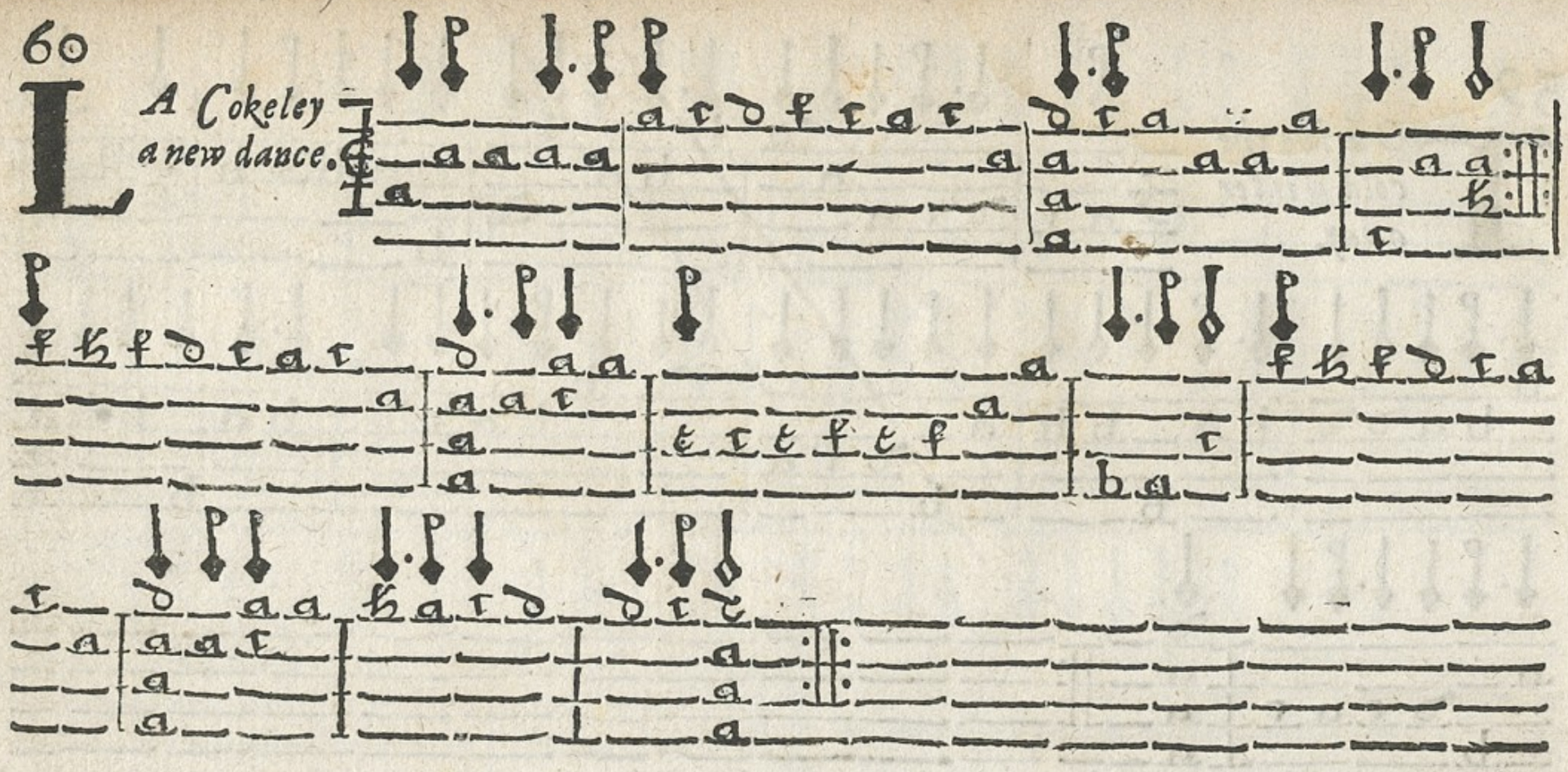


The Hobby Horse Dance.



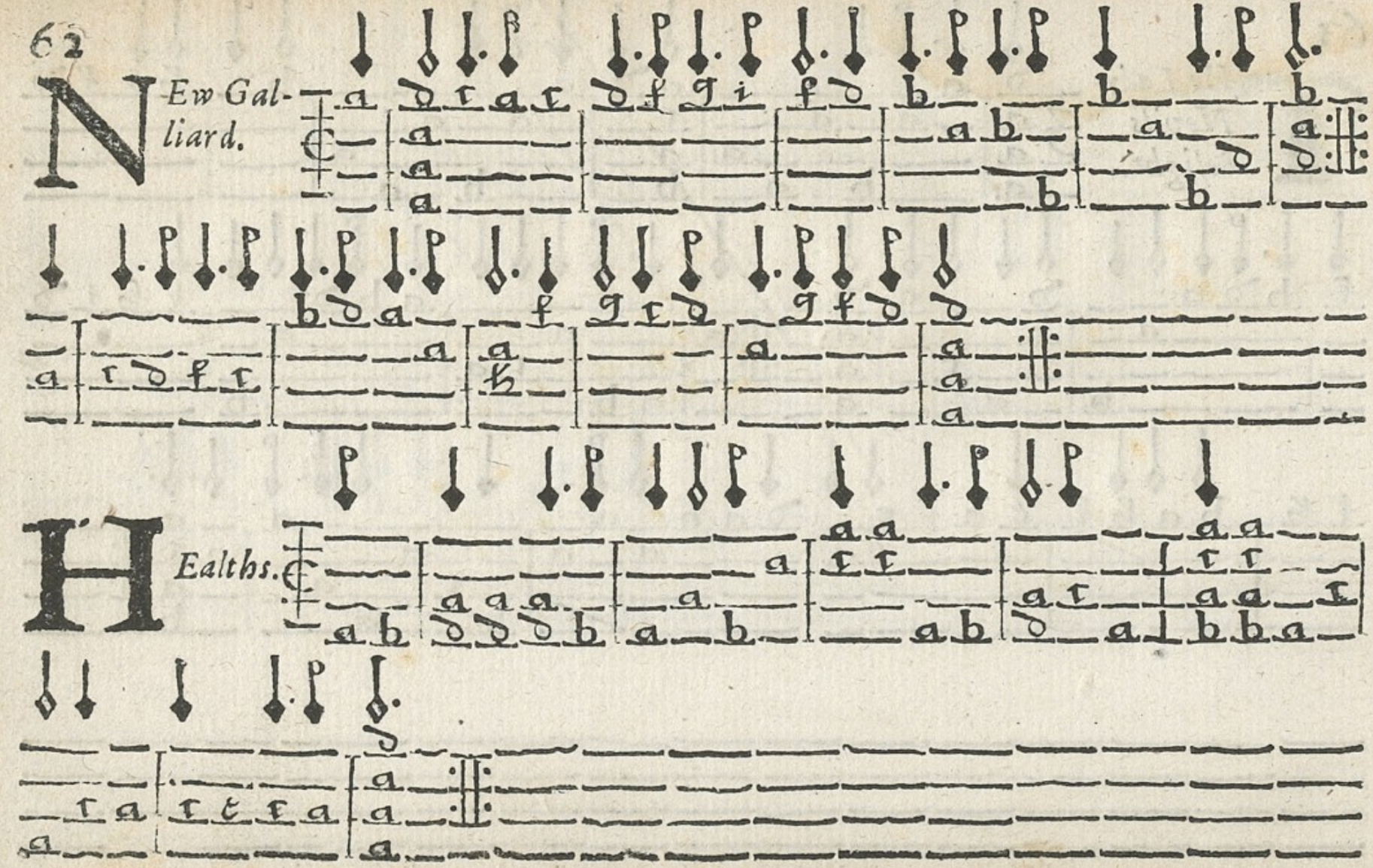
TO drive the cold Winter away.

A Cokeley a new dance.

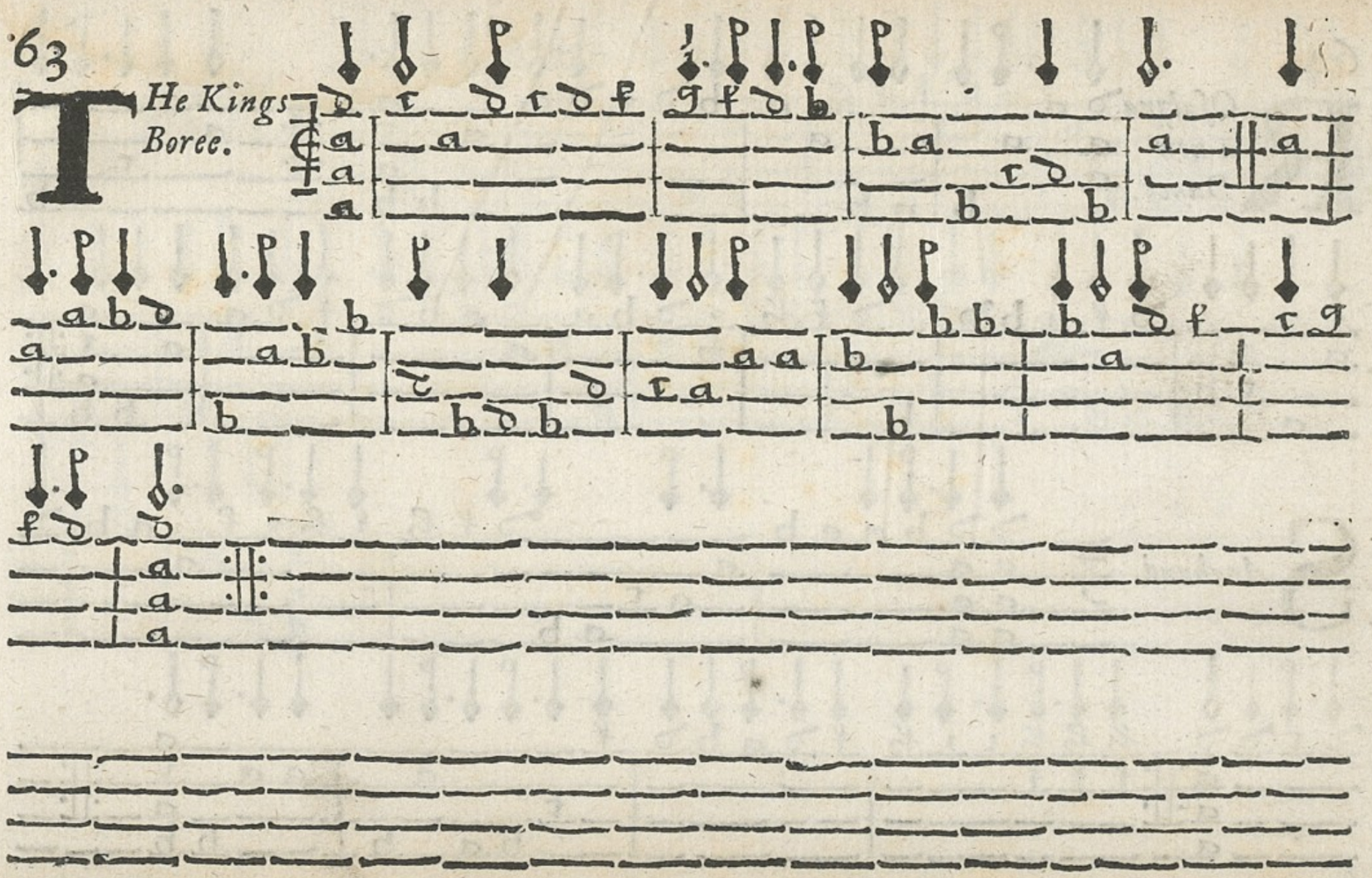


The Lady Nevils delight.

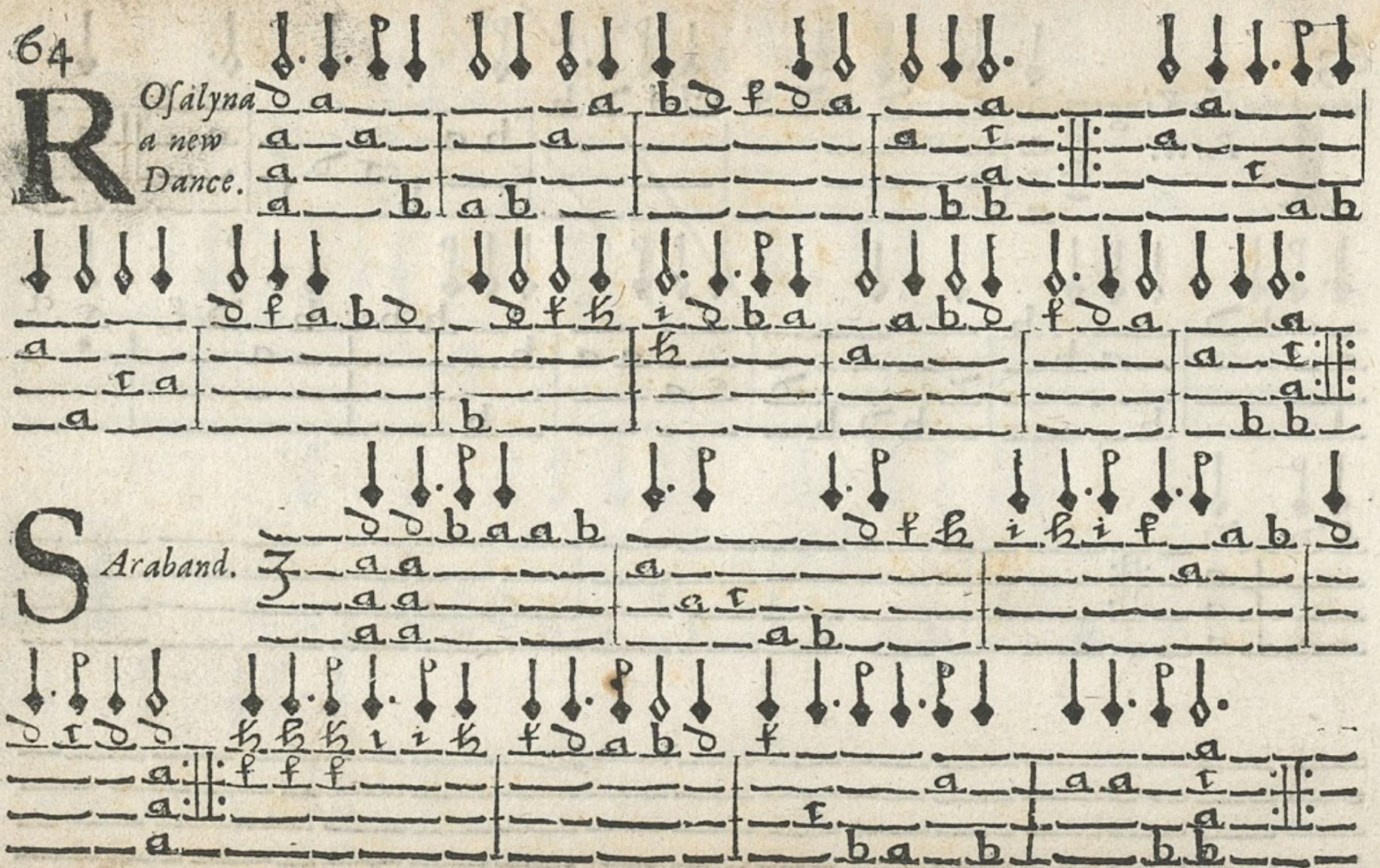
New Galliard.



Healths.

