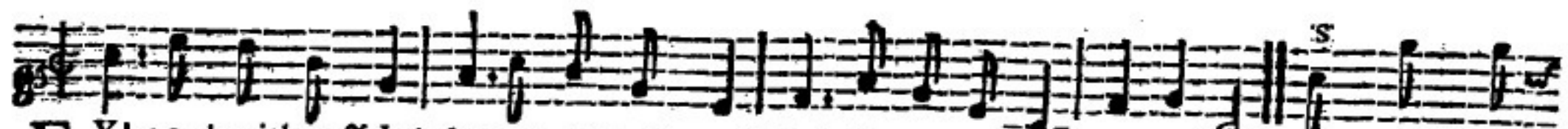
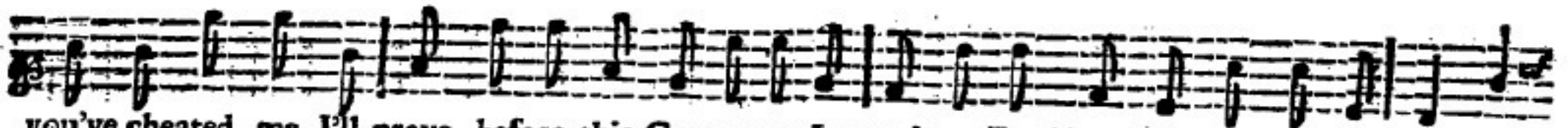


(11) A. 3. Voc.

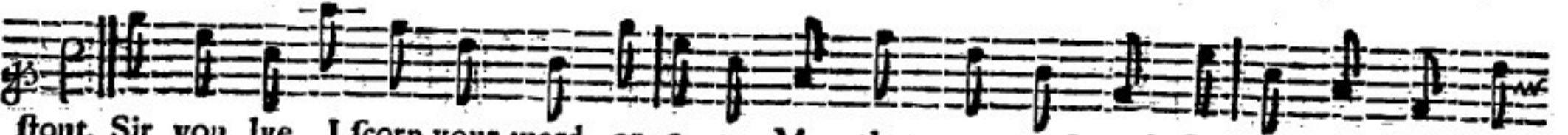
[A Chiding Catch.]



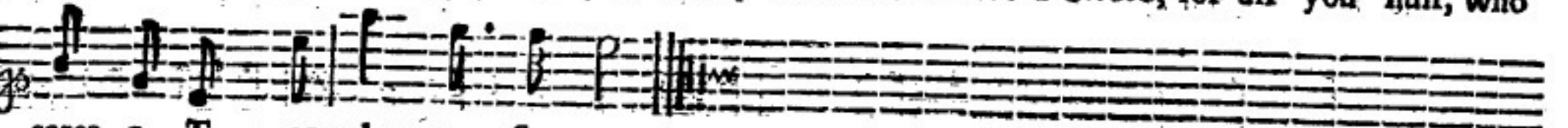
F Y! nay! prithee *John!* do not quarrel, man! let's be merry, and drink about: you're a Rogue,



you've cheated me, I'll prove before this Company, I care'n't 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.

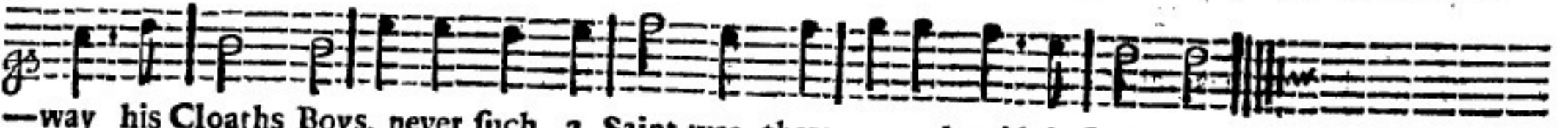
(12) A. 3. Voc:

[On Mun Saint.]

Mr. *Mich. Wise.*



S Trange News from the *Rose* Boys, never heard before Boys, Saint upon a Sunday, he play'd a—



—way his Cloaths Boys, never fuch a Saint was there ever hear'd before Boys.

