

The
Jovial Companions
or
MERRY CLUB
being
A Choice Collection of the Newest
and most
Diverting **CATCHES**
for
three & four Voices
Together with
the most Celebrated
CATCHES
Compos'd by the
late M^r. Hen^r. Purcell & D^r. Blow
all fairly Engraven & Carefully Corrected

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Street by Somerset House in the Strand. and at the Violin and Lute by Paulsgrave Court
without Temple barr. and I. Hare at the Golden Viol and Flute in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange*

LOYAL COMPANIONS

MERRY CLUB



Three & four verses

the most celebrated

ATTICES

Composed by the

late Mr. Henry Purcell & D. Blow

all found by Mr. Purcell & D. Blow

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(for three and four Voices) in this BOOK

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The Duke of Marlboroughs Health, A 4 Voc. Cannon in the Unison upon the Bells,
(1) Compos'd by M^r John Eccles Master of her Majestys Musick.

Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, hark,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong,

hark, great Marlborough is come with conquest home, drink his health and then Huzza -
Bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, hark, hark, great Marlborough is
ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong,

h, long let him live Boys, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong,
come with conquest home, drink his health and then huzza - h, long let him
Bell, hark, hark, great Marlborough is come with conquest home, drink his health & y huzza
ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell hark hark, great
ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, hark, hark, great Marlborough is come with conquest home, drink his
live boys, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, hark,
h, long let him live Boys, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong
Marlborough is come with conquest home drink his health and y huzza - h
health and then Huzza - h, Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong Bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong
hark, great Marlborough is Bell, hark, hark, great Marlborough is
Bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong come with conquest home drink his health and then Huzza -
long let him live Boys. (The Catch out of cor. begins here) - h, long let him live Boys. End at this mark.::

(2) A 3 Voc

A Catch on *S^r John and his Lady* Set by *M^r R Brown*

Said *S^r John* to his Lady as kissing as kissing they sate shall we now go to
dinner or to you know to you know what with a Languishing look reply'd reply'd the good
Lady *S^r John* what you please for your dinner your dinners not
ready but sweet good *S^r John* *S^r John* be'nt thus given to Wallow
if you stir but up stairs I protest I protest I must follow

(3) A 3 Voc

A Catch

by *M^r R Brown*

Was ever Mortal Man so fitted so fitted the Master Drunk the Master
Drunk the Master drunk and horse and horse Committed the Master drunk and
horse and horse Committed but Horse for thy self take thou no care thou will be
a Horse will be a horse when He when he's no Mayor

(4) A 4 Voc A Catch on Tobacco Sung by 4 Men while smoaking their Pipes

Good good indeed the Herb's good Weed fill thy Pipe will and I prithee Sam fill for
sure we may smoak and yet sing still and yet sing still what say the Learned what say
the Learned Vita fumus vita fumus tis what you and I and he and I you and he
and I and all of us Sumus But then to the Learned say we again if Life's a Smoak as
they maintain if Life's a Vapour without doubt when a Man does dye they shou'd not
cry that his Glass is run but his Pipe is out But whether we smoak or whether we sing
let's be Loyal and remember the Queen let her live and let her Foes vanish thus thus thus
like like a Pipe like a Pipe of Spanish thus thus like a Pipe of Spanish

(5) A Catch on the Duke of Marlboroughs late Victory over the French by M^r R. Brown
A.3.Voc.

The Duke sounds to Horse boys, the Duke sounds to Horse boys, let's mount and a way,
Rouse up English Courage, rouse up we cant loose the day, Remember the feats
by our Ancestors done, where English men fight, fight, fight, fight, fight, fight,
fight to be sure the French run, Rash Tallards Surpriz'd, Sur-priz'd to be
hold us so near, Bavaria's old Courage is sunk, is sunk in Dispair, lead
on the Attack, then our friends shall come after, we'le enliven their Spirits,
we'le enliven their Spirits, their Spirits by our enemies Slaughter, tis for
you brave Allies, tis for you brave Allies, this great March wee
took, on us, fall back noble Germans, and only, only look on us, we'le
show you how easie the Conquest is made, three English Huzzahs
Huzzas, Huzzahs strike the French men all Dead.

(6) A.3.Voc. A Catch on the famous Expedition at Vigo by M^r R Brown

O're Neptune's Dominions, brave Ormond sail'd home, from
frightning Jack Spaniard, with Cales heavy Doom, But Jack
he has Trick'd thee, be stir thy Old Bones, and hasten to Vigo,
to save thy Gall'oons, marbleu, crys the monsieur Jack curses his Fate, and
swears he'll trust French men no more with his Plate.

(7) A 3 Voc. Catch on the French at Audenard and Lille by M^r R Brown

From Aud'nard fam'd battel, to Lille we'll now march, we've swing'd em
in'th feild, we've swing'd em in'th feild, now their Towns, let us search, flee
boyes to the Trenches, redouble your fire, Jacks heart soon will ake, Jacks
heart soon will ake, as he see's you come nigher, lou, sou, cry your
Cannon, fixt right as they can be, we'll first singe their doublets, we'll
first singe their doublets, then drown em in Brandy.

(8) A 3 Voc. Catch on a Parson's decriped old Dog call'd Barnet by M^r R Brown

Tis pittty poor Barnet a Vigilant, Vigilant Curr, that us'd for to bark, if a
mouse, if a mouse, a mouse did but stirr, should being grown old, and unable,
unable to bark, be doom'd by a Priest, be doom'd by a priest, to be hang'd
by his clark, I pray good s^r therfore, weigh right well, right well his Case,
and save us poor Barnet Hang cleric, hang cleric, hang cleric in's place.

(9) A 3 Voc.

A Catch

M^r John Eccles

Hark Harry, Harry, Hark Harry tis late, come let us be
gone, for Westminster Tom by my faith strikes One, sayst a so, sayst a so,
sayst thou so, ho- nest Lad, what makes him so samcy to strike one, and yet not tell us
the cause Why, pish, pish, pish, pish twar done in good part, to get us a way,
and will cer-tainly double his blow if we stay.