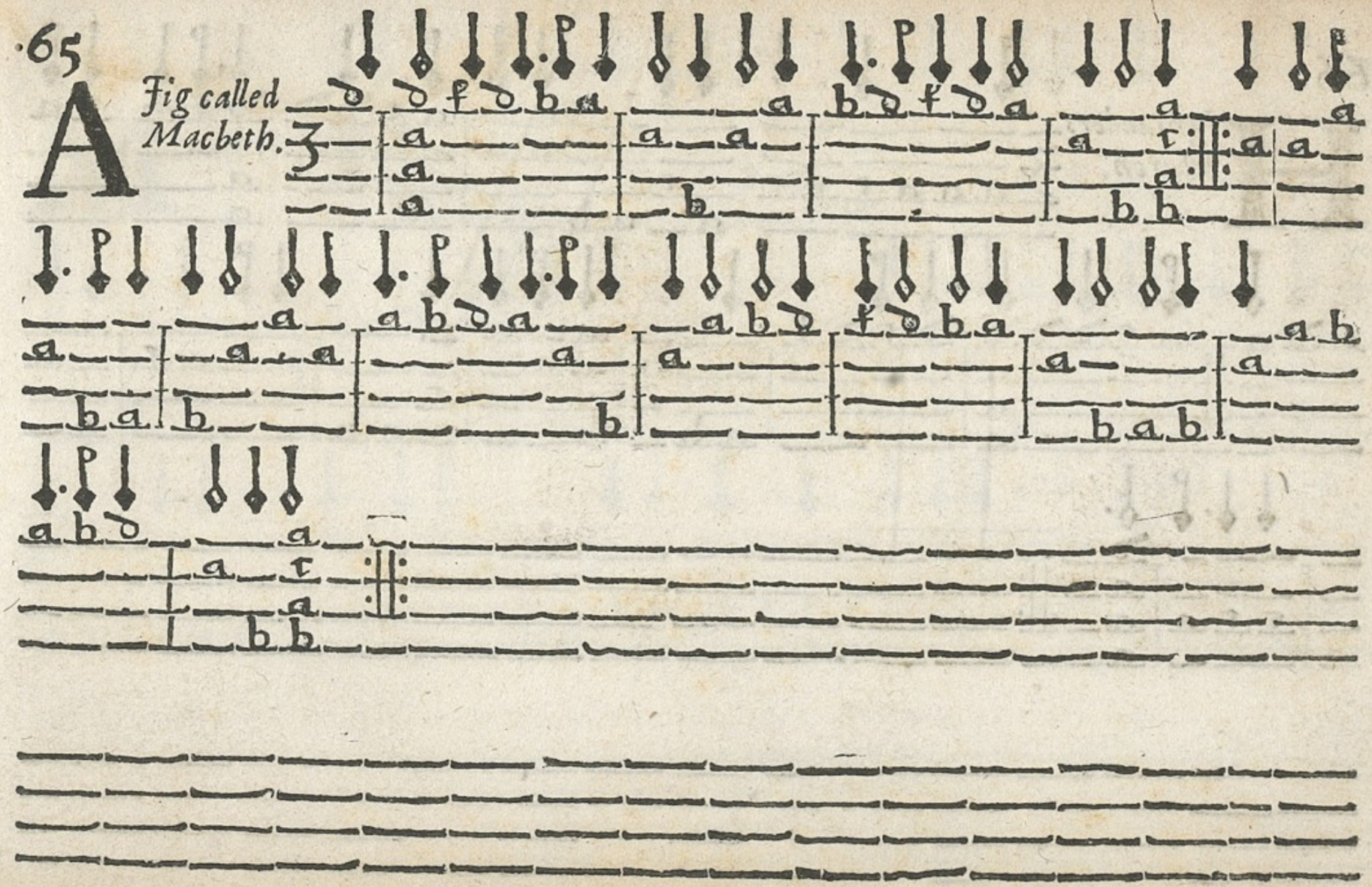

The Kings Boree.

R *Of alyna a new Dance.*

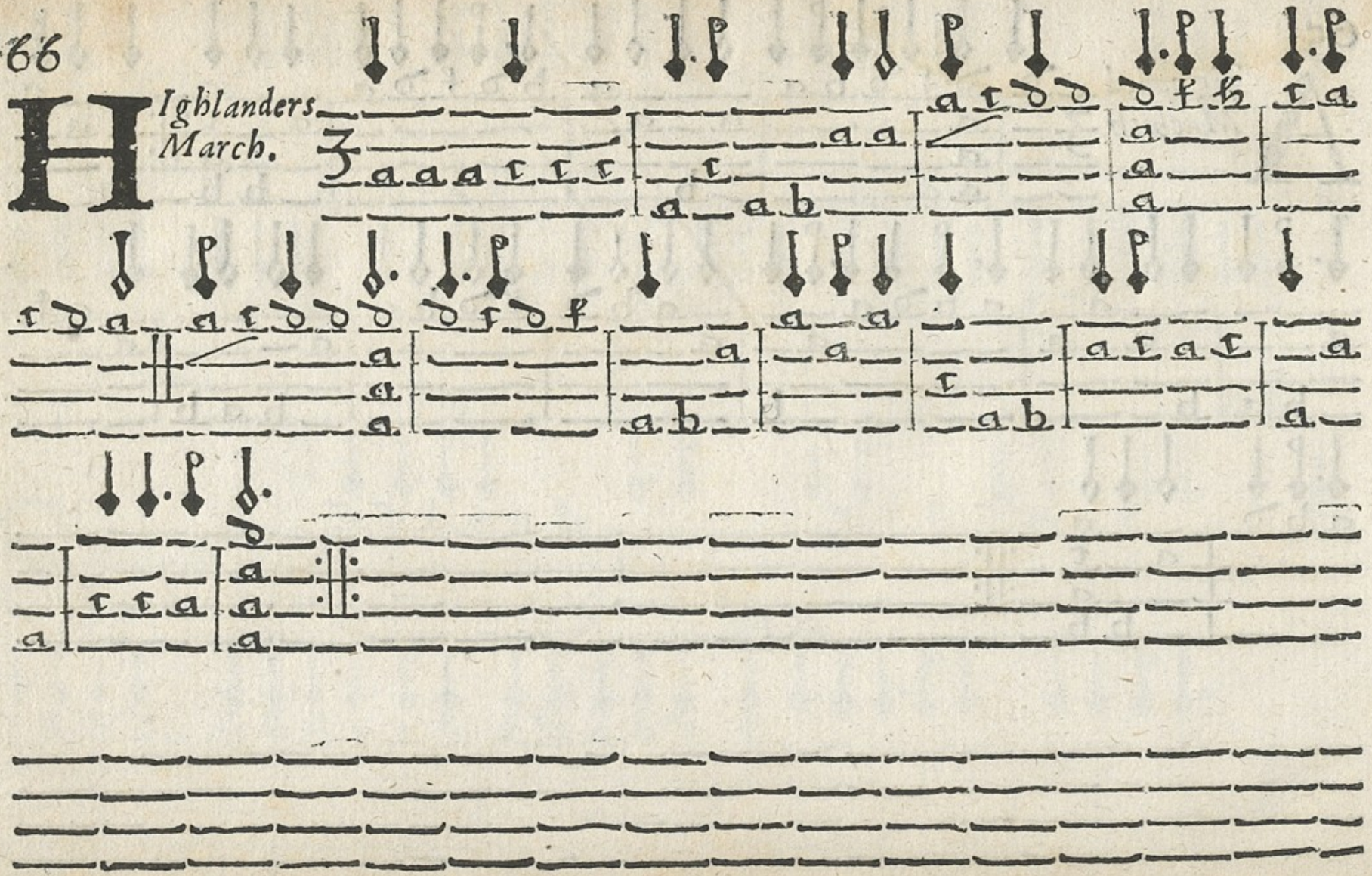


S *Araband.*

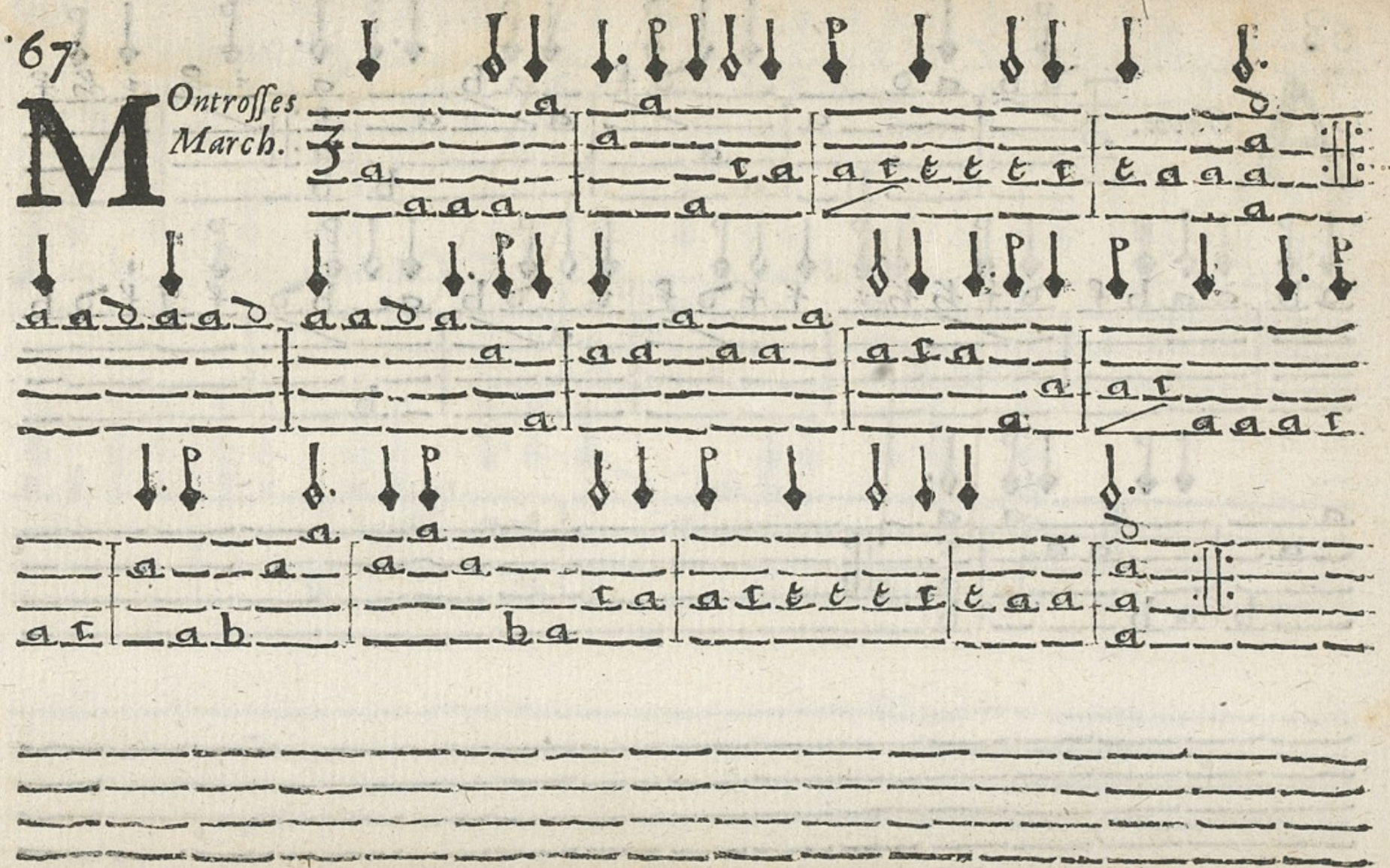
A *Fig called Macbeth.*



Highlanders March.

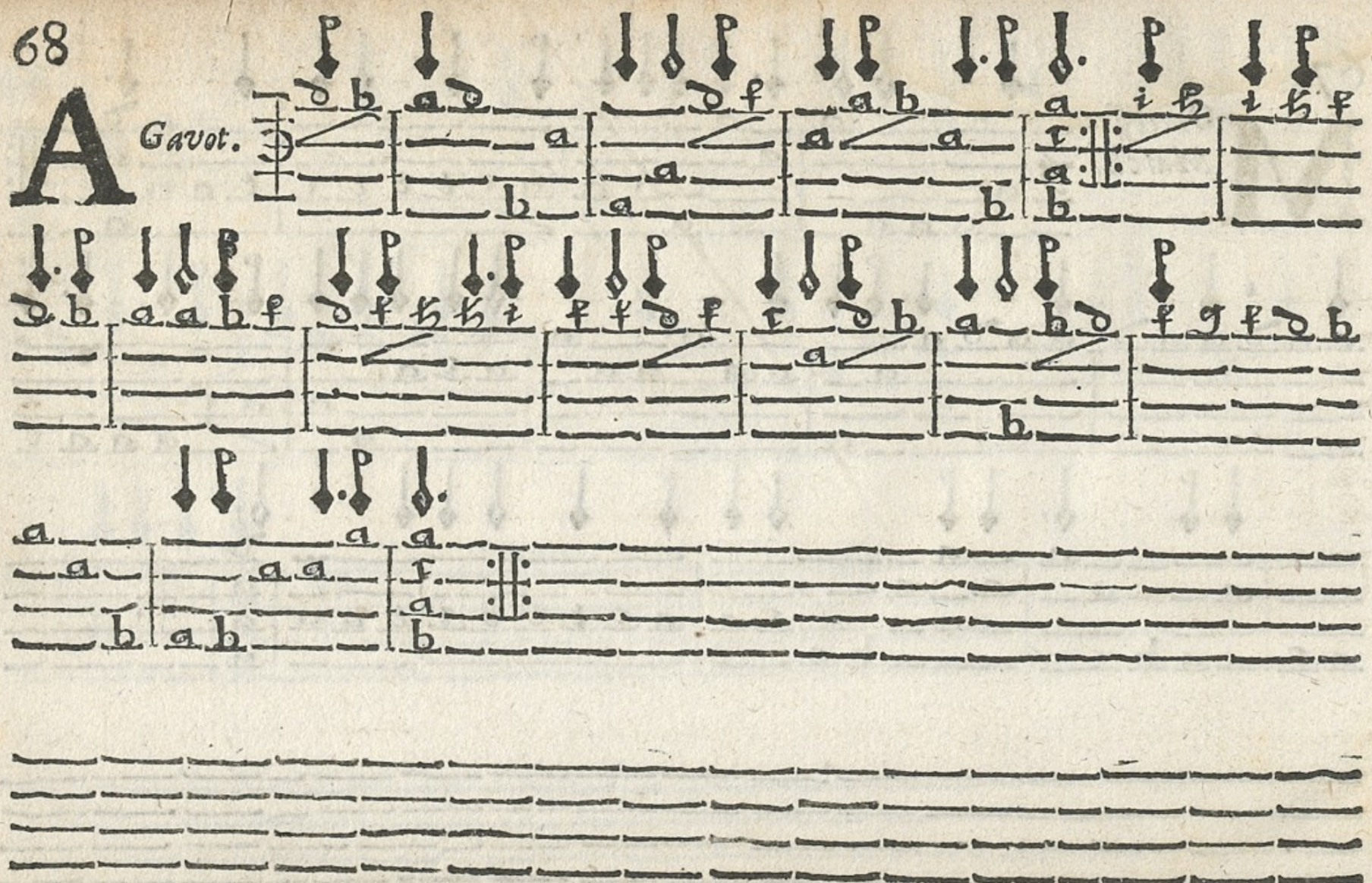


MOntrosses March.



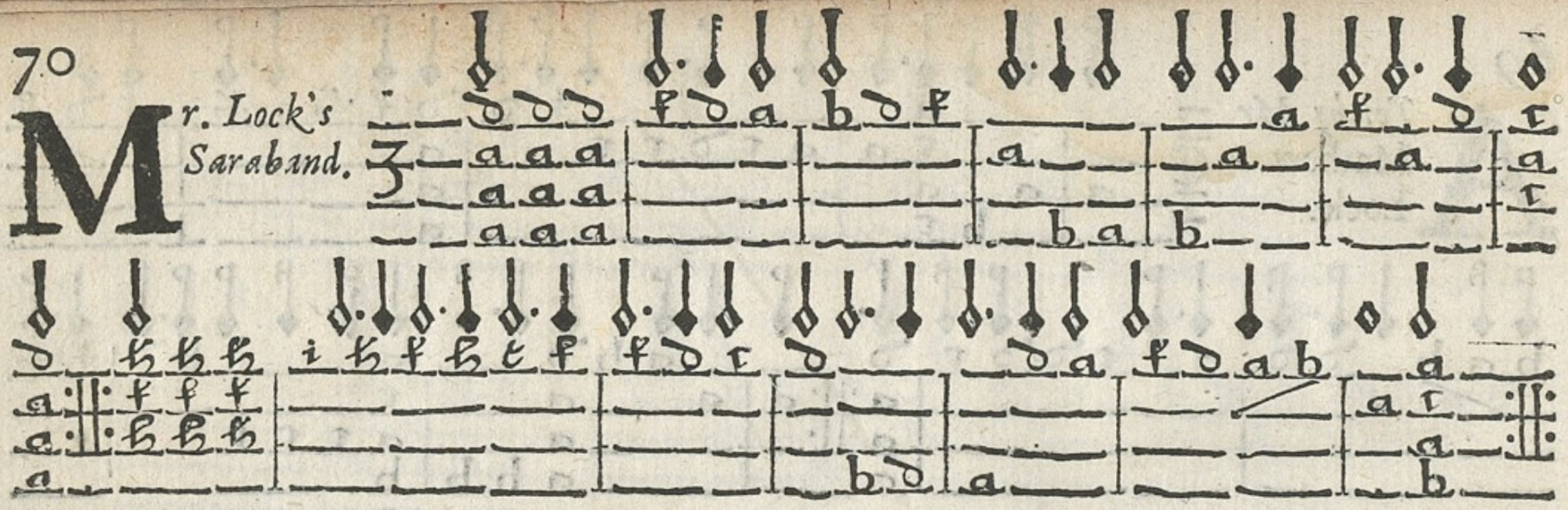
A

Gavot.

