

F. 155.

The
CATCH CLUB
or

Merry Companions.

A Collection of Favourite CATCHES
for Three and Four Voices

COMPOS'D BY

Mr Henry Purcell, Dr Blow, and the most Eminent Authors.

Selected by C. J. F. Lampe.

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Of whom may be had,

Handel's Two Part Songs
Dr Greene's Catches and Two Part Songs
Beggars Opera for 2 Voices
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Stanley's Cantatas, 3 Books
Dragon of Wantley



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Upon Christ Church Bells in Oxford. 3 Voices. Hen. Purcell.

Nº 1

Hark! the bonny Christ Church Bells 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. they sound so wondrous great, so wondrous sweet, & they
Hark! the first and second Bell, that e-ver-y day at Four and Ten, cries come, come, come, come, come to Prayers, & the
Tingle tingle ting goes the small Bell at Nine to call the Bearers home, but the De'il a Man will leave his Can till he

troul so merrily mer-ri-ly. Nº 2 Once. Twice. Thrice. I Ju-LLIA
Verger troops be-fore the Dean. Since and since I can no better better
hears the mighty Tom. So kifs my Ar- fo kifs my Ar- fo kifs my Ar- disdainfull

try'd, the Icorn ful Puls as oft de-ny'd, and
thrive, I'll crin-ge to ne'er a Bitch a-live. So kifs my Ar-
Sow good Claret, good Claret is my Mis-tress now.

Nº 3

Call for the Reck'ning and let us, and let us be gone, such careless attendance fure never, fure never, fure never was known, pray
Rin-g the Bell till the Drawers come up, nay prithee pull on, pull on, pull on tho' you break the Rope. why
fure they're a-sleep, a pox, a pox take 'em all, Oh now they come sneaking with Gentlemen d'ye call, Gentlemen d'ye call.

2 Celia learning on the Spinnet. 3 Voices. John Hum.

Nº 4

When Celia was learning on the Spinnet to play, her Tutor stood by her to show her, to
 She shook not the Note, which anger'd him much, and made him, and made him cry Zounds! 'tis a long prick,
 Surpriz'd was the Lady to hear him complain, and said, and said, and said I will
 show her, to show her, to show her the way,
 a long prick, a long prick'd Note you touch,
 shake it, I will shake it when I come to't a - - gain.

Nº 5 Tom the Taylor. 3 Voices. Hen. Purcell.

Tom making a Man-tua for a Lads of Pleasure, pull'd out, pull'd out, pull'd
 But quickly found, tho' woun-di-ly freight lac'd Sir, nine Inches, nine Inches,
 Three In-ches more at length brisk Tom ad-van-ces, yet all, yet all too short, yet all
 out his long his long and lawfull measure,
 nine Inches, nine In-ches would not half fur-ro-und her waist Sir,
 all, all too short, all too short, yet all too short, all too short to reach her swinging Hanches.

A 3 Voices by Mr Hilton

No 6

Now that the spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and Active Fire, and
Sing we this Song with Mirth and Mer-ry Glee, and Bacchus Crown the Bowl, and
fhear fheep that have them cry we, till but fee that none Ef-cape to

made green Live-ries for the Plains, and ev-ry Grove a choir,
here's to thee and thou to me, and ev-ry thirfty Soul
take of the fherry that makes us fo mer-ry and plump as the luf-ty Grape.

A 3 Voices by Mr Webb

No 7

Good Sufan be as fecret as you can, you know your Maf-ter is a Jealous Man,
though thou and I do mean no hurt or ill, yet men take Women in the worft fense still,
And fear of Horns more Grief in hearts hath bred, than wearing horns doth hurt a Cuckolds Head.

A 3 Voices by Mr Hilton

No 8

Come Jump at thy Coufin Jump at thy Coufin, Jump at thy Coufin and kifs,
that Men may fay an-o-ther Day, what Jump-ing Jump-ing Jumping Jump-
ing what Jumping, Jump-ing Jump-ing Jump-ing Call you this.

4

A 4 Voices 2^d Part of Bartholomew Fair by Dr BlowNo
9

Here are the Ra-rities of the whole Fair, pim-per-le-pimp and the wife danc-ing Mare, here's

Va-liant Sir George and the Dragon a Farce, a Girl of fif-teen with strange Moles on her Ar-

here is Vi-enna be-fiegd a rare Thing, and here's Punchi-nel - lo frown thrice to the King

Ladies ma-k'd to the Cloysters re-pair But there will be no Raff-ling, a Pox take the Mayor.