(10)

Two CATCHES for Three VOICES Set by M^r Willis

:S:

Frank what shall we do for an Hour or two, this S^r Sol in a morning moves damnable Slow, Yet
 at night with a Por, he's allways in hast, you may Swear his Roades downhill, by his driving so fast, Ne'er
 mind the old Fool, he's still going a Stray, once Drunken Dick Phaeton hit of the way.
 Through Bass
 to the Catch

(11)

A CATCH for 3 Voices

Here Tom here's a Health, here Tom here's a health, here's a health with refu - se if you dare
 Fill up his Glas, Fill it up fill it up fill up his Glas, fill fill it up and let him Drink, let him drink, drink drink, fair
 To the best of our friends to y^e best to y^e best to y^e best of our friends, and the least of our care and y^e least of our care.
 Through Bass
 to the Catch

(12)

A 3 Voc

The Queens Health

M^r Jeremy Clark

Here's a Health to Queen Ann, who has said from the Throne that Her Heart is true
 English as well as our own, y^e her Heart is true English, Her Heart is true English, as well as
 our own, and the Church fixt by law is resolv'd to maintain thro' the course of Her Life and the
 course of Her Reign thro' the course of her life, thro' the course of her life, and the course of her reign,
 thus we need not to fear any danger to come, while our Arms rules abroad, and our Queen reigns at
 home, while our Arms rule abroad, while our Arms rule abroad, and our Queen reigns at home.

(13)

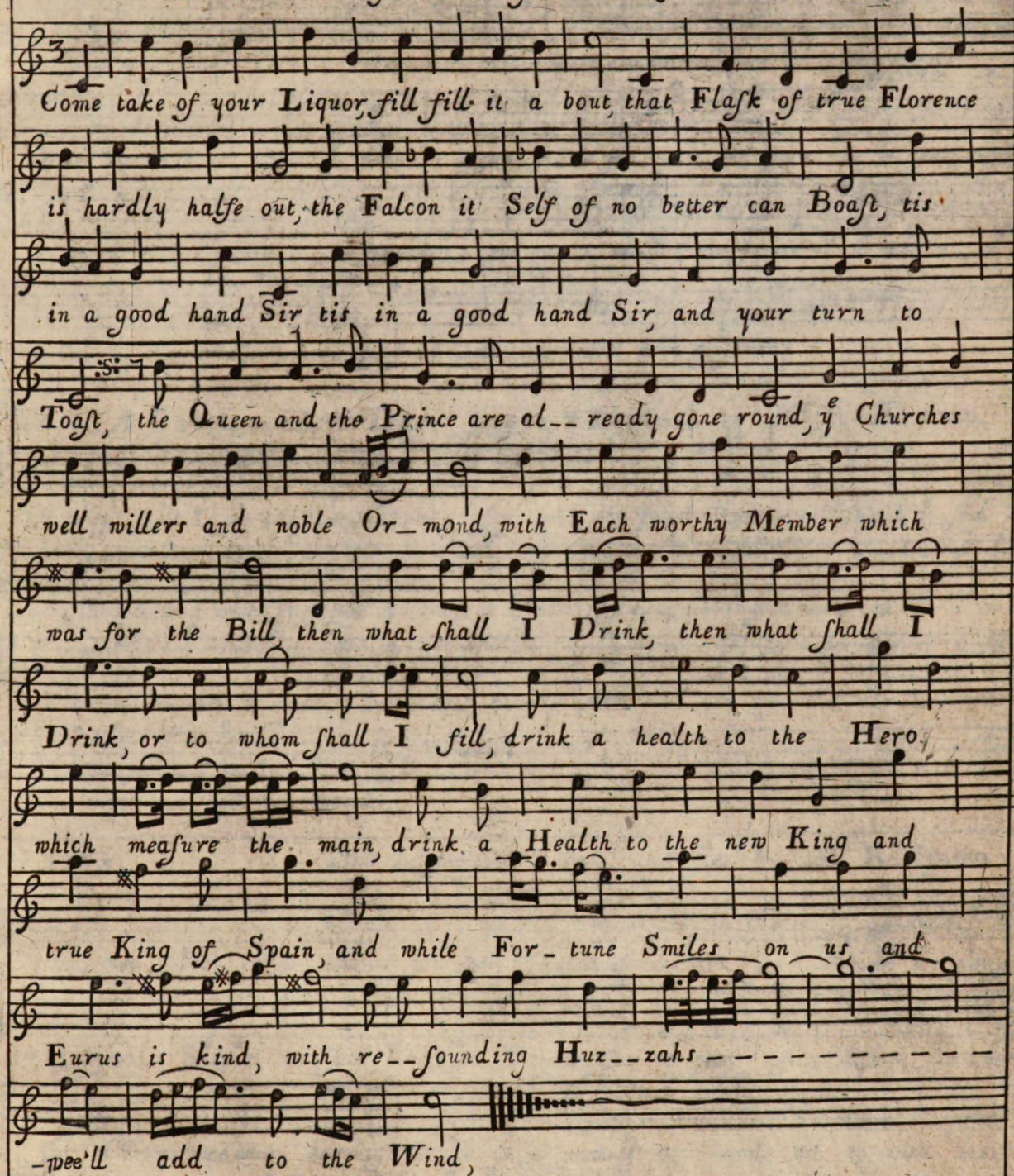
A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r Morgan