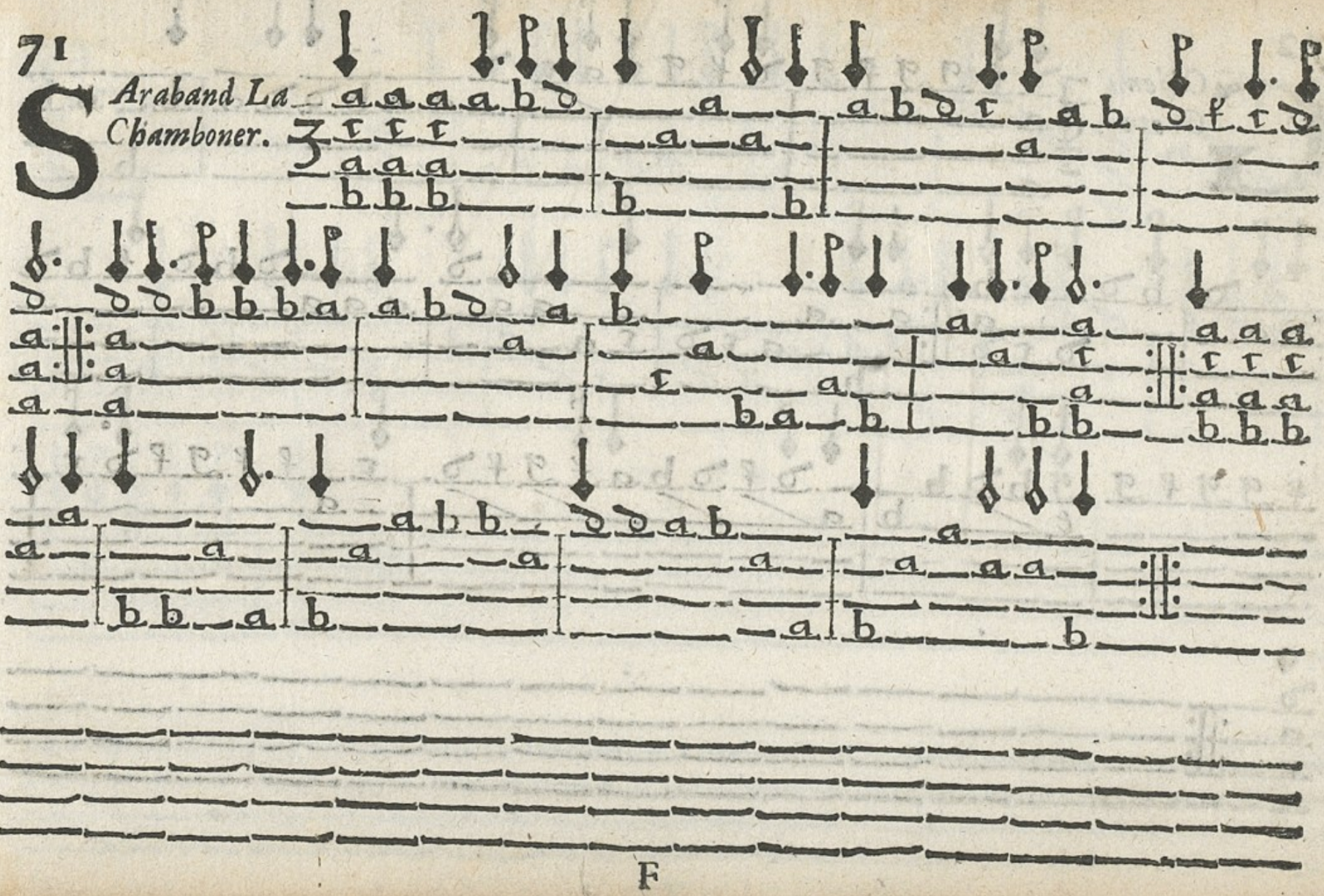


A Yer by Mr. Mathew Lock.

Mr. Lock's Saraband.

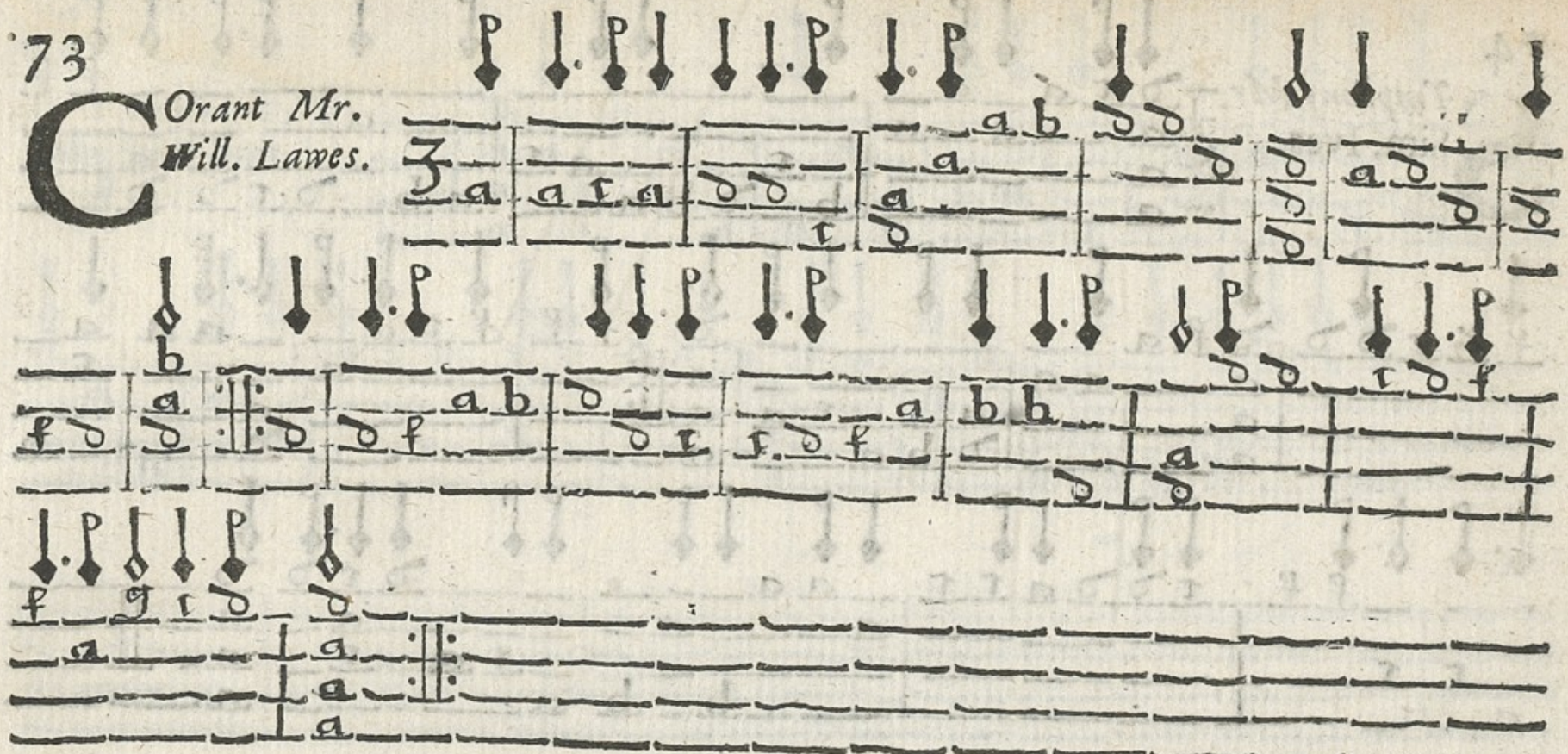


Araband La Chamboner.

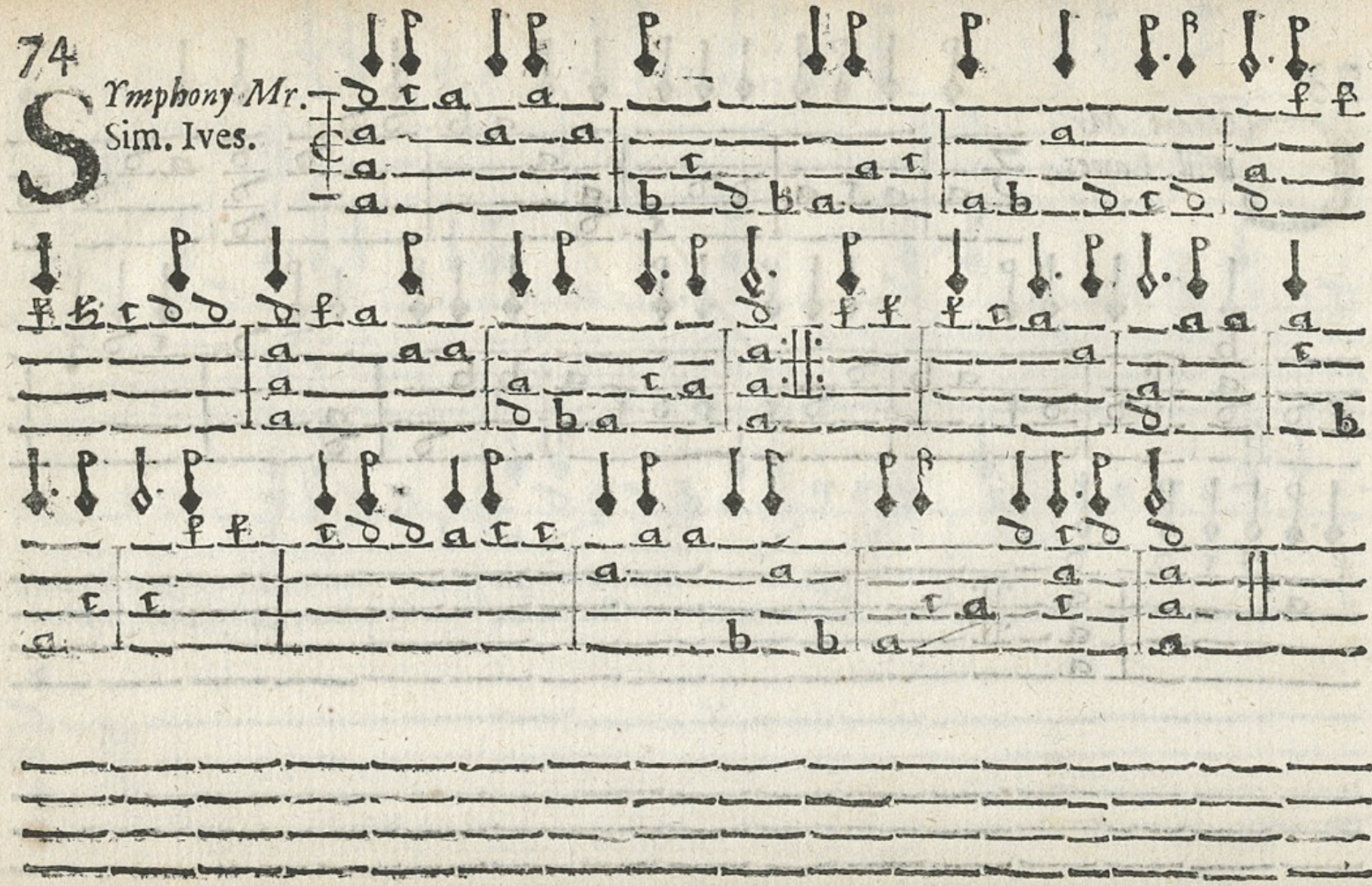


Golden Grove

Corant Mr. Will. Lawes.



Symphony Mr.
Sim. Ives.