A 4 Voices by Mr Purcell

No
10

A Health a health to the Nut brown Lais, with the Hazle Eyes that has good Eyes has al-fo good

as much to the live-lier Gray they're as good by Night as Day that has good Eyes has al-fo good

Ill pledge Sir ill pledge what ho! some Wine here some Wine. to mine and to thine to thine and to

But oh the Black Eyes the Black give me as much again and let it be sack that has good Eyes has al-fo good

A 4 Voices by Mr J Hilton

No
11

Thighs let it pass let it pass,

There was an in-vi-fi-ble Fox by chance,

Thighs drink away drink a-way,

did meet with two vi-fi-ble vi-fi-ble Geese;

mine the Colours are di-vine,

He taught them a fine in-vi-fi-ble Dance

Thighs and a bet-ter Knack,

for a Hun-dred Hun-dred Crowns a piece

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Cobb

5

N^o 12

Hey hoe Hey hoe Hearts delight strong Ale is good in Win - ter.

do a fair Maid up - on a Braft Pot, and the Child will prove a Tin - ker.

tink tink tink tink tink tink tink te-ra tink tink tink te-ra te-ra tink tink tink.

A 3 Voices by Mr Laws

N^o 13

Come follow me brave Hearts, and stout - ly play your parts found out the Trumpet found out the Trumpet found out the

Keep your Ranks and stand your ground; let the Trumpets bravely found brave - ly

dub beat and if we give the foil, and if we give the foil found out the Trumpet found out the Trumpet found out the

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

N^o 14

Trumpet with Pistols fwords and Darts, I poor and well, thou rich and

found and the Drums dubbub dubbub ill, give me my health, oh tis a Jew

Trumpet found then Soldiers take the spoil. el take thou thy Wealth and buy thee fu - el

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

N^o 15

Come let us all a may - ing go, and lightly and light - ly trip it to and fro.

the Bells shall ring the Bells shall ring, and the Cuckoo the Cuckoo the Cuckoo fieg, the

Drums shall beat the fife shall play, and fo we'll spend our Time away

A 3 Voices

by Mr Edmund Nettham

N^o 16

Have you any work for a Tinker Miftrefs, old Brads old pots or Kettles, he mends them all with a Tink terry Tink, and

Firft let me have but a touch of your Ale, twill steel me gainft cold weather, or Tinkers frees, or Vinters Lees, or To -

But of your Ale your nap-py Ale, I would I had a Firkin, but I am old and very very cold, and

never hurts your Metal,

- bac-co chufe you whether

never wear a Jurkin

A 3 Voices

by Mr H. Purcell

N^o 17

When V and I to - ge - ther meet, we make up VI in Houfe or Street

Yet I and V may meet once More and then we two can make but IV

But when that V from I am gone, alas poor I can make but I

A 3 Voices

by Mr Hilton

Turn A - ma - ril - lis to thy Swain, thy Da - mon calls thee back again,

here is a pretty pretty pretty Arbour by, where A - pollo where A - pollo can not Spy

There lets fit and whilst I play, Sing to my Pipe a round - delay

A 3 Voices

A Rebus on the Late Mr H. Purcell's Name

by Mr Lenfon

The Mate to a Cock, and Corn tall as Wheat, is his Christian Name who in Muficks compleat,

his Sir-Name be-gins with a grace of a Cat, and concludes with the Houfe of a Hermet note that,

his fkill and per - formance each Au - di - tor wins but the Po - et de - serves a good kick on the thins.

A 3 Voices *by Mr John Hilton*

N^o 20

Here Lies a Woman, who can deny it, she Dy'd in peace tho' liv'd un-quiet.

Her Husband prays if o'er her Grave you walk you would tread soft you would tread
soft for if she wakes for if she wakes she'll talk, tread soft for if she wakes she'll talk

A 3 Voices *by Mr Cranford*

N^o 21

Here dwells a pretty Maid whose Name is Sis, you may Come in and kiss,

her hole her hole her hole her whole Estate is Sev'teen pence a Year,

Yet you may kiss you may kiss you may kiss you may kiss her if you come but Near

A 3 Voices *by Mr Edmund Nelham*

N^o 22

How merry-ly looks the Man, that hath Gold he seemeth but twenty tho' threecore Years Old,

How Nimble the Bee that flyeth a-bout, and gather-eth Ho-ney with-in and with-out,

But Men without money and Bees without Honey are no-thing better than Drones, Drones,

A 3 Voices *by Mr H. Purcell*

N^o 23

An Ape a Lyon a Fox and an Afs, do shew forth Mans Life as it were in a Glas,

for A-pifh we are till Twenty and One, and af-ter that Ly-ons till For-ty be gone,

Then wit-ty as Foxes till Threecore and Ten, but af-ter that Afs-es and fo no more Men,

No
24

A 3 Voices

Three blind Mice, three blind Mice,
Dame Ju-li-an, Dame Ju-li-an, the
Miller and his merry Old Wife, she scrap'd her tripe lick thou the Knife.