Sung by M^r. Dearle at Ranelagh

On Pleasures smooth Wings how old Time steals away, E'er

Love's fatal Flame leads the Shepherd astray, My Days O ye Swains were a round of delight, from the

cool of the Morn, to the still-ness of Night, No care found a place in my Cottage or Breast, But Health and Con-

tent all the Year was my Guest, No care found a place in my Cottage or Breast, But Health and Content all the

Year was my Guest. Sym:

2
Twas then no fair PHILLIS my Heart cou'd enfnare
With Voice, or with Feature, with Drefs, or with Air,
So kindly young CUPID had pointed the Dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the smart:
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like the Bee,
But still all my Song was I'll ever be free.

3
Twas then ev'ry Object fresh raptures did yield,
If I stray'd thro' the Garden, or travers'd the Field,
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight,
The Nightingale sung, I cou'd listen all Night:
With my Reed I cou'd Pipe to the tune of the Stream,
And wake to new Life from a rapt'rous Dream.

4
But now since for HEBE in secret I sigh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I,
Adieu to the Charms of the Valley and Glade,
Their sweets now all sicken, their Colours all fade;
No Musick I find in soft PHILOMEL'S Strain,
And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in vain,

5
They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see,
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me,
Then teach me, bright VENUS, persuasion's soft Art,
Or aid me by reason to ransom my Heart:
To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
Give Love to the Nymph, or give ease to the Swain.



Undiscover'd I there gave an Ear to her Theam :



And 'twas thus she began to repine.



How long shall I Mourn for the Loss of my Dove ?

What a while has He from me been flown ?

Too severe was the Fate which my Darling did prove,

When he left me to grieve here alone.

In Lands far remote does my Turtle remain ?

But how soon will my Rover return ?

Heavens grant I may live to behold him again,

Or in Sorrow (till Death) I shall mourn.

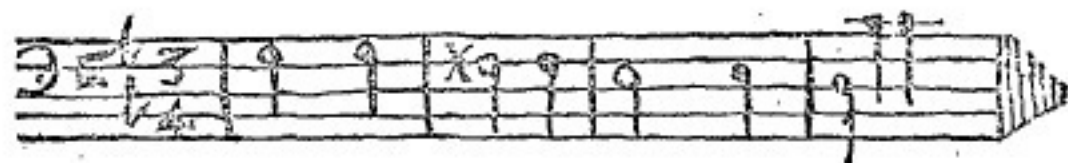


T H E

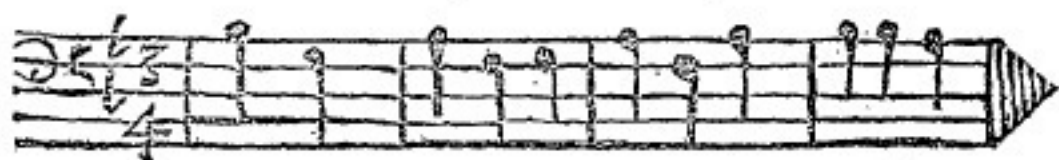
Languishing LADY, &c.



I Spy'd a fair Lady, alone by the Stream



Where I stood with my Rod and my Line ;



—out being Dull, and Blind, I cou'd none else, none, none, none, none, I cou'd none else,

no, none, no, none, no, none, none else ad—mire.

A SONG on the late Queen.

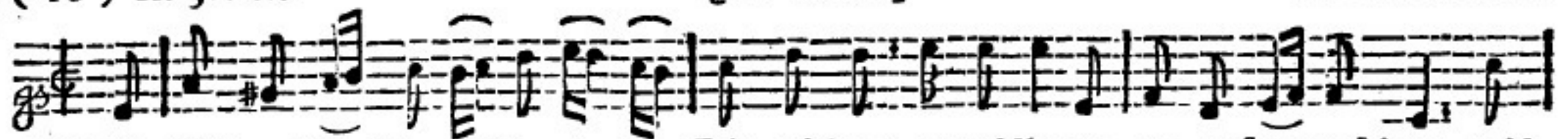


Ay her Blest ex—am—ple, chase Vice in troops out of the Land;