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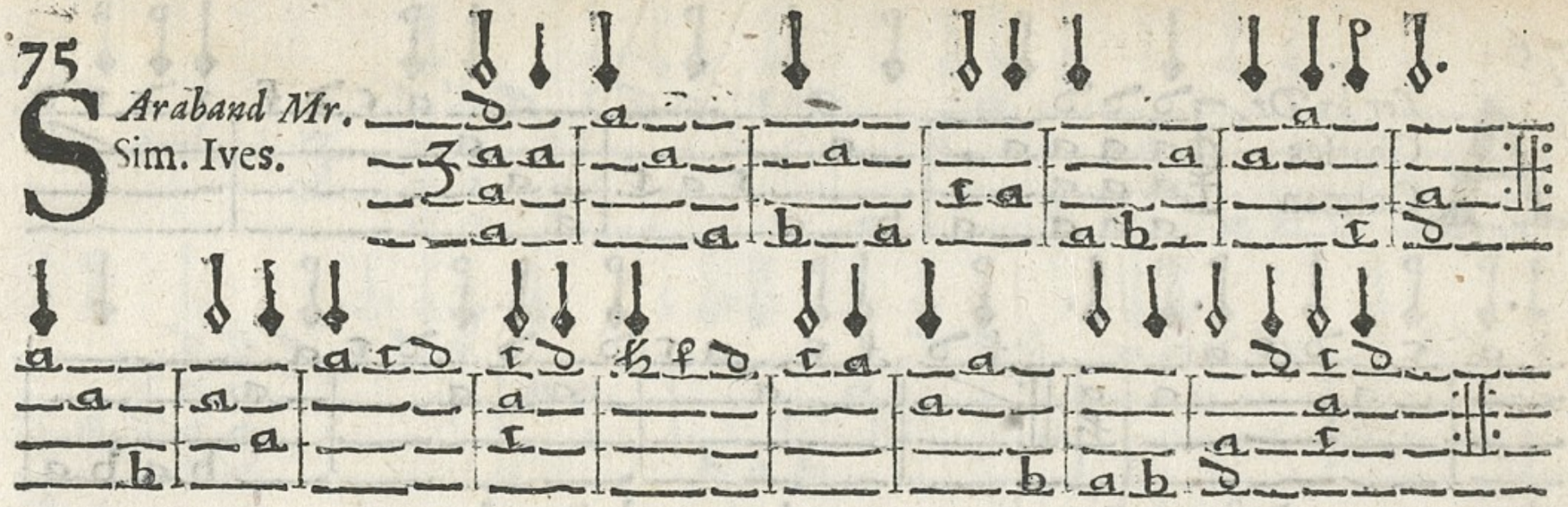
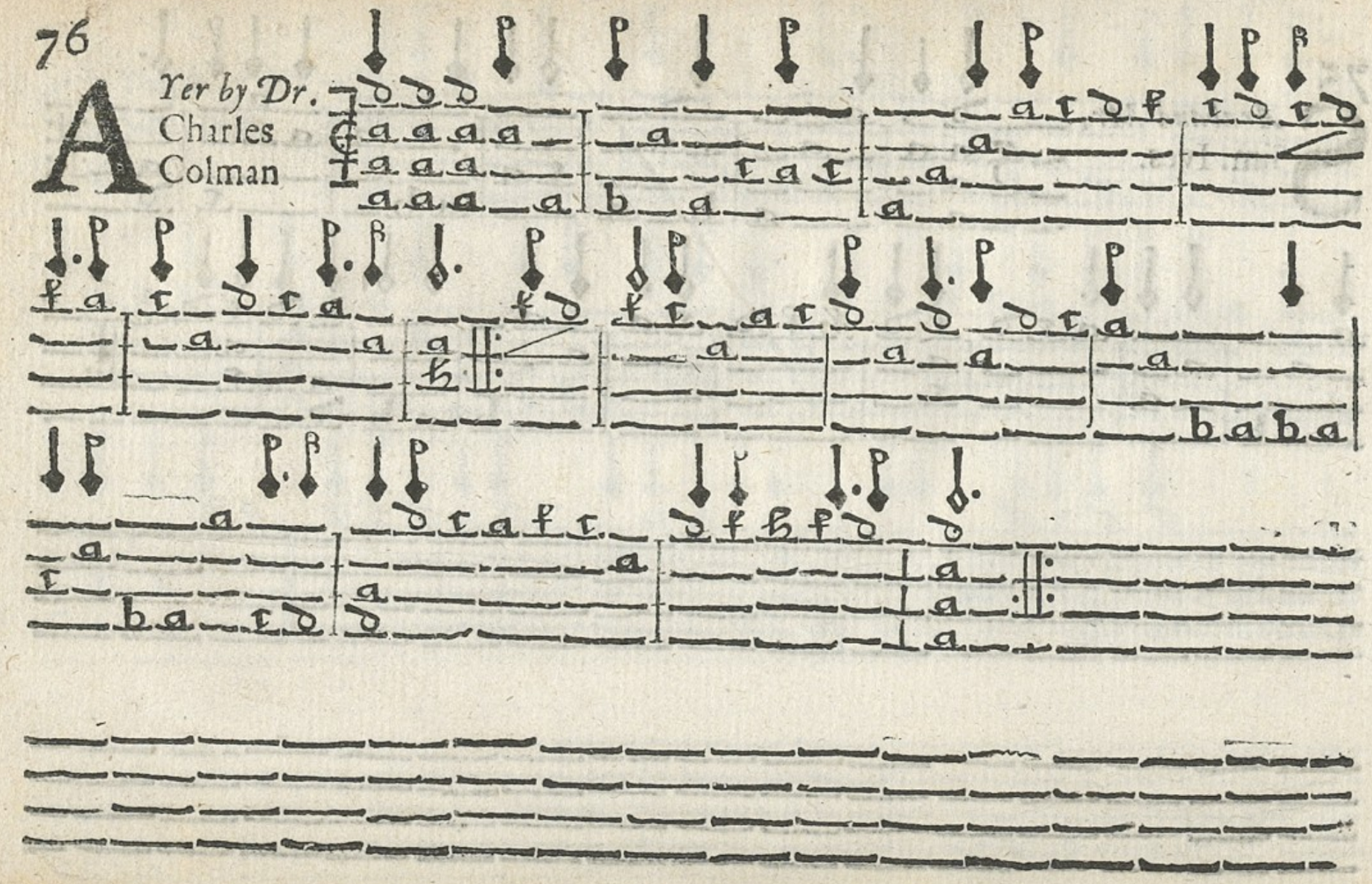
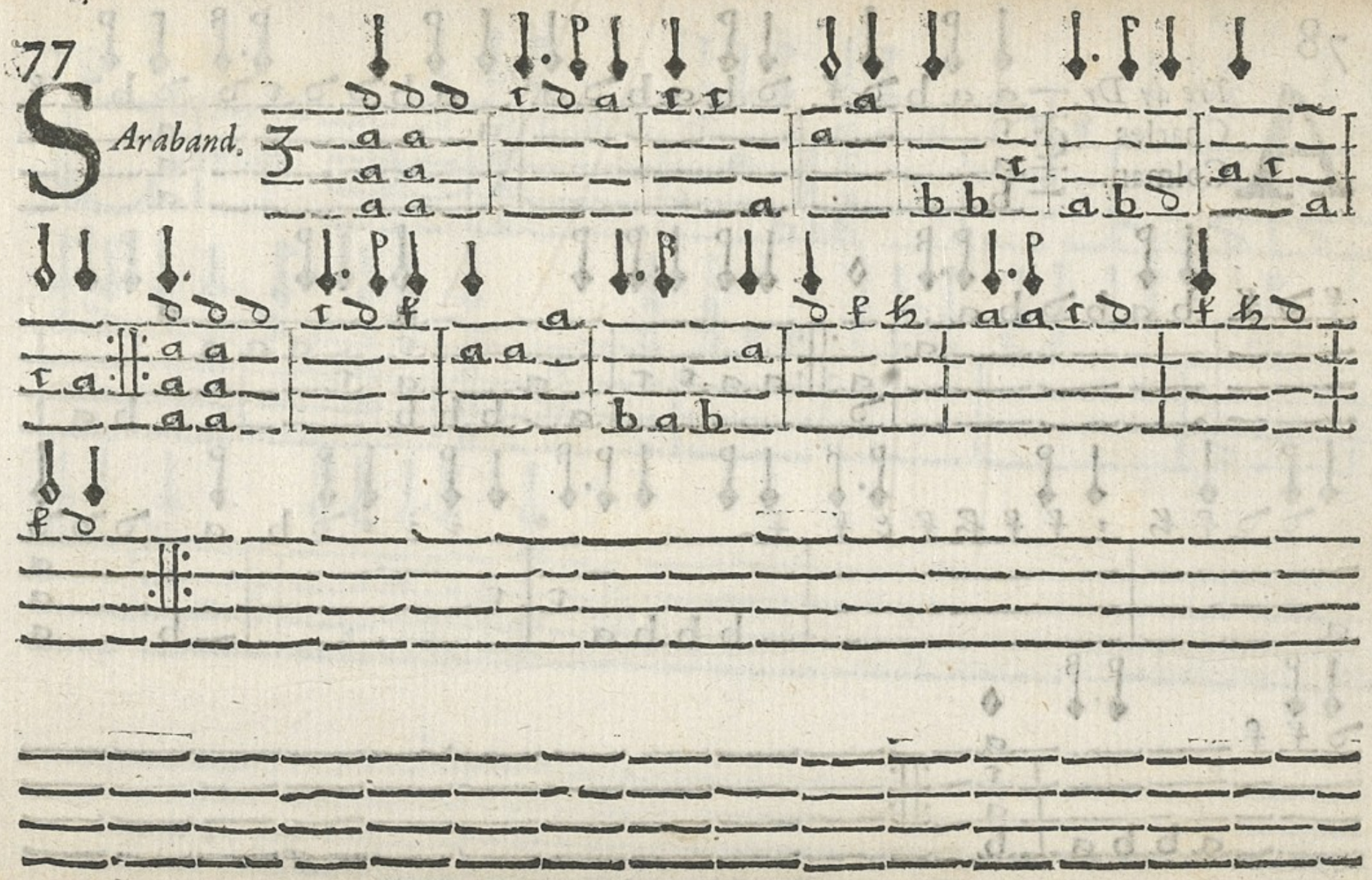
Saraband Mr. Sim. Ives.

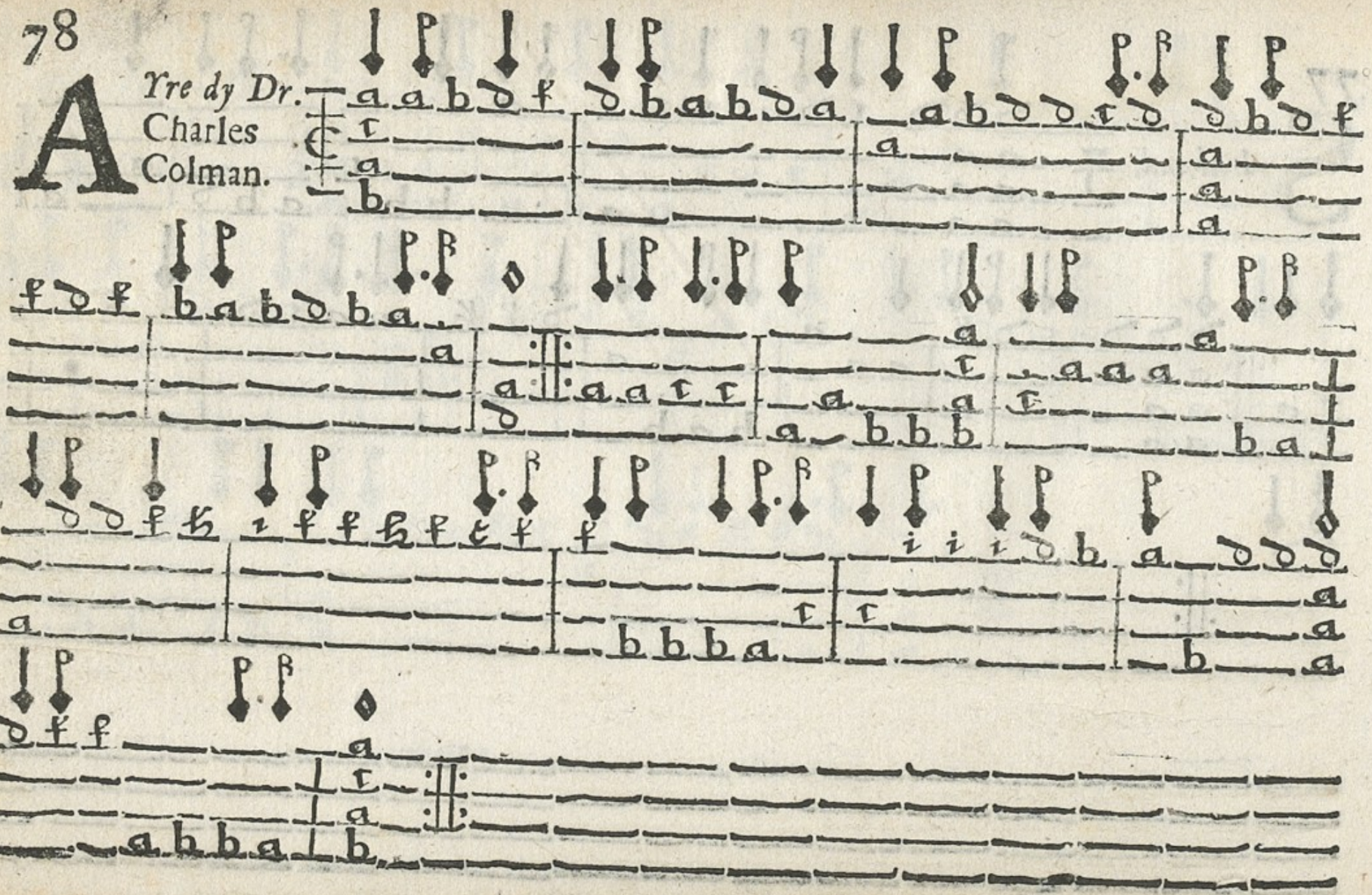


A*ver by Dr.*
Charles
Colman



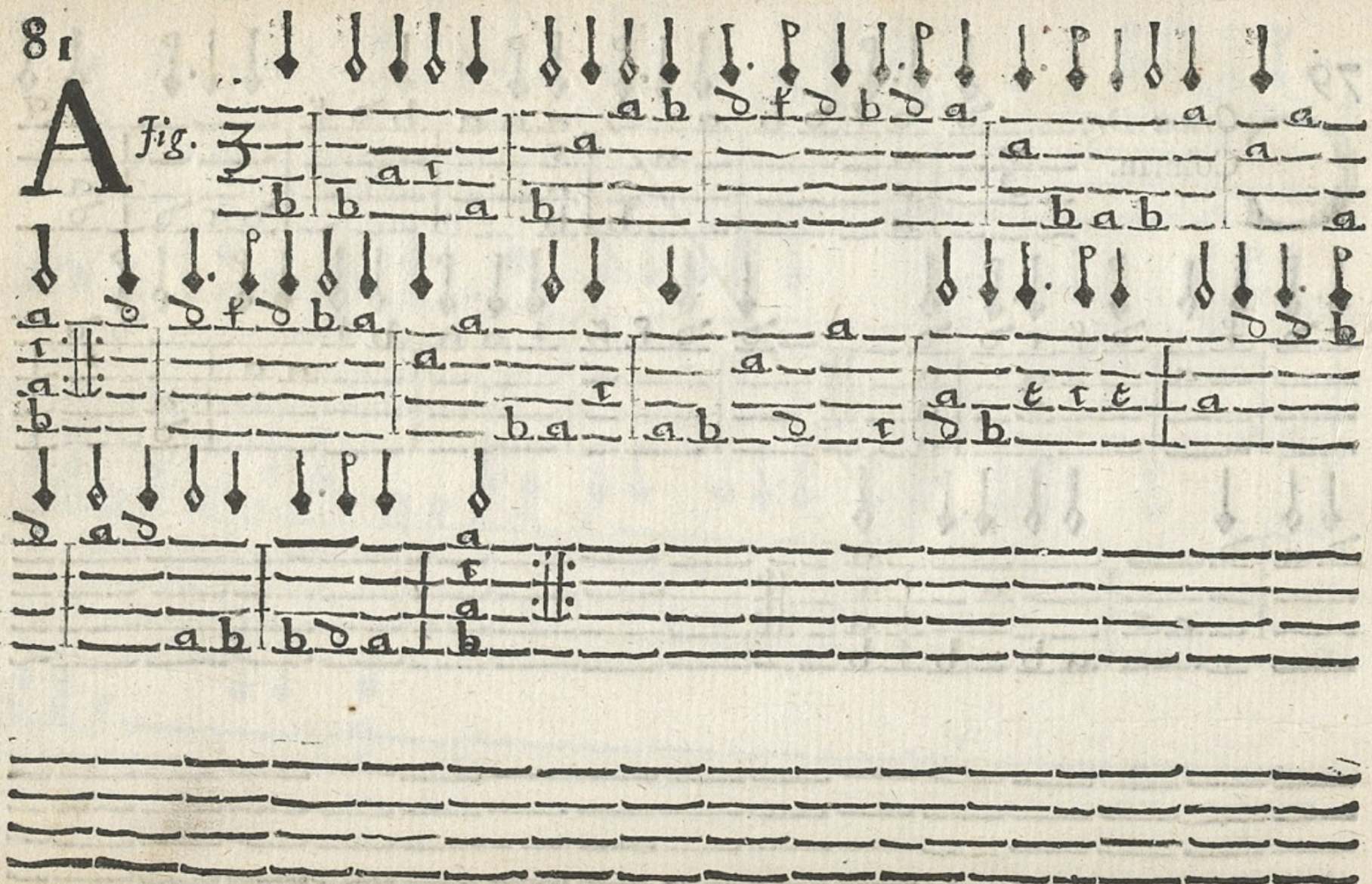

Araband.

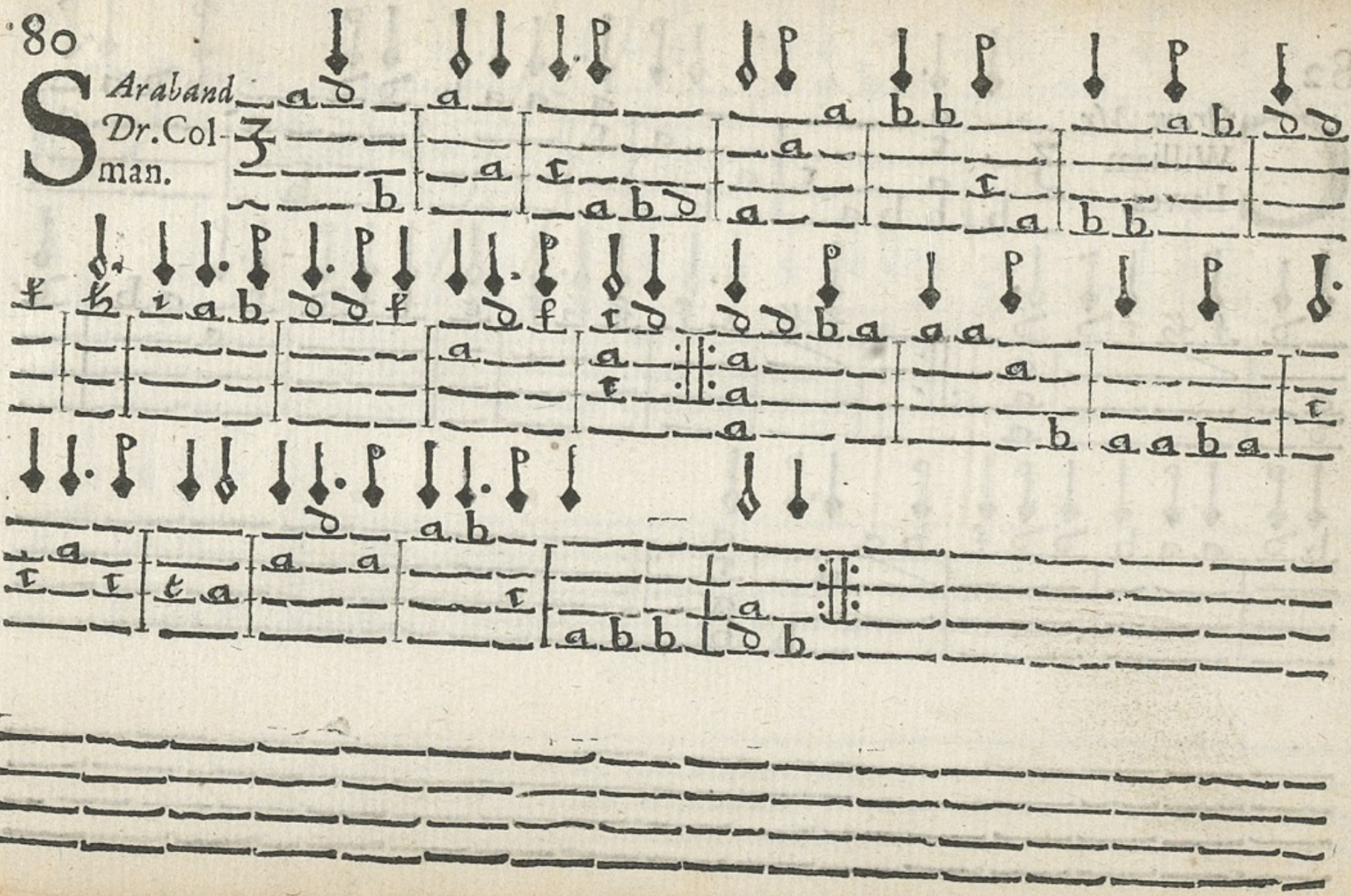
A Yre dy Dr. Charles Colman.