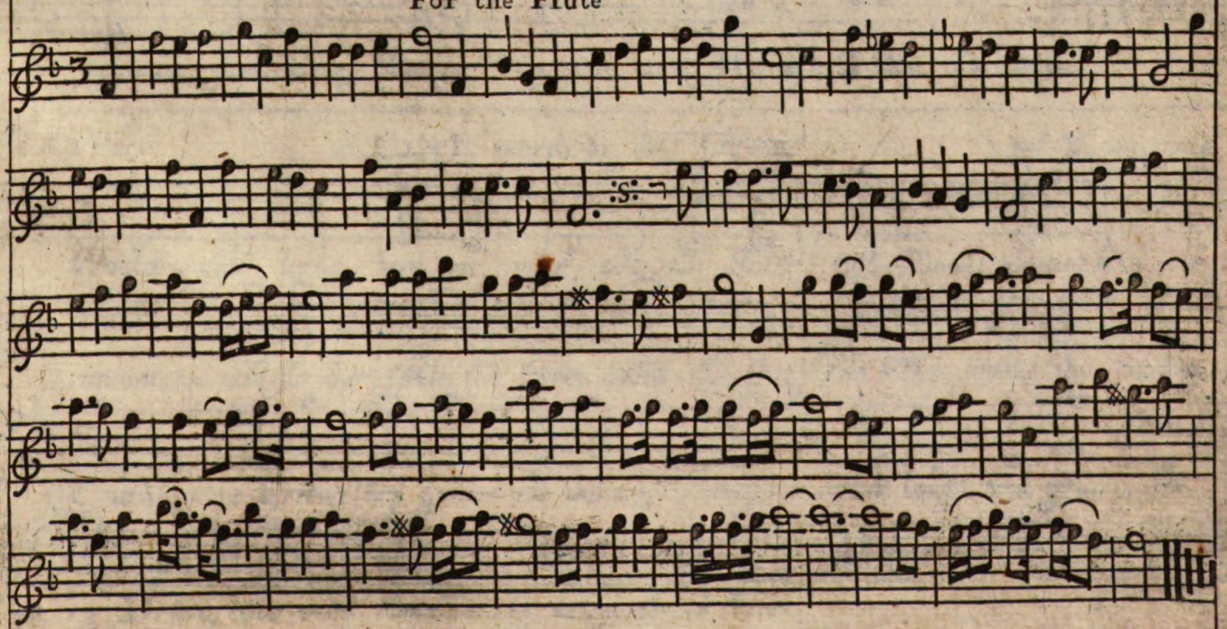
Quoth Jack on a time to Tom I'll declare it, I've a mind we shoud fuddle our Noses with Claret
 say, Tom it will do you more harm than you think fye on you says Jack who can live without drink
 Ill ne're back my wine here's to thy dispose, Tom pretends not to drink, pray look on his Nose.

(14) The King of SPAIN'S Health.: A CATCH for three VOICES
The Words and Notes by M^r Henry Hall Organist of Heriford



Come take of your Liquor, fill fill it a bout, that Flask of true Florence
is hardly halfe out, the Falcon it Self of no better can Boast, tis
in a good hand Sir tis in a good hand Sir, and your turn to
Toast, the Queen and the Prince are al-- ready gone round, y^e Churches
well willers and noble Or-- mond, with Each worthy Member which
was for the Bill, then what shall I Drink, then what shall I
Drink, or to whom shall I fill, drink a health to the Hero,
which measure the main, drink a Health to the new King and
true King of Spain, and while For-- tune Smiles on us and
Eurus is kind, with re-- sounding Huz-- zahs -----
-pee'll add to the Wind,

For the Flute



For the Flute

(15) A.3. Voc. Advice to friend Jacob in Cornhill writ and Set by M^r Brown

Come good Jobber Jacob, to'ther quart, to'ther quart and no more, wee know thou affects,
neither Drunkard nor whore, yet methinks a good fellow for once, for once may be free, with
a cup of this Creature, to our friendshee, and me, to enliven the spirit is to moisten, to
moisten thy clay, of which give em proof at Bull and mouth next first day.

This musical score is for a vocal piece in 3/4 time, written by M^r Brown. It features a single melodic line on a five-line staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

(16) A.3 Voc. A Catch on Malt Liquor sung by 3 Porters by M^r R Brown

Of honest malt Liquor lets English boys sing, a-p-r take french Clarret, we'll Drink no such
thing, but London brew'd staple stout Burton or Lincoln, they'le find us good matter to talk or to
think on, to Queen Lords and Commons, toasts a health ere wee rise, the wee lower our
Pockets yet wee raise her Excise.

This musical score is for a vocal piece in 3/4 time, written by M^r R Brown. It features a single melodic line on a five-line staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

(17) A.3 Voc. The Agreement writ and Set by M^r R. Brown

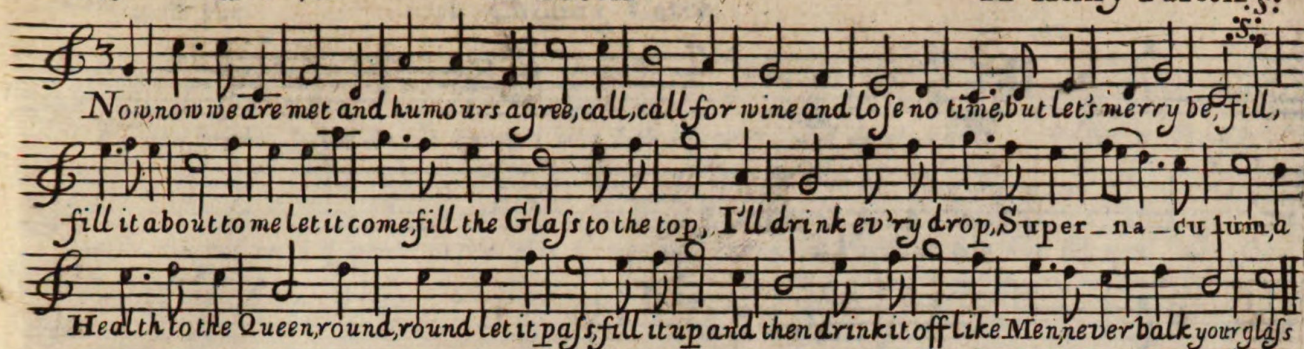
All wee here whose names sir you find underwritten, do promise to pay un
to Benjamin Sissen, the sum of four Pounds, for a part of a Room he takes
for Convenience when marriage comes on, so witness our hands all to what here
is said man, sam, Day, Harry Willen, and Honest John Dedman.

This musical score is for a vocal piece in 3/4 time, written by M^r R. Brown. It features a single melodic line on a five-line staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

(18) A.3 Voc. A Catch words by M^r Otway M^r H Purcell

Would you know how we meet, ore our Sol-ly full Bowls, as wee mingle our
Liquors, we mingle our Souls, the sweet melts the Sharp, the kind sooths the Strong,
and nothing but Friendship grows all the night, long, we drink laugh and gra-ti-fie
ev-ry Desire, love only remains our unquenchable Fire.