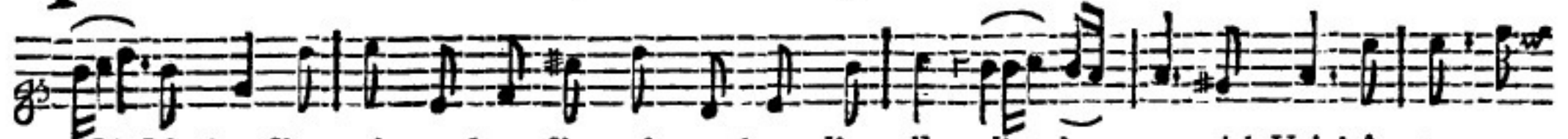
Fly—ing from her aw—full Face, like trembling Ghosts when day's at hand: May her

He—ro bring us Peace, won with Ho—nour in the Field; And our home—bred

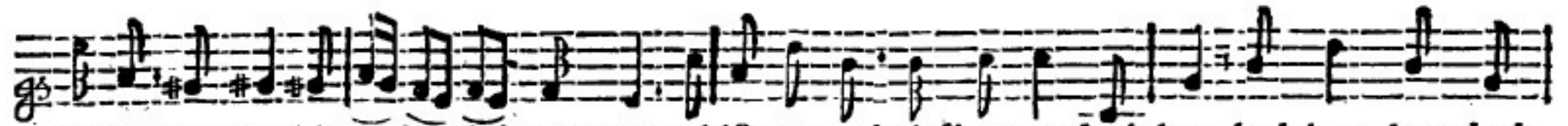
Factions cease, He still our Sword, and She our Shield:



The Millers Daughter Riding to the Fair, without a Saddle up—on a scurvey Mare; cry'd



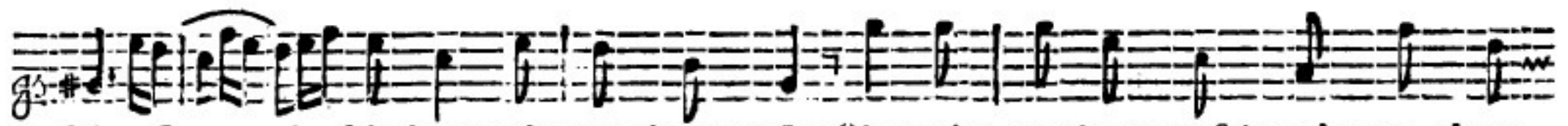
Oh Mother, I'm quite undone, I'm quite undone, I'm all, all o'regrown with Hair! A-way you



fil-ly Daughter, 'tis ev-'ry She's concern; and if you won't 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 worfe! Oh you're ten times worfe! you're ten times



worfe!, you're ten times worfe! why fure you rid up—on the Main!

(42) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



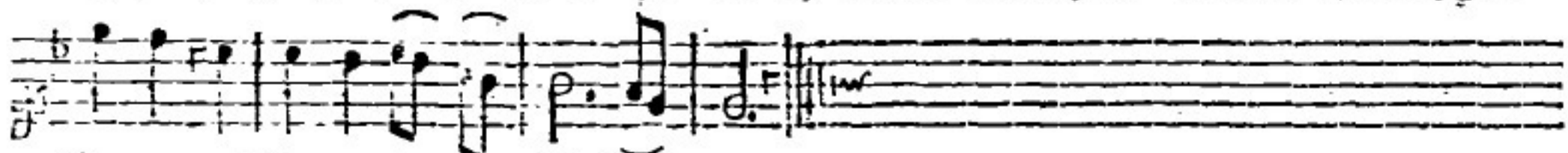
O No-, Twice, Thrice, I Ju-lia try'd, the scorn-ful Pufs as oft de-ny'd, and



frice, and since I can no bet-ter, bet-ter thrive, I'll crin-ge to ne'er a Bitch, a-



-live, so kifs my Ar-, so kifs my Ar-, so kifs my Ar-, so kifs my Ar- dif-dain-ful Sow, good



Claret, good Claret is my Mi-stress now.

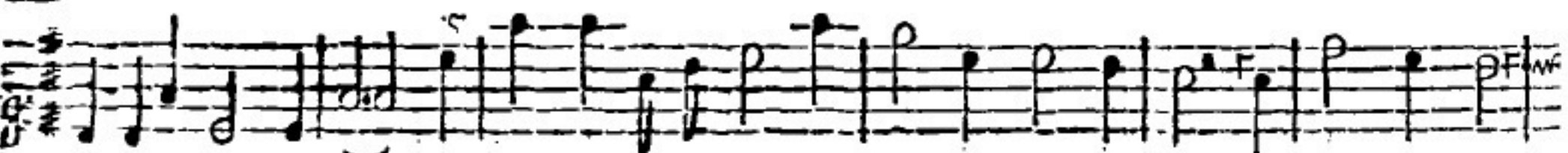
(43) A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



L Et's live good honest Lives, and make much of our Wives; and since all Flesh is Grafs, let's merrily merrily

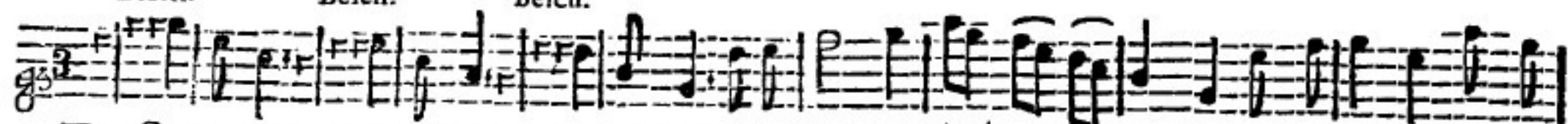


merrily drink our Glafs: God bless our noble King, what need we fear the Pope, the Pope, the Pope

Belch.

Belch.

Belch.



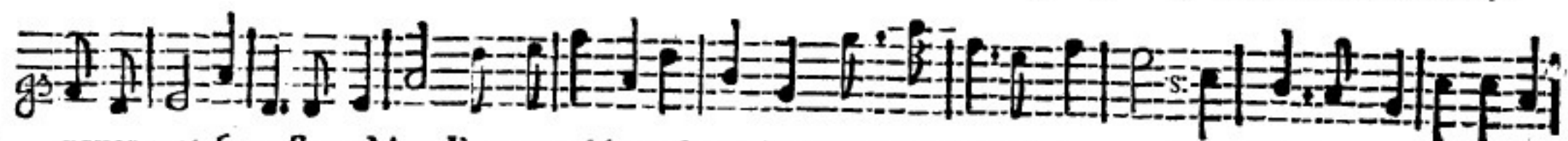
P Ox on you, pox on you, pox on you for a Fop, your Stomach too queazy, cannot I belch, cannot



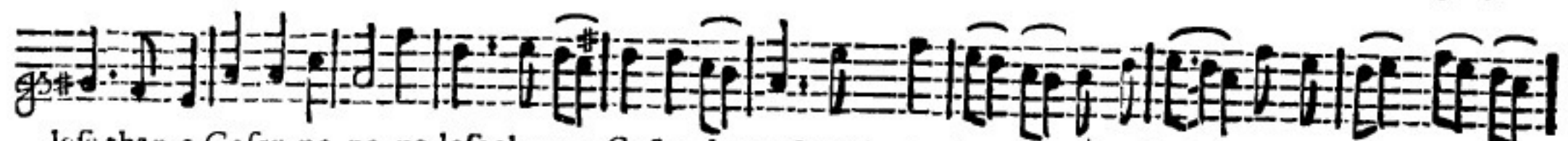
I belch and Fart, you Coxcomb, to ease me: what if I let fly in your Face and shall please ye? Fogh,



fogh, fogh, fogh, how fow'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 a-ble 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*, decreed with great reason, no restraint, no restraint shou'd be

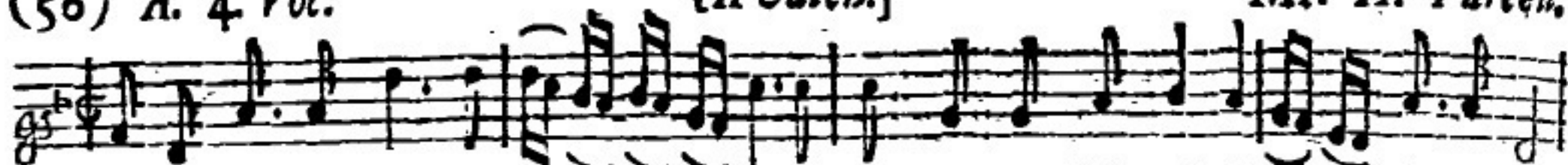


laid on the Bum or the Weason, for Belching and Farting were always in season.