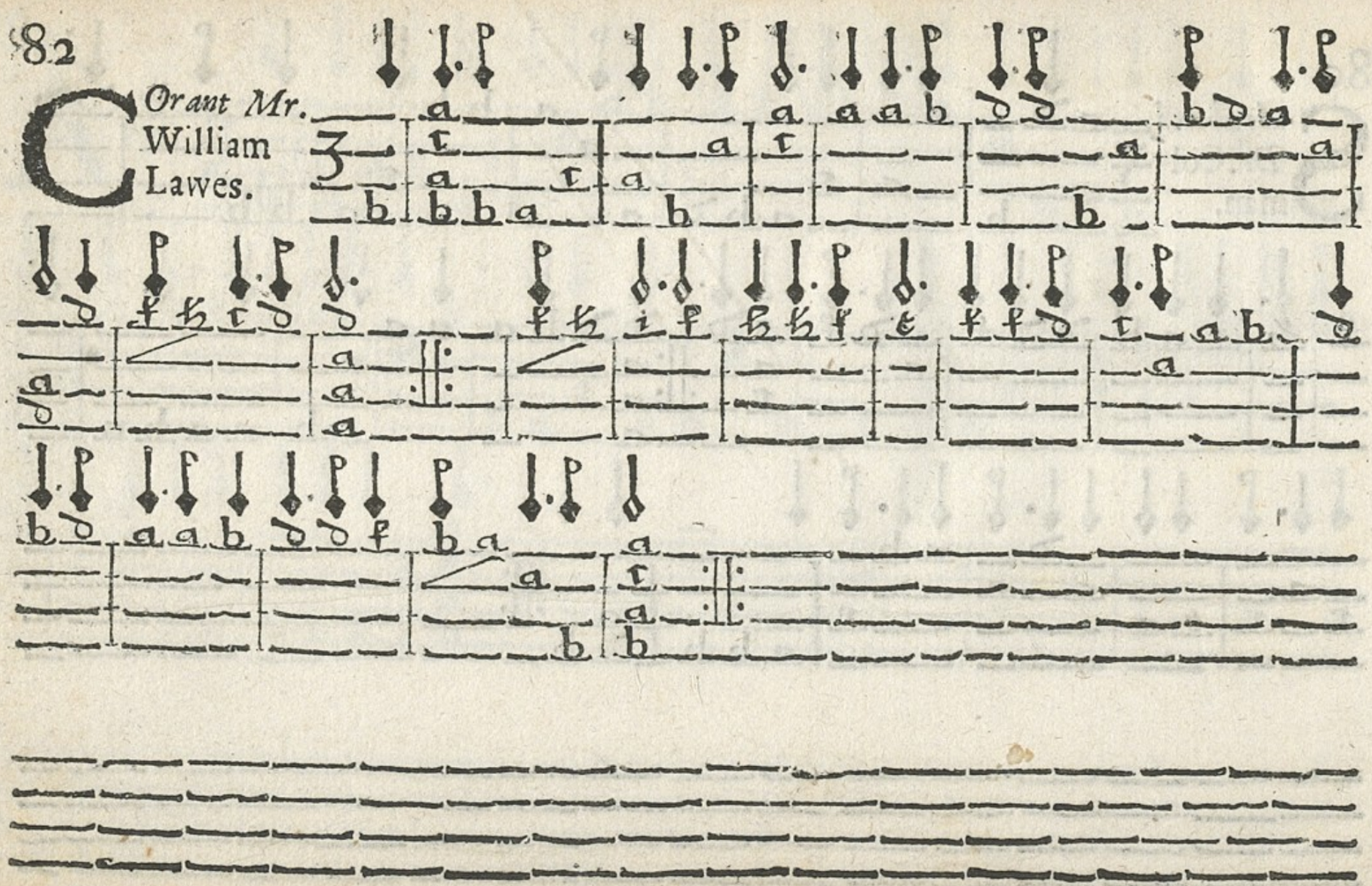
Orant Dr.
Colman.

A *Fig.*

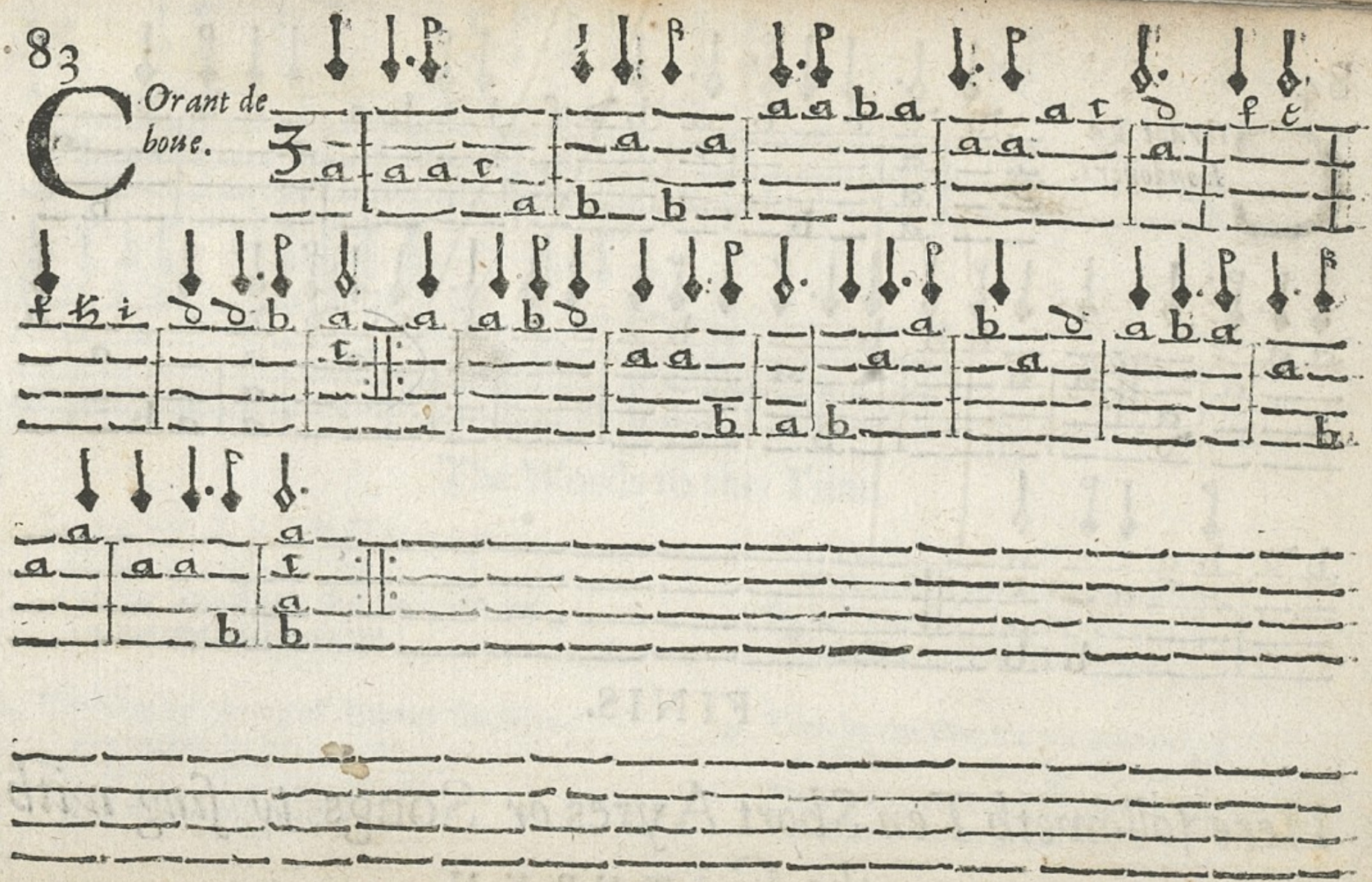



Saraband
Dr. Colman.

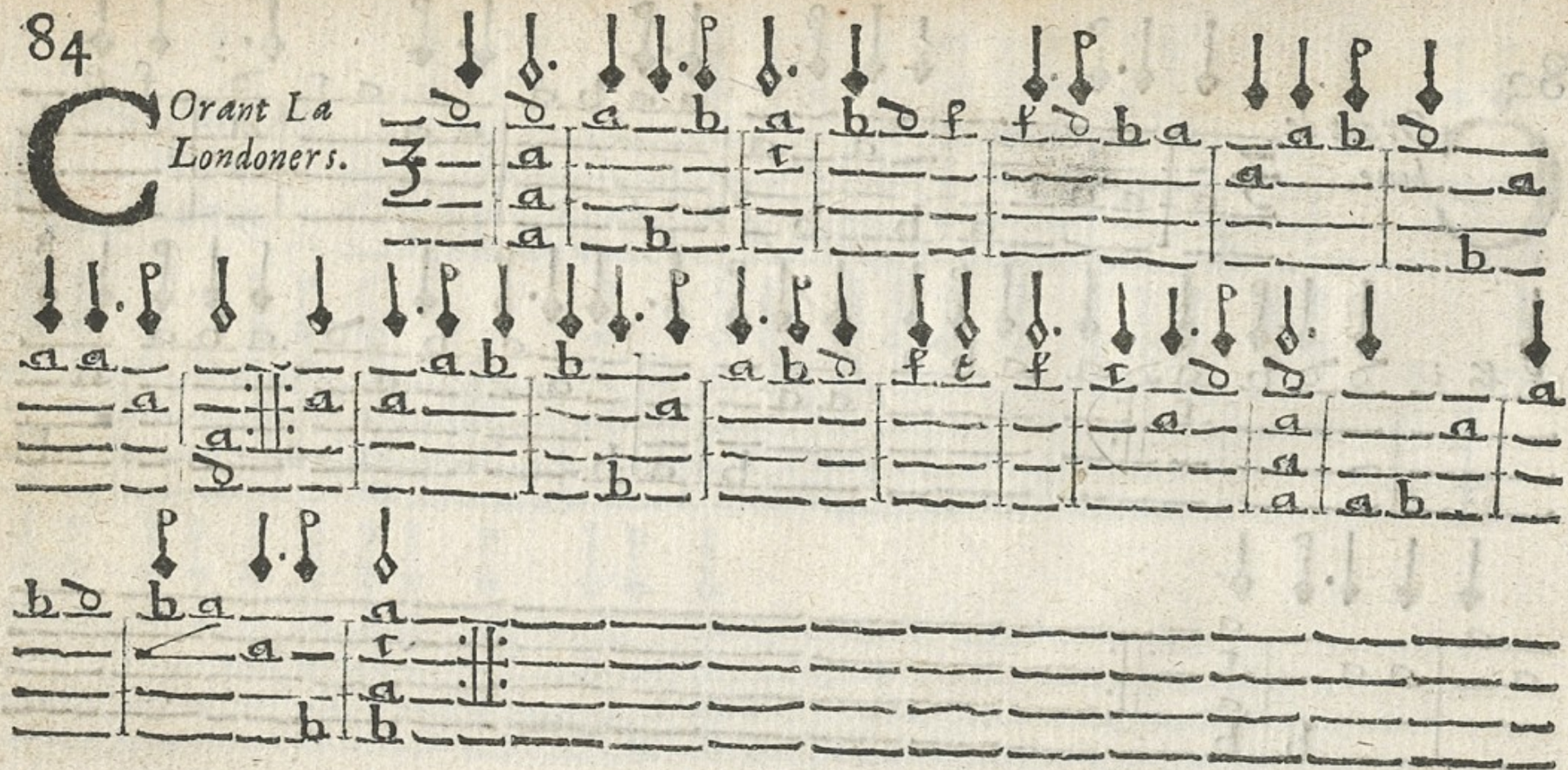
Corant Mr. William Lawes.



Corant de boue.

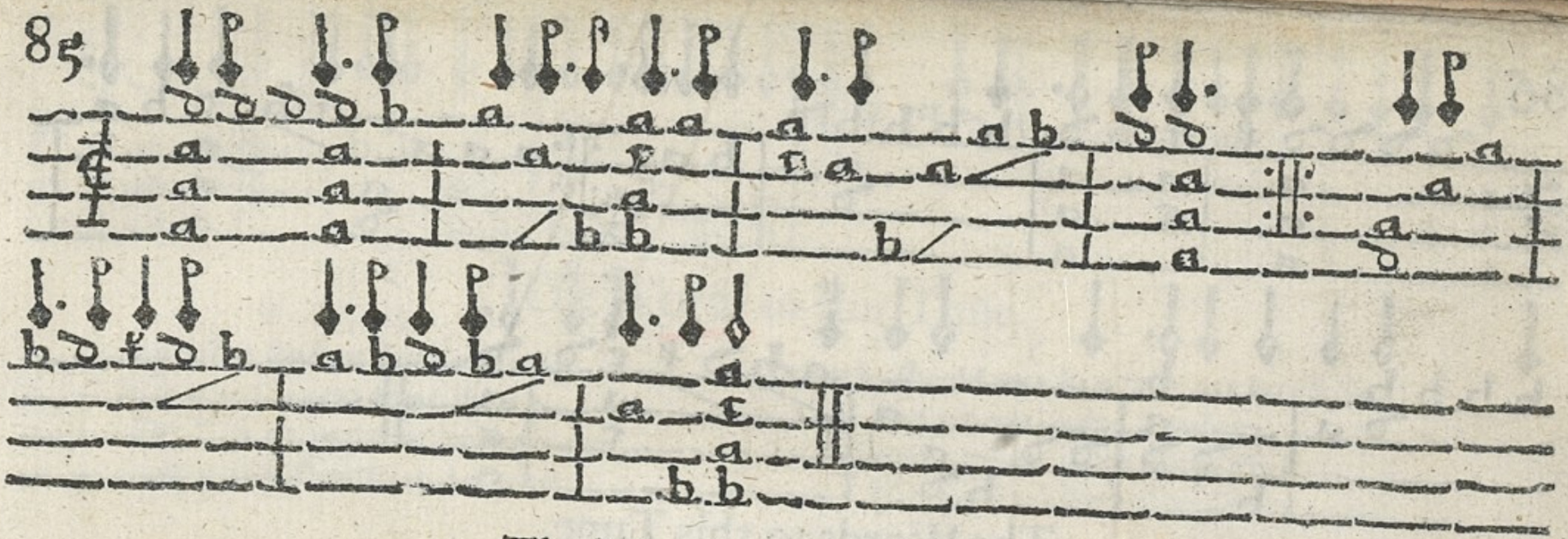


Corant La Londoners.



FINIS.

Here followeth Ten Short Ayres *or* Songs *to ſing with the* CITHREN.



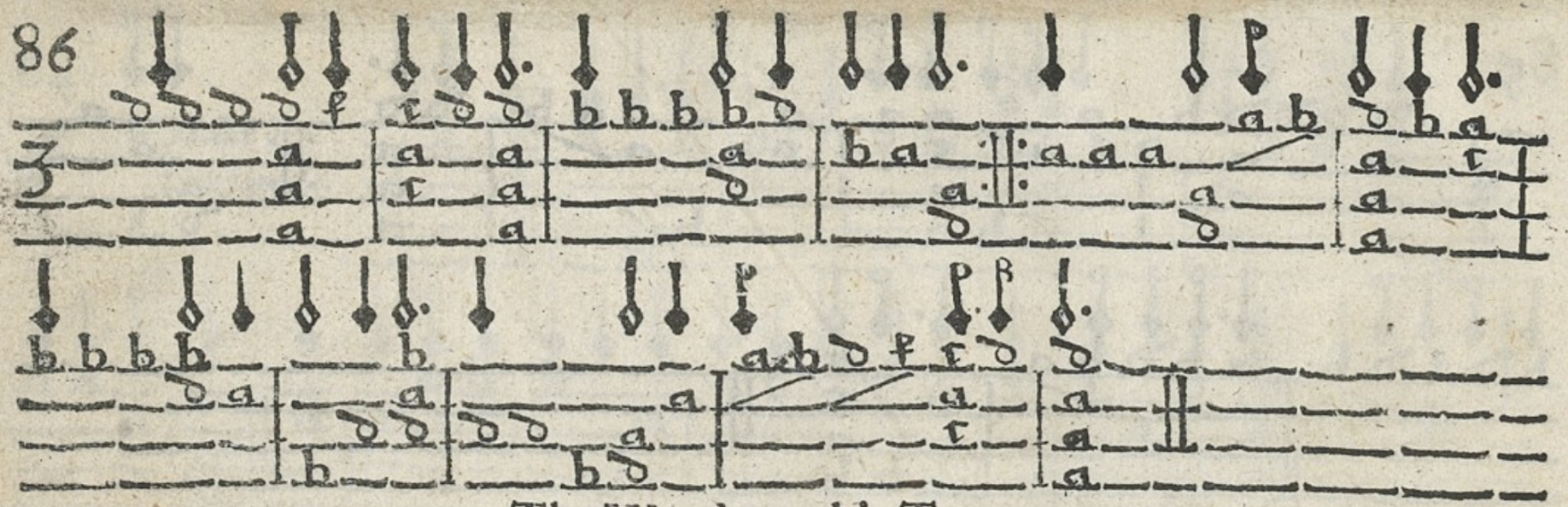
The Words to this Tune.