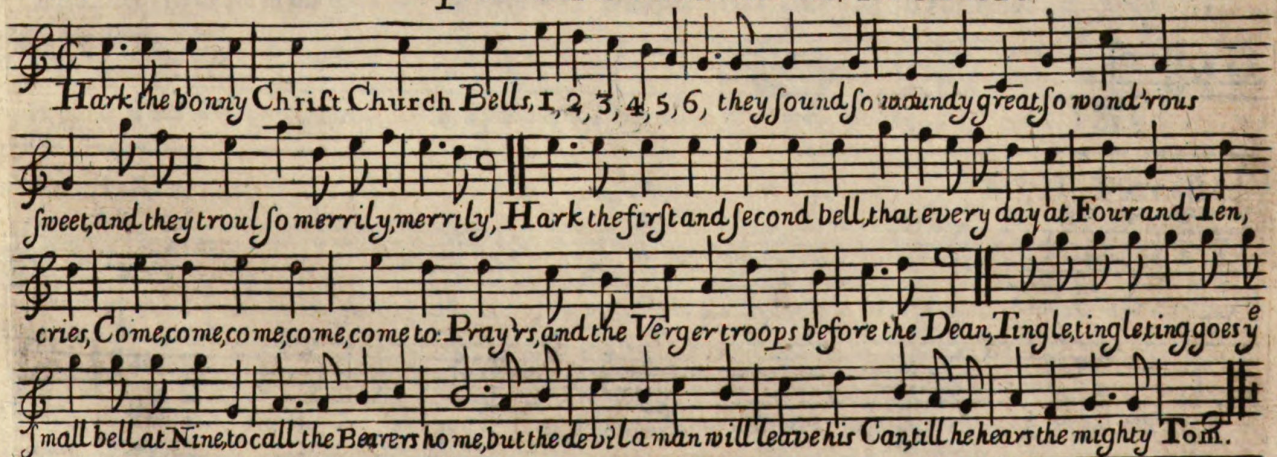
This musical score is for a vocal piece in 3/4 time, written by M^r H Purcell. It features a single melodic line on a five-line staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



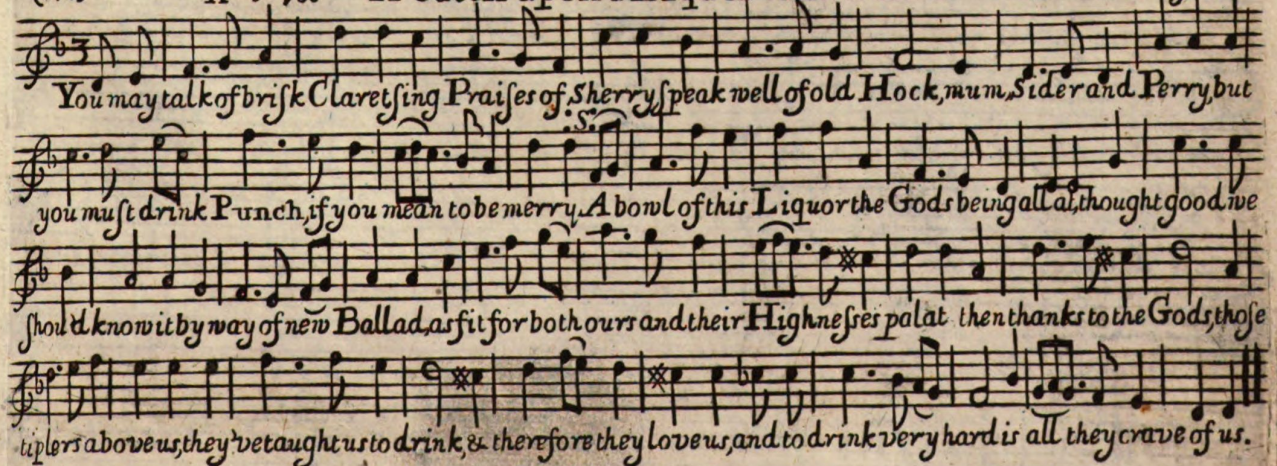
Now now we are met and humours agree, call, call for wine and lose no time, but let's merry be, fill,
fill it about to me let it come fill the Glass to the top, I'll drink ev'ry drop, Super-na-cu-lum, a
Health to the Queen, round, round let it pass, fill it up and then drink it off like Men, never balk your glass



Who comes there, stand, who comes there, stand and come before the Constable, we'll know what you are,
what makes you out so late, says the Midnight Magistrate, with a Noddle full of Ale in a wooden chair of
State, Whence come you, Sir, and whether do you go, you may be Sir a Jesuit for ought I know, you may as
well, Sir, take me for a Mahometan, he speaks Latin, secure him he's a dangerous man, To tell you the
truth, Sir, I am an honest Tory, but here's a Crown to drink, and there's an end of the Story, good morrow
Sir, a civil Man is at ways welcome, go Barnaby Bounce, light the Gentleman home.



Hark the bonny Christ Church Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, they sound so woundy great, so wond'rous
sweet, and they troul so merrily, merrily, Hark the first and second bell, that every day at Four and Ten,
cries, Come, come, come, come, come to: Pray'rs, and the Verger troops before the Dean, Tingletingleting goes y
small bell at Nine to call the Beggars home, but the devil a man will leave his Cantill he hears the mighty Tom.



You may talk of brisk Claret, sing Praises of Sherry, speak well of old Hock, mum, Sider and Perry, but
you must drink Punch, if you mean to be merry, A bowl of this Liquor the Gods being all, though good we
should know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours and their Highnesses palat then thanks to the Gods, those
tuplers above us, they've taught us to drink, & therefore they love us, and to drink very hard is all they crave of us.