(56) A. 4 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



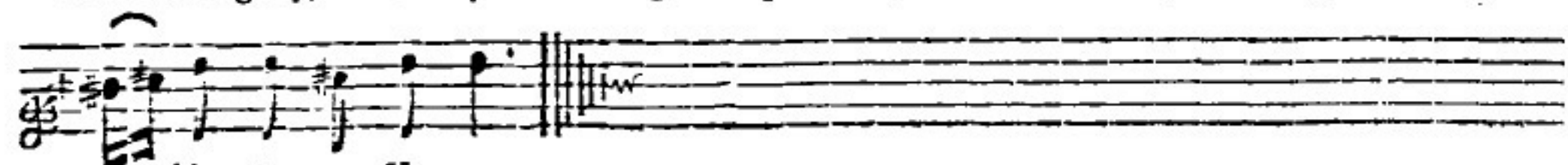
Here's a Health, a Health pray let it pass about, a Health that ne'er shall cease till all our Wine is out



Therefore drink away and never let it stand, but ply it close-ly rou— — — nd, from hand to



hard and eagerly, and bravely with courage thus pursue it, for 'tis a Health, a Health, to ho-nest

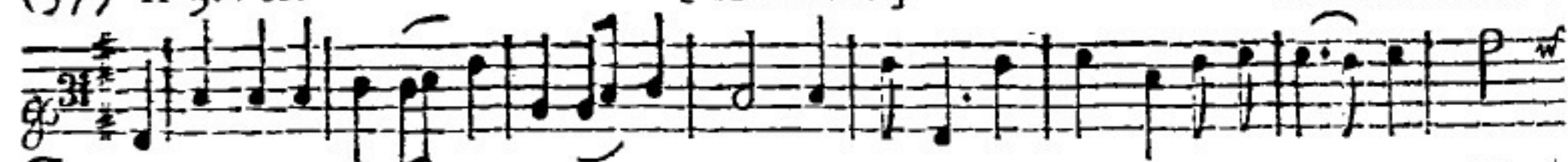


Ruddy Ro-ger Hewitt.

(57) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Sir Walter En—joying his Damsel one Night, He tick'd, and pleas'd her to so great a height ;

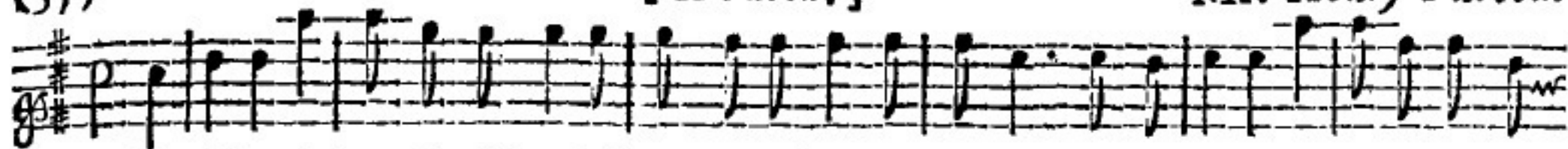


that she cou'd not con-tain t'wards the end of the matter, but in Rapture cry'd out O

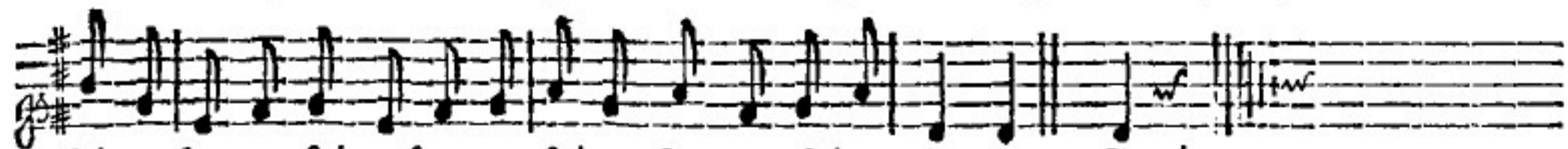
(57)

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir, sweet Sir *Walter*, O switter swatter