1. Gather your Roſe buds while you may,
Old time is ſtill a flying
And that ſame flower that ſmiles to day
To morrow will be dying.

2. The Glorious Lamp of Heaven the Sun,
The higher he is a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to ſetting.

3. That Age is beſt that is the firſt
While youth and blood are warmer
Expect not then the laſt and worſt
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

4. Then be not Coy but uſe your time,
And while you may go marry;
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.



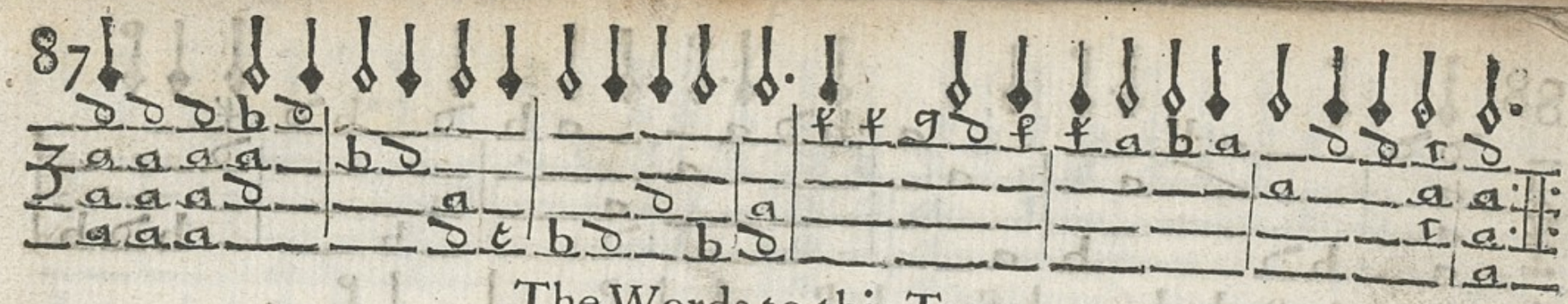
The Words to this Tune.

1. *I am a young and harmleſs Maid,*
And ſome are pleas'd to call me fair;
No man hath yet in Ambuſh laid
To catch me, but I broke the ſnare;
And though they ſtile me proud and coy,
Yet in my freedome is my joy.

2. *Yet could I quickly be in love,*
If men were not ſo falſly wiſe;
With ſighs and tears which daily prove,
To blind our tender hearts and eyes;
Yet raſh belief ſhall ne'r deſtroy
My freedome, which is all my joy.

3. *We are accurſt to be ſo fair,*
And men for their abuſing wit;
When we are wiſe then they deſpair,
And count our paſſion but a fit:
Then for a while I will be coy,
Since freedome is a womans joy.

4. *Yet I do hope this ſafe delay*
Shall make me live and never mourn;
And though my beauty paſs away,
Ile chooſe a Husband for my turn,
And he ſhall be a Lover true,
Then man, I am as wiſe as you.



The Words to this Tune.

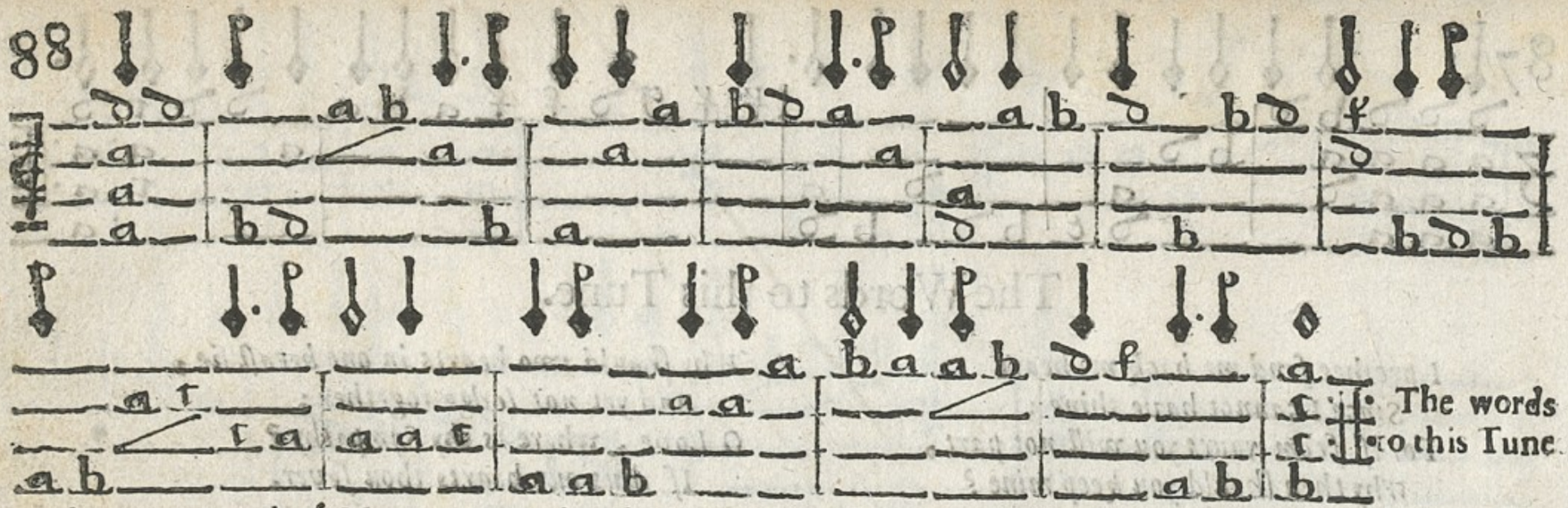
I prethee send me back my heart
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you keep mine ?

Yet now I think on't let it lye,
To send it me were vain ;
For th' hast a Thief in either eye
Will steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ;
O Love, where is thy Sympathy ?
If thus our hearts thou sever.

But Love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine :
But I'le believe I have her heart
As much as she hath mine.



The words to this Tune

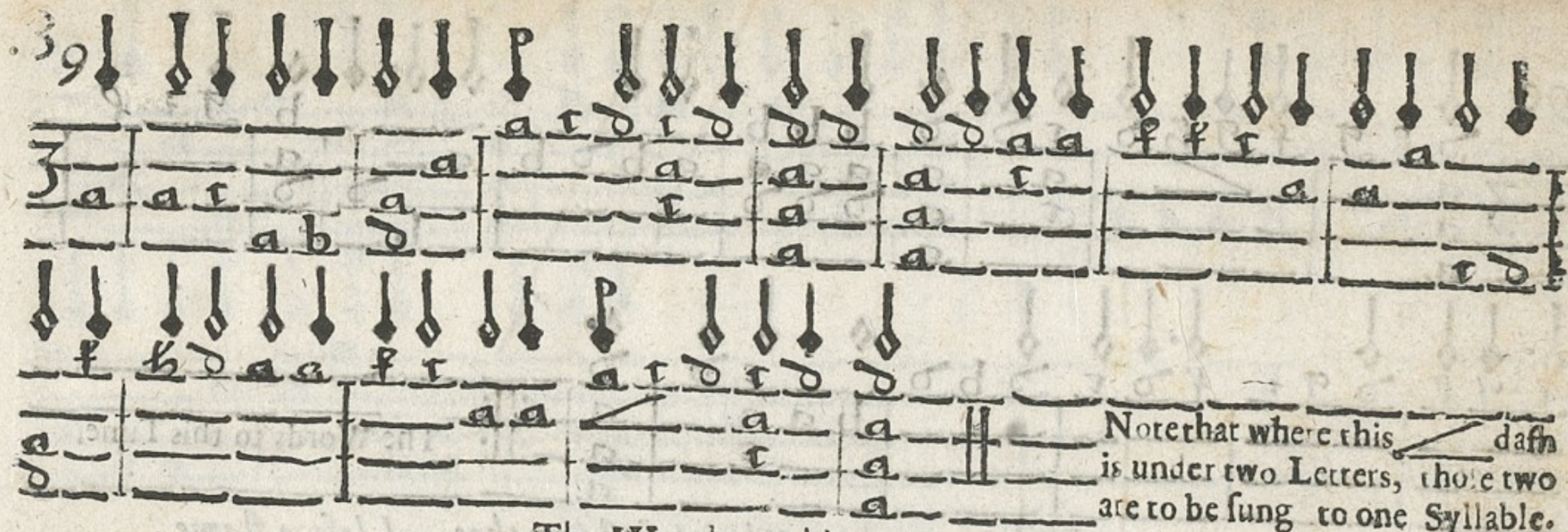
In the merry Month of May,
On a Morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood so wide
When as May *was in her pride;*
There I spy'd all alone, all alone,
Philida *and* Coridon.

Much a do there was god wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was ever true;
She said, none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long;
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon *would have kiss'd her then;*
She said, Maids must kiss no men,
Till they kiss for good and all;
Then she bad the shepheard call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was lov'd so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,
As yea, and nay, and Faith, and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet Concluded.

Then Philida *with Garlands gay,*
Was crowned Lady of the May.



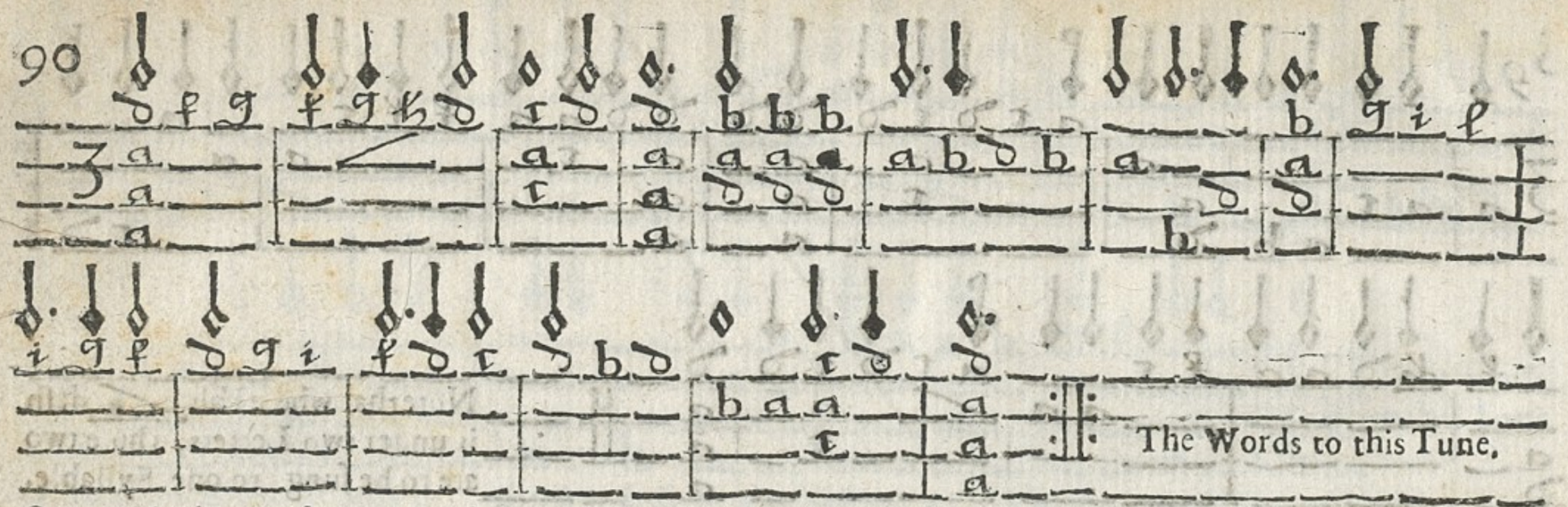
Note that where this ⌒ dash is under two Letters, those two are to be sung to one Syllable.

The Words to this Tune.

How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love,
There's no such blessings here beneath, what e're there is above;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, that every wise man loves.

Out, out upon those eyes, that think to murther me,
And he's an Ass beleives her fair, that is not kind and free;
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet, to man but Libertie.

Ile tye my heart to none, nor yet Confine mine eyes:
But I will play my Game so well, Ile never want a prize;
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, has made me now thus wise.

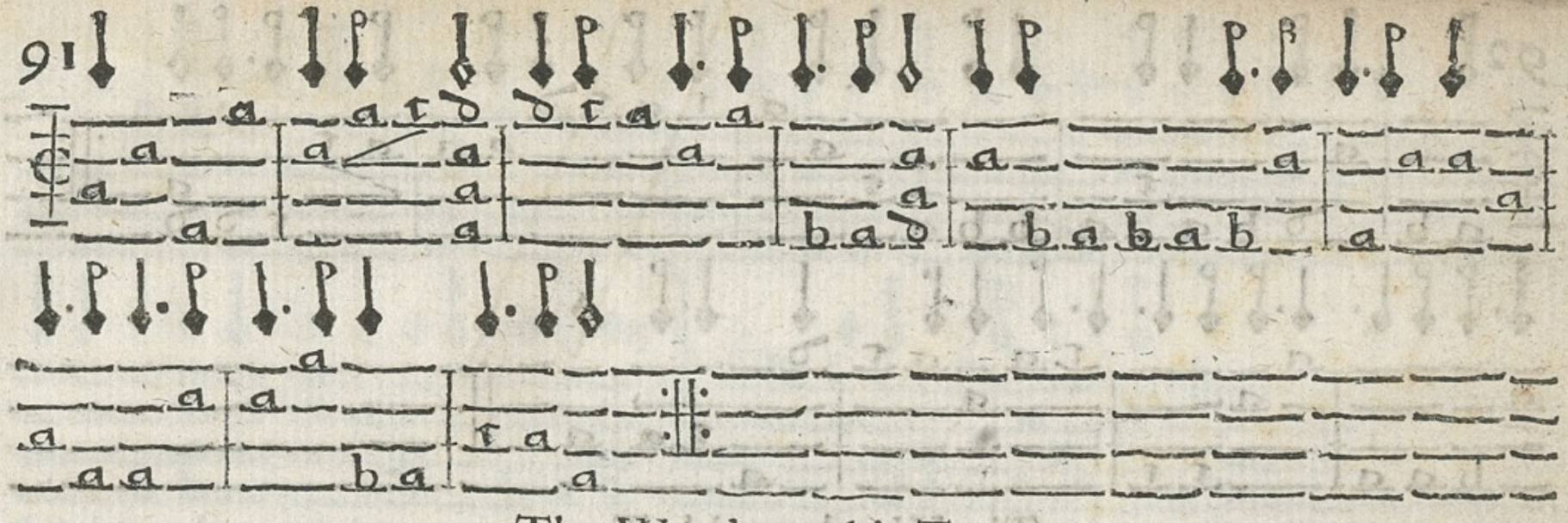


O my Clariſa ! *thou cruel fair*,
Bright as the morning, and ſoft as the air;
Freſher then Flowers in May,
Yet far more ſweet then they;
Love is the Suject of my prayer.

Let not ſuch fortune my love betide,
O let your rocky breaſt be mollified !
Send me not to my Grave,
Unpitied like a Slave;
How can Love ſuch uſage abide ?

When I firſt ſaw thee, I left a flame,
Which from thine eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's *dart*,
It peirc'd quite through my heart;
O could thy Breaſt once feel the ſame.

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This paſſion quickly will find relief;
Cupid *will from his Bowers*,
Warm theſe chill hearts of ours;
And make his power Rule their in chief.