(23) A 3 Voc

A Chiding Catch

:S:

Fy nay prithe John do not quarrel man let's be merry and drink about You're a Rogue
 you've cheated me I'll prove before this Company I carent a Farthing Sir for all you are so
 stout Sir you lye I scorn your word or a ny Man that wears a Sword for all you huff
 who cares a T_ or who cares for you

(24) A 3 V

A Catch

Mr H Purcell

Here's that will challenge all the Fair come buy my Nutts and Damsons my Burgamy Pear
 here's the Whore of Babylon the Devill and the Pope the Girl is just a going on the Rope
 Here's Dives and Lazarus and the Worlds Creation here's the Dutch Woman the likes not
 in the Nation here is the Booth whereytall Dutch Maid is here are Bears that dance like a ny
 La_dies To ta to ta tot goes the lit tle penny Trumpet here's your Jacob Hall that can jump it
 jump it sound Trumpet sound a silver Spoon and Fork come here's your dainty Pig and Pork

(25) A. 3. V.

A Catch

Mr H Purcell

Sum up all the Delights sum up all all sum up all the Delights the World does produce the darling
 Allurements now chiefly in use you'll find when compar'd there's none can contend with the
 Solid Enjoyments of Bottle and Friend for Honour or Wealth or Beauty may Wast
 those Joys often fade but rarely do last they're so hard to at_tain and so ea_si_ly lost that
 the Pleasure ne'er answers the Trouble and Cost None like Wine none like Wine and true
 Friendship are lasting and sure from Jealousie free and from En_vy secure then fill up the
 Glases un_till they run o'er a Friend and good Wine are the Charms we a_dore

(26) Catch on the *Modern Courage and Conduct of the French* Set by M^r Rich^d Brown

Ah sorry poor French men I grieve at your Fates, your Armes are beaten your
 Cumming a bates, in Field nor in town dare you stand your own ground, what di's small
 effects after this will be found, at Audenards Battle that may'nt be forgot, you Run
 from your Comrade half dead on the spot, Liles fortress no less must with shame be
 rememberd, the siege was push close and you tamely surrenderd the sons of the Blood
 by Example M^r Provis, cant animate wretches more dull then a Com is for
 Shame then go home to your Sallads and Pottage, resign your fine towns
 Juck your paws in a Cottage.

An Epitaph on S^r Harry — and his Mifstres's his Statue lying on the Tomb
 (27) Slow and hers Kneeling at his Feet Set by M^r Rich^d Brown

Intombed here lyes good S^r Harry belov'd full well but woud not marry,
 when he did live and had his feeling she did lye and he was kneeling, but now he's
 dead and lost his feeling, he doth lye and she is kneeling.

(28) A 3 Voc Catch on good Clarret Set by M^r George Day
 Organist of Winbourn in Dorsetshire

Come drink about Tom let it pass about quicker, why the P-x dost thou Preach
 thus over thy Liquor one hour or two boys let us follow our drinking, away with
 such Sots as will allways be thinking, Our brains will endure it our pockets will bear it,
 come drink about Tom it is very good Clarret.

(29) A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

M^r. H. Purcell.

Belch

Belch

Belch

Pox on you, pox on you, pox on you for a fop your stomach too queazy, cannot I belch,
cannot I belch and fart you Coxcomb, to ease me what if I let fly in your face and shall please ye
Fogh fogh fogh fogh how son'r he smells, now he's at it, now he's, at it a gain out ye beast,
out ye beast I never met so nasty a man I'm not able to bear it what the devil dy'e mean no less than a
Cæsar no less than a Cæsar no no no less than a Cæsar, decree'd with great reason no restraint no restraint
Shou'd be laid on the bum or the weason for belching and farting were always in season.

(30) A. 3. Voc.

A Catch on the London Waterman

M^r Barth. Isaak

Will you go by water sir I'm the next sculler go with my fair up westward sir my boat shall be no
fuller next oars sir next oars whether is't you go, to fox hall or westminster, or through bridge
hoa pray master trim the boat and sit a little higher you have a handsom women by you me
thinks you might sit nigher come boy lay the stretcher and sit down to your oar you sir, will
you change a rogue for a whore you sculler look before you with a pox t'ye hold water look,
look the rogue runs foul of us remember this hereafter come land us here at Kings Bridge,
ay sir if you're willing here waterman theres six pence good faith tis worth a shilling.

(31) A. 3. Voce.

Tom the Taylor

M^r H. Purcell.

Tom making a mantle for a lass of Pleasure pull'd out pull'd out pull'd out his long his long and lawfull
measure but quickly found tho' noundity streight lac'd sin nine Inches nine Inches nine Inches nine Inches
noud not half fur round her wast sin three Inches more at length brisk Tom advances yet all yet all too short yet all
all all too short all too short yet all too short, all too short too reach her swinging hances.

(32)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r Henry Purcell

Tis too late for a Coach and too soon to reel home we have freedom to stagger when the Town is our
own let's whirl it away and whip Six-pen-ces round till the Drawers are founde and the hog-
head does found the Glass stays with you Tom save your tide pull away one Minute of Midnight is worth a whole day

(33)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r Henry Purcell

Young Collen cleaving of a Beam at ev'ry thumping thumping blow cry'd Hem and told his wife and
told his wife and told his wife who tho cause noud know that Hem made y^e wedge much farther go Plump
Joan when at Night to Bed they came and both were play-ing at the same cry'd Hem hem
hem prethee prethee prethee Collen do if ever thou Love'dst me Dear Hem now he Laughing
answer'd no no no some work will split will split with half a blow beside now I bore know I bore
now I bore now now now I bore I Hem when I Cleave but now I bore

(34)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r Henry Purcell

Once Twice Thrice I Ju-lia try'd the scorn-ful Pus as oft deny'd and since and since I
can no better better thrive I'll crin-ge to nevr a Bitch alive so kiss my Ar- so kiss my Ar- so
kiss my Ar- so kiss my Ar- disdainfull Sow good Claret good claret is my Mistress now

(35)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r Henry Purcell

Lets live good honest lives and make much of our wives and since all flesh is Grass lets merrily
merrily merrily drink our Glass God blefs our noble Queen what need we fear the Pope the pope
the Pope the Pope the Pope the Pope the Jesuits Jews or Turks for we defy the Devill the Devill
the Devill the Devill the Devill the Devill and all his works