No
25

A 3 Voices

Come Hon-est Friends and Jo-vial
Jo-vial Boys and Hon-est
Hon-est Friends come fol-low

Boys follow fol-low follow follow follow follow Me and Sing this Catch
Friends follow follow me come follow follow me come follow me and fing this Catch and fing this
me Jo-vial Boys come follow follow me and fing this Catch and fing this Catch
and fing this Catch and fing this Catch and fing this Catch merry merri-ly by Mr Simon Ives No The wife Men were but
The Muses were but and three Merry Boys and

Seven, ne'er more shall be for me
Nine, The Worthies three times Three,
three Merry Boys and three Merry boys are Wee

The Vertues were but Seven and three the greater be.
The Cæsars they were Twelve and the fatal Sisters three
And three merry Girls and three merry Girls are wee.

A 3 Voices

No 27

Where they drink their Wine in bowls, to gra-ti-fie to gra-ti-fie their thirsty thirsty thirsty souls.

No 28

Maid Mary haveing broke the handle of her hair broom and hearing that (Man John) had a long stick would fitt it desir'd him to put it in for her, by Mr Eccles

My Man John, had a thing that was long. My maid Ma-ry, had a thing that was hairy, my Man John, put his thing that was Long, into my Maid Ma-ry's thing that was Hairy. her length it came out, but then my Man John thrust it in once a gain, and knock'd it most stoutly to make it re-main, to spight of his foul, till weary'd and vex'd and with knocking grown fore cry'd a Fox take the Hole for ill knock it no more, a thing that was hairy. her thing that was hai-ry. my Man John, put his thing that was make it re-main, he knock'd it most stoutly he knock'd it to make it re-main to make it re- Fox take the Hole Fox take the Hole till weary'd and vex'd and with knocking grown

A 3 Voices by Mr Chas Fk Lampe

No 29

long, in to my maid Ma-ry's thing that was Hairy. If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die. you may repent before you die.

fore, cry'd a Fox take the Hole for ill knock it no more.

A 3 Voices by Mr E. Nelham

Slaves to the world shall be tof'd in a Blanket if I might have my Will.

like to the World that's turning up so fast on yonder Hill, and falls
down a - gain and down a - gain the ground it touch un - - till.

A 3 Voices Mr H. Purcell

Sir Walter en - joy - ing his Damsel one Night, He tickl'd and pleas'd her to fo great a de - light,

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

O fweet fir Walter O fweet fir Walter, O fweet fir fweet fir Walter O fwitter fwatter fwitter fwatter fwitter fwatter fwatter fwatter fwatter.

A 3 Voices by Mr H. Purcell

Young Collin cleav - ing of a Beam at ev - ry thumping thumping blow cry'd Hem! and told his wife, and

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

he laugh - ing answer'd no, no, no some work will split will split with half a blow, be - - fide now I bore

told his wife, and told his wife who the cause would know, that Hem! made the wedge much far - - ther go.

Hem! Hem! prithee prithee prithee Collin do, if ever thou Love'dst me Dear Hem! now;

now I bore now I bore now, now, now I bore, I Hem! when I cleave, but now I bore

A 3 Voices On Malt Liquor by Mr R. Brown

No
33

Of honest Malt Liquor let English boys sing, a pox take french Claret we'll drink no such thing
 but London brewd staple stout Burton and Lincoln, they'll find us good matter to talk or to think on,
 to King Lords and Commons toast a health e'er we rise, tho' we lower our Pockets yet we raise his Excise.

A 3 Voices by Mr Willis

No
34

Frank what shall we do, for an hour or two, this Sir Sol in a morning moves damnable flow,
 yet at Night with a Pox he's always in haste, you may swear his Road down hill, by his driving so fast,
 neer mind the old fool he's still going a stray once Drunken Dick Phaeton hit of the way.

A 3 Voices Mr Owen Swans words upon him self when he kept the Swan Tavern in Bartholomew Lane by Mr J. Church

No
35

Poor Owen poor Owen, for a while poor Owen, for a while did lye, did lye, despis'd by all, by
 often they were heard to cry, swans Wine's dry, swans Wine's dry, often they were heard to cry, were
 standing by, said let's try, let's try, let's try, said let's try, let's try, let's try, let's try, let's try, one standing

all that walk'd by, did lye, despis'd by all, despis'd by all, all all all, by all that walk'd by, often

heard were heard to cry, were heard to cry, swans Wines dry, swans Wine's dry, swans Wines dry, One
 by one standing by said let's try, let's try, then one and all all one and all, went to Cobwebb Hall.

A 4 Voices by Mr Webb

Now I am married Sir John Ill not Curfe, he
 Joyns us to - gether for better for Worfe, but
 if I were fingle I tell you plain I
 would be advif'd eer I married a - gain

A 4 Voices by Mr W. Laws

Come A - ma - rillis now let us be merry, fmg
 No li fi to li fi to li fi Cherry, let
 Phillis thy fifter as brown as a Berry, fmg
 No li fi to li fi to li fi Cher - ry

A 4 Voices by Mr Lampe

Sitting by the fire,
 almost starvd with Cold, for
 Want of fiercede fire, I
 heard a Woman fcoold,

A 4 Voices by Mr Turner

A Pox on repin - ing dear Jack be Con - tent, tis store of good
 t'will rip - en thy Wit and high - ten thy Love, and make thee a Com -
 for there's none but fuch honeft good fel - lows go there not one reaches
 then fill up thy Glafs and to Hap - pi - nefs haft for I long of the

Claret, good Claret good Claret thy care will pre - vent,

- panion, and make thee a companion for Gods a - bove,

Heav'n with drinking with drinking with drinking fmall Beer

Heavenly Liquor, the Heavenly Liquor to tafte

Oh my Love

Lov't thou me, then

Quickly come and fave him who

dies for thee

Oh my Love

Lov't thou me, then

Quickly come and fave him who

dies for thee

A 3 Voices Mr J Hilton

No 42

She that will Eat her breakfast in her bed, and spend the morn in dressing of her head, and
 fit at Dinner like a Maiden Bride and nothing do all day, but talk of Pride.
 Jove of his mercy may do much to save her, but what a case is he in that shall have her.

A 3 Voices Mr T. Holmes

No 43

Money money no - ney; tis that only can give life to the foul of a Man, what
 though some men of vain be - lief do other aid with and im - plore money money.
 money money money money is the chief give me but that I ask no more.

A 3 Voices Mr J Hilton

No 44

Let Symons beard a - lone, alone - let Symons beard a lone
 tis no Disgrace to Symons Face for he had - ne - ver one,
 then mock not nor scoff, not nor Jeer not, nor fleer not, but rather him be - moan

A 3 Voices Mr J Hilton

No 46

Come my hearts lets now be merry, laugh and sing and drink old fcherry,
 with a hey down a derry with a hey down hey down derry, with a
 hey with a hoe with a hey down down down derry with a hey down derry.

A 6 Voices

No 45

Joy in the
 Gates of
 Je - ru -
 - fa - lem
 Peace be to
 Sion.

A 3 Voices by Mr Edmund Nelham

N^o 47

Go no more a Rushing maids maids maids

Go no more a Rushing maids maids, oh!

Go no more a Rushing for fear of over pufhing, oh!

A 3 Voices by Mr W. Laws

N^o 48

Drink to Night, while the Moon shine bright, and

first that appear, are the Priests of the Year, with their

and as they pass they drink and sing,

mark upon her border, some rites to be done, to Phœbus the Sun, in trim and Come - ly or - der

seniors full of Wine, then Cynthia bright, in all her light, the God - dess most di - vine,

all health and praise to Ap - pol - lo their King, all health and praise to Ap - pol - lo their King.

A 3 Voices by Mr Stoner

N^o 49

Fa, la, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, - - - Fa, la, la, - - - li - zo, Fa.

la la la - - - Fa, la, la, - - - Fa, la, la, - - - li - zo

Fa, la, la, - - - la - - - li - zo.

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

N^o 50

Call George again Boy, Call George again and for the love of Bacchus call George again,

George is a good boy and draws us good Wine, then fill us more Claret our wits to re - fine

George is a brave lad and an honest Man, if you will know him he dwells at the Swan

No 51 A 3 Voices by Mr J Hilton

Hey down down down, a down Hey down down derry fhall I
 go with my true love now o-ver the Ferry, and kifs her
 Ro-fy fweet Lips, un-til I am weary, with a

No 52 A 3 Voices by Mr J F Lampe

Hot Mutton pyes Hot buy my
 dainty young Beans my young Beans,
 Crabs Crabs a-ny Crabs

No 53 A 3 Voices by Mr T Brewer

Tis Ama-rillis Walking all a-lone in her Garden mak-ing Moan in her Garden mak-ing Moan,
 for her Co-ridon that left her in the Grove dy-ing, for love like a poor diftrefs-ed dove,
 and then fhe with fighs and fobs, and grievous groans faid farewell moft fweet, but unkind Co-ri-don.

No 54 A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

O Ale ab A-lendo thou Li-quer of Life would I had a mouth as big as a Whale,
 but mine is too little to found the leaft tittle that be-longs to the praife of a Pot of good Ale.
 although it will never be as big as I wifh, yet ftill ill en-deavour to drink like a Fifh.

No 55 A 3 Voices by Mr W Turner

Say what you pleafe and think what you will; He that's a lot will con-tin-ue fo ftill.
 Riches he has he's cenfur'd by none but if poor he's condemn'd by ev-ry one, if
 Fox of ill Nature were made of one Clay, why fhould't we moften as well as they

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

No 56

If thou beest an hon-est friend, come follow follow me, come fol-low fol-low me,
and we will sing this Catch, to the End, with mirth and merry glee, with mirth and mer-ry glee. third
part come in and what shall I do then make - as I were out and be - gin a - gain.

A 3 Voices

No 57

Je - ru - sa - lem
Oh that thou hadst known in these thy days the things that be - long un - to thy
Peace but now they are hidden from thine Eyes are hid - den from thine Eyes

A 3 Voices An Answer to Turn Amarillis by Mr T. Brewer

No 58

Go Damon go A-ma-ril-lis bids adieu, go seek a - nother Love, but prove to her more true,
No No I care not for your pretty Arbor nigh al - tho great Appol - lo can - not spy,
Nor will I fit to hear you play, Nor tune my Voice to your Round - de - lay

A 3 Voices by Mr Laws

No 59

Great Tom is Cast, and
Christ Church bells ring. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.
6. and Tom comes last.

A 3 Voices by Mr Jyes

No 60

Thus faith the Preacher all is Vani - ty under the Sun.
all is Va-ni-ty Va-ni-ty of Va-ni-ty under the Sun,
Va-ni-ty all is Vani-ty of Va-ni-ty under the Sun.

On a Widow who Married an Old Widower by MF Jer. Savile

No 61 A 3 Voices

Had she not care enough care enough care enough had she not care enough of the old Man she
 Wed him she fed him and to the bed she led him, for Seven long Winters she lift..ed him On: But
 Oh! how she ni..g'd him ni..g'd him ni..g'd him Oh! how she ni..g'd him all the Night Long.

No 62 A 3 Voices Galloping Joan by Dr Blow

Joan has been gallop-ing gallop-ing Gallop-ing Joan has been gallop-ing all the Town over
 Till her Bum-fiddle Bum-fiddle Bum-fiddle un..til her Bum..fid..dle was won..derous fore.. with
 out e'er a Saddle up..on her old Jade to fetch her good Man from the Ale house Trade

No 63 A 3 Voices Kind Jenny by Dr Blow

I'll tell my Mother my Jen..ny Cries, and then a poor languishing Lover dies; by my
 faith I be..lieve the Gip..fey Lies, for all she - is fo.. Grave and Wife: 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.

No 64 A 3 Voices by MF M. Wife

Strange News from the Rose Boys, never heard be..fore Boys, No 65 A 3 Voices by MF J Hilton

Saint up-on a Sunday, he play'd a..way his Cloaths Boys,
 never such a Saint was there e..ver heard be..fore Boys. Bless them that Curse you do
 good to them that Hate you, and
 Pray for them that Hurt You.

A 3 Voices by Mr W. Laws

N^o
66

Befs black as a Charcoal, was found in a dark hole, with Kit at the Cat and the Fiddle, but
troth I would be loath were I put to my Oath, to fwear Kit with Befs did in - gen - der, yet
But 'twas found at last, eer a twelve month was past, that Chris - to - pher, Befs had oer master'd, for be -
what they did there, none safe - ly can fwear, yet Gen - tle - men rid - dle my Riddle,
it would tempt a Man, bri - dle all that he can, his presnt well wi - shes to tender,
- twist either thigh, he had quarterd fo nigh, she brought him a Jol - ly brown bastard.

A 3 Voices by Mr W. Laws

N^o
67

A knot of good fellows were making moan, their meet - ing was spoild their Pig was gone,
they caught him and stuck him, Ouy Ouy what you do, To ferve you like your Mother the Me - - zeld Sow, Be -
they kept fuch a wheeing that home came the Pig, which made them to dance and drink as long long as they could fwig, they
Ouy quoth a Frenchman to jeer in the dark, hark there cries Mounfir pig well make him pork,
- gar mee no Ba - con, you En - glish dog, ouy ouy You Rasca! frenchman well drefs you like a Hog,
cry the Mounfir par - don and fo let him pass, no more for a pig, but now for an Afs.

A 3 Voices by Mr H. Laws

N^o 68

Now my lads now my lads now lets be mer-ry,
here is old Cha-ri-ngo Sy-der and Perry,
then let us dance and fmg hey down down der-ry.

A 3 Voices

N^o 69

Row the Boat Whiting-ton,
thou Wor-thy Ci-ti-zen,
Lord Major of Lon-don.

A 3 Voices by Mr J Hilton

N^o 70

Come fol-low follow Me, come fol-low follow Me, and We will To the.
we'll each Man take his Cup, what e-ver us be-fal, and we will drink all
then let us Merry be, Be Merry my Noble Hearts, for a Cup of old Cherry will

A 3 Voices by Mr J Hilton

N^o 71

Tavern go, with mirth and merry glee
up, all up, and for A-no-ther call:
make us merry and we'll fmg well our Parts,

I drink this Cup to You Sir hearti-ly,
and drink your part with a heart willing-ly,
then so shall we both agree mer-ri-ly.

A 3 Voices by Mr W. Laws

N^o 72

Come let us have a merry Heart, our Riches are Content, which still retains the better part, the other Pelf be spent.
The birds can fmg with merry Glee, not knowing where to feed, but eat and fmg and fmg and Eat, enough is all they Need,
why fhoud not we as mer-ry be, Content to Eat and fmg, and like the Airy Cheristers make all the Welkin Ring

No 73 A 3 Voices by Dr Blow

I know Brother Tar, I know Brother Tar, those French durst not stand us, nor the Dastard - ly I - rifh once
 but the Boson's shrill whistle, cry's all all all all hands a loft boys, and a Boatfull of Punch, is a
 Brother Bluff Brother bluff tis a Gallon, tis a Gallon, that now now now now is a finking, to our Landmen who ne-ver yet
 venture to land us, if we bang not such scoundrels may a stor - - - m ri - - - fe and strand us,
 rich mornings draught Boys, now tope we catt Harpin, now tope we catt Har-pin, and then fore and aft Boys,
 knew what was thrinking we'll cover our Descent, with Huz - zas Huz-zas and down - - - drinking.

No 74 A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

Come come away, to the Tavern, I say, for now at home tis Wafhing day,
 Leave your prittle prattle, and fill us a Pottle, you are not so wife as A - ri - stotle,
 Drawr come away lets make it holy day, a non a non a non Sir what's it you fay.

No 75 A 3 Voices by Mr T. Holms

Prepare your hearts for mirth, chant clearly as we may, this is the Mufes Birth, let us make Ho - li - day,
 see here they all are Come, No Man shews dif - content, but live - ly fill the Room, with honest Merriment,
 that the sweet Muf - es Nine, may know and plainly see, our offerings at the shrine, is Love and Har - mo - ny.

by Mr Turner

No 76 A 3 Voices

Young An-tho-n-y peep-ing peep-ing peeping through the Key hole, saw sim-pe-ring
both ea-ger and hot ea-ger and hot in ar-gument urg-ing which of them might
He bolt-ed in to 'em bolted in to em and af-ter con-fest, in the Truth of his

Su-fan and A-morous Moll,
pafs for the pur-left Vir-gin,
Heart that both Things were best

A 3 Voices by Mr Lenton

Let us love and drink our Li-quor,
We fhall spend our Means the quicker,
here's to the kind friend a Nick-et

No 78 A 3 Voices

To thee to thee and to the Maid, that kind-ly will up-on her Back be laid,
And laugh and fing and kifs and play, and wan-ton wan-ton out a Summers Day
fuch fuch Lafs kind friend and drinking, give me great Jove and damn and damn the thinking,

No 79 A 3 Voices

The Free Election by Mr H. Carey

Curst be the wretch that's bought and fold, and barters Li-ber-ty for Gold,
For when E-lec-tion is not free, in vain we boast of Li-ber-ty
And he who fells his fin-gle right, would fell his Coun-try if he might.

No 80

A 4 Voices this may be sung in the Major as well as Minor^{3d}

I C U B A K

And ever more will be.

Though John Cook he faith say

O what a Knave is He.

No 81

A 4 Voices

With Lanthorn on stall at Tree trip we play.

for Ale Cheefe and Pudding un_till it be Day,

and then for our Breakfast af_ter long fitting,

we steal a good Pig of the Conftables getting

No 82

A 4 Voices

Ban - bu - ry Ale

where where where

at the Blacksmiths house I

would I were there.

No 83

A 4 Voices *by Mr John Miller*

Well rung Tom boy well rung Tom

ding dong Cuckoo well rung Tom the

Owland the Cuckoo The fool and the Song

well rung Cuckoo well rung Tom

No 84

A 4 Voices

Go to Joan Glover and

tell her I love her, and

at the Mid of the Moon

I will come to her.

No 85

A 4 Voices

Nofe, Nofe, Nofe, Nofe.

fhall I never fee thee Red

Ah marry that you fhall

if that you'll ftay.

No 86

A 4 Voices *by Mr W. Laves*

The Pot the pipe the quart the Can, hath

fpoiled ma ny an Honeft Man, the

Hare and Horn the Hawk and Whore, hath

quite undone quite undone as many more.

No 87

A 4 Voices *by Mr Laves*

Hey we to the other world lads

where tis thought they very merry be

there the Man in the Moon drinks Claret a

health to thee to Me.

No 88 A 3 Voices by MF W Laves 23

See how in gathering of their May, each Lad and Lads do kifs and play, do kifs do
 each thing doth smile as it would say, this is loves hole loves ho-ly Day, loves hole
 and while loves kind-ly fires do sting hark Phi-lo-mel doth sweet-ly sing, sweet

kifs do kifs do kifs do kifs and play, do kifs and play,
 loves hole loves hole loves hole loves hole loves Ho-ly Day,
 sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet do sweet-ly sing.

No 89 A 3 Voices Mr J Hilton

Pretty Nan Lovely Nan, canst thou love an Old Man,
 Ag-ed with Grief none but thou can gave re-lief, Pretty
 Nan little bon-ny Nan, fan-cy me if thou Can,

No 90 A 3 Voices Mr Purcell

True En-glish Men
 may their Cun-ning and
 then re-member the

drink a good Health to the Mi-ter, let our Church e-ver Flourish tho her E-ne-mies spight her,
 forc-es no lon-ger pre-vail, But their Ma-lice as well as their Ar-guments fail
 Sev'n who sup-por-ted our Cause, as stout as our Martyrs and as Just as our Laws.

24
A 3 Voices The Derbyshire Lady by M^r Turner

No
91

At the song of my Ladys Lace, which a Derbyshire Lady took ill, Quoth she to her Neighbour Grace, 'tis im-
So she Nuftled and buftled about and out of the Room she went but no Bo.dy follow'd her Out, for she
Truth needs no decieving Art, and if I may fpeak what I think, she had let a foft fizzing fart fizzing fart

modest 'tis im.modest immodest im.modest immodest im.mo..deft I can not fit still,
dropt dropt dropt dropt dropt dropt dropt an un_fa_vour_ly Scent,
fizzing fart fiz fiz fiz fart and went out of the Room to Itink

A 3 Voices by M^r E Nelham

No
92

Come follow me merri..ly merri..ly Lads come follow me merri..ly ah!
and we will fing fol fa fa fol fa fa fa fol fol fa
Put fol before La and Fa af-ter Mi fol La mi fa mi La mi fa

A 3 Voices by M^r I Hilton

No
93

Come fol_low follow fol_low fol_low follow fol_low me,
Whi ther fhall I follow follow follow whi ther fhall I follow fol_low thee,
To the gal_low gal_low gal_low to the gal_low gal_low Tree.

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

No 94

If you will drink for Plea - sure, let each man take of his measure, a
Pint and begone, is enough for one, to drink and pay of his treasure, but if
more he will call, let that let that man pay for all.

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

No 95

Down in a Dungeon deep, I heard a fear - - full fear - - full Noise, the
Pri - - fo - - ners could not sleep, there were such roar - - - ing Boys they cry'd a -
loud some To - ba - - co, and facko facko, quickly quickly quickly quickly quickly boys.

A 3 Voices by Mr W. Laws

No 96

Lets cast a - - way Care, and mer - ri - ly sing, there is a time for eve - - ry thing,
he that Plays at his work or works in his play, neither keeps working nor yet Ho - - ly day,
let bu - - sines a - - side, and let us be merry, and drown our dry thoughts in Ca - - na - - ry and fcherry.