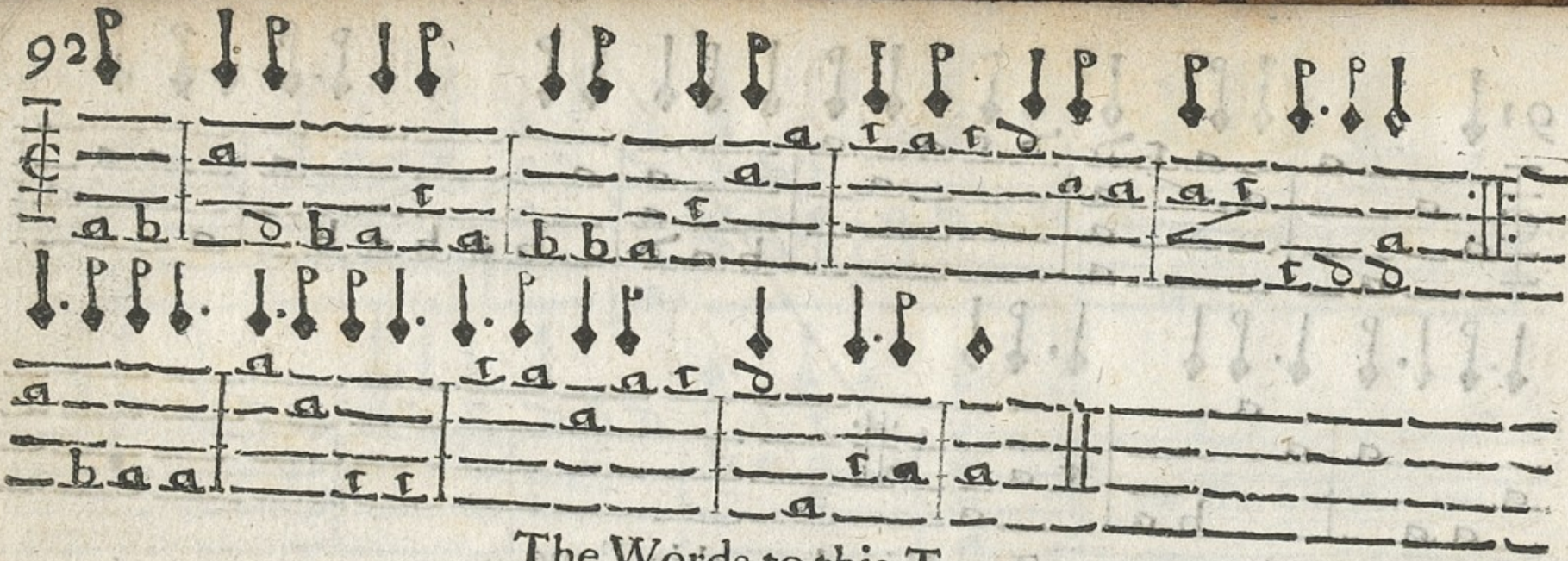
The Words to this Tune.

Come, oh come! I brook no ſtay,
She doth not love that can delay;
See how the ſtealing night,
Hath blotted out the light,
And Tapers do ſupply the day.

To be chaſt is to be old,
And that fooliſh Girl that's cold,
Is fourſcore at fifteen;
Deſires, do wright her green;
And looſer flames our youth unfold.

See, the firſt Taper's almoſt gone,
Thy flame, like that, will ſtraight be none;
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire;
She looſeth time that lyes alone.

Let us then cheriſh theſe our powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we beſt ſpend our time,
When no dull zealous Chime:
But ſprightful kiſſes ſtrike the hours.

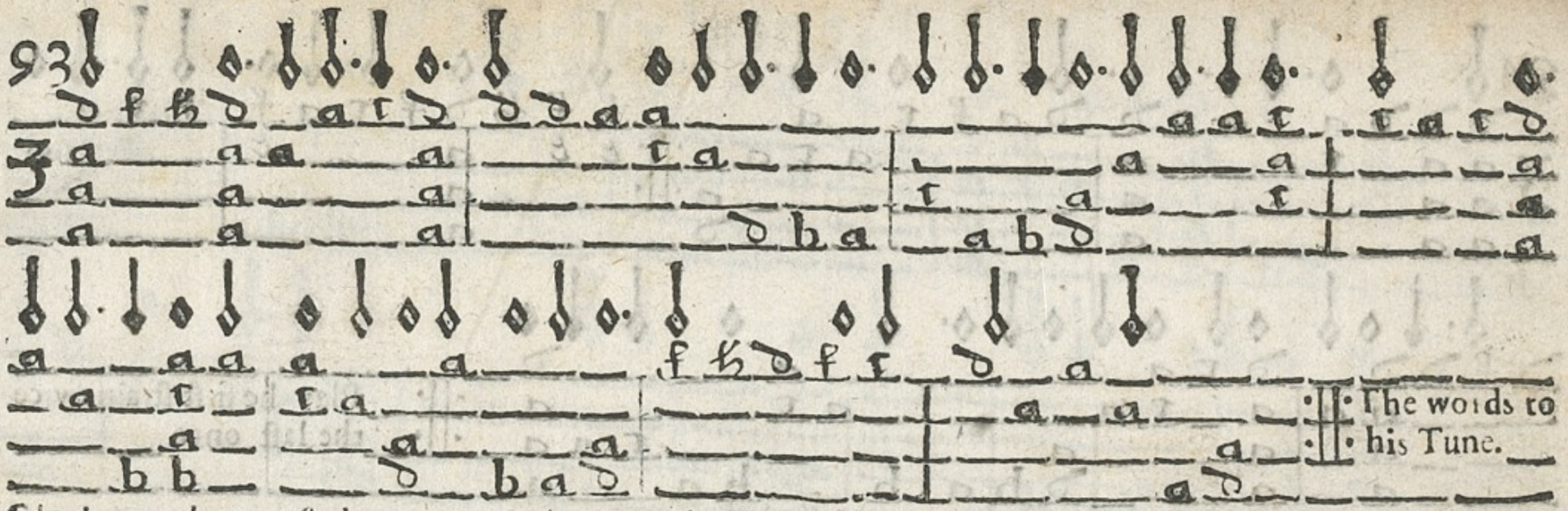


The Words to this Tune.

Silly heart forbear those are murd'ring Eyes,
In the which (I swear) Cupid lurking lyes;
See his Quiver, see his Bow too, see his Dart;
Fly, oh fly! thou foolish heart.

Greedy eyes take heed, they are scorching beams,
Causing hearts to bleed; and your eyes spring streams
Love lyes watching, with his Bow bent, and his dart
For to wound both eyes and heart.

Think and Gaze your fill, fooliſh heart and eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good deſpiſe;
Cupid ſhooting, Cupid darting, and his band;
Mortal powers cannot with-ſtand.

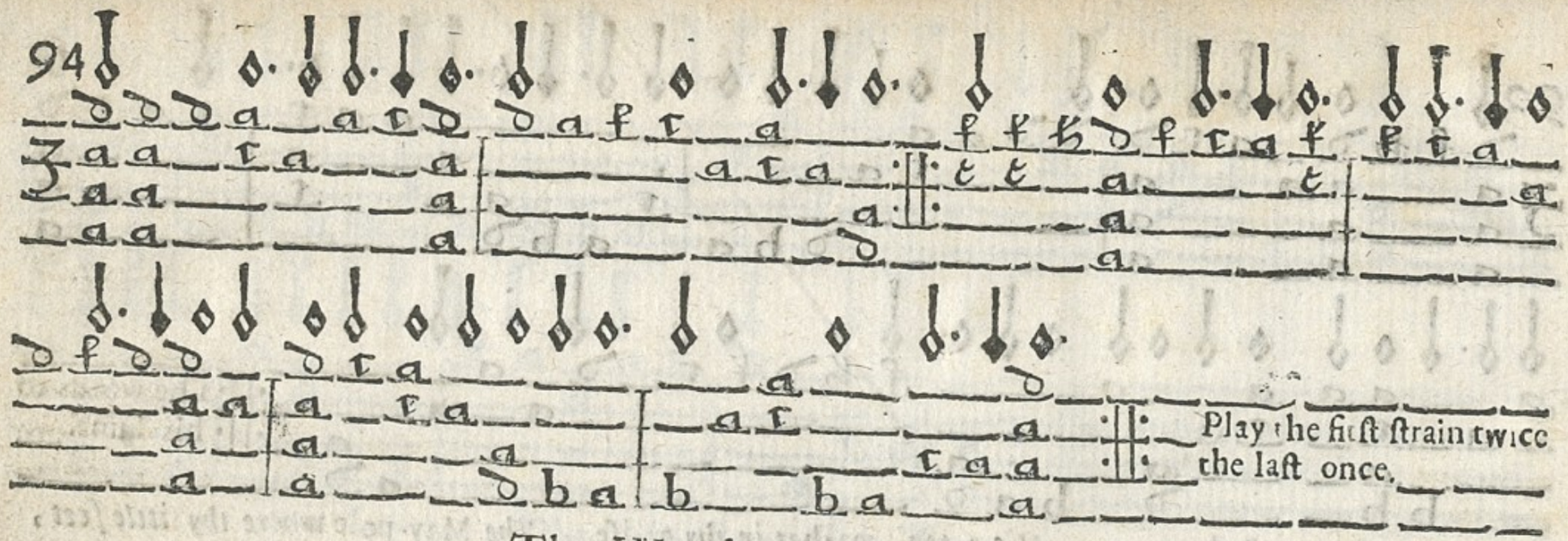


Cloris now thou art fled away;
Amintor's sheep are gon astray;
And all the joy he took to see,
His pretty Lambs run after thee;
Is gone, is gone, and he alone
Sings nothing now, but welladay.

His oaten pipe that in thy praise
Was wont to play such Roundelays;
Is thrown away, and not a Swain
Dares pipe, or sing, within this plain;
'Tis Death for any now to say
One word to him but welladay.

Upon those banks you us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow.
O Cloris! Cloris, come away,
And hear Amintor's welladay, welladay.

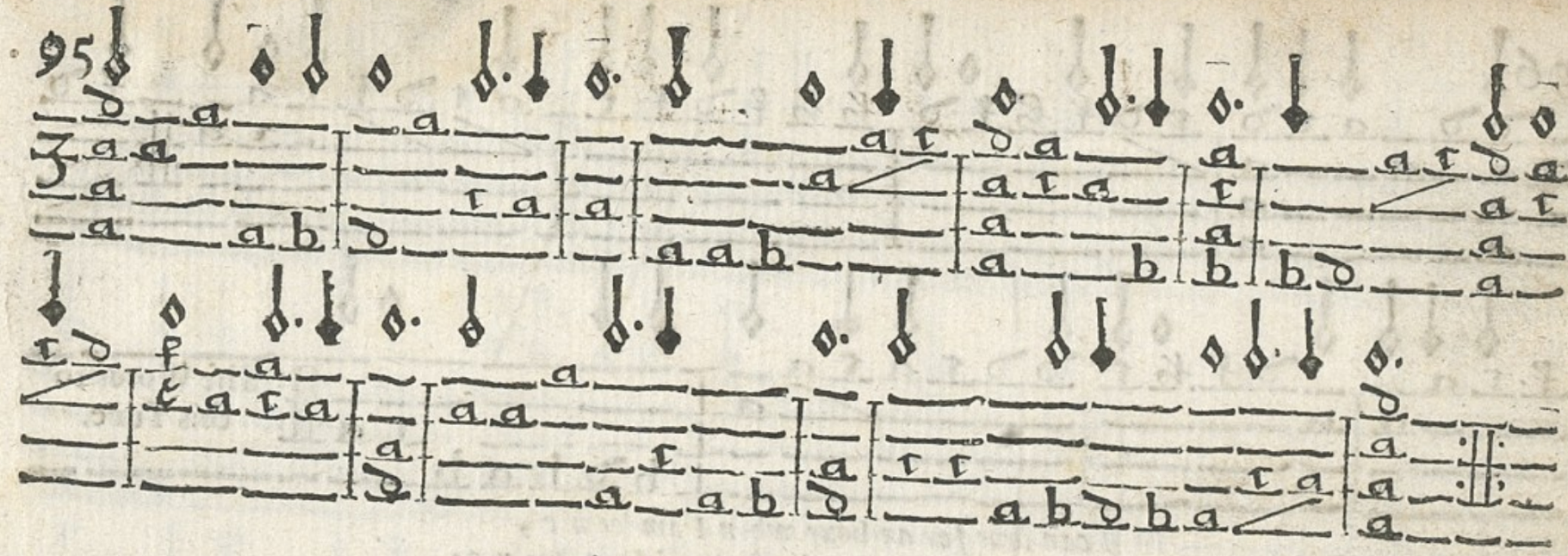
The May-pole where thy little feet,
So roundly in measures meet;
Is broken down, and no content
Comes neer Amintor since you went;
All that I ever heard him say
Was Cloris, Cloris, welladay, &c.



The Words to this Tune.

I am confirm'd a woman can,
Love this, or that, or any man;
This day her love is melting hot,
To morrow ſwears ſhe knowes you not:
Let her but an new object find,
And ſhe is of another mind.
Then hang me Ladies at your dore
If e're I dote upon you more.

Yet ſtill Ile love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
And ſo the Fat, and ſoft-skin'd dame,
Ile flatter to appeaſe my flame:
For her that's Muſical I long,
When I am ſad to ſing a ſong.
But hang me Ladies at your dore
If e're I dote upon you more.

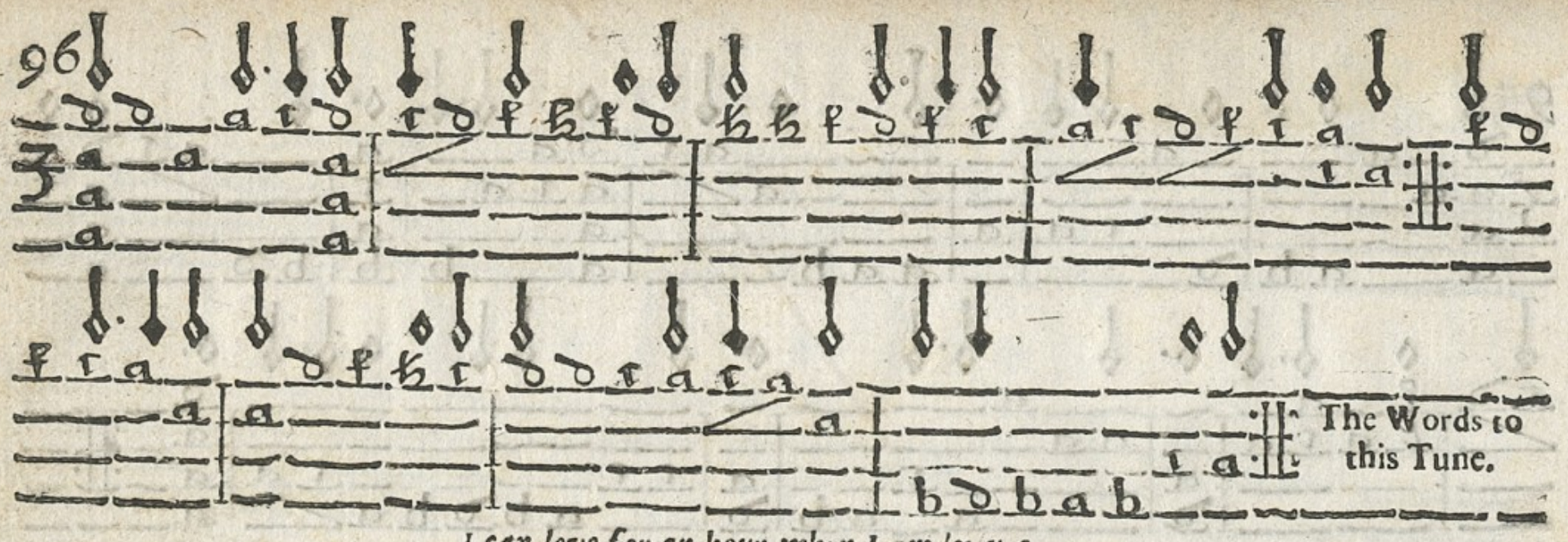


The Words to this Tune.

Fie, be no longer coy,
But let's enjoy
What's by the World confeſt
Women love beſt.
Thy Beauty freſh as May
Will ſoon decay:
Beſides within a year or two
I ſhall be old, and cannot do.

Do'ſt think that Nature can
For every man
(Had ſhe more skill) provide
So fair a Bride.
Who ever made a Feaſt
For ſingle gueſt?
No, without ſhe did intend
To ſerve the husband & his friend.