The Millers Daughter Riding to the Fair without a Saddle up - on a scurvey Mare cry'd
 Oh Mother I'm quite undone I'm quite undone I'm all all o'regrown with Hair a way you
 sil-ly Daughter 'tis ev-ry Shes concern and if you wont believe me look here look here here look
 here here look here look here here and you may learn then taking her a side she made the matter
 Plain O - - - h Mother you're ten times worse Oh you'r ten times worse you're ten times
 worse you're ten times worse why sure you rid up - on the Main

Come come let us Drink let us Drink let us Drink let us Drink 'tis in vain to think like
 Fools on Grief or sadness let our Money fly and our Sorrows die all Worldly Care is Madnes's
 but Wine Wine Wine Wine Wine and good cheer will in spite of our fear in - spire our
 Hearts with Mirth Boys the time we live to Wine to Wine let us give since all since all must
 turn to Earth Boys hand hand about hand hand about hand hand about the Bowl the delight
 of my Soul and to my Hand to my Hand commend it a Fig a Fig for Chink 'twas made to
 Buy Drink and be - fore we go hence we'll Spend it

True English Men drink a good health to the Miter let our Church ever Flourish tho' her
 E-ne-mies spight her may their cunning and for - ces no longer prevail but their Malice
 as well as their Arguments fail Then Remember the Seven who Suppor - ted our
 Cause as stout as our Martyrs and as just as our Laws

Drink on, drink on, drink on till Night be spent, and Sun do shine, did not the Gods give anxious Mortalls
 Wine to wash all Care, to Wash all Care and Trouble from the heart, why then so soon, why then so soon shou'd jovial
 Fellows part, come let this bumper, let this bumper for y next make way, who's sure to live, who's sure to live & drink another day.

(40)

A 3 Voc

An old Epitaph

Mr. H. Purcell.

Under this Stone lies Gabriel John, in the year of our Lord one thousand & one, cover his
 Head with Turf or Stone, tis all one, tis all one with Turf or Stone, tis all one, pray
 for the soul of gentle John, if you please you may, or let it alone tis all one.

(41)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

Mr. H. Purcell.

Once in our lives, let us drink to our Wives, tho their Numbers be but small, Heaven
 take the best, and the Devil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all, to this
 hearty wish let each man take his dish, and drink, drink till he fall.

(42)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

Mr. H. Purcell.

If all be true that I do think, there are five Reasons, there are five Reasons we shou'd drink,
 good wine, a Friend, or being dry, or lest we should be by and by, or any other Reason,
 or any other Reason, or any other Reason why, any reason why.

(43)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

Mr. H. Purcell.

An Ape, a Lyon, a Fox and an Ass, do shew forth man's life as it were in a Glass, for
 Apish we are, till Twenty and one, and after that Lyons till Forty be gone, then witty as
 Foxes till Threescore and ten but, after that Asses and so no more men.

A Dove a Sparrow a Parrot a Crow,
 As plainly sets forth how you women may know,
 Harmless they are till Thirteen be gone,
 Then wanton as Sparrows till Forty draw on,
 Then prating as Parrots till Threescore be o're,
 Then Birds of ill Omen and Women no more,

(44)
*A Catch for 3 Voices the Words by M^o
Allex^r Chocke, Set by M^o In^o Ifum .*

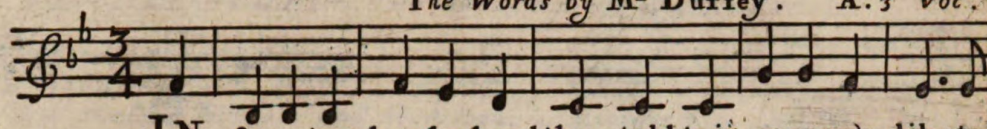
*When Celia was learning on the Spinnet to play, her Tutor stood
by her to show her, to show her, to show her, to show her the
way; She shook not the Note which anger'd him much, and
made him, & made him cry Zounds 'tis a long prick, a
long prick, a long prickt Note you touch; Surpriz'd was the
Lady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

For 3 Flutes .

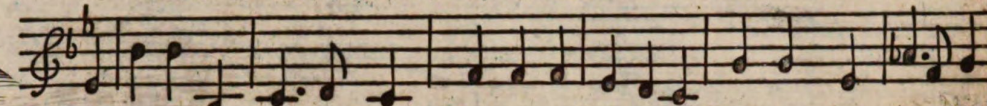
The 1st Flute begins & when he comes to y^e repeat y^e 2^d begins & so of y^e 3^d

(45)

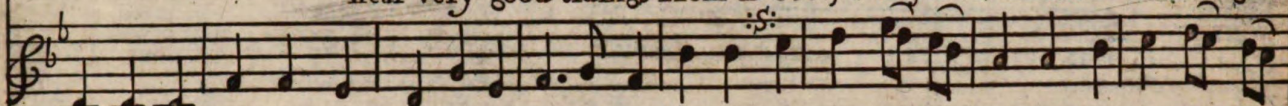
A new Catch upon an old Prophecy and Hieroglyphyck of Lilly
the Astrologer, by M^r Jⁿ Eccles Master of Her Majestys Musick
The Words by M^r D^rurfey. A. 3 Voc.



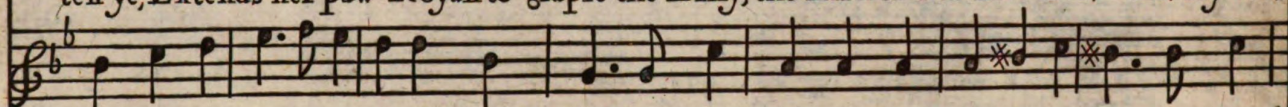
IN seventeen hundred, and three told twice over, we're like to



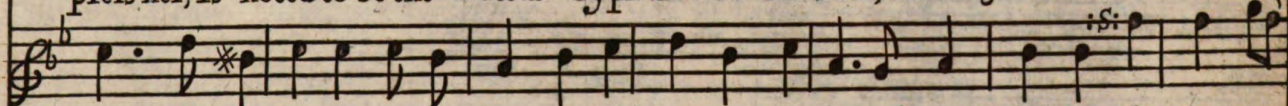
hear very good tidings from *Dover*, a *Lyones* Passant Astrologers