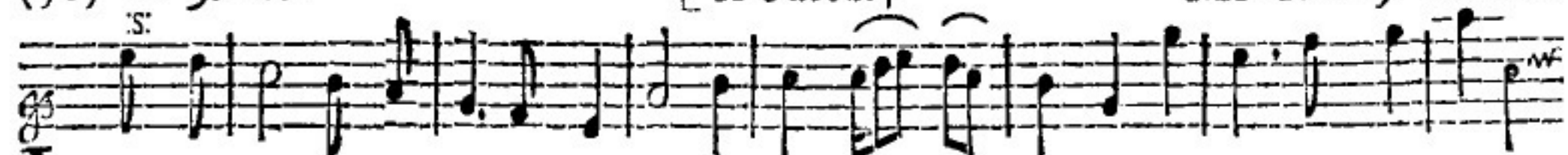


switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter. Sir. &c.

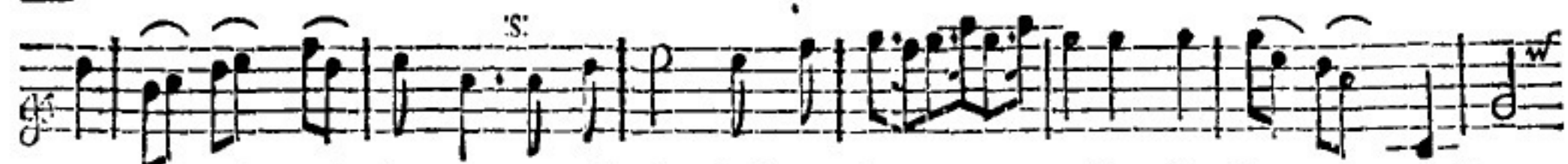
(58) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

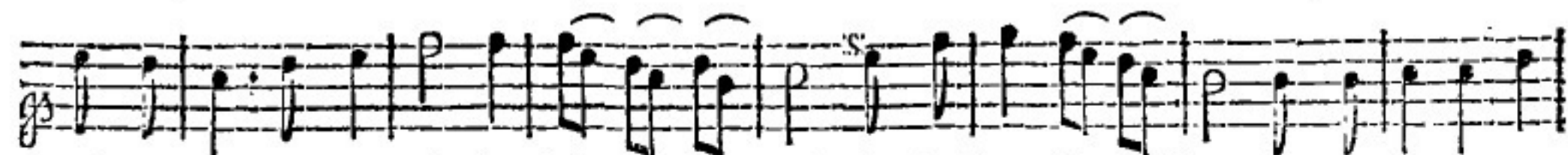
Mr. Henry Purcell.



LET us Drink, Let us Drink to the Blades Intrench'd on the *Shannon*, discharge our full Glasses



as they their whole Cannon: Ev'ry Health shall be Flou———right with Trumpets and Drums,



and our Bumpers go off in Pledge to their Bombs, see the Town in a Blaze, now our Faces, our



Fa——ces Resembles, and at both the pale *Monfieur*, poor *Mac* and *Teague* Trembles.

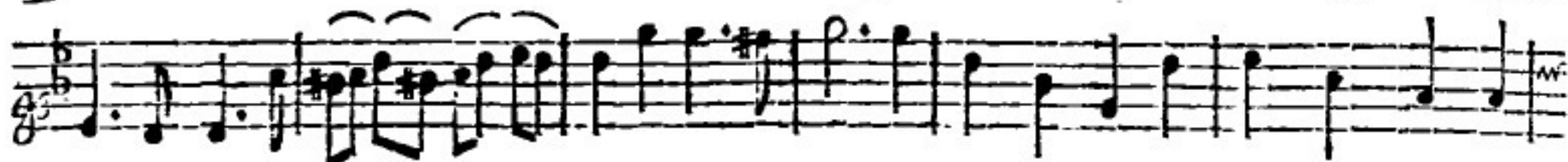
(33) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

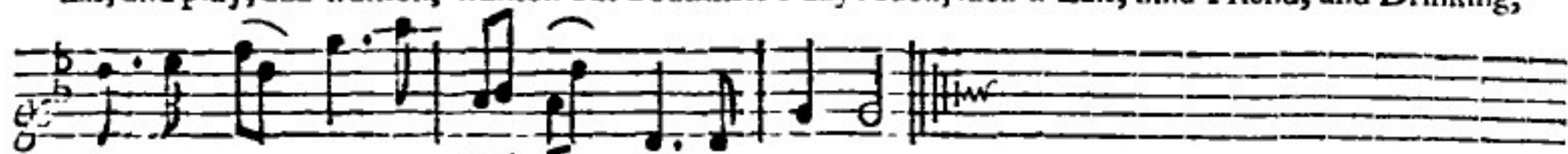
Mr. H. Purcell.