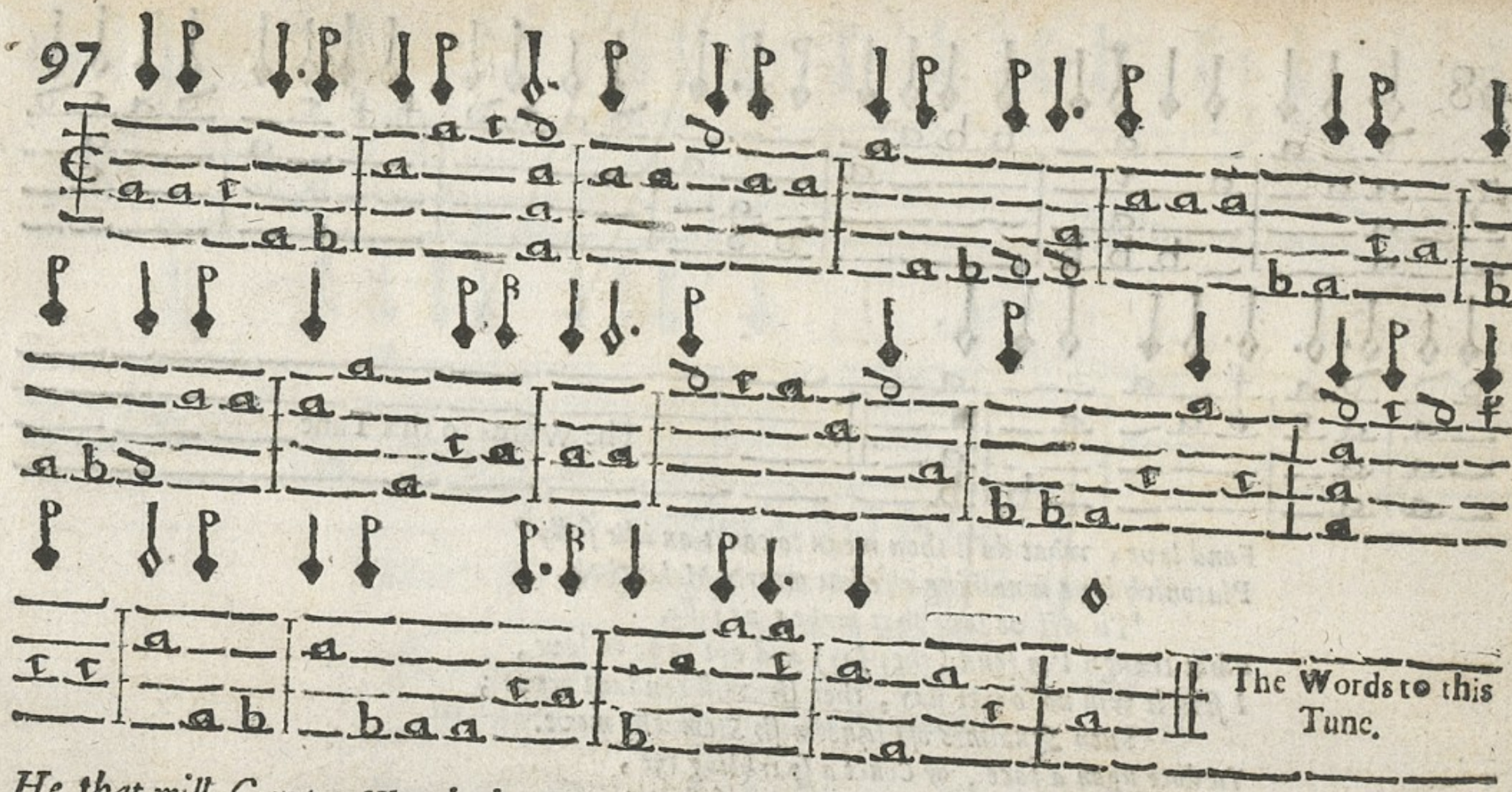
To be a little nice,
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves.
But on the Riper years
It ill appears,
After a while you'l find this true.
I need provoking more then you.



I can love for an hour when I am leaue,
He that loves half a day fools without measure;
Cupid *then tell me what Art had thy Mother*
To make men love one face more then another.

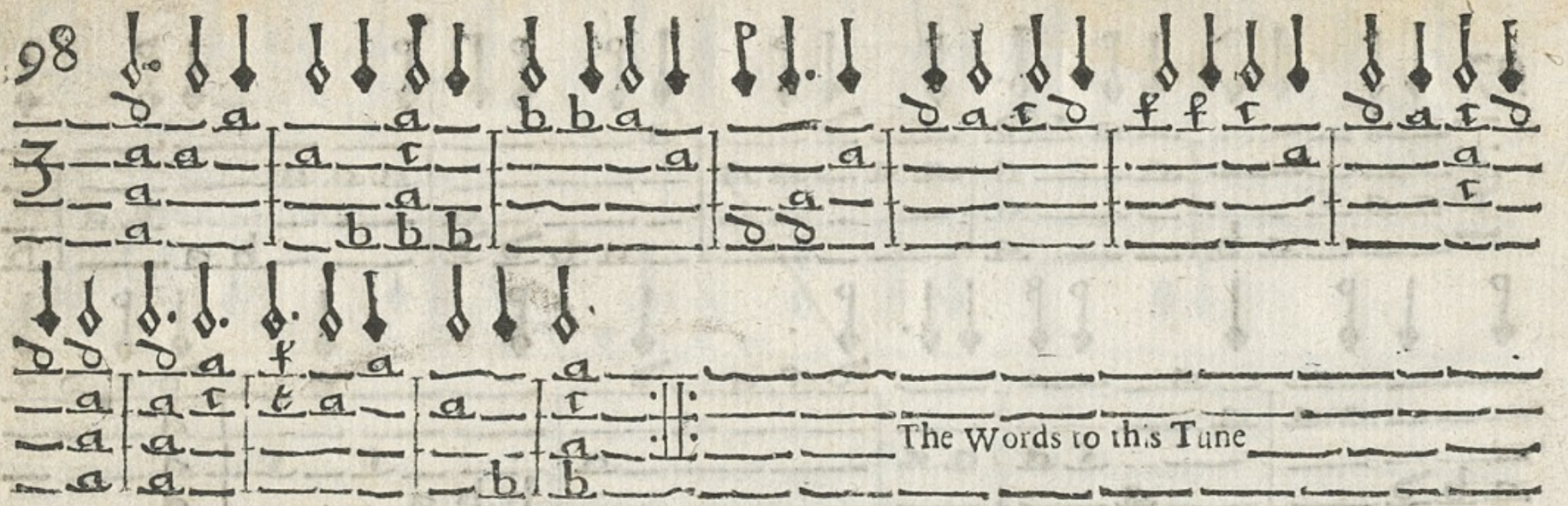
Some to be thought more wise daily endevour
To make the world believe they can love ever;
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

Men cannot tire themselves with your sweet features,
They'll have variety of loving Creatures;
Too much of any thing sits them a cooling,
Though they can never do't yet they'll be fooling.

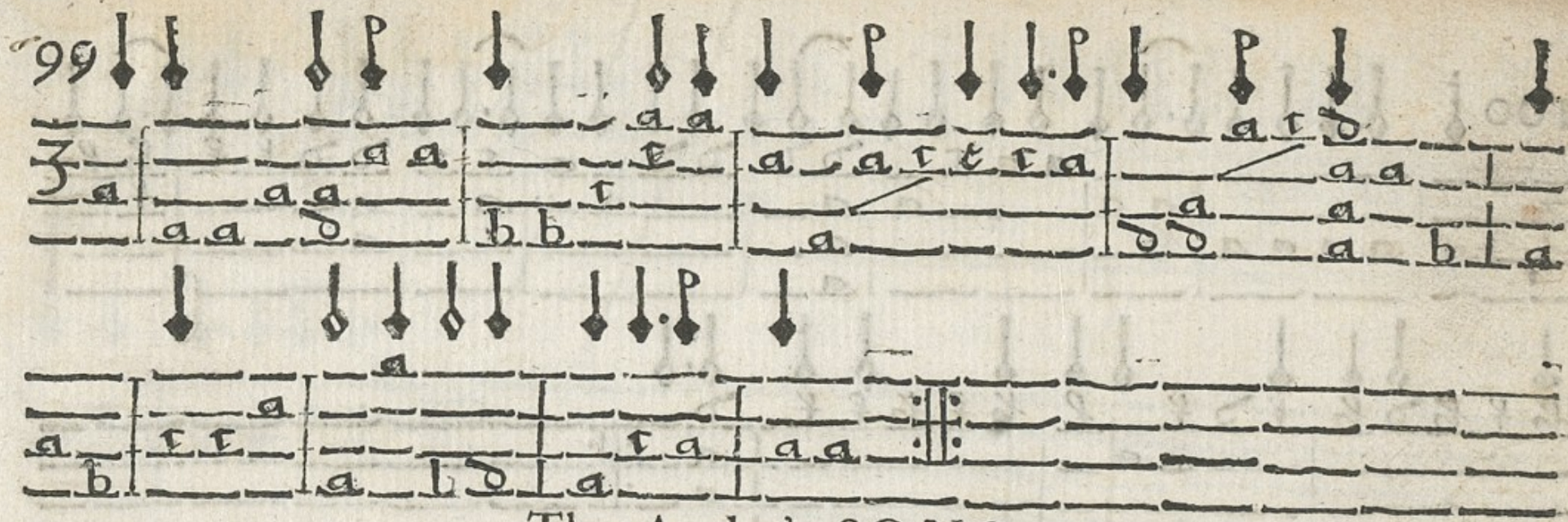


The Words to this Tune.

He that will Court a Wench that is Coy, that is proud, that is Peevish and Antick,
Let him be careless to sport and to toy, and as wild as she can be frantick;
Flatter her and slight her, laugh at her and spight her, rail and commend her agen,
'Tis the way to woe her, if you mean to do her, such Girles love such men.



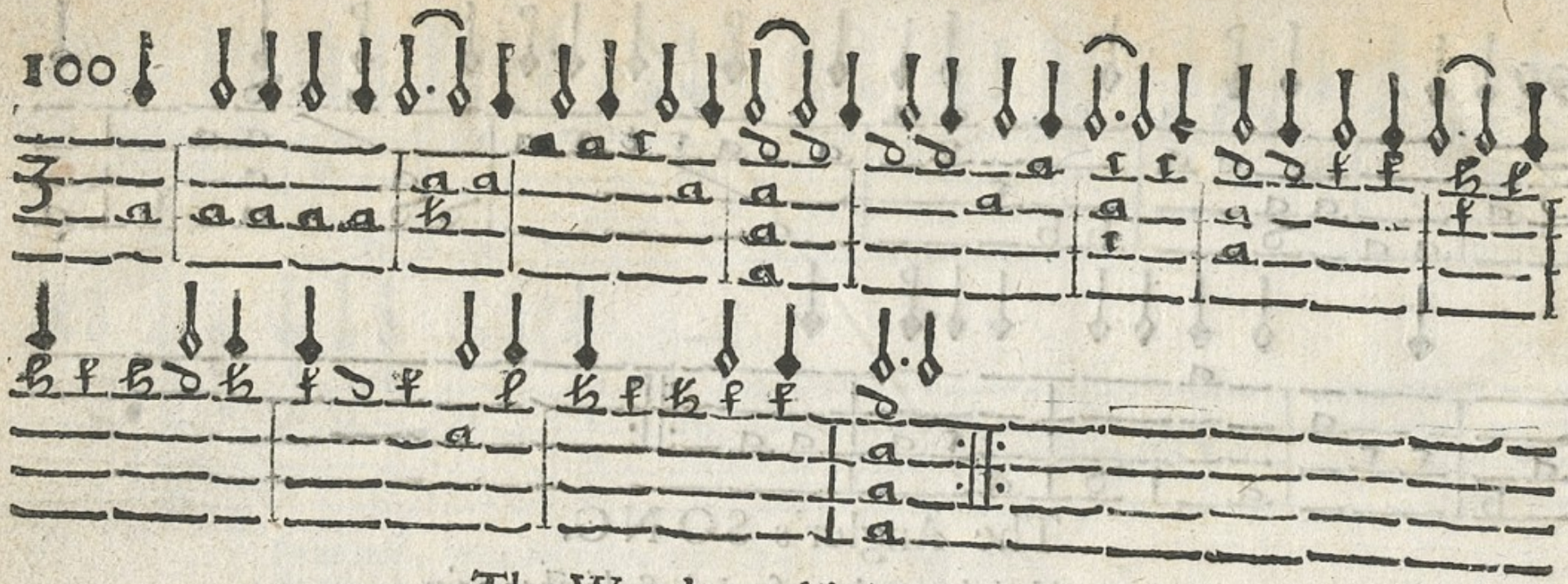
Fond love, what do'ſt thou mean to court an idle folly?
Platonick love is nothing elſe but meerly Melancholy.
'Tis Active love that makes us jolly.
What though I'm fond (they ſay) and apt to be in love,
I find it will no longer ſtay, then ſhe will conſtant prove;
Such Qualmes oft ſqueemiſh Stomachs move.
To dote upon a face, or Court a ſparkling eye,
Or to believe a Dimpl'd Cheek complete felicitie,
Is to betray a Libertie.
They care not for your ſighs, nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a fool lament, and crye he dyes he dyes;
O no! Love is a better prize.



The Angler's SONG.

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis Subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge of Business, and mony, and care,
And care, and mony, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair,
Nor will we now vex though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to morrow,
And Angle, and Angle again.

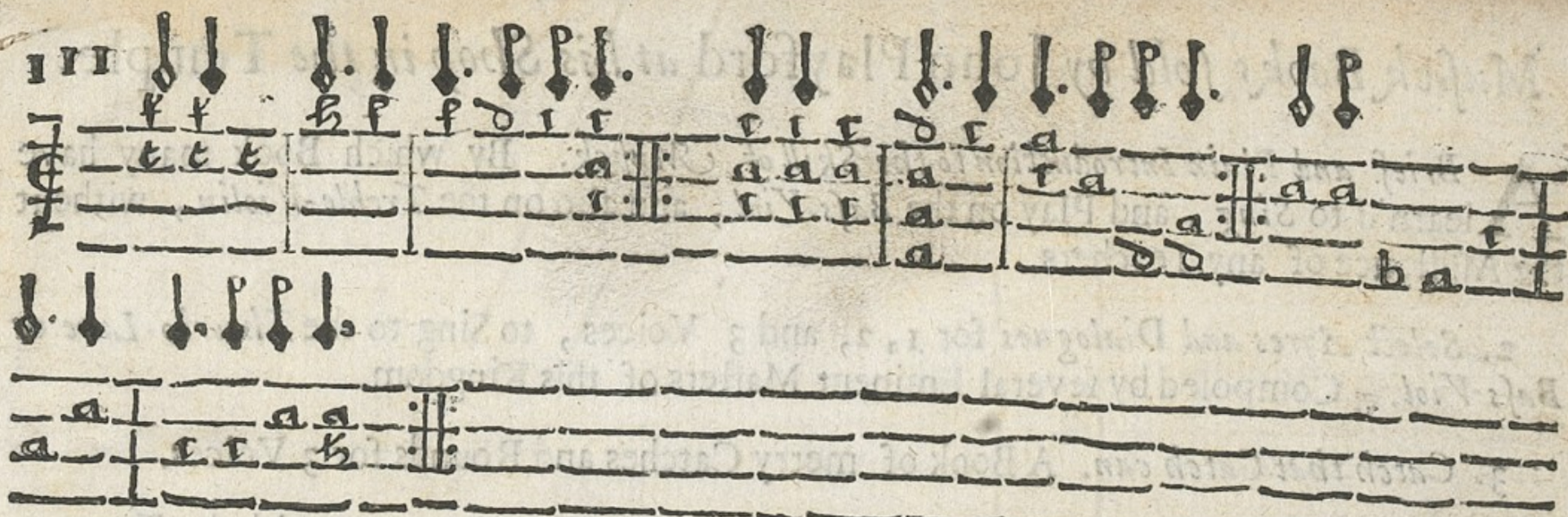


The Words to this Tune.

A CATCH.

The Wiſemen were but ſeven, neer more ſhall be for me;
The Muſes were but nine, the Worthies three times three;
And three merry Boyes, and three merry Boyes are we.

The Virtues were but ſeven, and three the greater be;
The Cæſars they were twelve, and the fatal Siſters three;
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are we.



A CATCH.

A Boate, a Boate have to the Ferry,
For we'll go over to be merry,
To laugh and sing, and drink old Sherry.

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