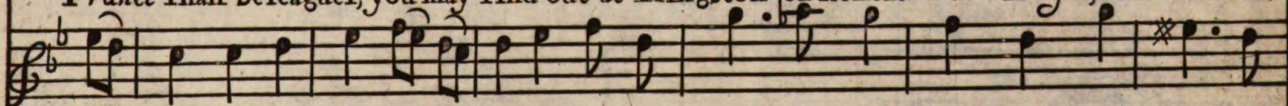
tell ye, Extends her paw Royall to grapple the Lilly, the mark on her side that so closely does



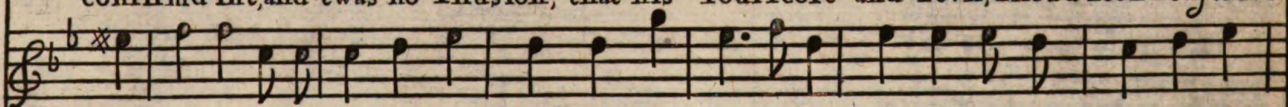
press her, is noted to be the *Queens* Cypher God blefs her, th'Enigma so dark how we



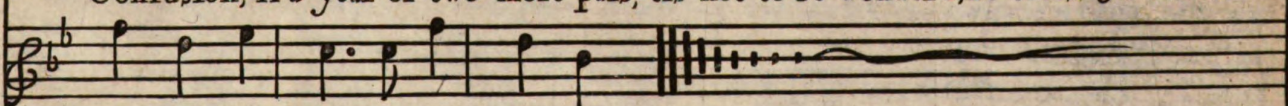
France shall beleaguer, you may find out at Kingston of honest Tom Eager, old Tom was



confirm'd int, and twas no Illusion, that his fourscore and sevn, should see *Monsieurs*

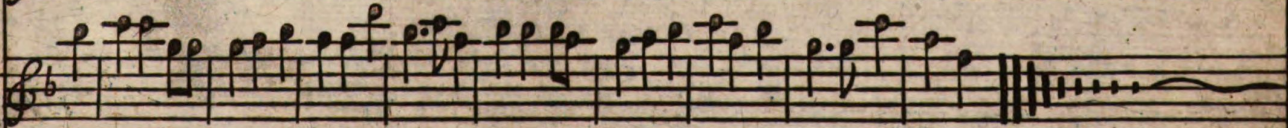
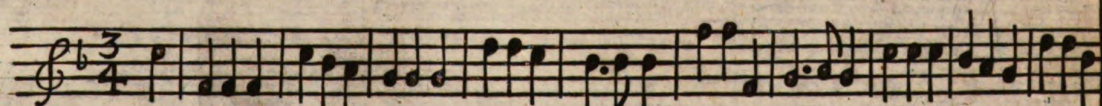


Confusion, if a year or two more pass, 'tis not to be wonder'd, he that's Jovial at



Ninety, may Live to a Hundred.

for the
FLUTE



(46) A 3 Voc

A CATCH

Mr H Purcell

ROOM Room room room room for thee press at length here it comes Limericks our own Limericks our own be it known be it known to all Gruns Hark hark hark the Guns of the Tower ring Ring it in Peals we'll drink round the Bonfires we'll drink round the Bonfires Huz - zah Huz - zah to the Bells to our conquering Army loud Praises loud Praises let's Sing and now Monsieur French man and now Monsieur French man have at you have at you next Sprung

(47) A 3 Voc

A CATCH

Here where is my Landlord a pot of good Drink but faith you must trust for we have no Chink in deed Sir you look like a very good fellow but I cannot trust without white or yellow the yellow I have none and as for the white make use of y^e Chalk and so a good Night

(48) A 3 Voc

A CATCH

Mr Iohn Eccles

Confusion Confusion to the pow'r of Cupid brisk Wine brisk Wine ne'er made a Mortal Stupid Drink drink drink drink while sober Sots look pale condemn'd to Claps condemn'd to Claps and foggy Ale a pox of Love a pox of Love there's nothing in it a Bumper gives the happy happy Minute

(49) A 3 Voc

In Praise of White wine

Mr I Reading

A Hogshhead was offerd to Bacchus his Shrine the God was offended because 'twas White wine then curs'd in a passion Damn'd rot it and marrit didst ever know Bacchus drink other than Claret So the Jolly red God having empty'd the White wine return'd the poor Vot'ry the Hogshhead to Shite in

(50) A 3 Voc

A CATCH

Whose three Hoggs are these are these and whose three Hoggs are these They are Iohn Cooks I know by their looks for I found them in my Pease Oh Pound them oh Pound them but I dare not for my Life For if I should Pound Iohn Cooks Hoggs I should never kiss Iohn Cooks Wife Cho: But as for Iohn Cooks wife I'll lay no more than mum Then here's to thee thou first Hogg untill the second come

Note These two lines are to be Sung thrice with these Words at last (I prithee man take him home)

(51)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r H. Purcell

Jack thou'rt a Toper, Jack thou'rt a, thou'rt a Toper, let's have t'other Quart, Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we're so Sober, so sober, so sober 'twere a shame to part, None but a Cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold Bully'd by his wife, for Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, late fears a dome - stick strike, I'm free, I'm free, so are you, so are you, so are you, too call and knock, knock boldly, knock, boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, the watchman cry, past 2 a clock.

(52)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r H. Purcell

Bring the bowl and cool Nantz, bring the bowl and cool Nantz, and let us be mixing, We've a great deal of business, we've a great deal of business tis time to be fixing, Dip, dip your dish fair around, to all jol - ly jol - ly Punch drinkers, we loose not a Minute, we loose not a Minute while we are our own Shinkers, we need no Damn'd drawers, our mo - tions, our motions are quicker, we sit at the well boys, we sit at the well boys and drink ri - cher liquor.

(53)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r H. Purcell

Pale Faces stand by and our bright ones adore, we look like our wine, you worse then our Store, come light up our Pimples, all Art we out shine, when the plump God dos paint each, Streak is divine, Clean Glasses are Pencills, old Claret is Oyl, he that sits for his Picture, must sit a good while.