A 3 Voices by Mr W. Laws

No 97

Never let a man take hea - - vi - ly the cla - - mour of his Wife, but be
rul'd by mee and lead a merry life, let her have her will in ev - - ry
thing, if she scolds then laugh and sing, hey derry derry derry ding,

A 3 Voices by Mr Ed^{md} NelhamNo
98

Co--ri--don thou fwain, I am thy lovely Phillis, my love runs down a--main, to
fill a quart of sack boy and let us be full merry for now my ve--ry back boy with
Co--ri--don my Love, thy Phillis bids a--due till powers from a--bove, do

drink to thee my will is, once a--gain, No
drinking of old fherry be--gins to crack boy, fo 99
grant thee a new kind Turtle Dove, Here where is my Landlord a
in deed fir you look like a
the Yellow I have none, and

pot of good Drink, but faith you must trust for we have no chink,
ve--ry good fellow, but I can not trust, with out white or Yel-low,
as for the white, make use of your chalk and fo a good Night,

A 3 Voices by Mr Ed^{md} NelhamNo
100

O Dick and ftrephen your welcome hi-ther let Neigh-bours Children hold to--gether,
if thou dost love me as I do love thee how well shall we love one an--other,
then lets be merry and drink a bout and ne--ver part till all be out,

A 3 Voices by M^r. W. Laws

No 101

Hang forrow and Cast away Care, and let us drink up our Sack, they say tis good, to cherish the blood, and for to
 Wine that makes the thoughts aspire, and fills the body with heat, besides tis good, if well un-der-stood, to fit a
 and drink up all, the Drawer is ready to fill, a pox of Care, what need we to spare, my father hath

A 3 Voices by M^r. W. Laws

No 102

strengthen the Back, tis It is folly, to be Jolly, when you should be me-lan-cho-ly.
 Man for the feat, then call then Con-dole ye, and con-trole ye, you must not be Rowly Poly,
 made his Will. for ill fool ye and will school ye if that you be too un-ru-ly

A 3 Voices by M^r. White

No 103

Hark, hark, hark, how the woods do ring.
 with the hunters hallow, with the hunters hallow, and the Cry that they follow, that they follow,
 O. this is Mu-fic this is Mu-fic for a King.

A 3 Voices by M^r. J. Hilton

No 104

Come hi-ther Boy, Come hi-ther Boy, if thou wilt learn to thrive, then come away then come a-
 way, then come a-way, and hear-ken to this Les-son here to day; you must
 al-ways borrow fel-don lend, and ne-ver ne-ver ne-ver ne-ver pay.

No
105

A 3 Voices by Mr Cranford

Mark how these Knavish refts, good earnest makes of Jefts, Mark how these Knavish refts, good
 A young Man and a Maid were playing without of-fence with-out offence without of-
 He took her by the Co-ny the Co-ny the Co-ny the

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Jenkins

No
106

earnest good earnest good earnest makes of Jefts.
 fence of-fence playing without of-fence,
 Co-ny skin Muff, which cost her eighteen Pence.
 A Boat a Boat hafte to the ferry,
 for well go o-ver to be merry
 to laugh and sing and drink old Sherry.

A 3 Voices by Mr Edmd Nelham

No
107

Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to ride a Mile, no she's lame go-ing o-ver a stile,
 but if thou wilt her to me spare, thou shalt have mo-ney for thy Mare,
 oh oh say you fo say you fo money will make my Mare to go, money will make my Mare to go.

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

No
108

When e-ver I marry ill marry a Maid
 ill marry a maid, for Widows are wilful
 for Widows are wilful and will be o-beyd

A 3 Voices

No
109

Ah woe is me, what shall I do
 I have lost my Cock a doodle doo;
 if I Eat them not my Hens go too.

A 3 Voices by Mr Wm Ellis

No 110

My La-dy and her Maid up - - on a mer - ry pin, they made a match at
 Joan lights three Candles then and sets them bolt up - right, with the first fart she
 in comes my La - dy then with all her might and main, and blew them out and

A 3 Voices by Mr T. Brewer

No 111

fart - ing who should the wager win,
 blew them out with the next she gave them light,
 in and out and in and out a - gain.

Call a - - gain Boys a - - gain Boys
 that takes of his li - quor, be he
 Fa la la la la la la la

see the Health go round, with a Co - ro - net of Grapes let him be crown'd
 Par - - fon or Vi - car, then a - bout a - bout a - bout and drink all out, Fa
 la la la la la la fa with a fa la la la la la.

A 3 Voices Mr Edm'd Nelhams Answer to (Wilt thou lend me thy Mare

No 112

Your Mare is lame she halts down right, then we shall not get to London to Night.
 You cry'd ho ho money made her go, but now I well perceive it is - not so.
 You must spur her up spur her up - and put her to it, though money will not make her go your spurs will do it.