TO thee, to thee, and to a Maid, that kindly will up—on her Back be laid : and laugh, and sing, and



kiss, and play, and wanton, wanton out a Summer's day : Such, such a Lass, kind Friend, and Drinking,



give me, Great *fove* !and damn, and damn the Thinking.

(34) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



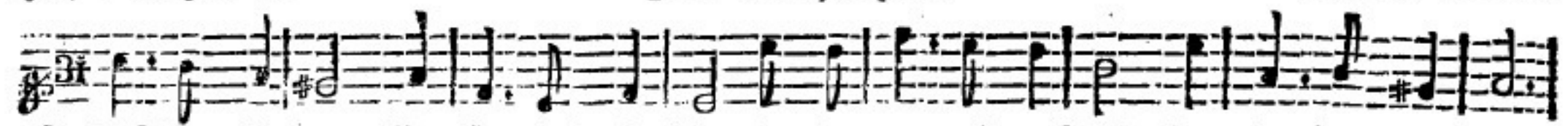
AN Ape a Lyon, a Fox, and an Ass, do shew forth Mon's Life as it were in a Glas; for



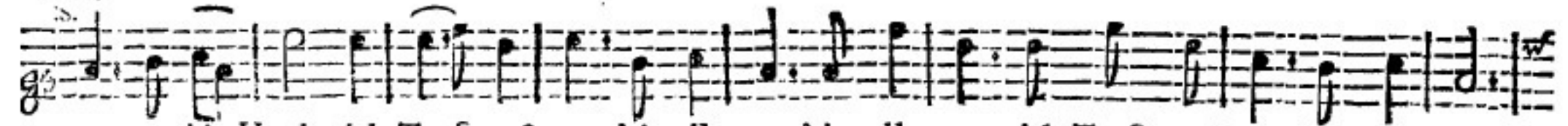
A—p—p—h we are till Twenty and one and af—ter that, Ly—ons till For—ty be gone: Then



Witty as Fox—es till Threescore and Ten, but af—ter that Asses, and so no more Men.



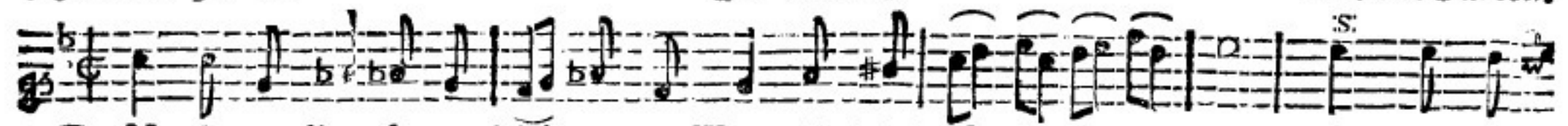
UN-der this Stone lies Ga-bri-el John, in the year of our Lord, One thousand and one,



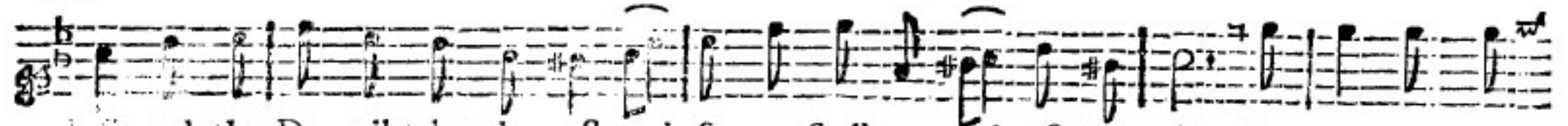
co-ver his Head with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one.



Pray for the Soul of gen-tle John, if you please you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.



ONce in our lives, let us drink to our Wives, tho' their Numbers be but small; Heav'n take the



left, and the De-vil 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.