(54)

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M^r H. Purcell :S:

Soldier, Soldier, take off thy wine, and shake thy locks, and shake thy locks, as I shake mine, how can I, my poor locks shake, that have but Ten, I have but Ten Hairs on my Pate, and one of them, must go for Tythes, so there remains, so there remains but Four and Five, Four and Five and that makes Nine, then take off your drink, then take off your drink as I take mine.

(55) A 3 Voc On a Widow who Married an old Widower

Had she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough, Care enough of the old Man, she wed him, she fed him, and to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she lifted him on, But oh how she nigld him, nigld him, nigld him, oh how she nigld him all the Night long.

(56) A 3 Voc A Catch

M^r Samurell Ackeroyd

Tinking Tom was an honest Man, tink a tink, and a Lad of bonny mettle, he dext'rously, could clink the pan, clink a clink, clink a clink, and stop, and stop, and stop a hole in Kettle, to him did my Ladies maid advance, advance, come, come in thou Man of mettle, a sad mischance, a sad mischance, here's a hole, a hole, a hole in my Ladies Kettle, Tom went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a Man, like a man, and wrought like a man, like a man of mettle, but when he had done, 'twas all a case, all a case, all a case, there's a hole, there's a hole in my Ladies Kettle.

(57) A 3 Voc A Catch

M^r Jeremy Clark

In Drinking full Bumper there is no deceit, then let's not repine 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 neer by Intruders be broke, then our sor-row in Clouds, shall ascend like our Smoak.

(58) A 3 Voc A Catch

Say good Master, Bacchus a stride on your Butt, since our Champagnes all gone and our Claret's run out, which of all the brisk wines in your Empire that grow, will serve to delight your poor Drunkards below, Resolve us Grave Sir, and soon send it over, lest we dye, lest we dye of the Sin of be'n Sober.

I Know Brother Tar I Know Brother Tar those French durst not stand us nor y^e Dastardly Irish
 once Venture to land us if wee Bang not such Scoundrels may a stor- m ri- se and
 strand us But the bosons shrill whistle cries all all all hands aloft Boys and a Boat full of Punch is a
 rich mornings draught Boys now top we catt harpin now top we catt harpin and then fore and aft Boyes brother
 Bluff brother bluff tis a Gallon tis a Gallon that now now now now is a sinking to our Landmen who never yet
 knew what was shrinking well cover our Descent with Huzzahs Huzzahs and dow- n drinking

(60) A. 4. Voc.

Second Part of Bartholomew Fair

D^r Blow

Here are the Rarities of the whole Fair Pimperle Pimp and the wise dancing Mare here's valiant St George & the
 Dragon a Farce a Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her Ar- here is Vienna besiegd a rare thing & heres
 Punchinel to shewn thrice to the King ladies msked to the cloysters repair but there will be no raising a pox take y^e mayr

(61) A. 4. Voc.

The Queens Health

D^r Blow

God preserve her Majesty and for ever send her Victo- ry and confound all her Enemies take off
 your Hock Sir Amen Repeat Amen all the while this Catch is Singing resting four Crotchets

(62) A. 3. Voc.

Galloping Joan

D^r Blow

Joan has been Galloping galloping galloping Joan has been galloping all the Town ere till her
 Bumfiddle Bumfiddle Bumfiddle untill her Bumfiddle was wonderous sore without e're a
 Saddle upon her old Iade to fetch her good Man from the Ale house Trade

(63) A. 3. Voc.

In praise of the Punch Bowl

D^r Blow

How shall we speak thy praise delicious Bowl thou chearst the Heart and thou Inspirst the Soul
 not Jove of Nectar so Divine can boast Am- brosia is in si- ped to thy Toast Drink here you
 Sons of Wit and you will own the Punch Bowl is the on- ly He- li- con

Eight Bells being Lately Cast at St. Hellens in Worcester
 had these Names given em, The 1st Blenheim. 2^d Ramillie. 3^d Barcelona
 4th Menin. 5th Turin. 6th Eugene. 7th Marlborough. 8th Queen Ann.
 On which was made this CATCH, by Mr. Henry Hall of Hereford. A 3 Voice
 (64)

THUS while the Eight goes merrily Round, Earth and Air their Tryumphs
 Sound, I'o Victo-ri-a, I'o Victo-ri-a Sabrinas Banks rebound,
 Then to the Cheifs, whose Name---s they Bear, so Wise in
 Peace, so Warm in Warr, Fill, fill the Glafs, Fill, fill the
 Glafs and Drink it Fair, Fill, fill the Glafs, and Drink it
 Fair, Drink, drink, drink it Fair Tis An-na
 now De-mands, the Glafs, An-na the Joy-of
 Hu--man Race, then Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink and
 wish the Bell-----s your Glafs.

for the
 FLUTE

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of five staves of music.

(65) Three Catches Writt and Set by M^r Richard Brown.

A Catt Catch A. 3. Voc:

WEE Catts when assembl'd at midnight together for innocent Puring, Puring, for innocent Puring, Puring in moonshiney weather, if dogs be in Kennel all fast in their straw, wee march and wee meaw, meaw, meaw without scratch or a Claw, but if they Surprise us and put us to flight, wee fret, fret and wee spit, fret, spit, spit give a squall, squa - - ll and good night.

The musical score for 'A Catt Catch' is written on five staves. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. There are several repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) and a final cadence marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics.

(66) On M^r Jere Clarks old Dogg Spott.

THE Prophets Old Dog was a mannerly Curr, his master went first and he follow'd his Sir, But Jere's old Turnspitt, such manners not knowing, to the Boat, or the Coach first of all will be going, at which Jere smiles, Cause his humour he nicks, and swears tis too late to teach old Dogs new Trickes.

The musical score for 'On M^r Jere Clarks old Dogg Spott.' is written on five staves. It begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. There are several repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) and a final cadence marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics.

(67) A Saturday Nights Catch.

A. 4. Voc:

LET'S Drink to all our wives, good health and merry lives, but who to please them Care's, must live Old Nestor's years.

The musical score for 'A Saturday Nights Catch.' is written on two staves. It begins with a treble clef and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. There are several repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) and a final cadence marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics.