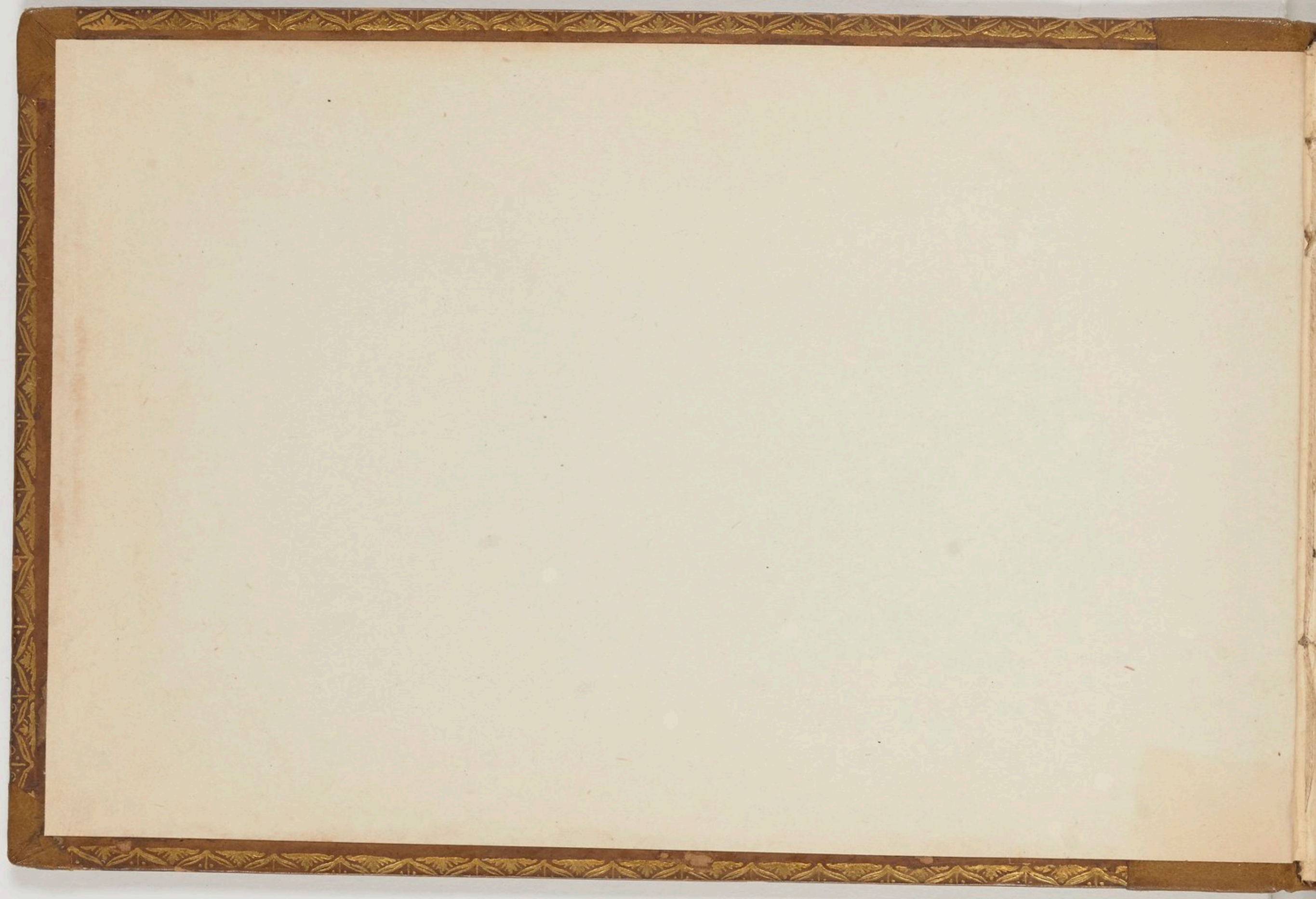


INV. RÉSERVE

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7
57





Mant. Dr. Perry's Sale 2. 50.

64

Vm. + 1134 Reserve,
A.

Res. Vm. 57

acc. 5178
Catch that Catch can:

OR

A Choice Collection of

CATCHES, ROUNDS, and CANONS:

BEING

Three or Four Parts in One.



Collected and Published by JOHN HILTON Batchelor of *Musick*.

The Second Edition Corrected and Enlarged by J. PLAYFORD.

LONDON,

Printed by W. G. for John Benson, and John Playford, and are to be sold at their
Shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and in the Inner Temple near the
Church-dore, 1658.



To all Lovers of M U S I C K.

I Hold it needless to boast the Approbations that have been formerly given by Great Persons, both to testifie and augment, the Life and Honour of this liberal Science, the earthly solace of mans soul; and in particular, to delights of this Nature, such as you shall find in this small Volumne, which I dare stile Muscally, and in themselves sweet and harmonious, and full of harmeles Recreation, and to all that love and understand Musick, the true sence and value of them will so appeare; of which I boast not, further then you shall please to judge. As for the Rounds, they have, and may shift for themselves; so might the Catches too in these Times, when Catches and Catchers were never so much in request; all kind of Catches are abroad; Catch that Catch may, Catch that Catch can, Catch upon Catch, thine Catch it, and mine Catch it; And these Catches, also which I have now published by importunity of Friends to be free for all mens catching; only my wishes are, that they who are true Catchers indeed, may catch them for their delight, and may they that desire to learn, catch them for their instruction: But let those that catch at them with detraction (as that is a catching disease) catch only the fruits of their own Envy. I am confident, they that cannot make better, cannot injure these, which your favourable Acceptance may make good to him that is your Friend,

JOHN HILTON.

A Table of the Catches, Rounds, and Canons in this Book.

*Those that are marked with this Signature * are added in this Edition.*

A

As there be three blew Beans
 Arm, Arm, for our Ancient foe
 A Pox on the Jaylor and on his fat goales
 A boat a boat bring to the Ferry
 * An old house end and many a good fellow
 Ask me why I do not sing

B

* Banbury Ale where where
 * Birch and green Holly
 Boy go down and fill
 Boy go up and see what makes them mad

C

Come let us all a Maying go
 Come my hearts lets now be merry
 Come follow follow me
 Come follow follow me whether
 Call George again boy
 Come come away to the Tavern I say
 Call for the Ale stand or fall
 Come let us cast the Dice
 Come follow me merrily merrily lads

	Coridon thou swain I am thy	58
3	Come hither Tom and make up three	60
6	Cuckow go neighbour help us to hedge	65
28	* Come jump at thy cofin and kifs	73
67	Cal for the best in the house	93
71	Come quaffe this brisk canary	96
81	Come pretty maidens what it's you buy	97
	Come honest friends and jovial boyes	98
80	Call to the Parson and let us go	99

D

	Down in a dungeon deep	23
100	Drink to night if the moon shine bright	34
101	Dainty fine Anniseedwater fine	41
13	Ding ding ding dong bell	64

F

	Fill me a Chrystall glafs	84
--	---------------------------	----

G

	Goose law'd with goose for cofin ganders land	40
17	Good Susan be as secret as you can	68
18	* Go to Jone Glover	83
30	Good Simon how comes it	94

53

Here

A Table of the Catches, Rounds, and Canons in this Book.

H
Here is an old ground
Here lies a woman
Hang sorrow and cast away care
Have you observed the wench in the sheet
Have you any work for a Tinker
How merrily looks the man
* Hey down a down behold and see
* Hold thy peace and I prethee hold
Ha we to the other world
Hey ho hey hearts delight
Hey ho behold I will shew
* Hey tofs the Devil's dead

8
29
38
52
54
55
78
82
87
89
105
110

L
Let Simons Beard alone
Let's cast away care and merrily sing
* Listen near to the ground if you'l hear

21
36
111

M
Me thinks that I do hear
Mongst all those precious juices
Money, money, 'tis that onely can
My Mistris will not be content
My Lady and her Maide upon a merry pin
* My dame has in her hutch at home
* Malt's come down
March bravely on boys
* Mark how these knavish Rests

9
10
43
48
62
79
81
90
104

I
Jenny she now smiles on me
I poor and well thou rich and ill
If you will drink for pleasure
Ize ga with thee my sweet Peggy
If you will drink canary
I have lov'd the jolly tankard
* If fortune favour I may have her
* I C U B A K
If any so wise is, that sack he despises
* If all be true as women say
* It is folly to be jolly

4
11
21
24
30
66
69
83
92
109
110

N
Now that the Spring
Never let a man take heavily
Mow I am married Sir John
* Now row we merrily and sing
New Oysters, new Oysters
* Now God be with old Simeon
Now my lad now my lads
* Now every Fat man I advise

1
37
69
74
76
77
87
108

A Table of the Catches, Rounds, and Canons in this Book.

O		This Chirping glass let no good fellow pass	46
○ Ale ab Alendo thou liquor	5	Tis Amaryllis walking all alone	56
○ Tom Boulds Tom Boulds	19	There dwells a pretty Maide	61
○ yes if any man can tell	35	* There was three Cooks of Colbrook	72
○ Hick and Stephen you'r welcome	56	* Take a pound of butter made in May	75
○ the wily wily Fox	57	* There lies a pudding on the fire and my	79
P		* Three blind Mice	82
Pretty Naun bonny Naun	22	The silver swan	86
Prepare your hearts for mirth	45	* This Ale my bonny lads	102
R		* To drive drive your sadness away	112
* Row the boat Norman	105	W	
S		Welcome honest friends from the East	12
She that will eat her breakfast	32	What shall he have that kils the Deer	26
See how in gathering of their May	33	What are we met, come let's see	44
Shew a room shew a room	42	Will you buy a new merry book	50
Society the life of man	46	Wilt thou lend me thy Marc	88
* Slaves to the world shall be tost	70	Warres are our delight	91
* See how Caywoods Dragon looks	106	When ever I marry	95
T		* Why should not we all be merry	103
Turn Amarillis to thy Swain	2	* Wilt thou be fat I tell thee how	107
* The pretty Lark climbing	19	* When women a gossiping meet	109
* The pot the pipe the quart	22	Y	
There was an old man at Waltham cross	27	You merry Poets old boys	7
The wisemen were but seven	39	Yonder he goes takes cornes from your toes	63
This geer goes hard	47		



A Table of the C A N O N S and H Y M N E S at the end of this Book.

Non nobis Domine
Gloria in excelsis Deo
Regi Regis
Laudate Jehovam
In te Domine speravi
Exaudi Domine
Ut Relivit Misere
Gloria Patri & Filio
Gloria Patri & Filio
Hast thee O Lord
I am so weary of this Lingring
O Lord I lift my heart to thee
O Absalom my Son my Son
I wept and chastened my self
O that my head were waters
Blesse them that curse you

1	I charge ye O daughters of	9
2	My soul O Lord shall trust	9
2	The sorrowes of my heart	10
2	O Lord Almighty	10
3	She weepeth sore in the night	11
3	Thus saith the Preacher	11
3	Let me sleep this night	12
4	Lift up your hearts and rejoyce	12
4	Look down O Lord and pittie	13
5	Look down O Lord upon	14
6	Sweet Jesu Christ thy Church	14
6	Prostrate on my knees O Lord	15
7	Arise and fall down flat	15
7	Praise the Lord O ye servants	16
8	Foy in the gates of Ferusalem	16
8		

These four are wanting

F I N I S.



To the R E A D E R.

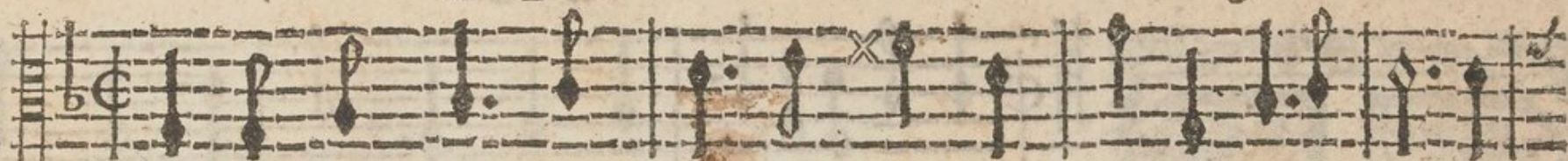
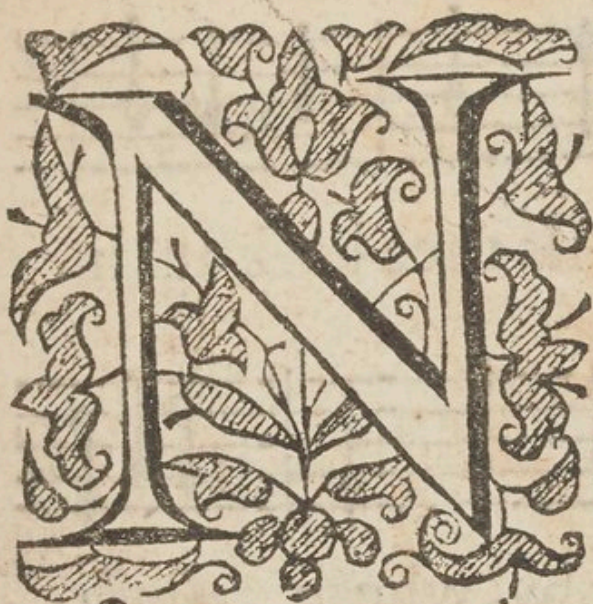
FOR the Information of such as know not the Nature or manner of singing *Catches* or *Canons*, which are, *Three parts in one* ; They are to observe that the first man begins and sings alone to the signature and so forward. The second man observes that when the first is at that Note which has this signature over or under it (which is thus marked S or thus :S:) then he begins and sings it round as the first did ; The third observing, that when the second is at the same Note with the signature over or under it, he begins also and sings as the other, each man singing his part round four or five times. *Vale. J. P.*

*Catches are Catches, be they better or worse,
And these may prove hopeful if not spoil'd at Nurse :
It's therefore desired if any do halt,
That the Judicious may set right the Fault,
In time by this means, they may walk without Crutches,
And merrily please you for your Charge, which not much is.*

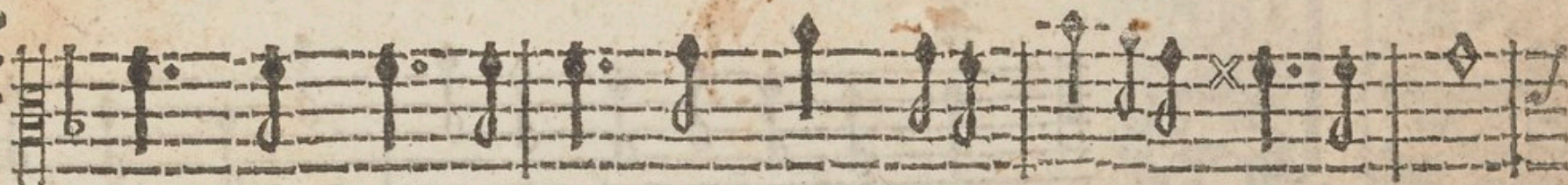
a. 3. Voc.

[1]

Mr. John Hilton.



O W that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active fire, and



made green liveries for the Plains, and eve-ry Grove a Quire.



Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee, and *Bacchus* crown the bowl, and here's to thee, and



thou to mee, and eve-ry thirsty soul. Share sheep that have them, cry we still, but see that



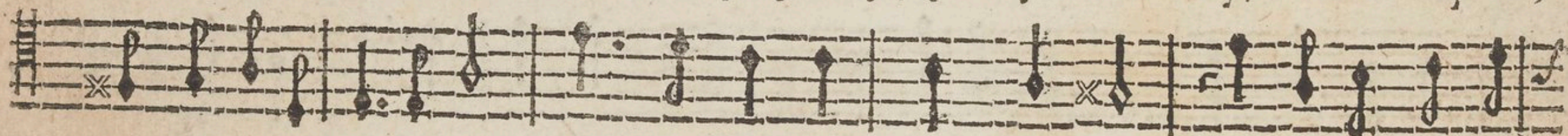
none escape to take off the Sherry that make us so merry, and plump as the lusty Grape.



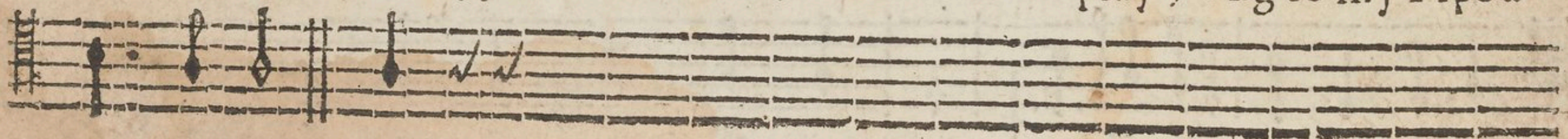
Urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again.



Here is a pretty, pretty, pretty, Arbor by, where *Apollo*,



where *Apollo* cannot spy: there let's sit, and whilest I play, sing to my Pipe a

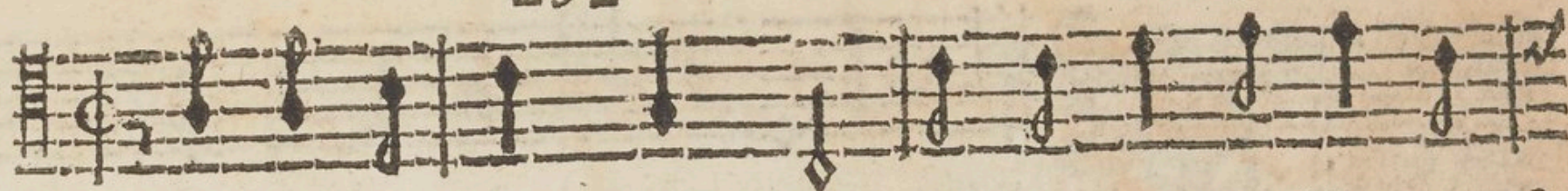
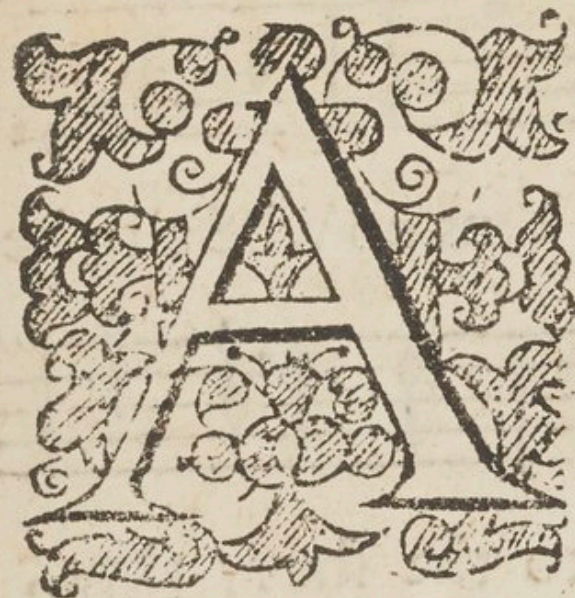


round delay. Turn, &c.

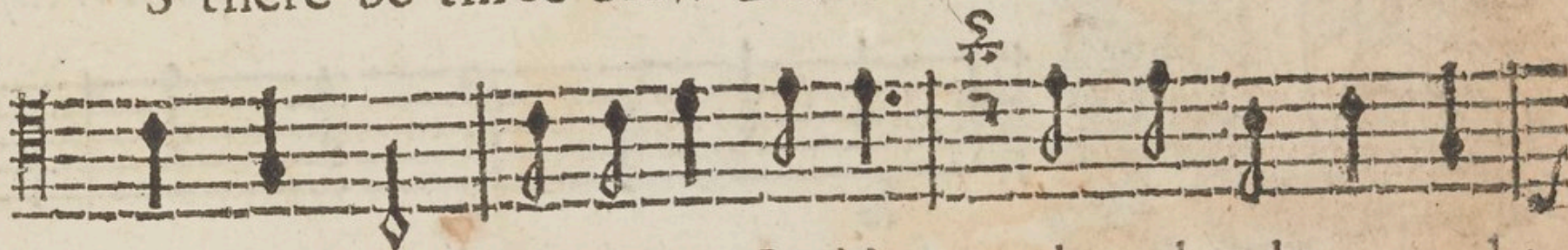
a. 3. Voc.

[3]

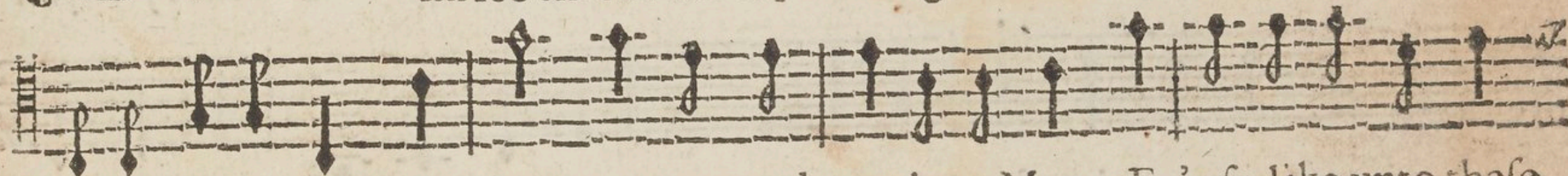
Mr. John Hilton.



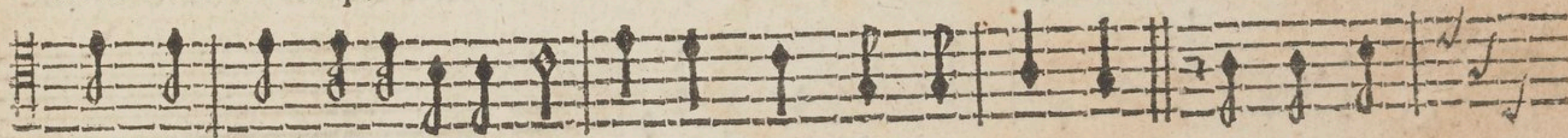
S there be three blew Beans in a blew Bladder, and



thrice three rounds in a long Ladder: As there be three nooks



in a corner Cap, and three corners and one in a Map: Ev'n so like unto these

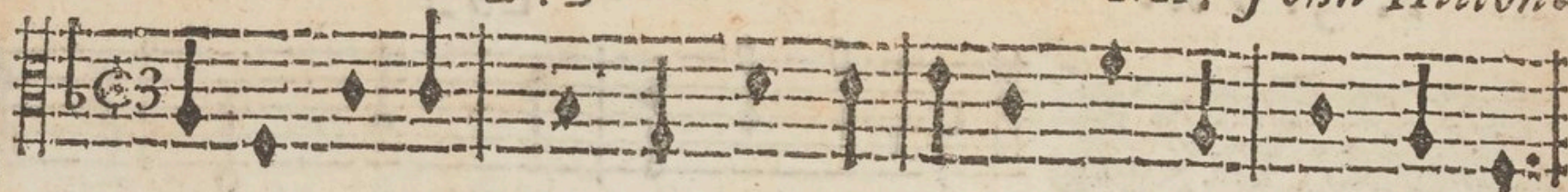
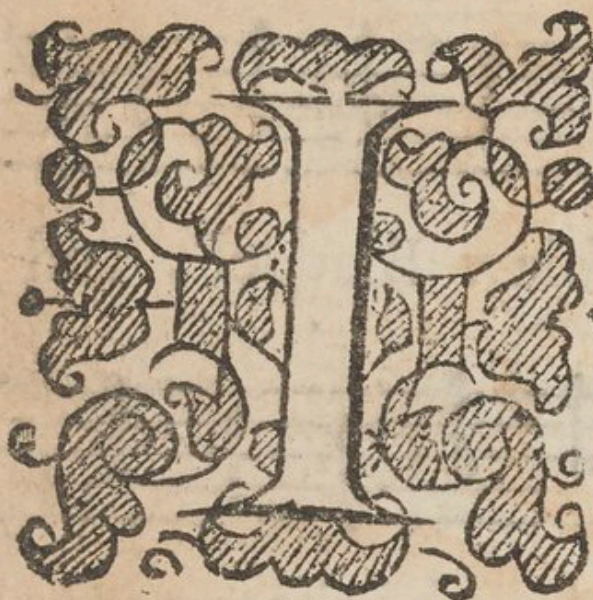


there be three Universities, Oxford, Cambridge, and James. As there be, &c.

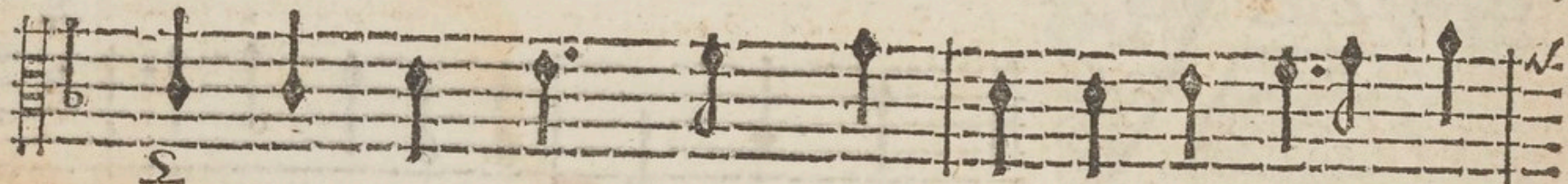
a. 3. Voc.

[4]

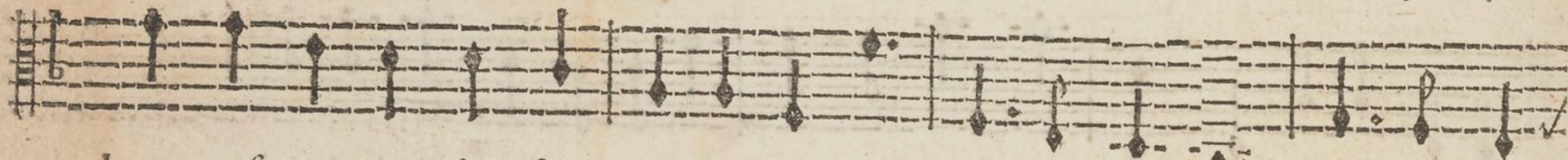
Mr. John Hilton.



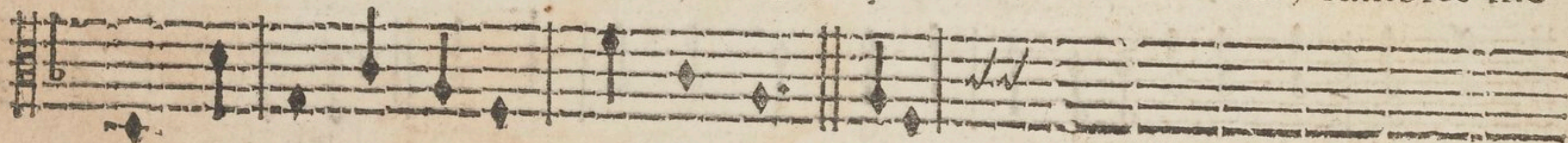
Enny she now smiles on me poor *Willy* kens no where to be;



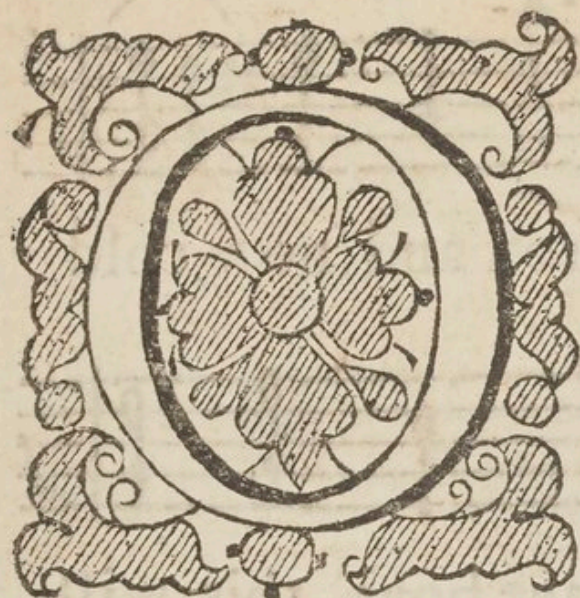
S.
for now my joy mounts high up to the starry skye,



but one frown coming from her angry eye, tumbles me down, tumbles me



down, alack poor *Willy*, there lig I. *Jenny*, &c.



Ale *ab Alendo*, thou Liquor of life, would I had a

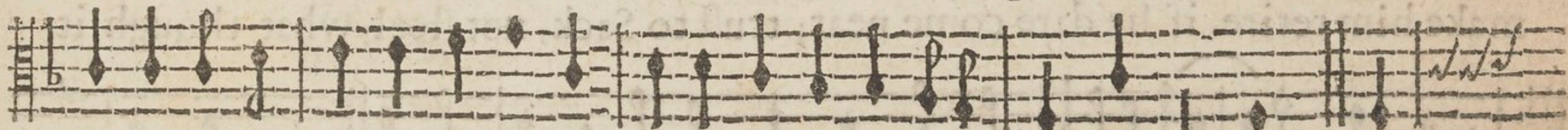


:s: () () ()

mouth as big as a Whale, but mine is too little to sound the



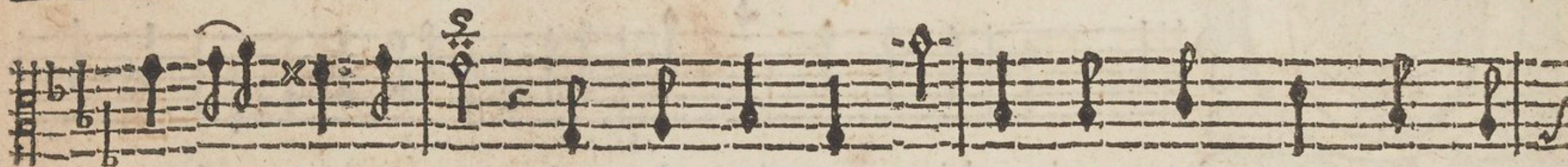
least tittle, that belongs to the praise of a Pot of good Ale: although it will



never be as big as I wish, yet still endeavour to drink like a Fish. O Ale, &c



Run, arm, arm, arm, for our antient Foe, clad in frost and snow, cold



Winter now appears: Here is Wine and fire, on then brave boys, this will



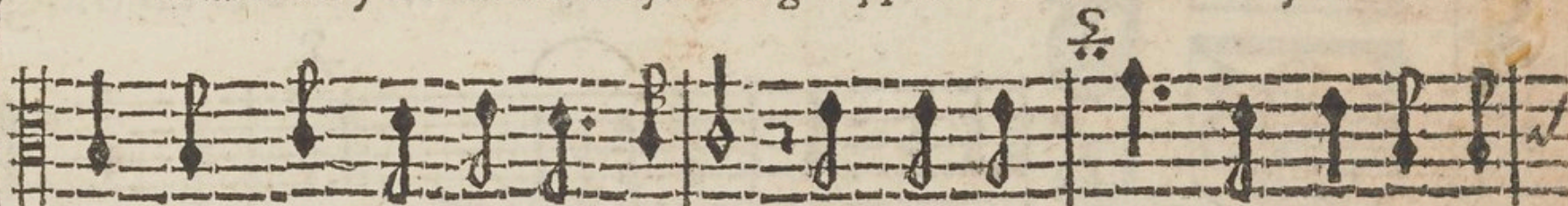
make him retire, if he dare come near; trust to Sack, not steel, what though it



makes you Ree-----le, twittle, twattle, fills another pottle. Arm, arm, arm, &c.



Our merry Poets old boys of *Aganippes* Well, full many tales have



told boys, whose liquor doth excell, and how that place was haunted by



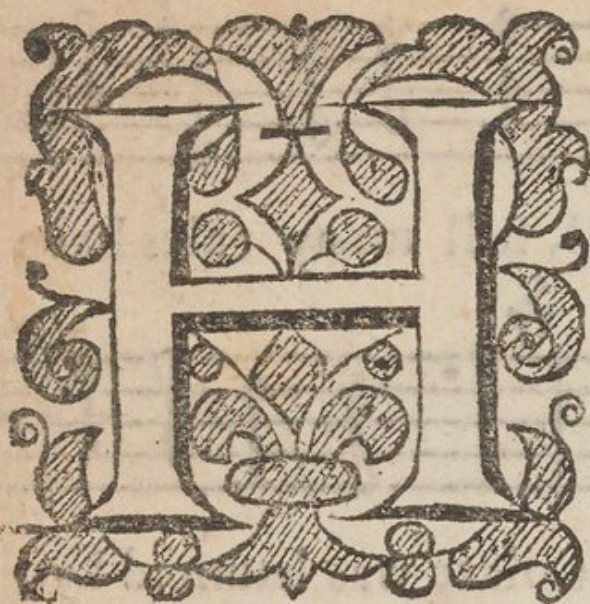
those that lov'd good Wine, who tippl'd there and chaunted and chaunted among the Muses



nine, where still they cry'd, Drink cleer boys and you shall quickly, quickly know it, that 'tis not



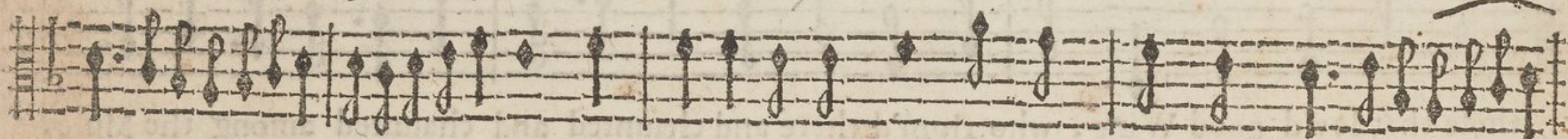
lowzy Beer boys, but Wine that makes a Po-et.



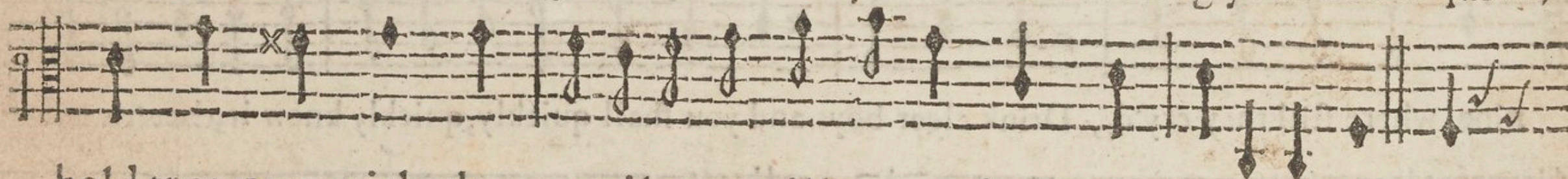
Ere is an old ground, here is an old ground : If right it be



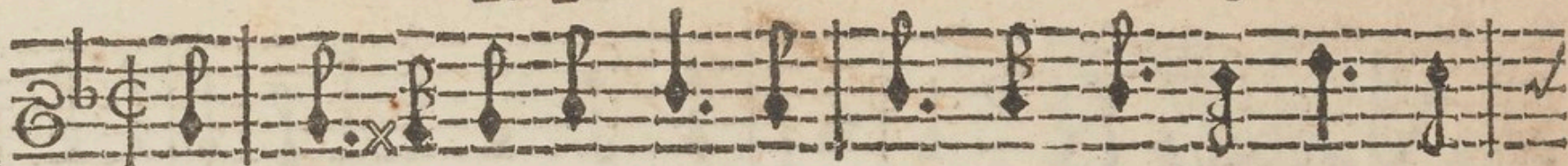
sung 'twil prove a round; then hold it true *Dick* and sing your



notes quick, quick for you'l find a crafty trick, therefore sing your notes quick,



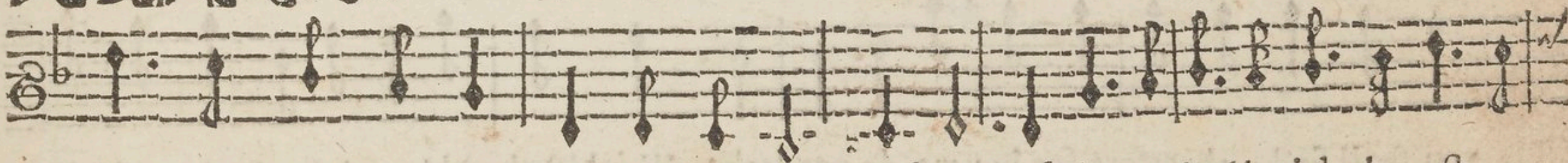
hold true your prick, then merrily we will agree, three parts in U-ni-ty. Here, &c.



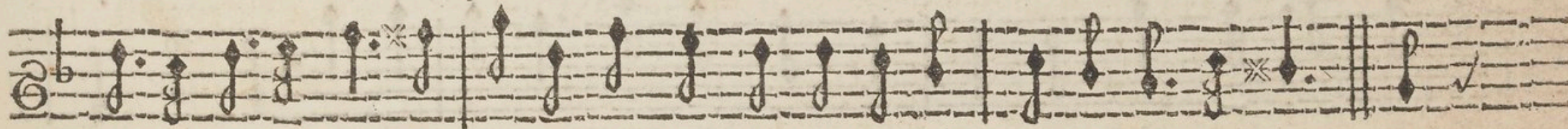
E thinks that I do heare the voyce of *Chantecleer*, the



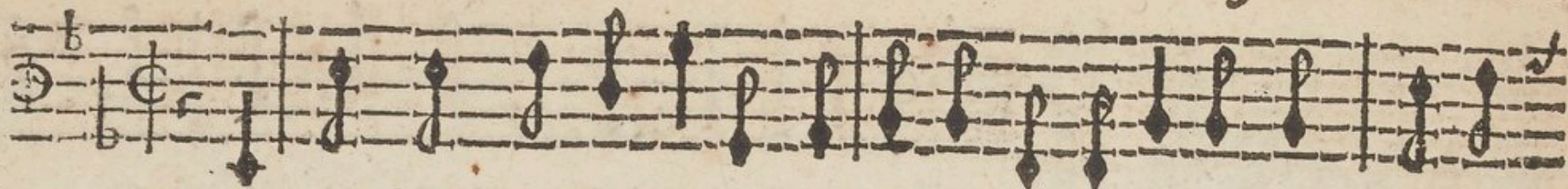
day begins to peep, a--rise my Dear, Come a--



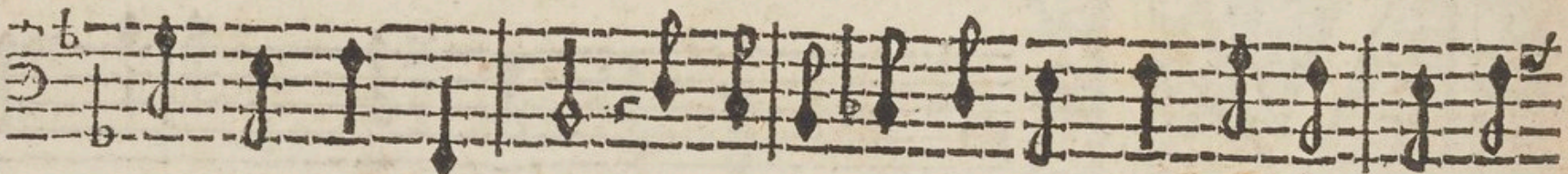
way, come come away, come, come away, make no delay, *Apollo* rideth post, my



love is almost lost, a-las, alack, and wel a day, was ever man thus crost? Me, &c.



Ongst all those prerious juices afforred for our uses, ther's none to

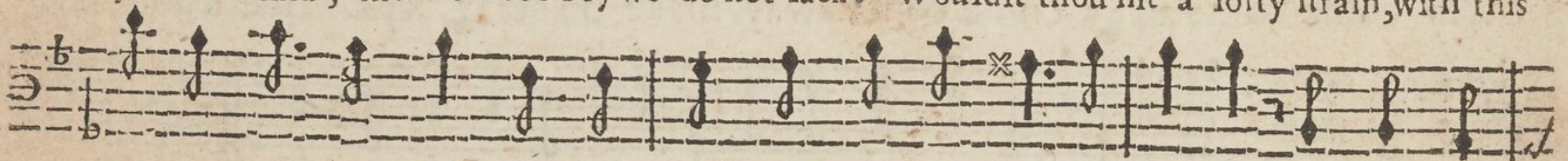


be compar'd with Sack, for the body or the mind, no such Physick

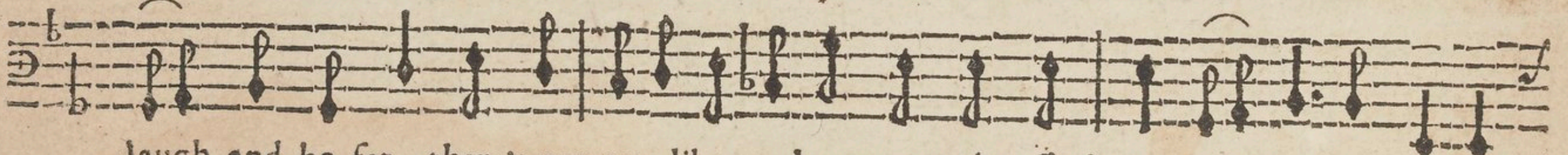
:S:



you shall find ; therefore see boy we do not lack : Wouldst thou hit a lofty strain, with this



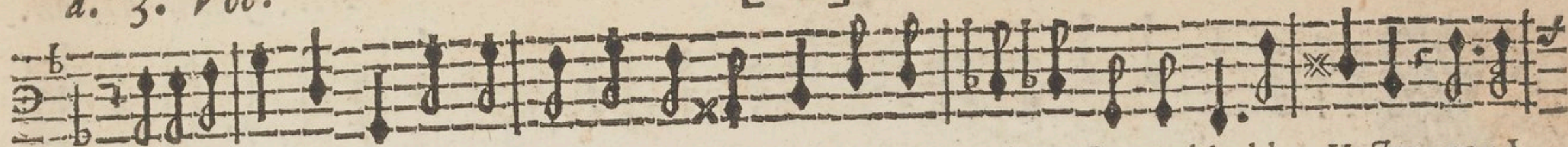
liquor warm thy brain, and thou Swain shalt sing as sweet as *Sidney* ; Or wouldst thou



laugh and be fat, there's not any like to that, to make *Jack Sprat* a man of Kidney.

a. 3. Voc.

[11]



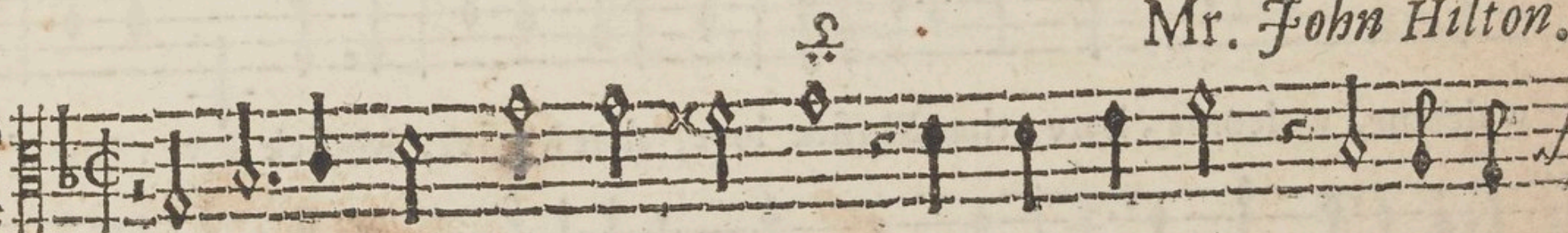
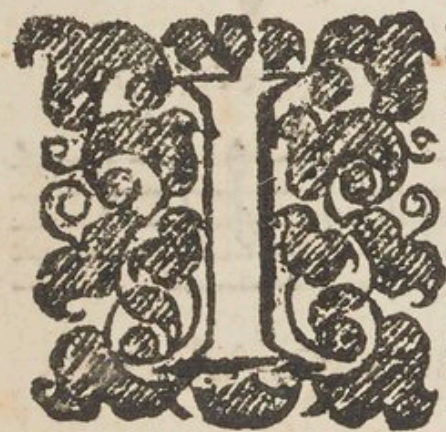
It is the soul of mirth to poor mortals upon earth: It wil make a Coward bold as *Hector*; nay I



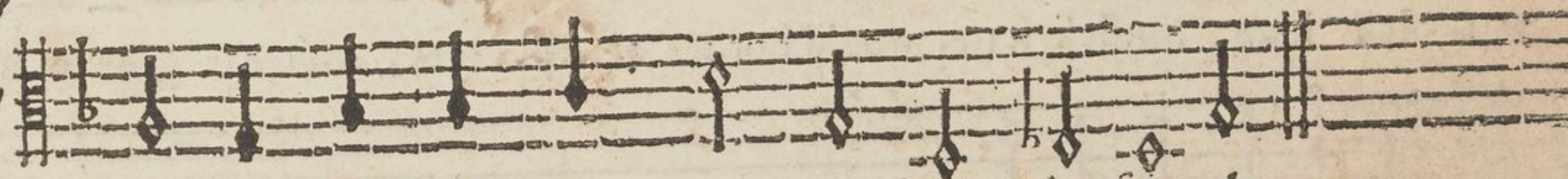
wager durst a Peece, that those merry Gods of *Greece*, drank old Sack and call'd it *Nectar*.

a. 3. Voc.

Mr. *John Hilton*.



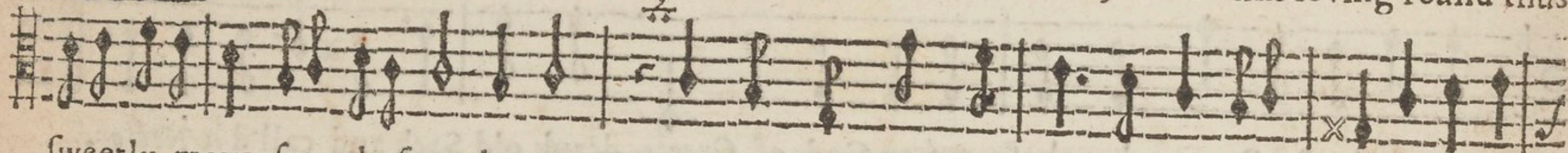
Poor and well, thou rich and ill, give me my health, O 'tis a



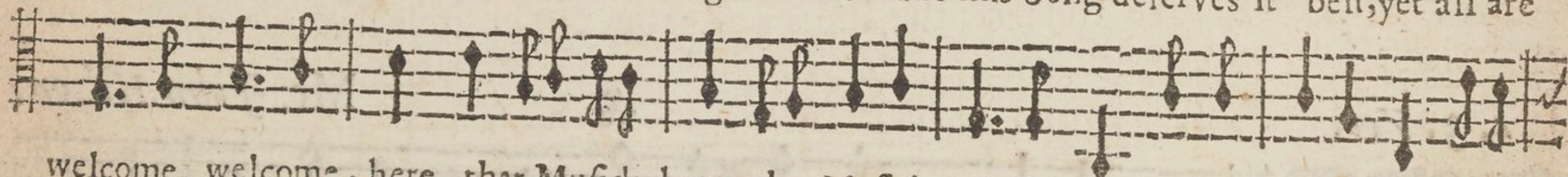
Jewel! Take thou thy wealth, and buy the fewel.



Elcome, welcome, honest Friends, from East and West, that in this loving round thus



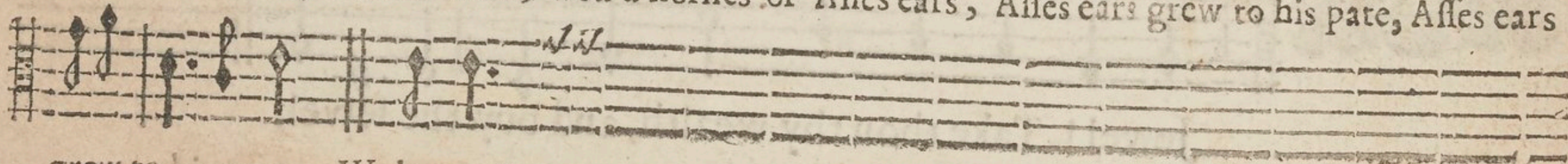
sweetly move, sweetly, sweetly move : though he that made this Song deserves it best, yet all are



welcome, welcome, here, that Musick love, that Musick, Musick love : But if a-ny here doth



Mu--sick hate, Musick hate, wou'd hornes or Asses ears, Asses ears grew to his pate, Asses ears

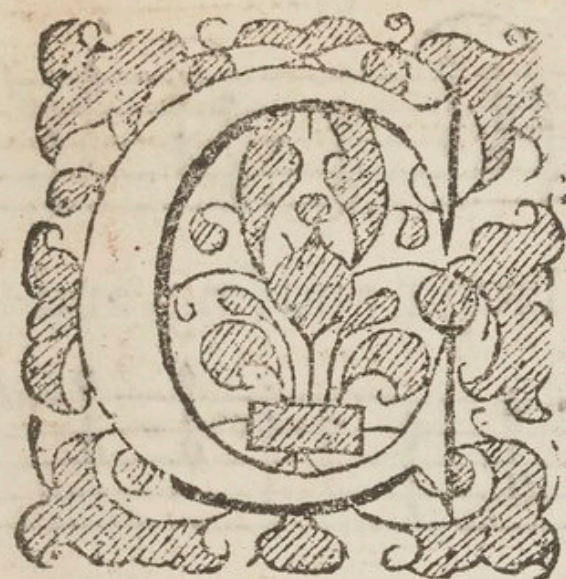


grew to his pate. Welcom, &c.

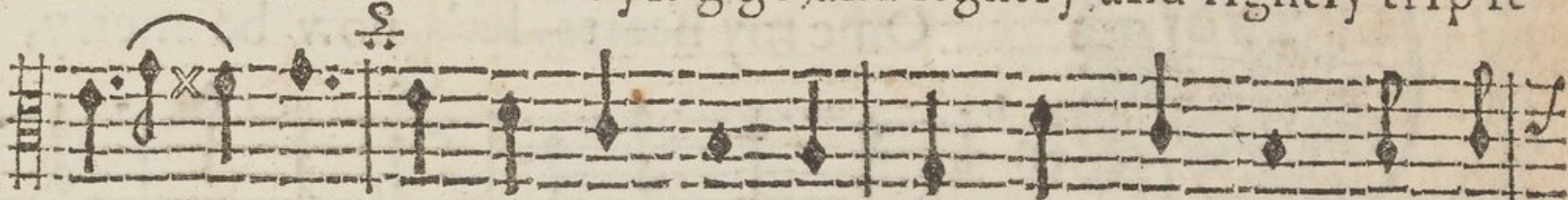
a. 3. Voc. *A Maying Catch.*

[13]

Mr. John Hilton.



Come let us all a Maying go, and lightly and lightly trip it



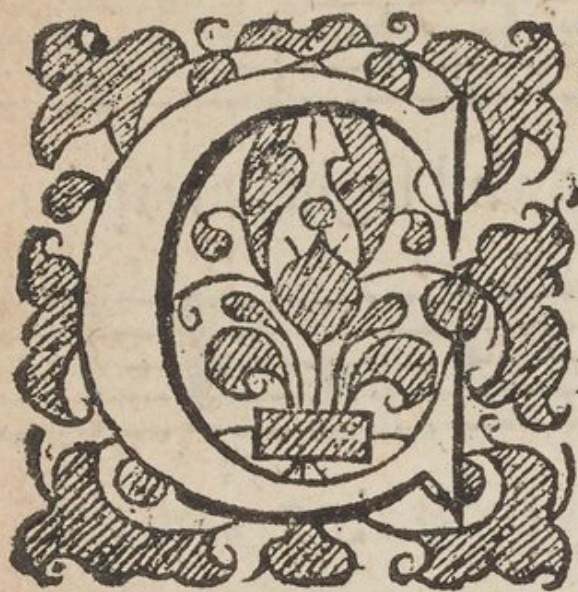
to and fro: the Bels shall ring a, the Bels shall ring, and the



Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo sing, the Drums shal beat, the Fife shal play, and



so wee'l spend our time away. Come let, &c.



Ome my hearts, let's now be merry, laugh and sing, and



drink old Sherry, with a hey down a derry, with a



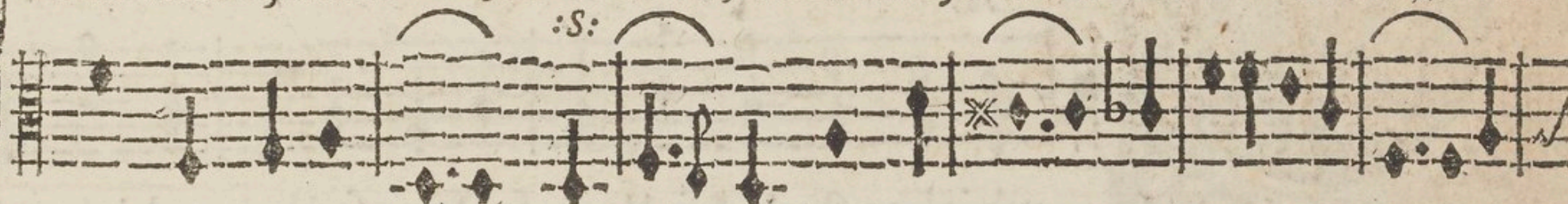
hey down, hey down derry, with a hey, with a hoe, with a hey down,



down, down derry, with a hey down derry.



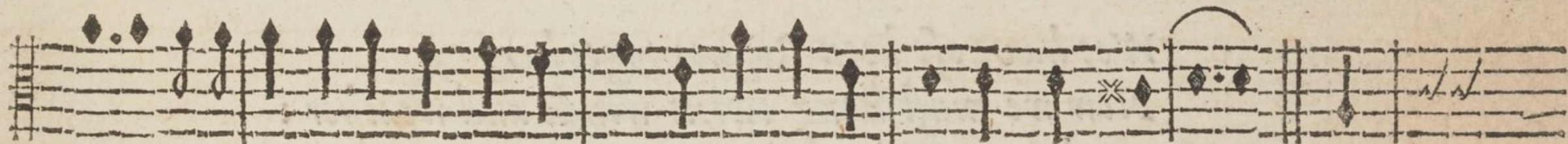
Come follow, follow mee, come follow, follow mee, & we will to the Tavern go with



mirth and merry glee: we'l each man take his Cup, what ever us be-fall, and



we will drink all up, all up, and for another call: then let us merry be, be merry my noble

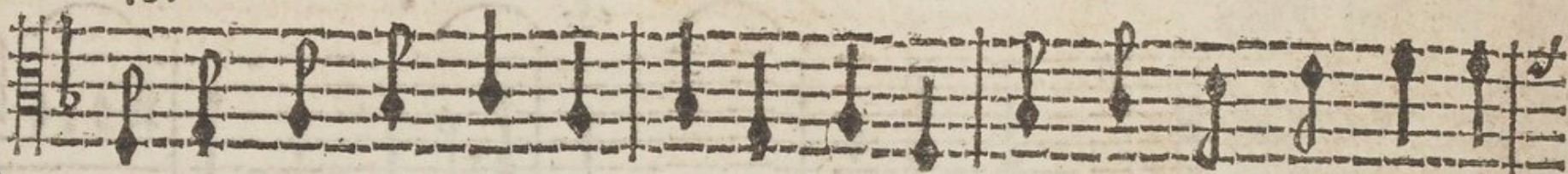


hearts, for a cup of old Sherry will make us merry, and we'l sing well our parts. Come, &c.



Ome follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow mee,

:S:

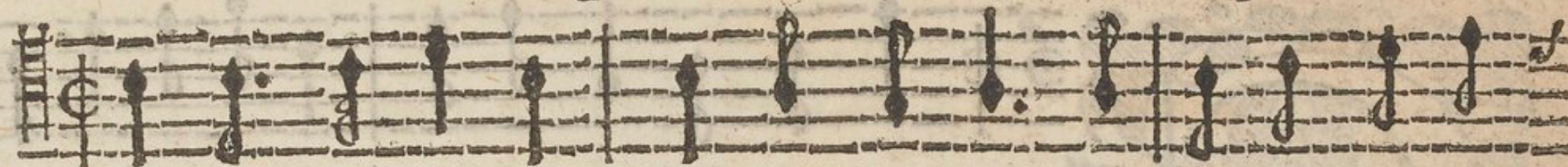


whither shall I follow, follow, follow, whither shall I follow,

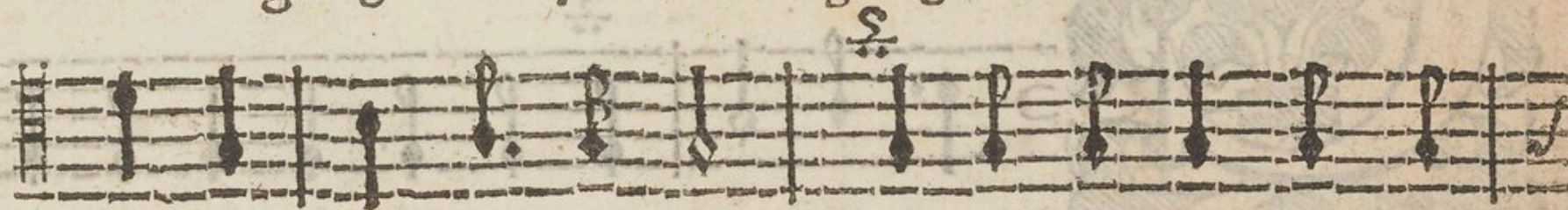


follow thee ? to the Gallow, gallow, gallow, to the gal--low gallow tree.

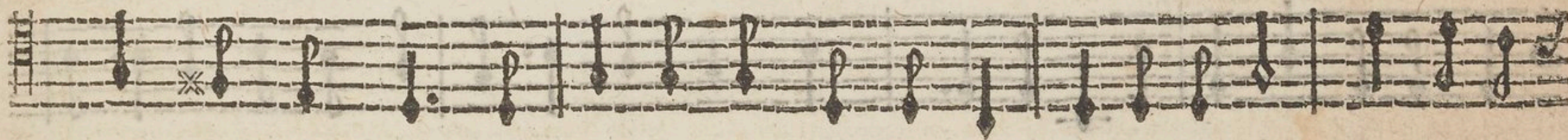
*Wee have oft been Rogues toget her,
Now we must hang 'twixt winde and weather :
We have oft time nipt a Bung boy
Neatly, neatly, in a throng boy,
Neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, in a throng boy.*



All George again Boy, call George again, and for the love of



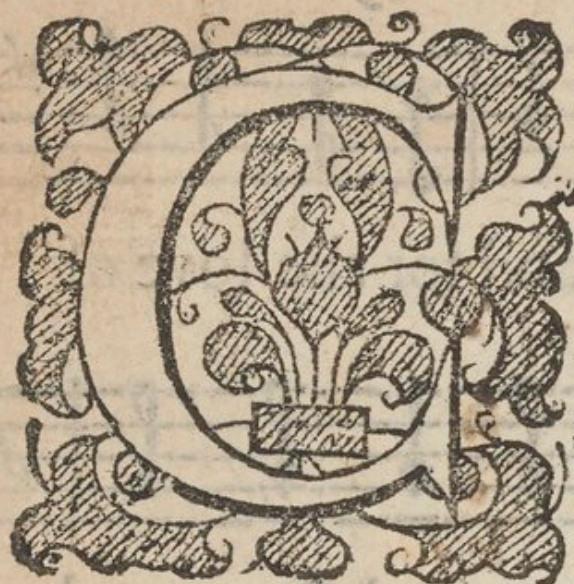
Bacchus call George again. George is a good Boy, and



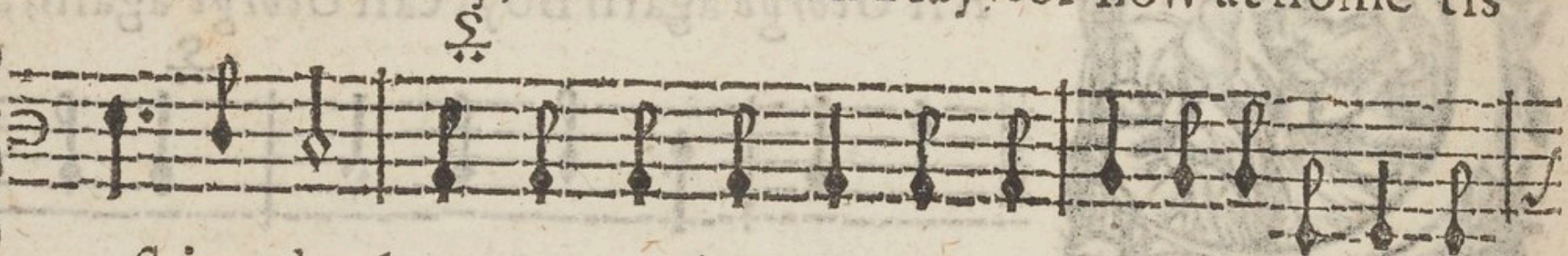
draws us good Wine, then fill us more Clarret our wits to refine. George is a



brave Lad, and an honest man, if you will know him, he dwels at the Swan.



Ome, come away, to the Tavern I say, for now at home 'tis



washing day, leave your prittle prattle, and fill us a Pottle, you



are not so wise as *Ar-ist--ot-le*. Drawer come away, let's make it holy day, a-



non, anon, anon, Sir, what is't you say?

a. 3. Voc.

[19]

Mr. John Hilton.



He pretty Lark climing the welkin cleer, chants with a cheer, heer, peer, I neer my



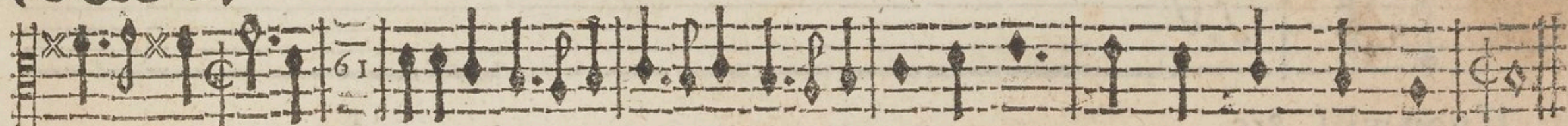
deer, then fall-ing thence, her fall she seems to rue, adue, she saith, a due deer, deer, a due, a due.

a. 3. Voc.

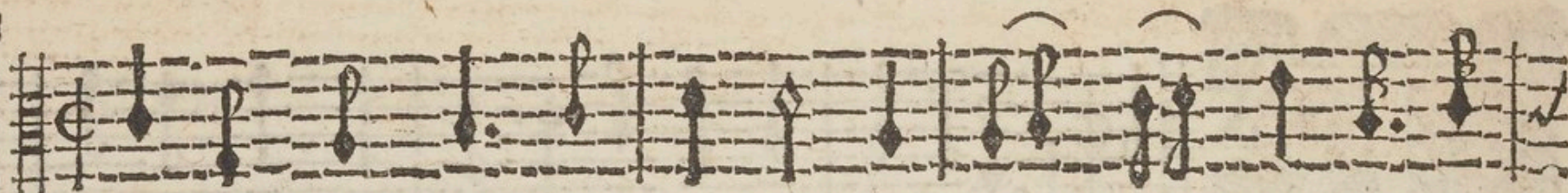
Mr. John Hilton.



Tom Boulds, Tom Boulds, seest thou not how merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,



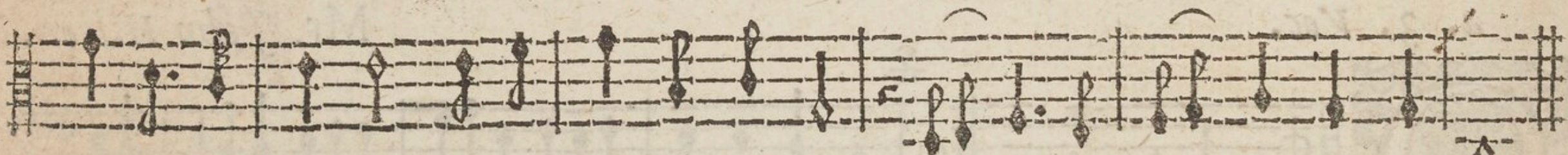
mer-ri-ly: ah how merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily: ah this good, good, good, good, good, Ale trowls



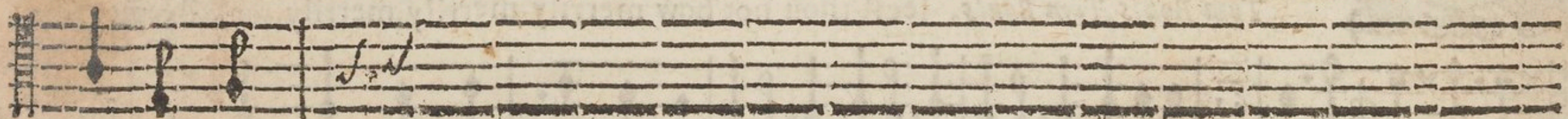
If you will drink for pleasure, let each man take off his



measure, a pint and begon, 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.

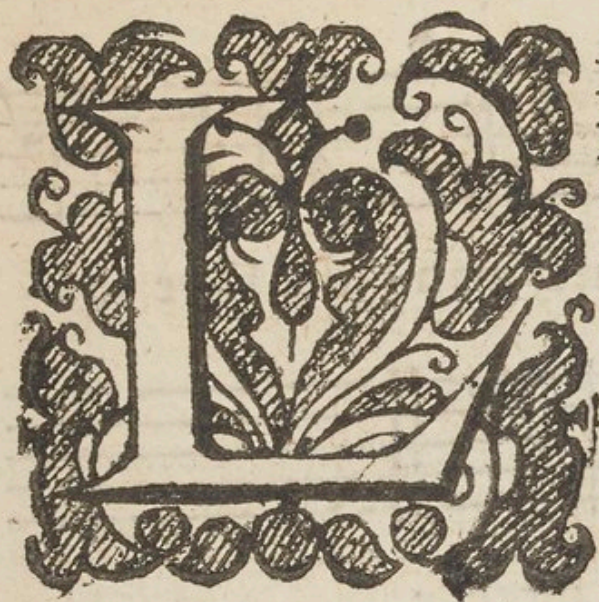


If you will, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

[3]

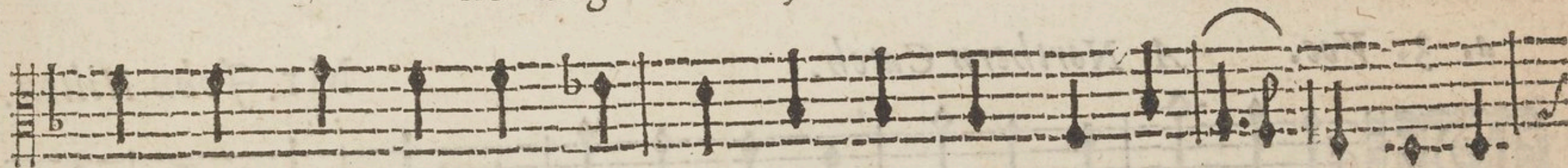
Mr. John Hilton.



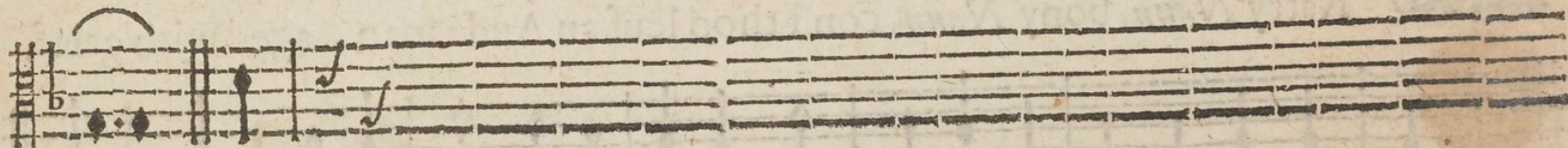
Et *Symons* beard alone, alone, let *Symons* beard a-lone, 'tis



no disgrace to *Symons* face, for he had never one: then



mock not, nor scoffe not, nor Jeer not, nor flee not, but rather him be-

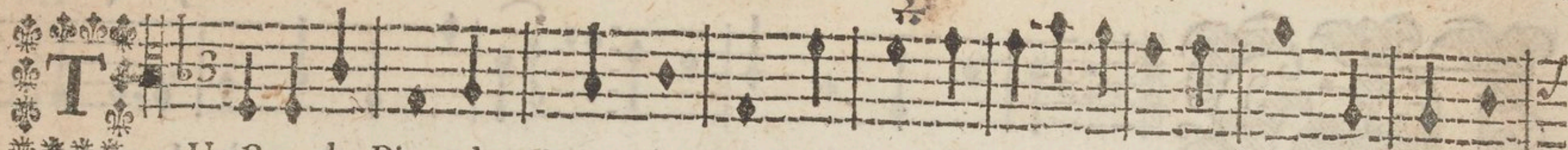


moan. Let, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

[22]

Mr. William Lawes.



He Pot, the Pipe, the Quart, the Can, hath spoyled many an honest man; the Hare and



Horn, the Hawke, and Whore, hath quite undone, quite undone, as many more.

a. 3. Voc.

A Northern Catch.

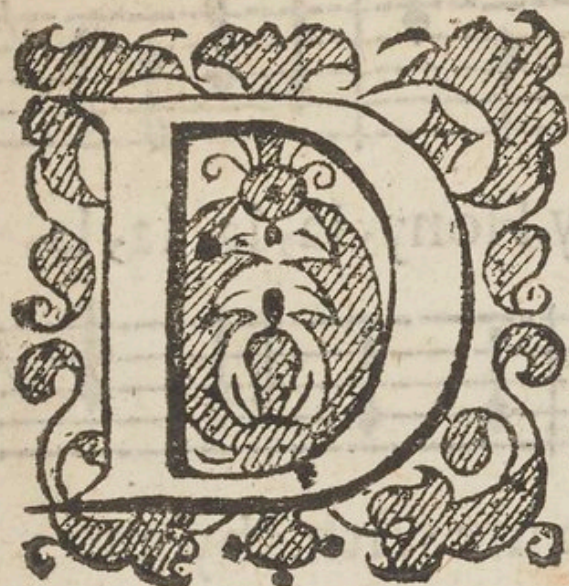
Mr. John Hilton.



Ratty Nann, bony Nann, const thoo leuf an Aude man; aged with grief,



neen but thoo const gif relief, Pratty Nann, lett1 bony Nann, fency ma yf thoo con.



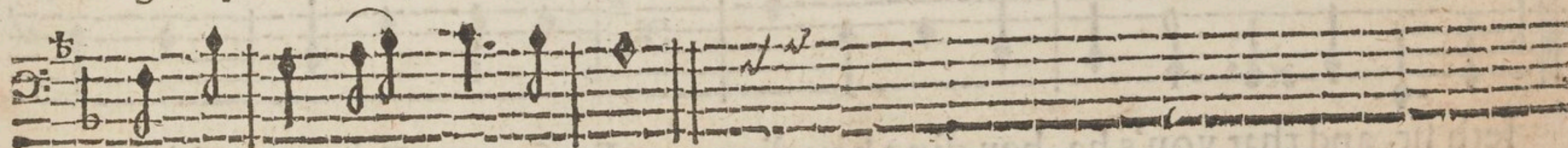
Own in a dungeon deep, I heard a fearful, fearful noyse, the



Prisoners could not sleep, there were such Ro-



ring Boys, they cry'd aloud, some Tobac-co and Sacko, Sacko, quickly, quickly,



quickly, quick-ly, quickly boys. Down, &c.

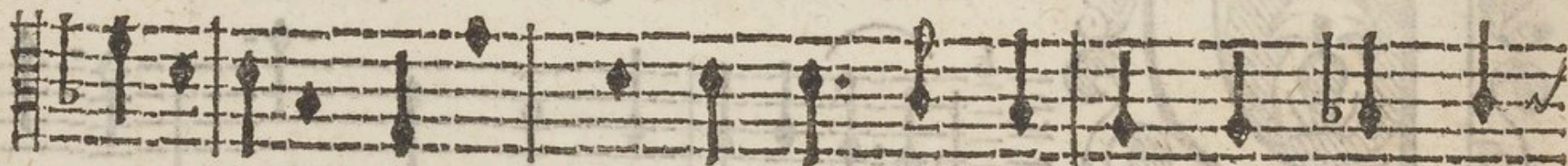
a. 3. Voc.

A Northern Catch.

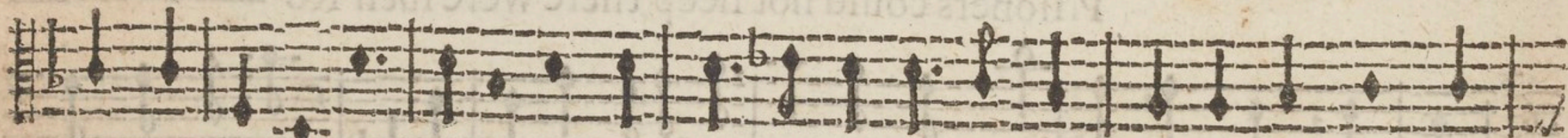
[24]



Ze go with thee my sweet *Peggy*, my *Hony*, fa, la, la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, thouz be welcome to me with thy mo-

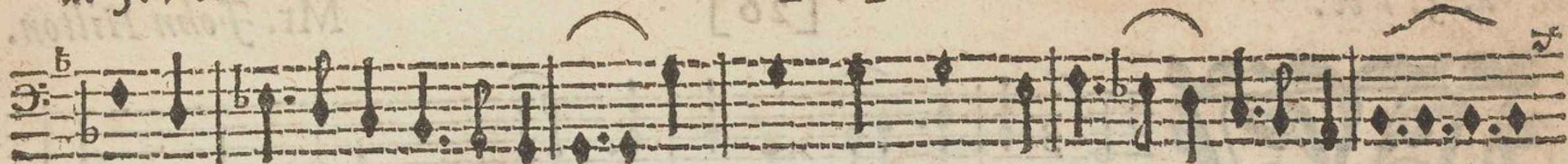


ny, sing fa, la, la, la, la, la; then strike it up *Piper*, let's ha'een a spring gid



feth fir, and that you's ha, hey ding hey ding. Brase your *Tabour*, whilest we

labour



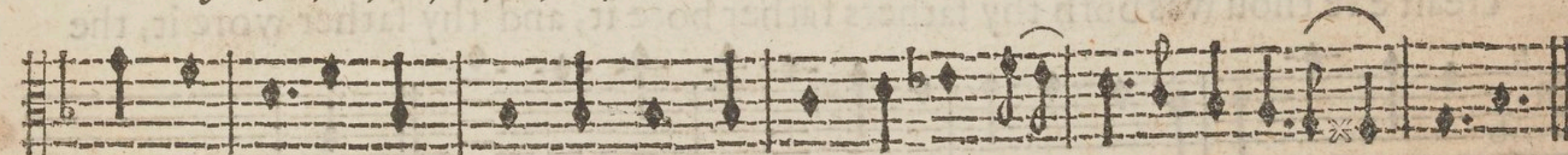
labour, fa, la, la, la, la, la, hark how the Drone, be-low a-lone doth Hum,



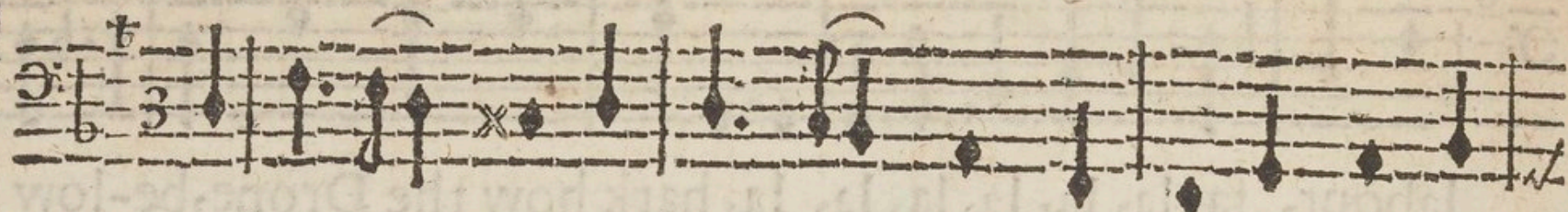
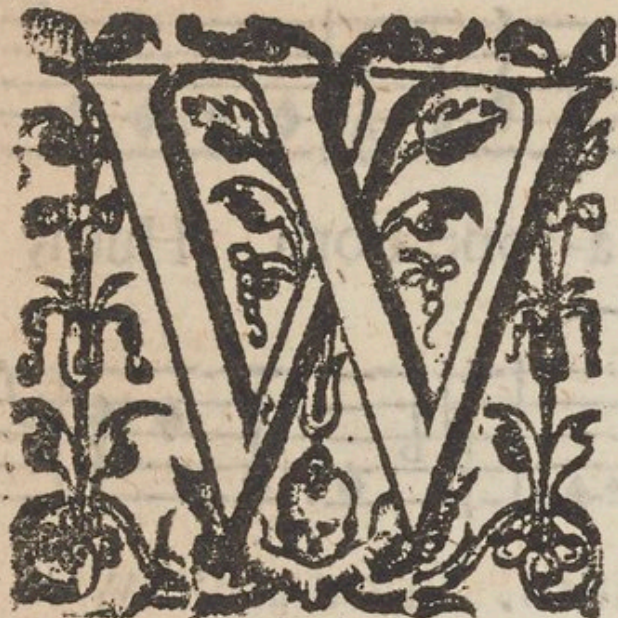
whilst my Pigsney cryes fie, fie, fie, I say no more but mum. Thou and I will



foot it Joe, fa, la, la, la, la, la, and what wee'l doe neen shall know, but taste the



Juice of Barly, wee'l sport all night for our delight, & home in the morning early.



Hat shall he have that kill'd the Dear, his leather skin and



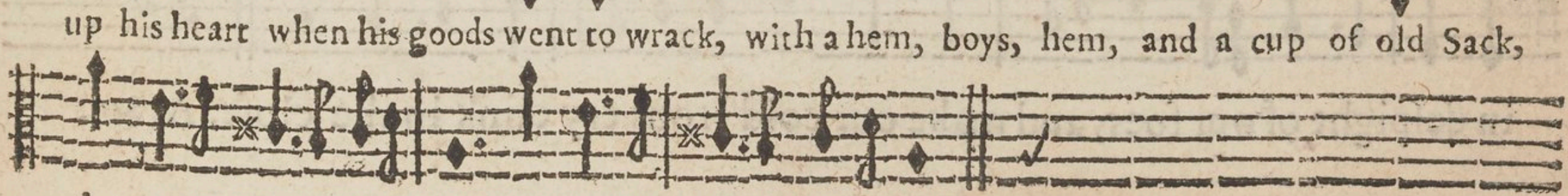
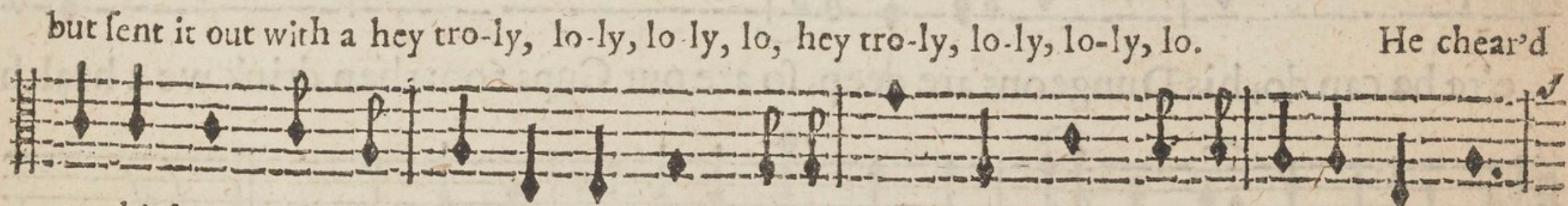
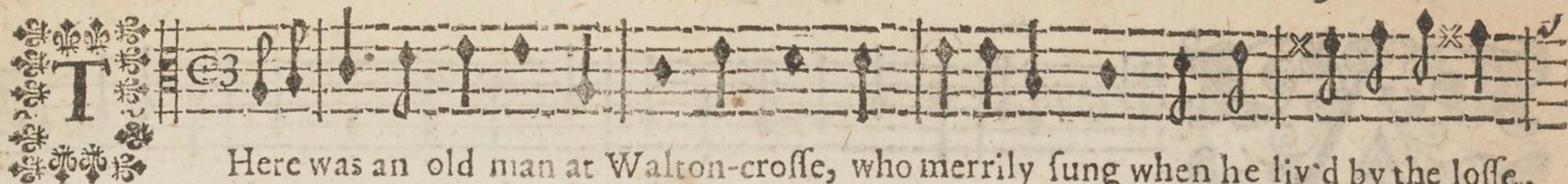
horns to wear, take you no scorn to wear a horn, it was a

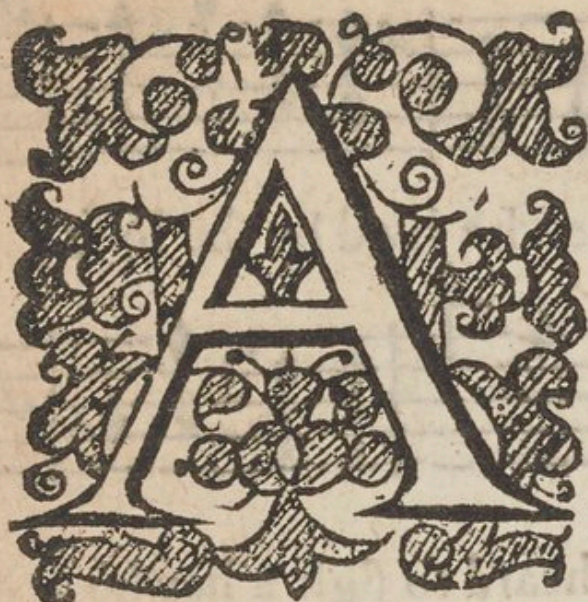


creast e're thou was born thy fathers father bore it, and thy father wore it, the

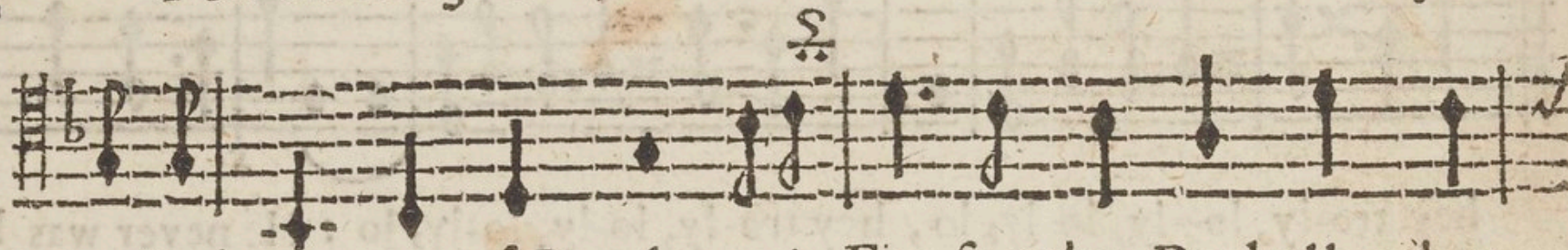


horn, the horn, the lusty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn. What shall he, &c.

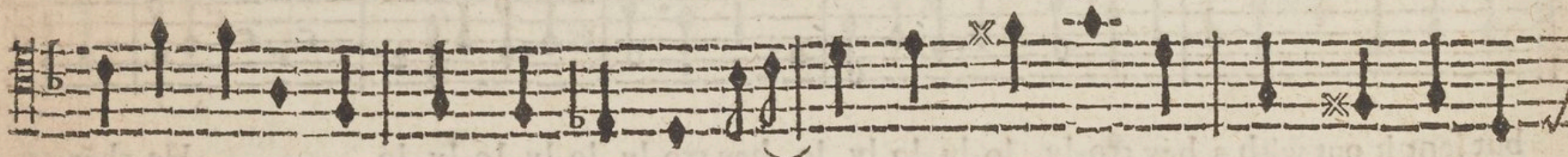




Pox on the Jailor, and on his fat Goals, ther's liberty lies



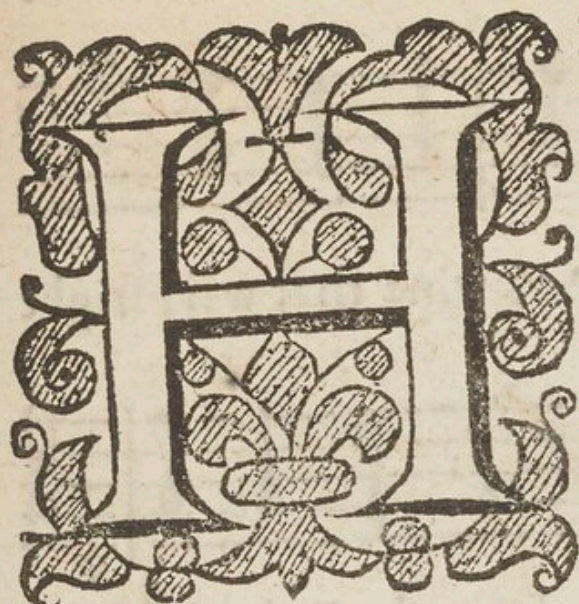
in the bottome of Bowles : A Fig for the Raskall what



e're he can do, his Dungeons are deep, so are our Cups too: then drink we a health



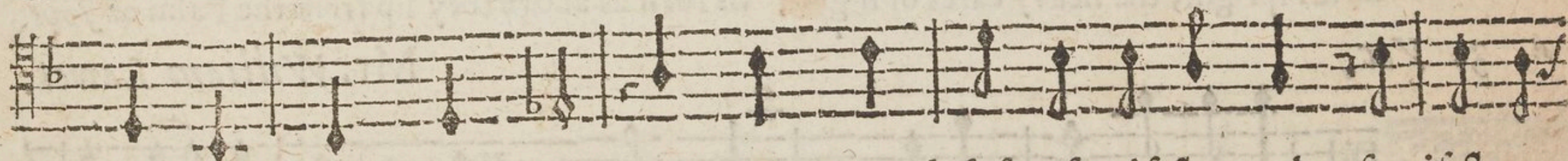
in despite of our foes, and make our cold Irons cry clink in the close. A, &c.



Ere lies a woman, who can deny it, she dyed in peace, though



lived unquiet : Her husband prayes, if o're her grave you



walk, you would tread soft, you would tread soft ; for if she wake, for if she



wake, shee'l talk, tread-soft, for if she wake shee'l talk. Here, &c.

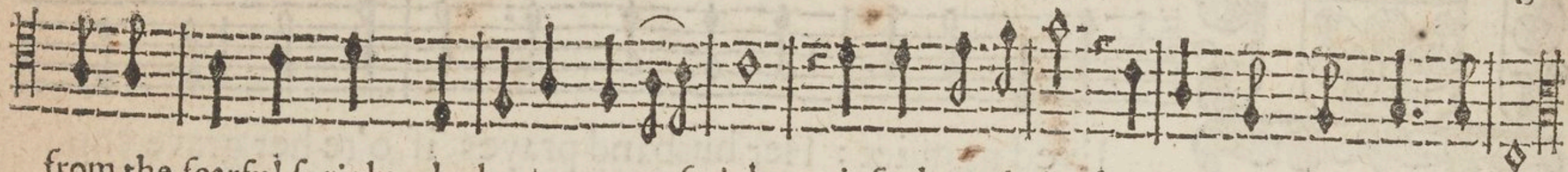
a. 3. Voc.

[30]

Mr. William Lawes.



If you will drink Canary at the Paul head, let's meet old Harry, ther's wine that will fright



from the fearful spright, the heavy cares of night; 'tis such as above they sip from the Palm of Jove.

a. 3. Voc.

Mr. William Lawes.



All for the Ale stand or fall, wee'l drink a health to the Fat-man, I



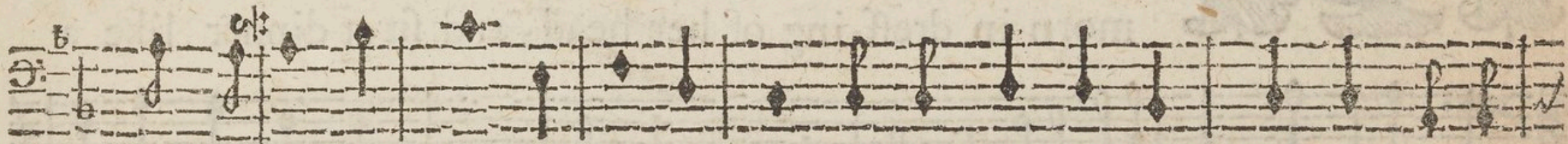
would it were in Sack, though money we lack, fill us to'ther Pot-man.



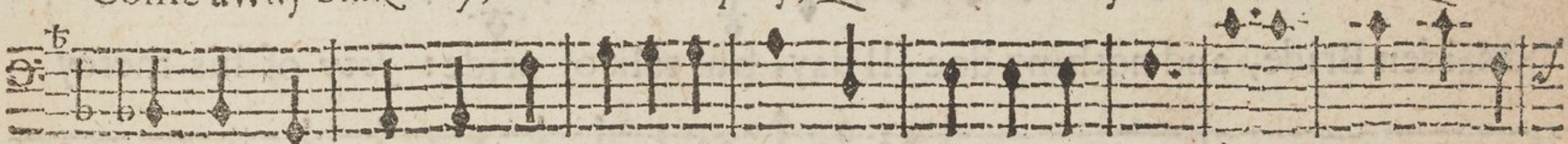
Come let us cast the Dice who shall drink, mine is *Twelve*, and



his *Sice* sink; *Six* and *Four* is thine, and he threw *Nine* :



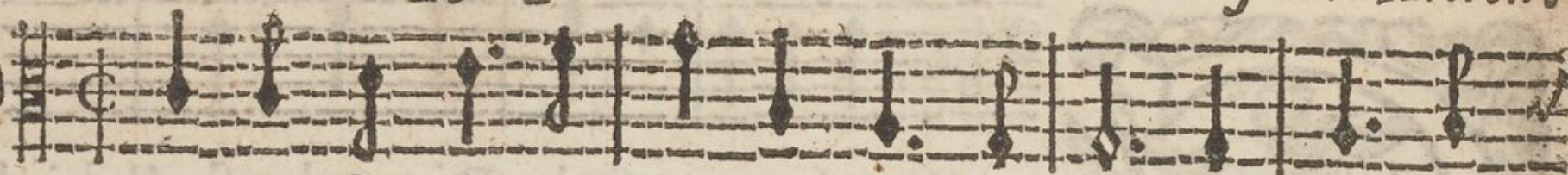
Come away *Sink* tray, *Sice* ace fair play, *Quater* dewce is your throw Sir. *Quater*



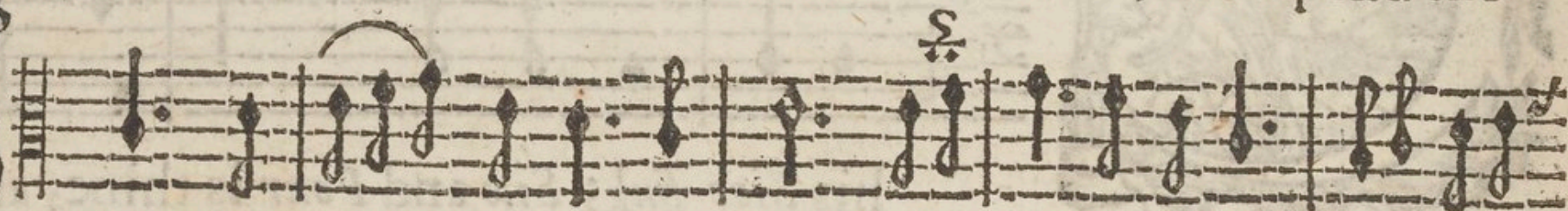
ace, they run low Sir, two *Dewces* I see, *Dewce* ace is but three. Oh where is the



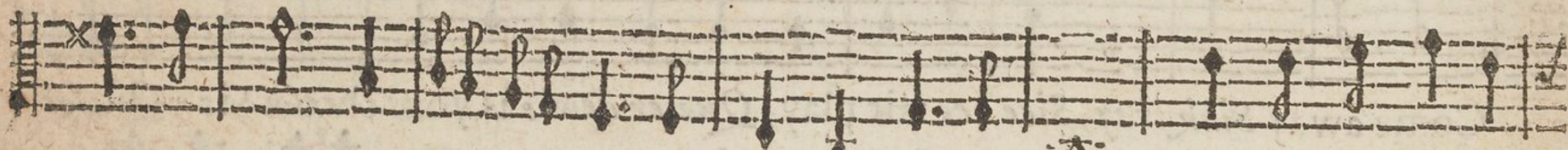
wine, come fill up his Glasse, for here is the man hath thrown *Ams* ace.



He that will eat her breakfast in her bed, and spend the



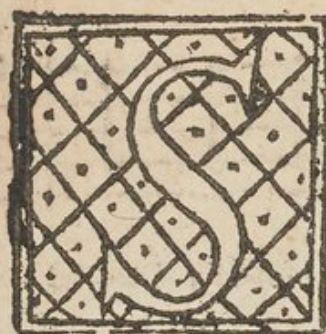
morn in dress-ing of her head, and sit at dinner like a



Maiden Bride, and nothing doe 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?

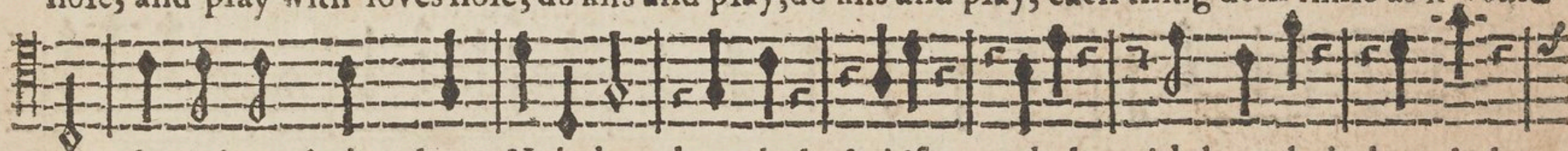


Ee how in gathering of their May, each Lad and Lads do kifs and play, do kifs loves

S



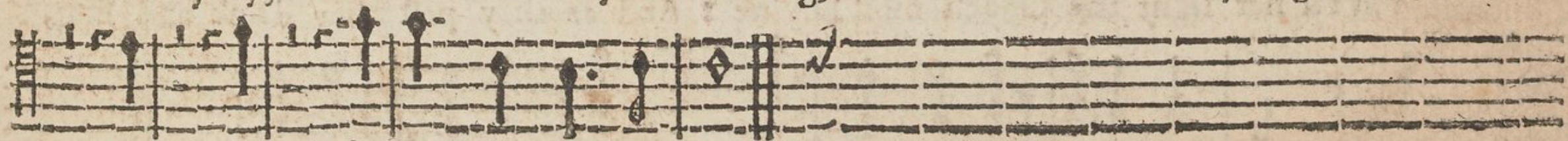
hole, and play with loves hole, do kifs and play, do kifs and play, each thing doth smile as it would



say, this is loves hole, loves Holyday, loves hole do kifs, and play with loves hole, loves hole,

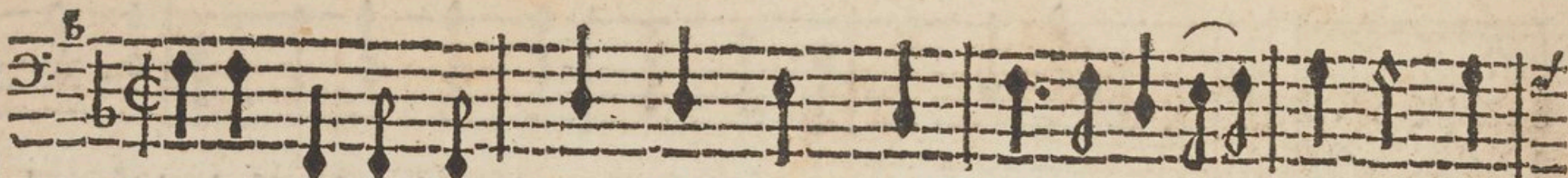
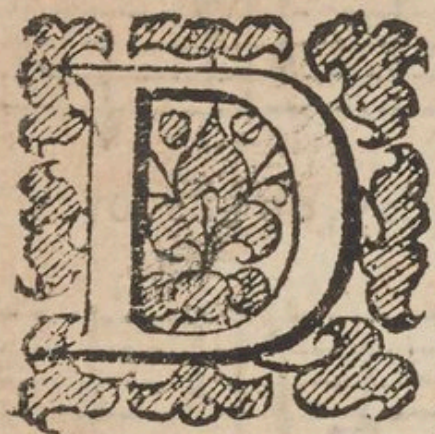


loves Holyday, and while loves kindly fires do sting, hark *Philomel* doth sweetly sing, sweet, sweet,



sweet, sweet, sweet, doth sweetly sing. See, &c.

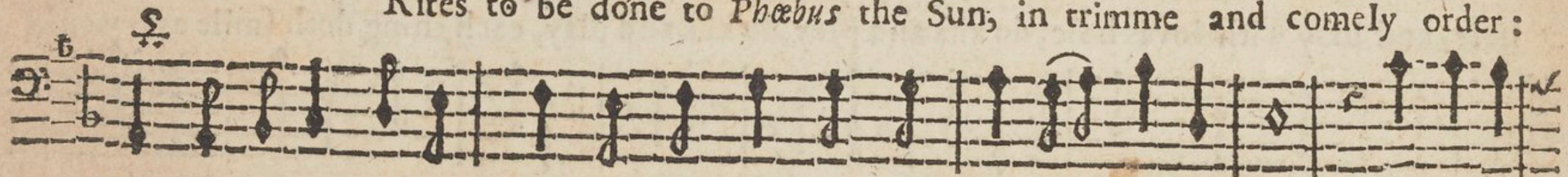
D



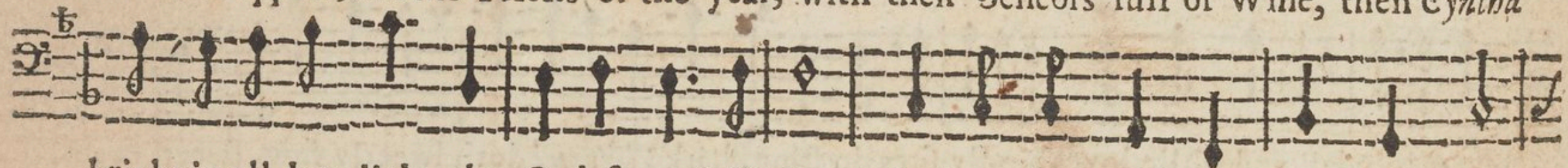
Rink to night of the Moon-shine bright, and mark upon her border, some



Rites to be done to *Phœbus* the Sun, in trimme and comely order:



first that appear, are the Priests of the year, with their Sencors full of Wine, then *Cynthia*



bright in all her light the Godeſs moſt Divine : And as they paſt they drink and ſing,



all health and praise to *Apollo* their King, all health and praise to *Apollo* their King.



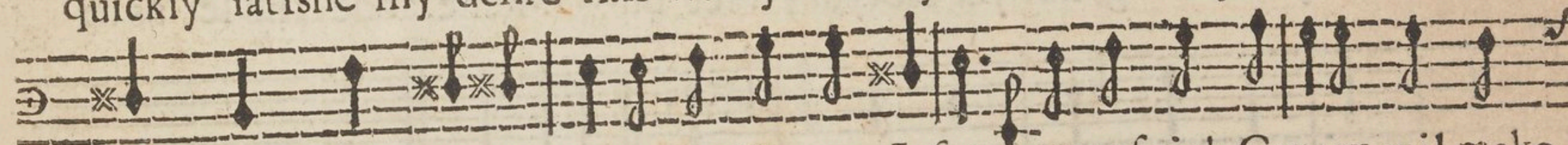
Yes, O Yes, O Yes. If there be any man can tell wher's the



best wine, at Dog, Sun, or Bell, let him come unto the Crier, quickly come, come



quickly fatisfie my desire this washy beer lyes here, in my stomach every



where, come, come, let's away to the Tavern I say, a cup of rich Canary wil make



my heart full merry, come quickly sa-tis-fie my desire.

a. 3. Voc.

[36]

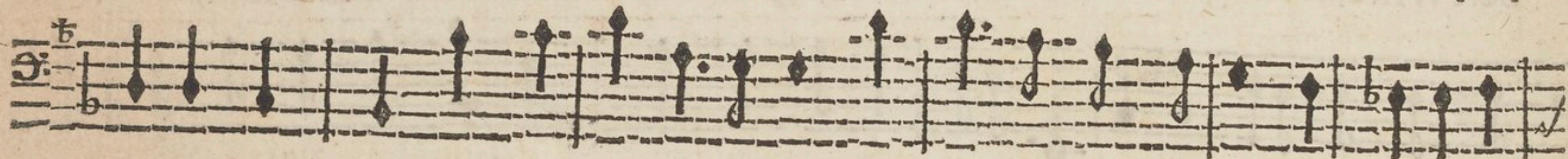
Mr. William Lawes



Et's cast away care, and merrily sing, there is a time for



every thing: he that plays at his work, or works in his play,



neither keeps working, nor yet Holyday : set bu---si-ness aside, and let us be



merry, and drown our dry thoughts in Ca-na-ry and Sherry. Let's cast, &c.



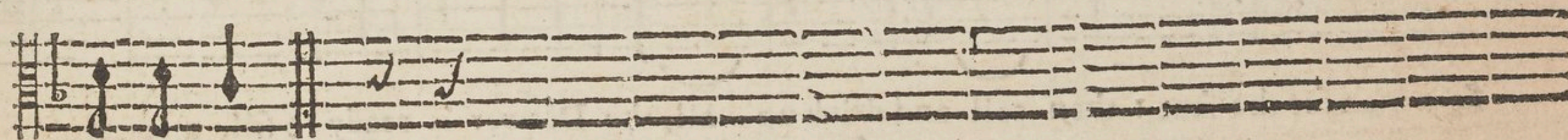
Ever let a man take heavily the clamour of his Wife,



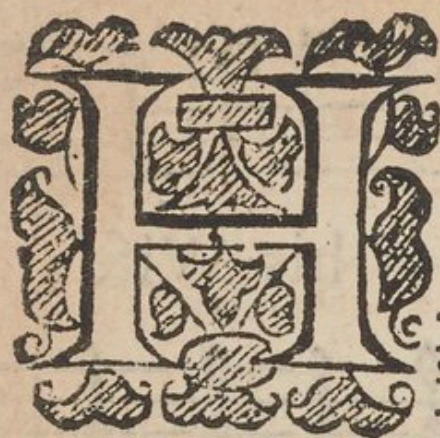
but be rul'd by me and lead a merry life, let her have her



will in ev'ry thing; if she scolds, then laugh and sing hey derry, derry,



derry ding. Never, &c.



Ang sorrow and cast away care, and let us drink up our Sack : They say 'tis



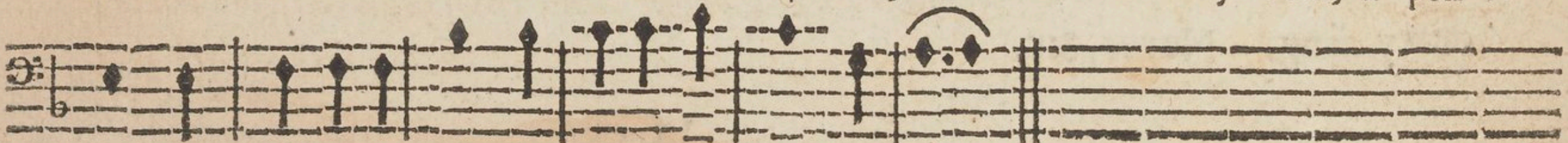
good to cherish the blood, and for to strengthen the back : 'tis wine that



makes the thoughts aspire, and fills the body with heat, besides 'tis good if well understood, to



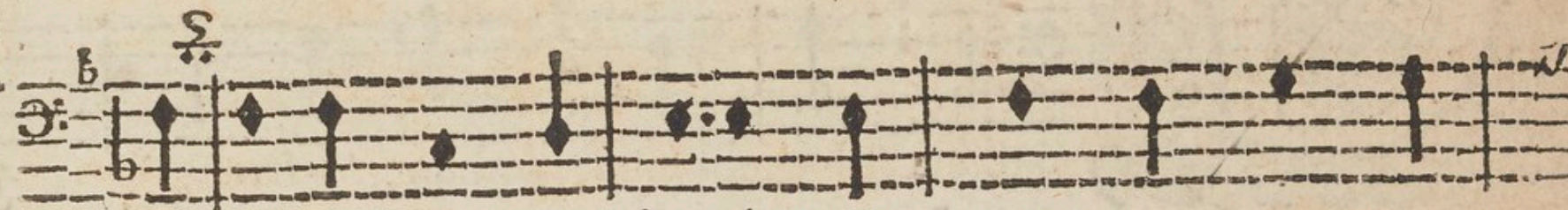
fit a man for the feat : then call and drink up all, the Drawer is ready to fill, a pox of



care, what need we to spare, my father hath made his Will.



He wise men were but seven, nee'r more shall be for mee.



The Muses were but nine. The Worthies three times



three. And three merry boys, and three merry boys, and three merry boys are wee.

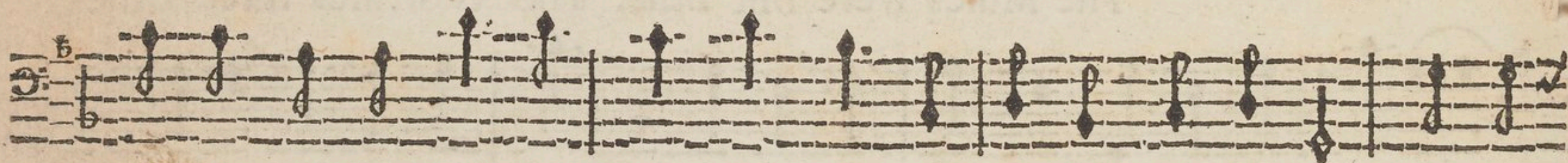
*The Vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee ;
The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatall Sisters three,
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are wee.*



Oose law'd with Goose for Cofin Ganders Land, and Fox the



Lawyer took the Cause in hand. Term being ended,



Judgment did proceed, like Fools they met, and Beggars they agreed: Then to

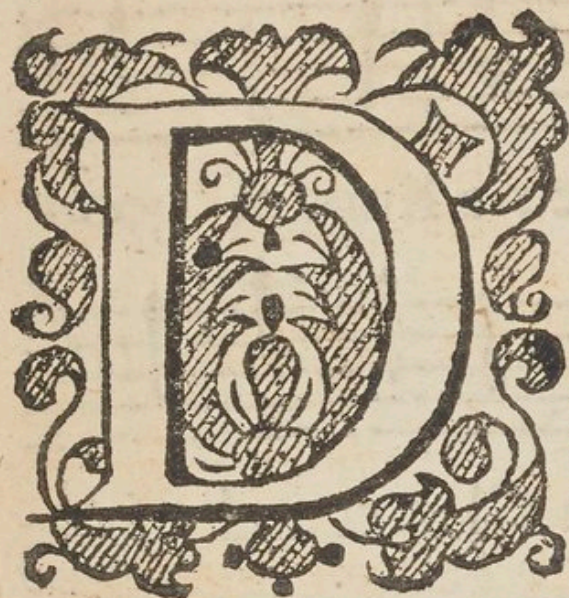


dig, and delve, and plough, both went, to get by pain what Idly they had spent.

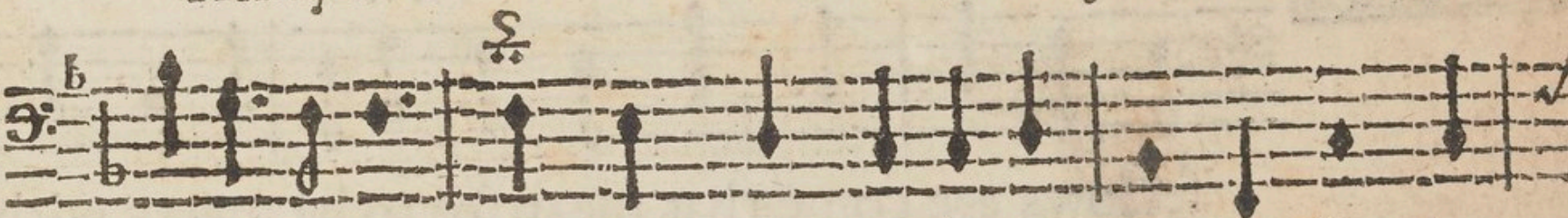
a. 3. Voc.

[41]

Mr. William Lawes.



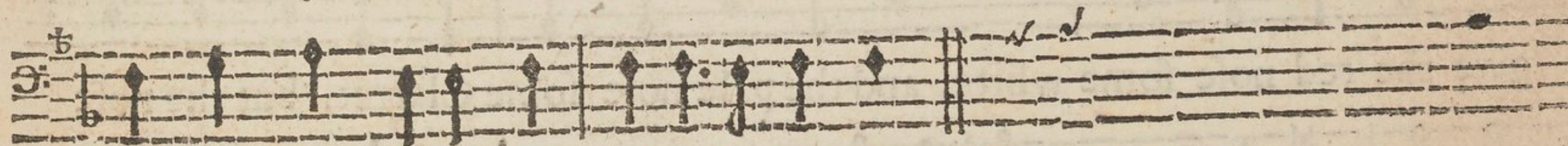
Ainty fine A-niseed water fine, dainty content and your



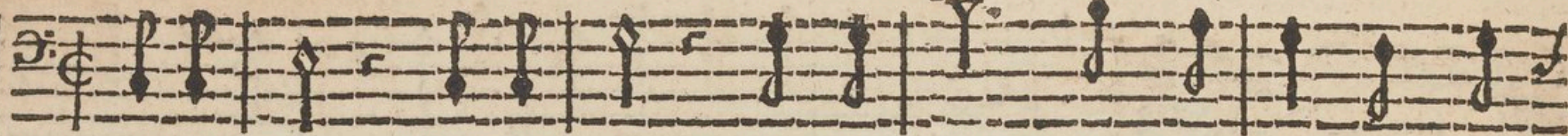
money again: See, here comes *Robin Hermophrodite*, hot



waters he cryes for his delight: he got a Child of a Maid, and yet is no man, was



got with childe by a man, and is no woman. Dainty fine, &c.



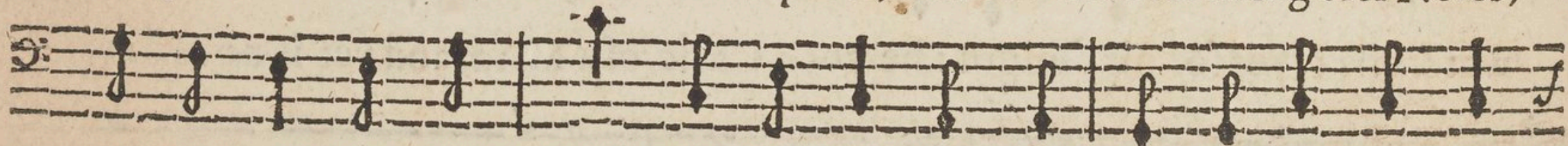
Hew a Room, shew a Room, shew a Room, here's a Knot of good



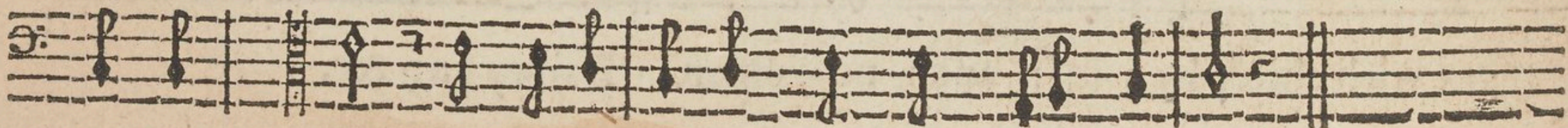
fellows are come that mean for to be merry with Clarret and with



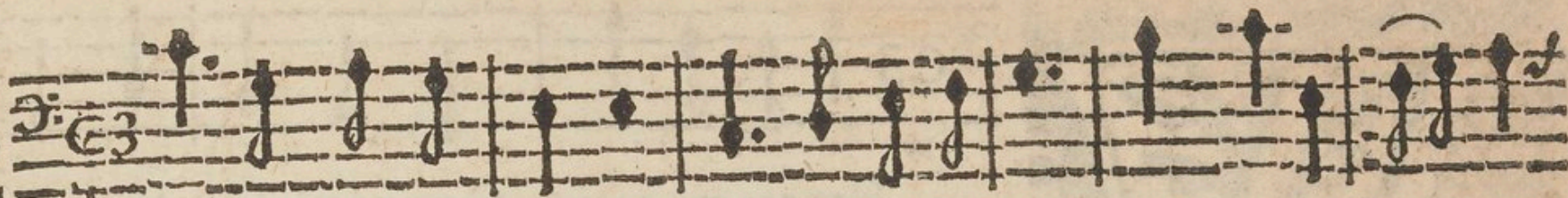
Sherry, each man to mirth himself disposes, and for the Reckning tell Noses,



give the red nose some white, and the pale nose some Clarret, but the nose



that looks Blew give him a cup of Sack, 'twill mend his hew.



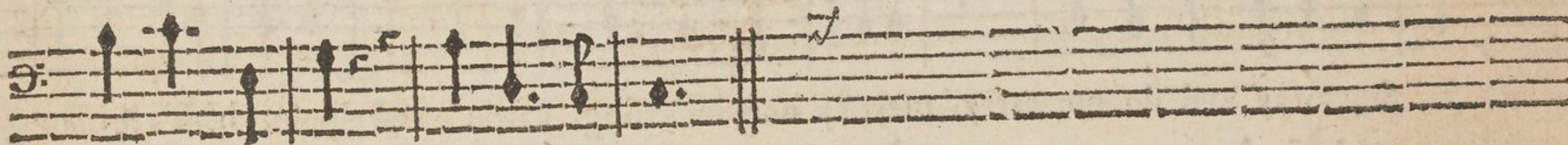
O--ny, mony, mony, 'tis that only can give life to the soul



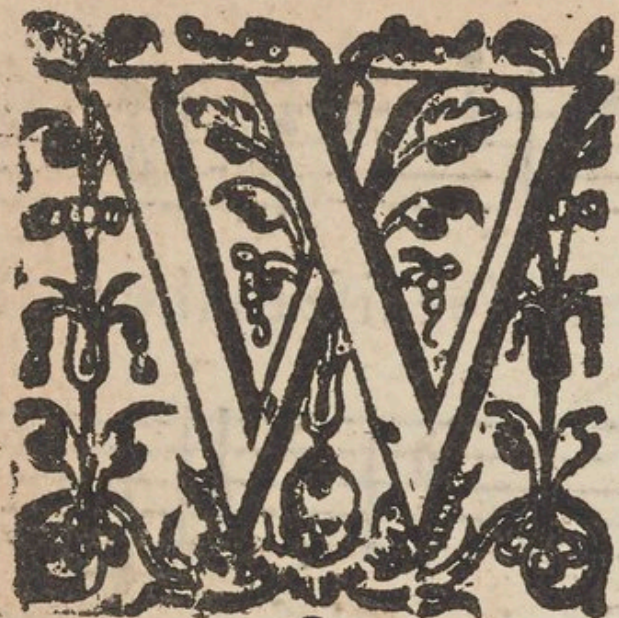
of a man, what though some men of vain belief do other



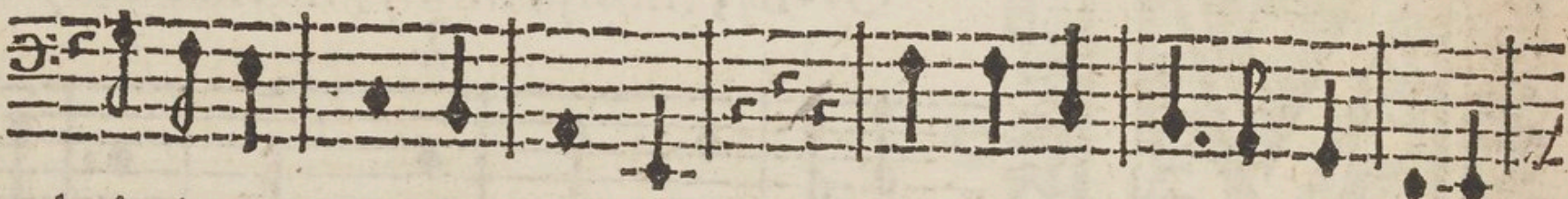
ayd, wish and implore, mony, mony, mony, mony, mony, mony, is the cheif,



give me but that I ask no more. Mony, &c.



Hat are we met? Come let's see, if here's enough to sing this glee,



look about, count your number, singing will keep us from crazy



slumber, 1. 2. & 3. so many there be that can sing, the rest for wine may ring, here is Tom, Jack and



Harry, sing away and do not tarry, merrily now let's sing, carouse and tippie, here's Briflow

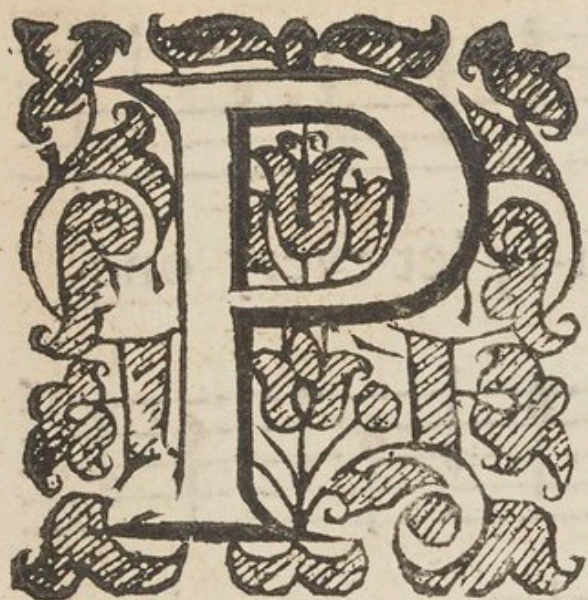


milk, come suck this nipple, there's a fault Sir, never halt Sir before a Cripple,

a. 3. Voc.

[45]

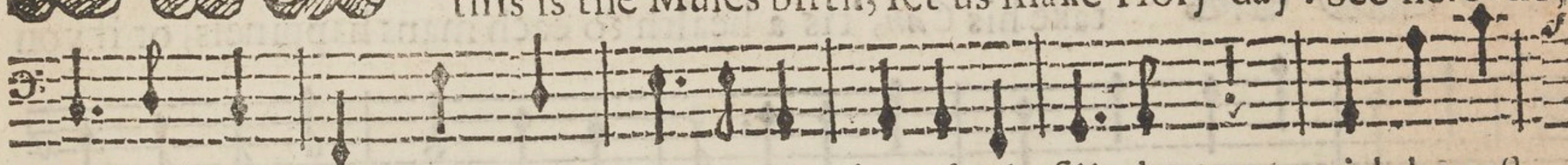
Mr. Thomas Holmes.



Repare your hearts for mirth, chant clearly as we may,



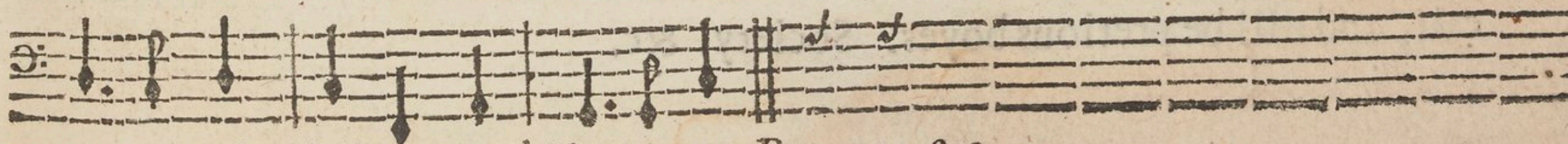
this is the Muses birth, let us make Holy-day : See here they



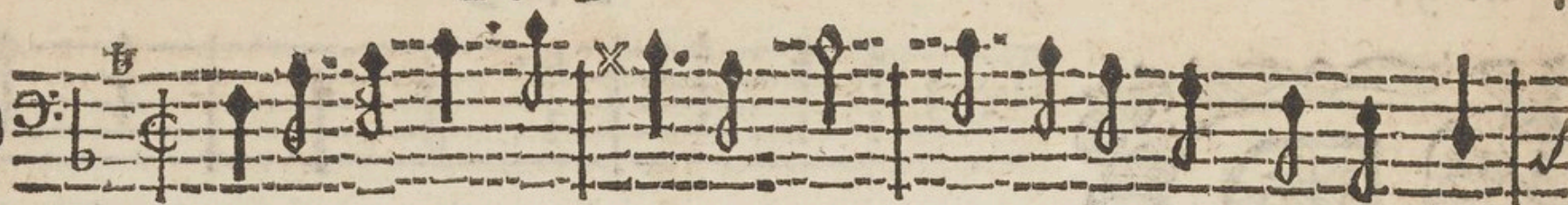
all are come no man shews discontent, but lively fill the room with honest



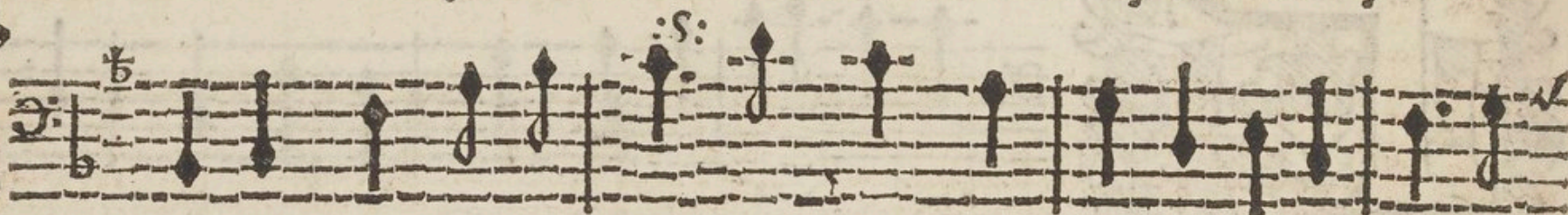
mer-ri-ment that the sweet Muses nine may know, and plainly see, our offerings



at the Shrine is Love and Harmony, Prepare, &c.



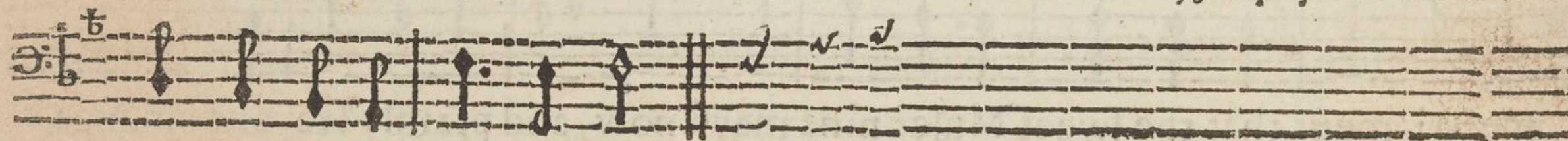
O--cie--ty the life of man, mer-ri-ly let every one



take his *Can*, 'tis a health to each mans happiness, or if you



please, to your *Mistresse*: Then drink about and make no *Noyse*, pay for what we



call, and still be pretious boyes. Society, &c.



His geer goes hard, 'tis almost mar'd 'tis driven so like a Cart,
:S:



'tis good in fight, then sing it right, or else you lose the other



quart: I'll ne'r go out, but sing it right three times about, and friendly part.



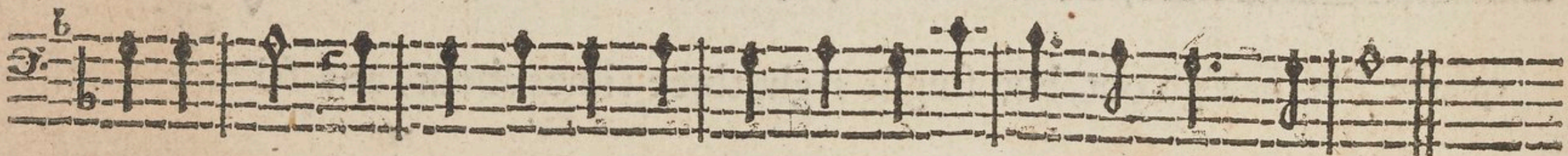
Y Mistrefs will not be content to take a jape, a jape, a



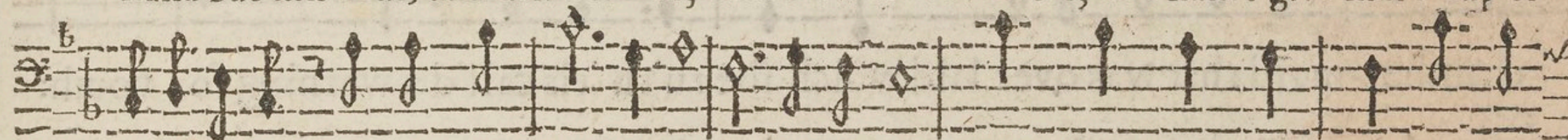
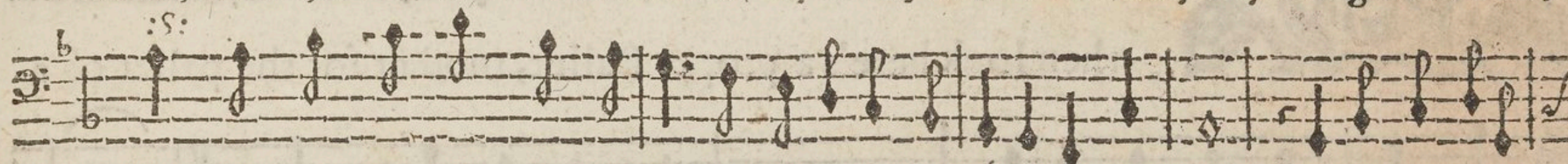
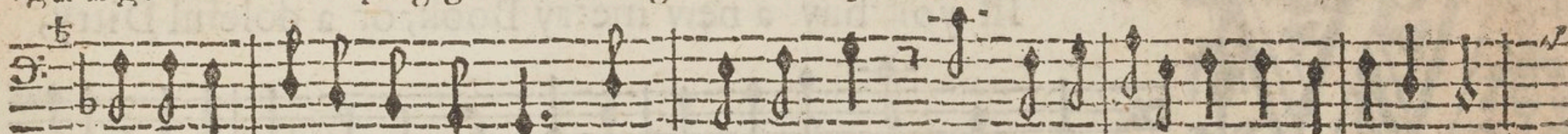
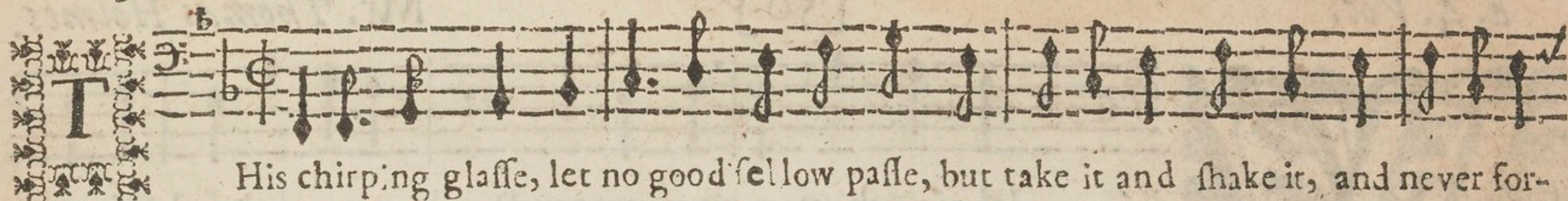
jape, as *Chancer* meant, but following still the womans

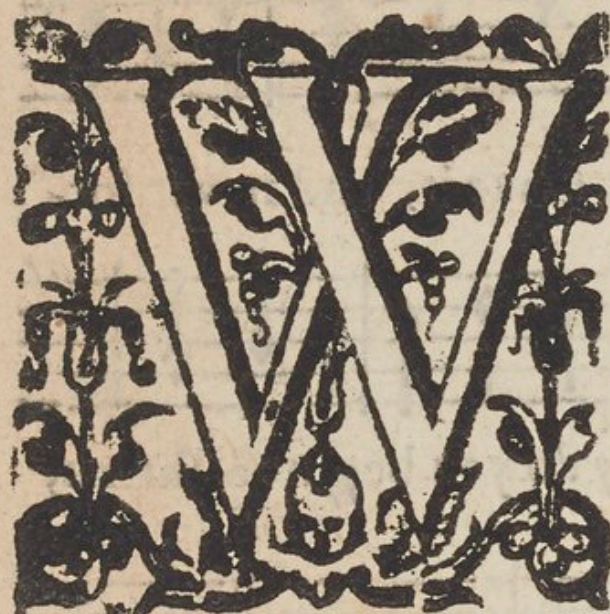


fashion, allows it, allows it of the new translation: Nor with the word shee'l



not dispense, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet I know she loves the sense.





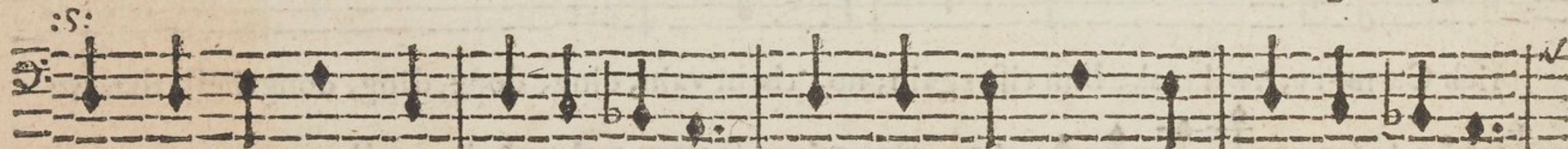
Will you buy a new merry Book, or a doleful Ditty,



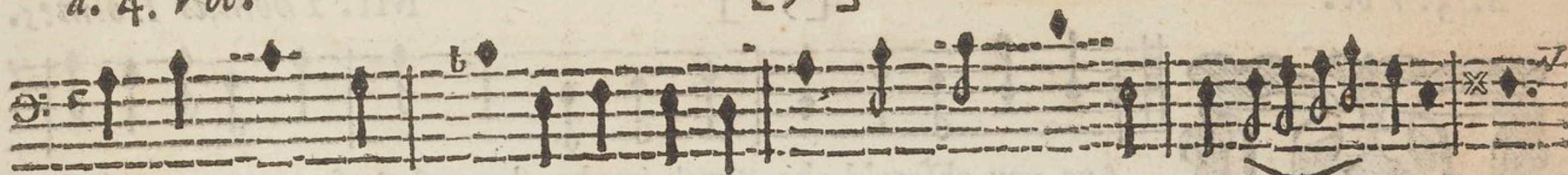
then look here's a proper Ballet, most fit for the pallet of a



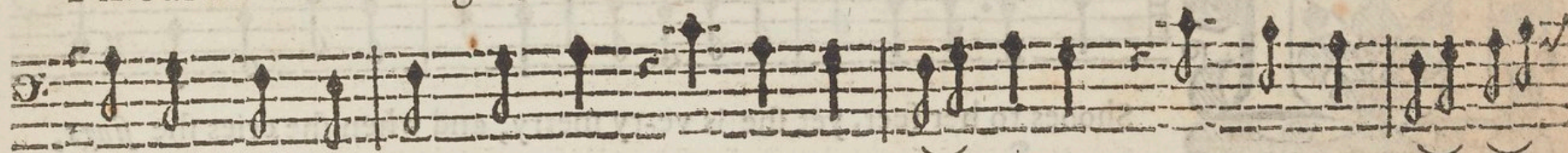
chamber-maid that was over laid which she ru'th 'tis call'd a warning for youth:



he took her 'bout the middle so small, he threw her down, but that was not all,



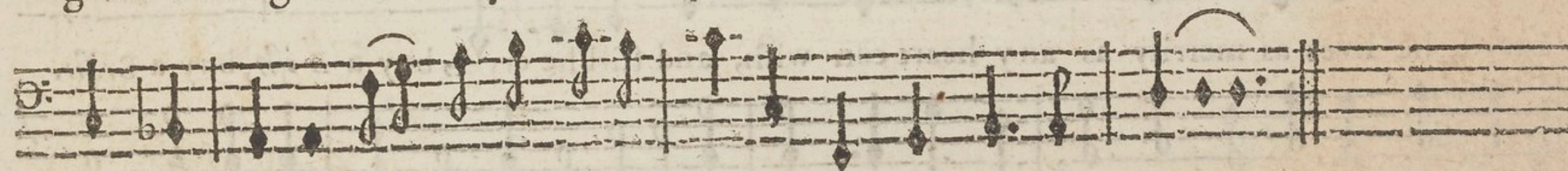
I should howl out-right, to tell of the rest, how this poor-a maid was over prest,



therefore quickly come and buy, and read for your penny, come my hearts, 'tis as



good a bargain as e're you had any : here's no Suffex Serpent to fright you here



in my Bundle, nor was it e-ver Printed for the Widow Trundle.

a. 3. Voc.

[52]

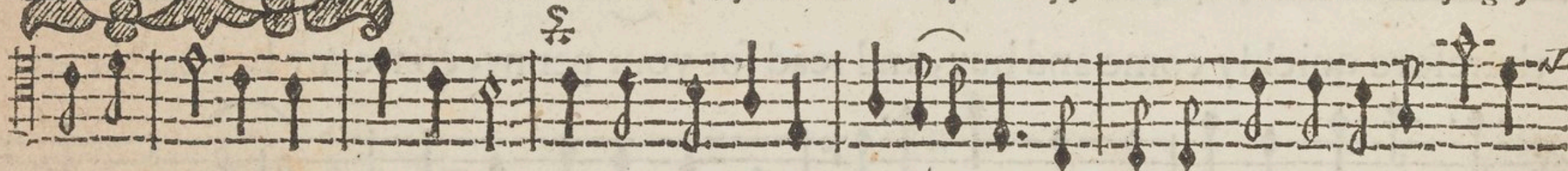
Mr. Thomas Holmes.



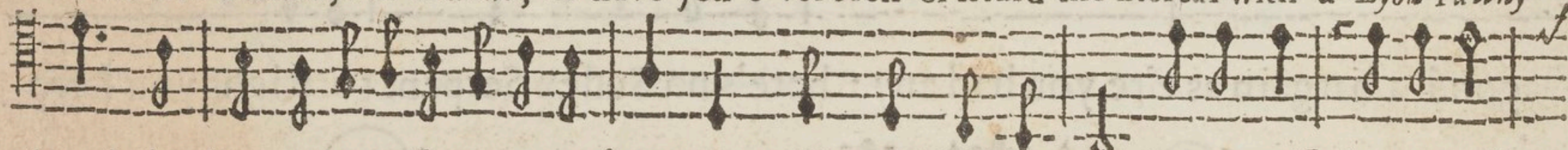
Ave you observ'd the *Wench* in the street, she's scarce any Hose or



Shoes to her feet, yet she is ve-ry merry, and when she cries she *sings*,



I ha' hot *Codlins*, hot *Codlins*; or have you e-ver seen or heard the mortal with a *Lyon Tawny*



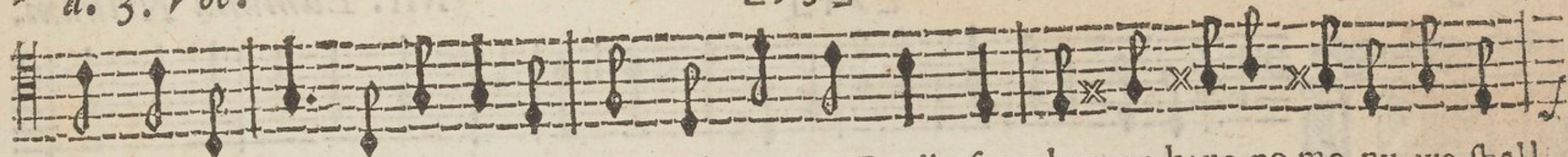
beard, he lives as merrily as any heart can wish, and still he cries, buy a *B ish*, buy a *Brish*,



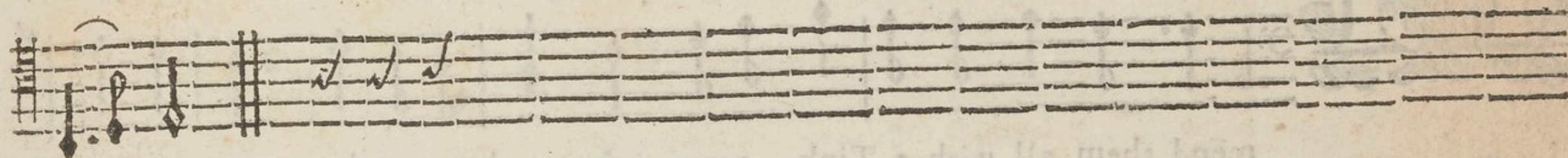
since these are merry, why should we take care, Musicians like *Camelians* must live by the *Ayre*:

a. 3. Voc.

[53]



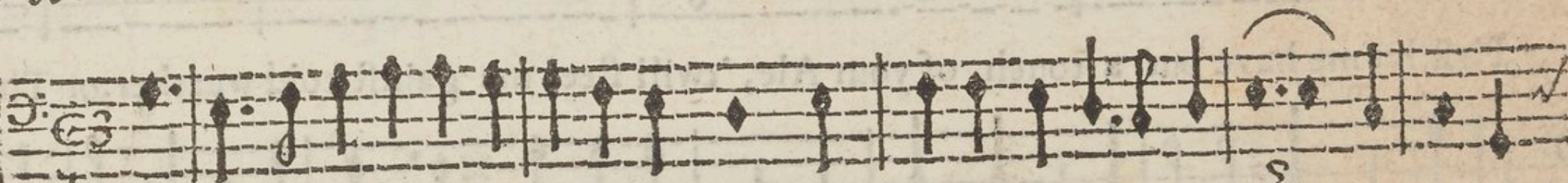
then let's be Blith and bonny, and no good meeting Baulk, for when we have no mo-ny, we shall



finde Chalk. Have you observed, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

Mr. Edmund Nelham.



Ome follow me merrily, merrily, Lads, come follow me merrily, ah, and we will



sing sol, fa, fa, sol, fa, fa, fa, sol, sol, fa, put sol before la, and fa after me, sol, la, me, fa, me, la, me, fa.

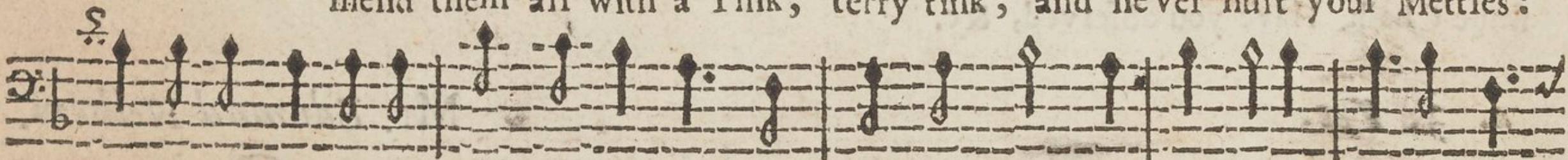
E 3



Ave you any work for a Tinker Mistris, old Brasse old Pots, or Kettles, I'll



mend them all with a Tink, terry tink, and never hurt your Mettles:



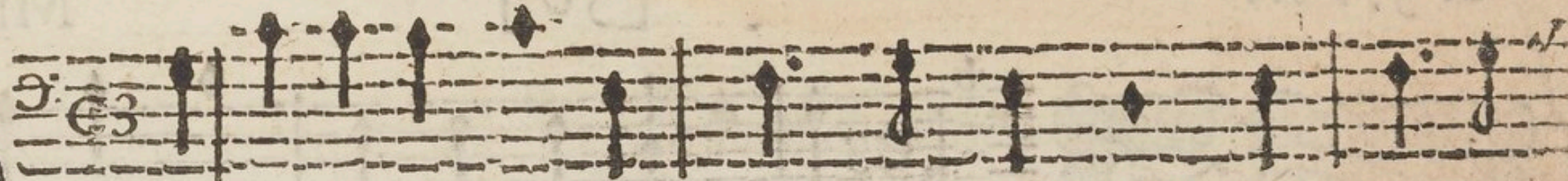
First let me have but a touch of your Ale, 'twill steel me 'gainst cold weather, or Tinkers Frees,



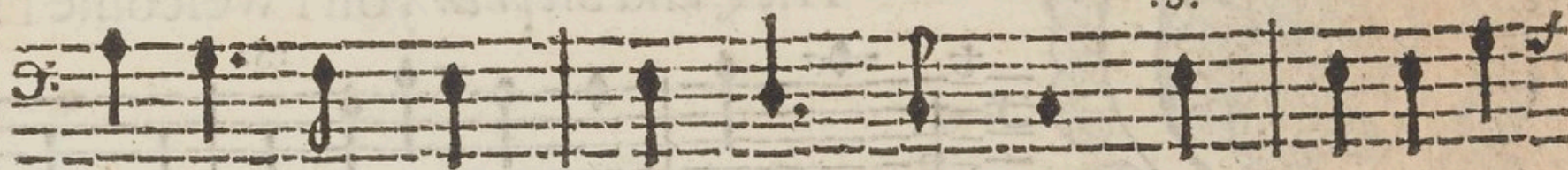
or Vintners Lees, or Tobacco chuse you whether: But of your Ale, your nappy Ale, I would I had a



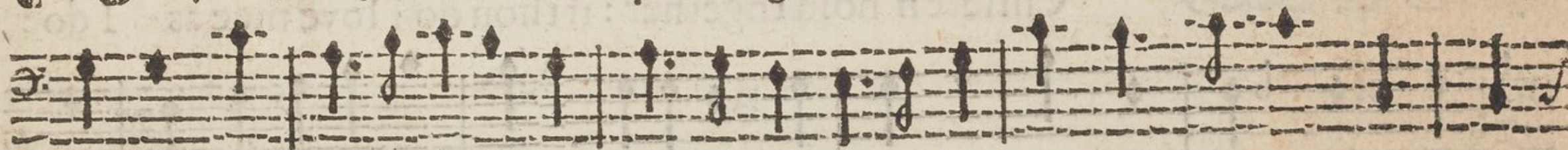
Ferkin, but I am old, and ve-ry ve-ry cold, and never wear a Jer-kin.



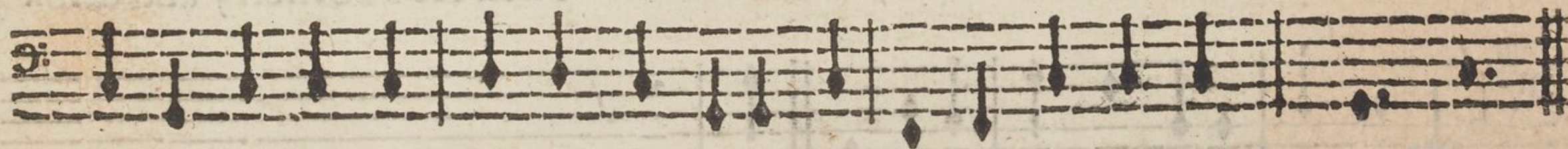
Ow mer-ri-ly looks the man that hath Gold, he seemeth
:S:



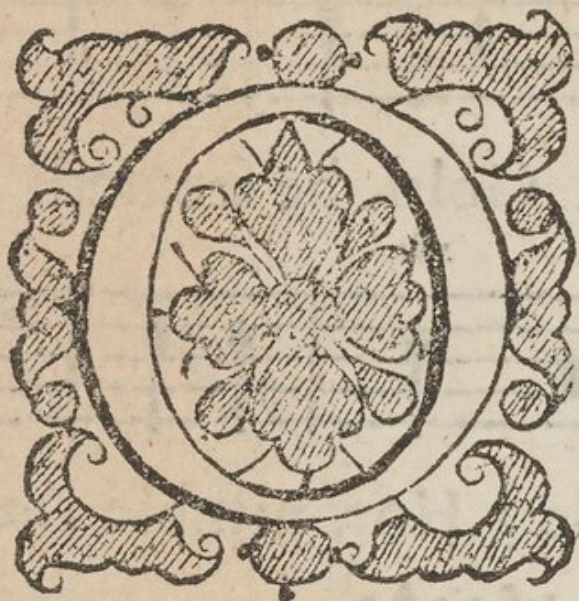
but twenty, though threescore years old? How nimble the



the Bee that flyeth about, and gathereth honey within and without: But men



without mony, and Bees without hony, are nothing better then Drones, Drones.



Hick and *Stephen* you'r welcome hither, let Neighbors



Children hold together : if thou dost love mee as I doe



love thee, how well shall we love one another : Then let's be merry and drink

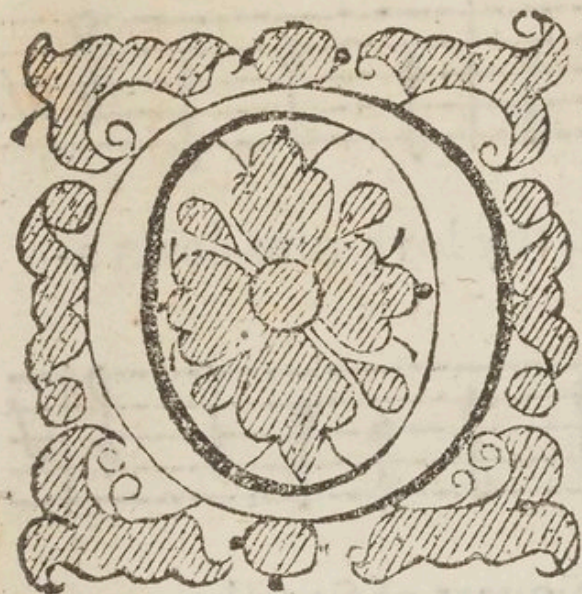


about, and never part till all be out. O *Hick*, &c.

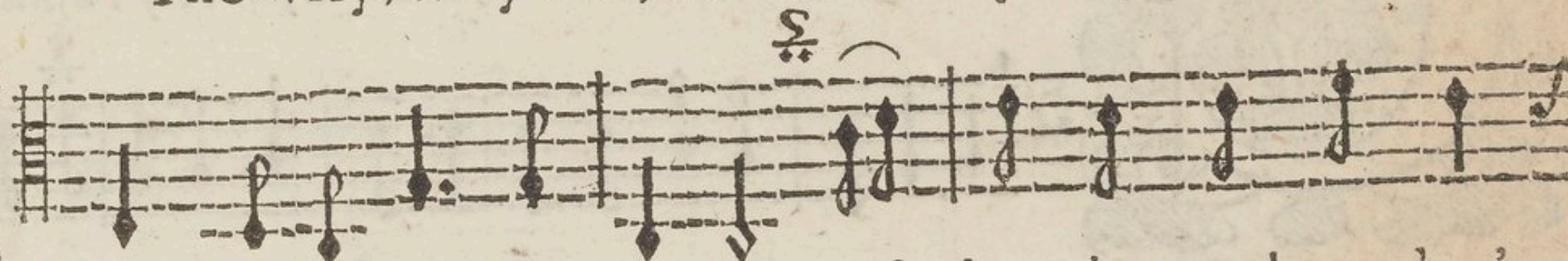
a. 3. Voc.

[57]

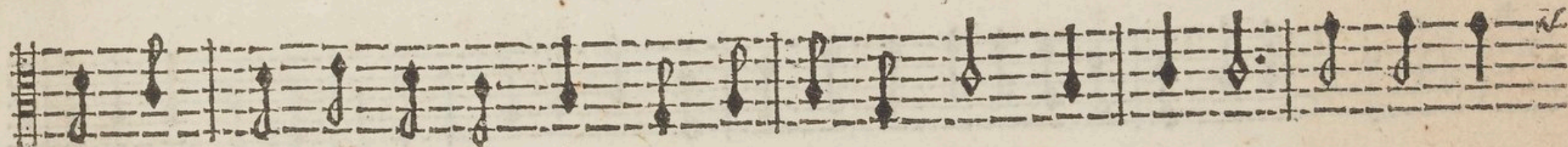
Mr. Edmund Nelham.



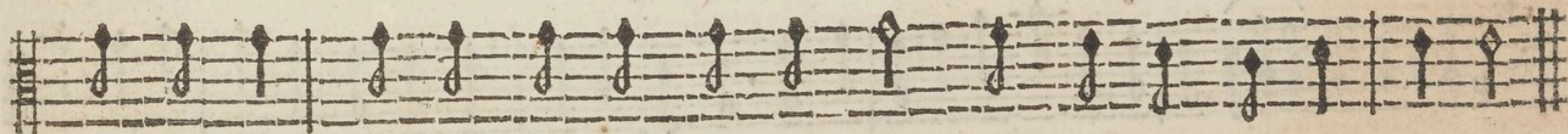
The wily, wily Fox, with his many wily mocks, wee'l



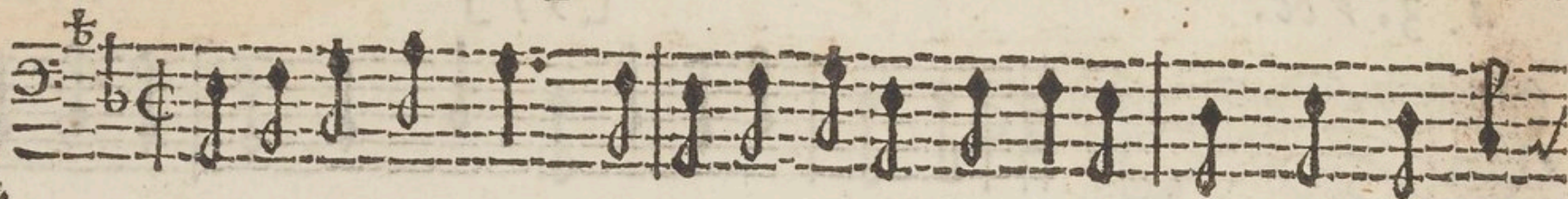
earth him if you'l but follow, and when that we have don't,



to conclude this merry haunt, let us roundly whoop and hollow, prethee drink,



prethee drink, prethee, prethee, prethee drink, that the Hunters may follow.



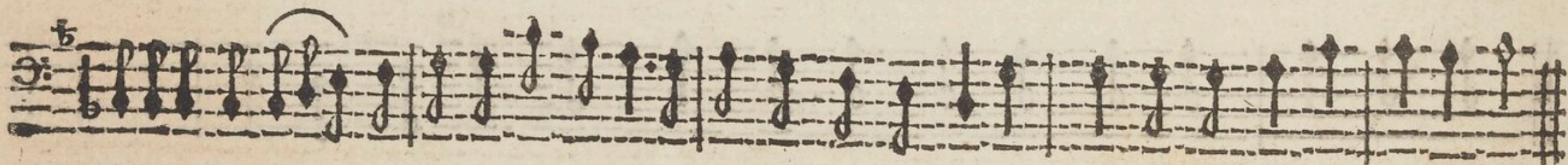
Coridon, thou Swain, I am thy lovely *Phyllis*, my love runs down a-



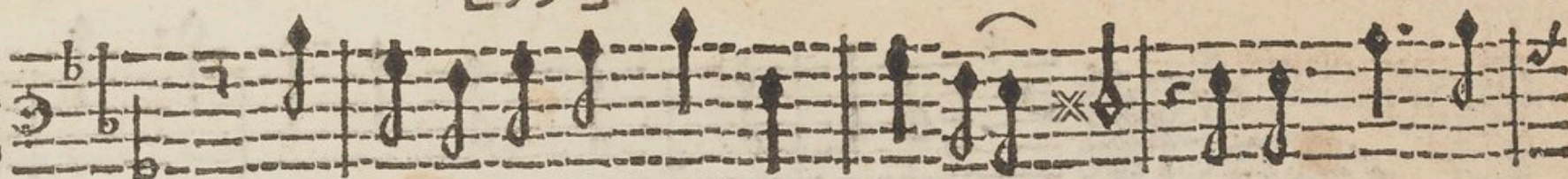
main to drink to thee my will is : once again fill's a quart of Sack boy, and



let us be full merry, for now my very back boy with drinking of old Sherry, begins to crack boy: so



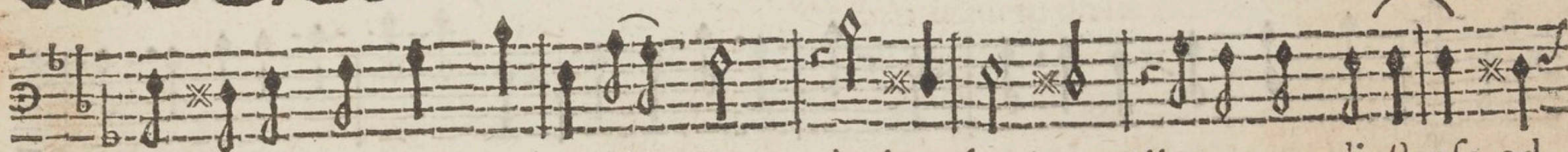
Coridon my love, thy *Phyllis* bids adieu, til Powers from above do grant thee a new kind Turtle dove.



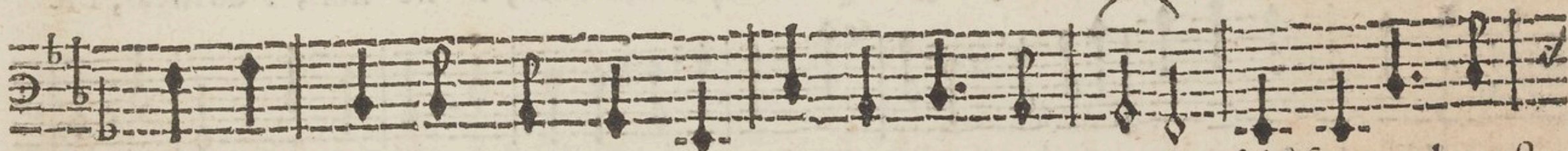
Is *Amarillis* walking all a--lone, in her Garden



making moan, in her Garden making moan for her



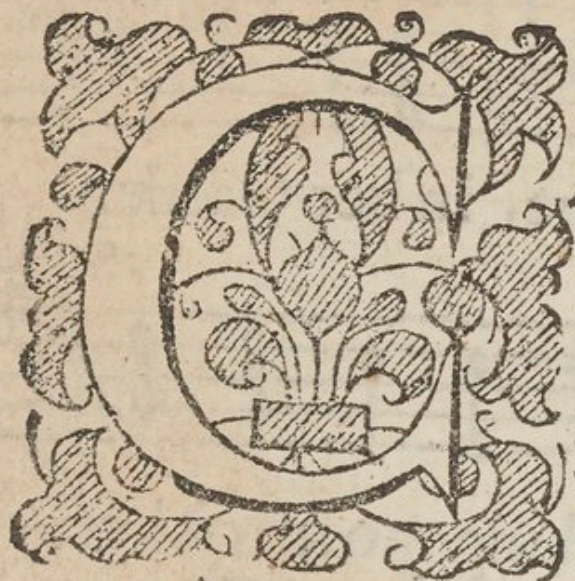
Co-ridon, that left her in the Grove dy-ing for love, like a poor di-stress-ed



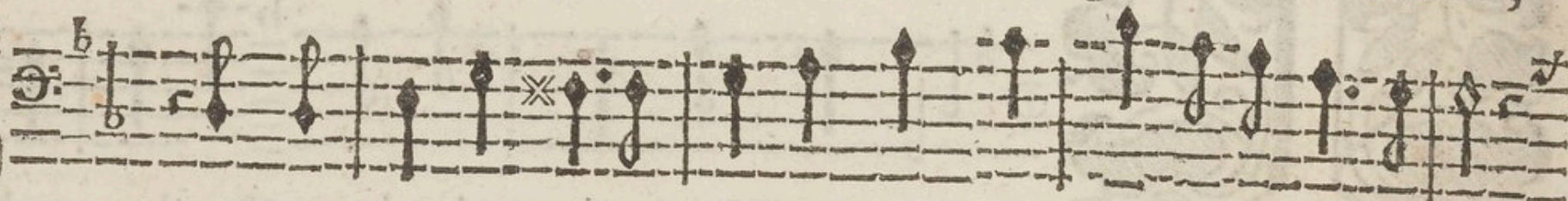
Dove, and then she with sighs and sobs, and grievous groans, said farewell most



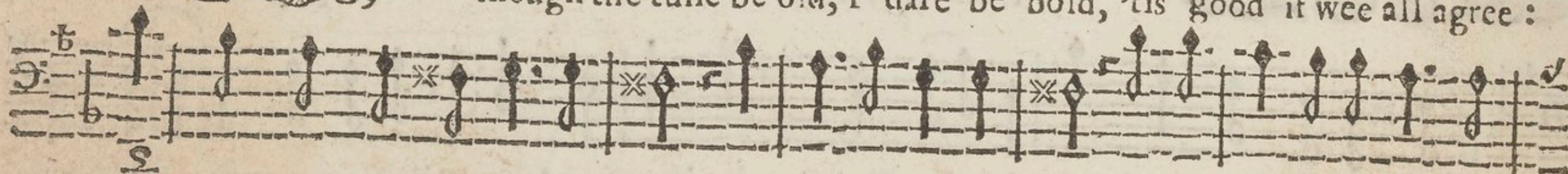
sweet, but un-kind *Co-ridon*. 'Tis *Amarillis*, &c.



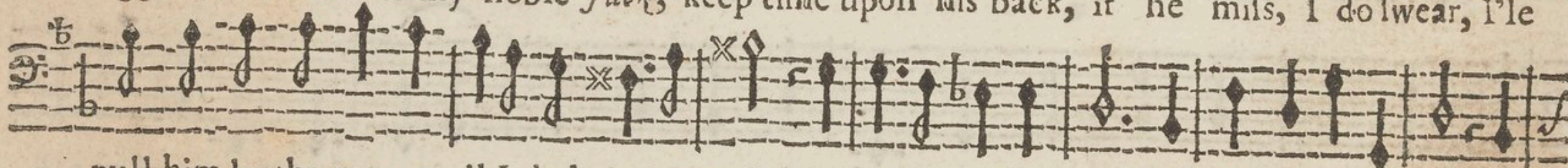
Come hither *Tom*, and make up three, and sing this Catch with me,



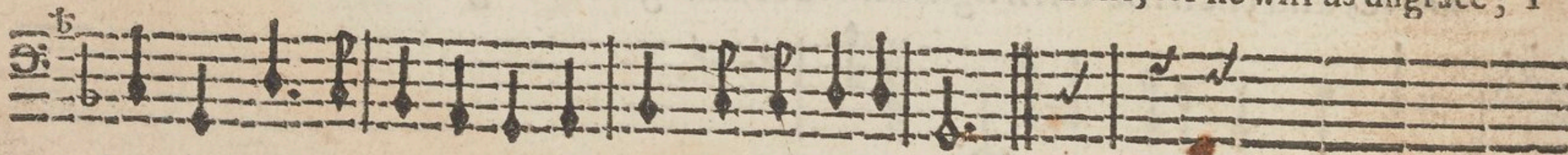
though the tune be old, I dare be bold, 'tis good if wee all agree :



So now comes in my noble *Jack*, keep time upon his back, if he miss, I do swear, I'll



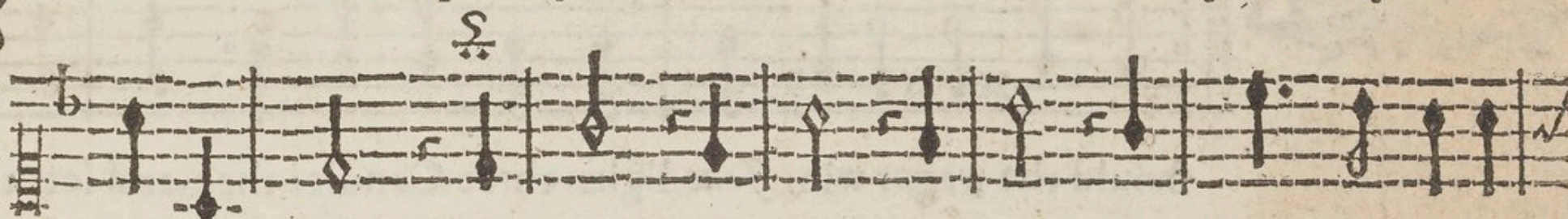
pull him by the ear, un·til I do here it crack: now listen to the Basse, for he will us disgrace; I



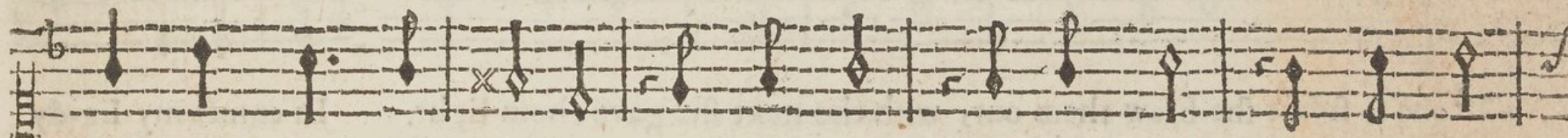
fear the lout will first be out he makes such an ugly face. Come, &c.



Ere dwells a pretty Mayd whose name is *Sis*, you may come



in and kisse: Her hole, her hole, her hole, her whole estate is



seventeen pence a year, yet you may kisse, you may kisse, you may kisse,



you may kisse her, if you come but near. Here, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

[62]

Mr. William Ellis.



Y La-dy and her Mayd up-on a merry pin, they made a match at farting, who



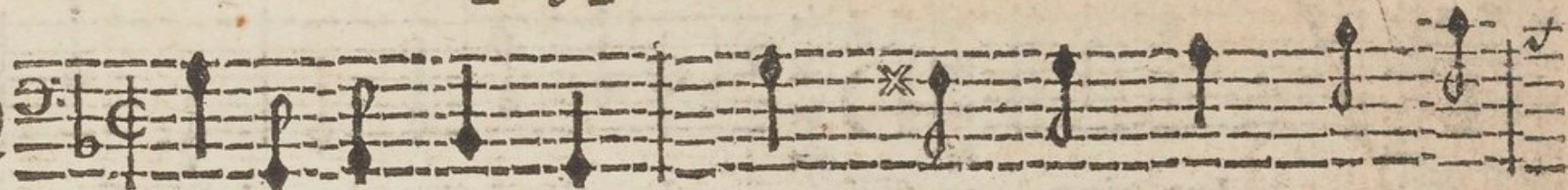
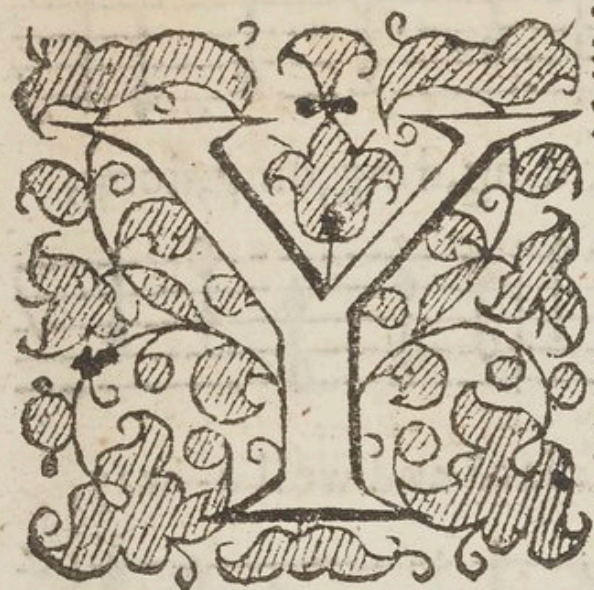
should the wager win. *Fone* lights three Candles then, and sets them bolt upright,



with the first fart she blew them out, with the next she gave them light. In comes my La-dy



then with all her might and main, and blew them out, and in and out, and in and out again.



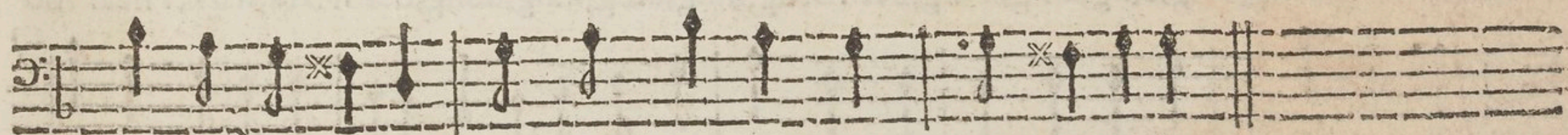
Onder he goes takes Corns from your Toes, cures the



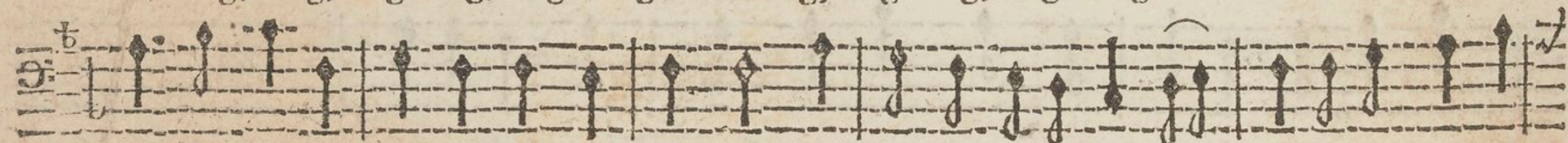
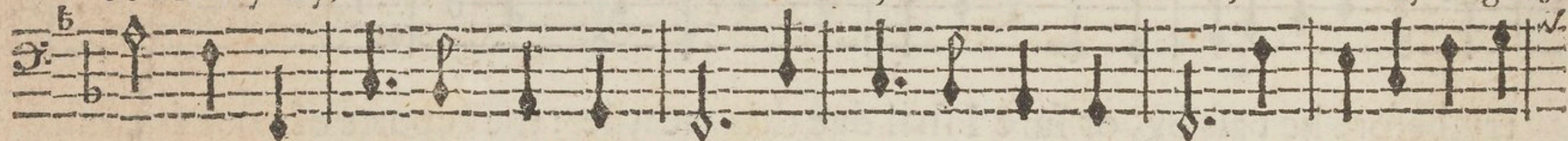
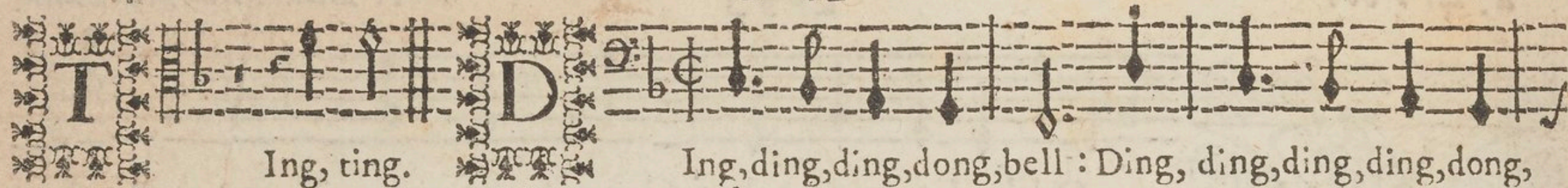
Cout and all woes call him hi-ther, his Skill I will



try, before he pass by, or sure I shal dye this weather: the reports of your fame fir,

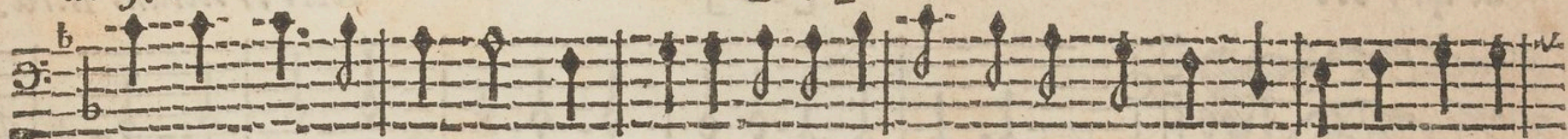


cals you again fir; shew your skill, or shame your face ever.

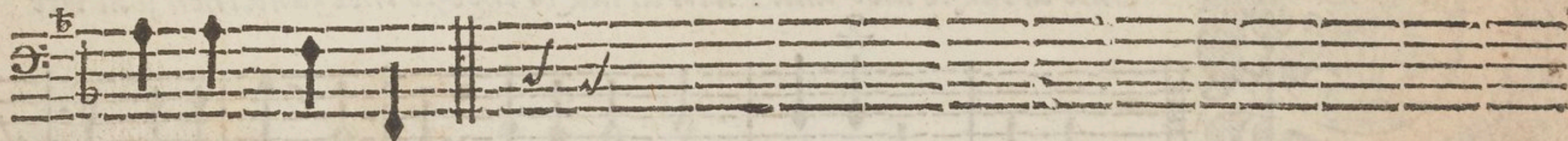


a. 3. Voc.

[65]



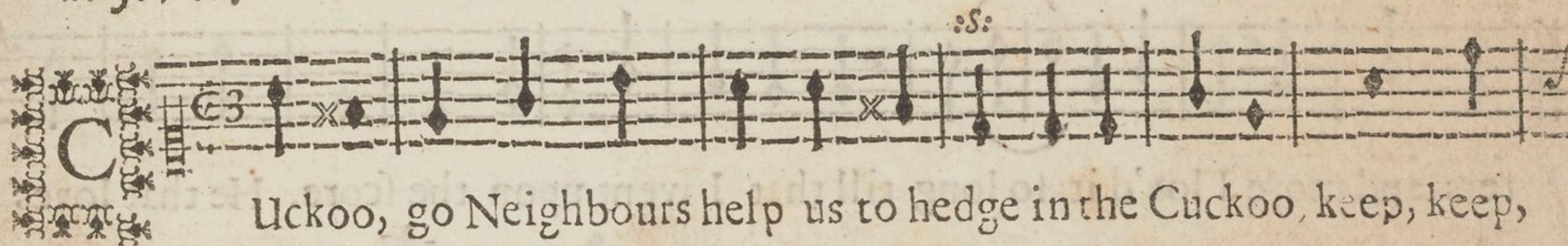
now the Corse is bringing ; make ready all anon, that we may be gone, for all the bells are



ringing, Ding, dong. Ding, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

Mr. Stoner.

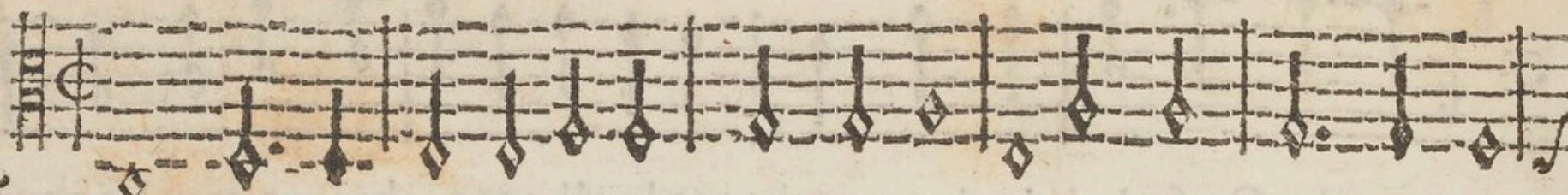
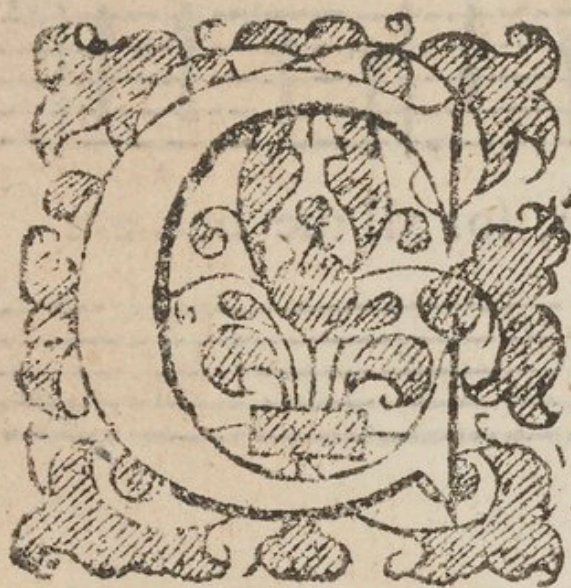


Uckoo, go Neighbours help us to hedge in the Cuckoo, keep, keep,

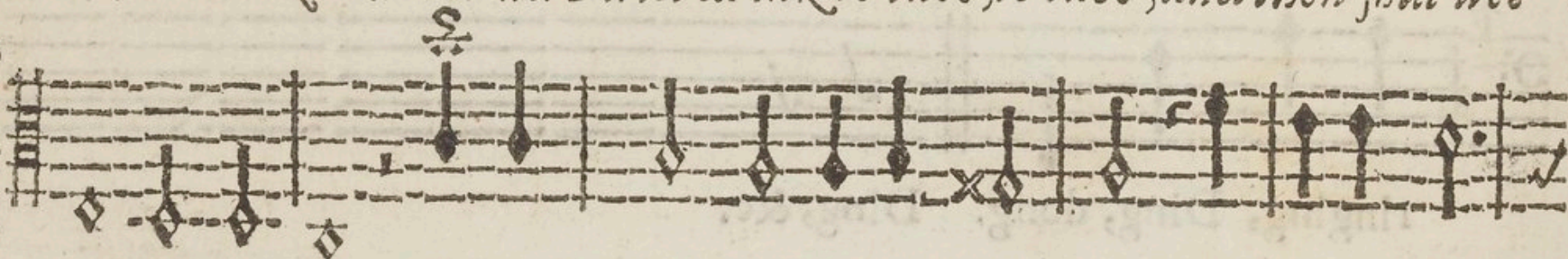


keep, O keep in the Cuckoo. Cuckoo, &c.

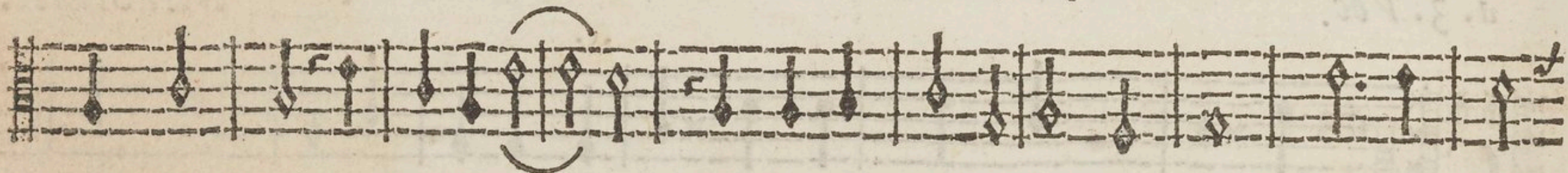
F



Come drink to mee and I will drink to thee, to thee, and then shal wee



full well agree. I have lov'd the jolly tankard full seven Win-



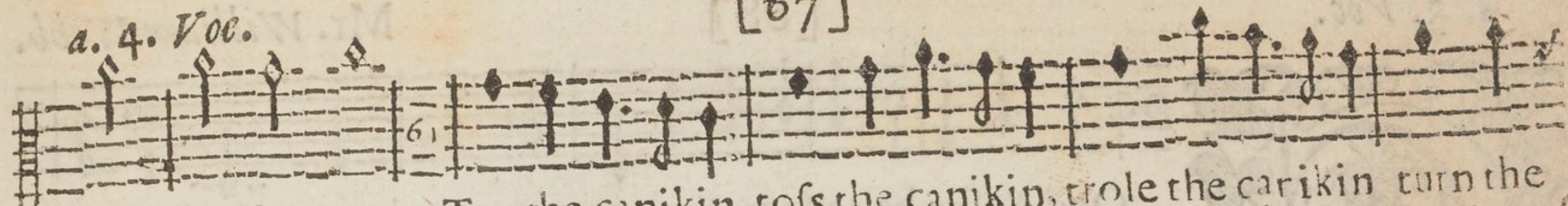
ters, and more I lov'd it so long till that I went upon the score. He that loves



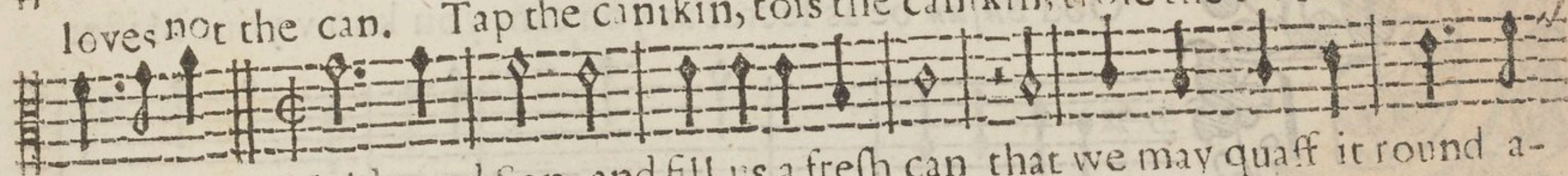
not the tankard, is no honest man, ij.

And he is no right souldier that

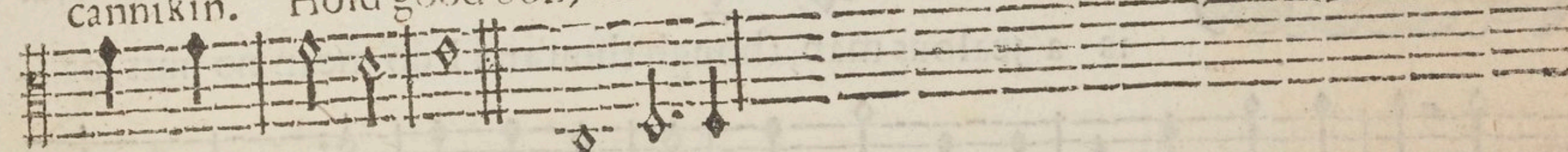
a. 4. Voc.



loves not the can. Tap the canikin, toss the canikin, trole the carikin turn the



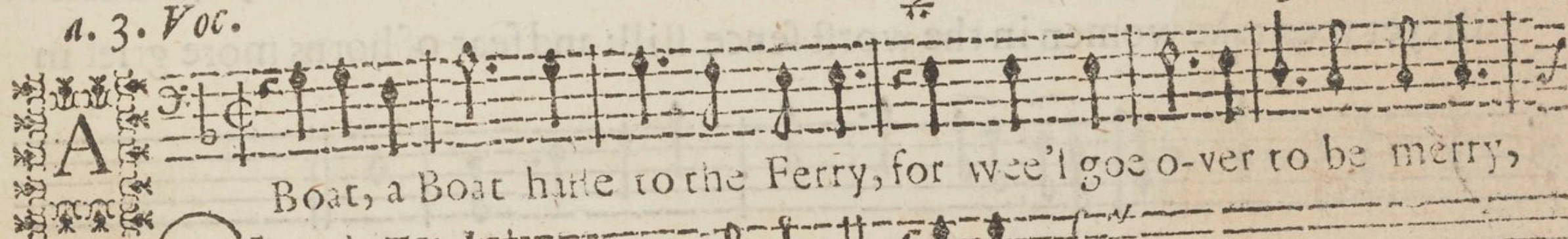
cannikin. Hold good Son, and fill us a fresh can that we may quaff it round a-



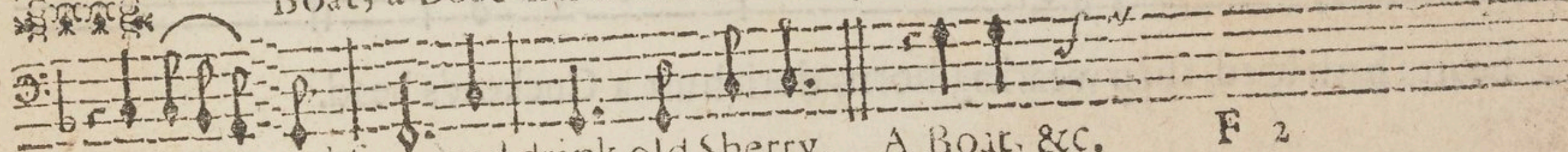
bout from man to man. Come, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

Mr. John Jenkins.



Boat, a Boat hark to the Ferry, for wee'l goe o-ver to be merry,

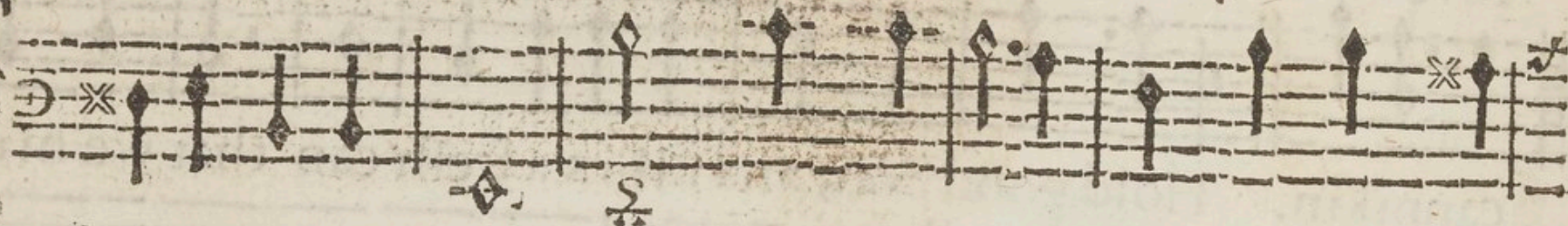


to laugh and sing, and drink old Sherry. A Boat, &c.

F 2



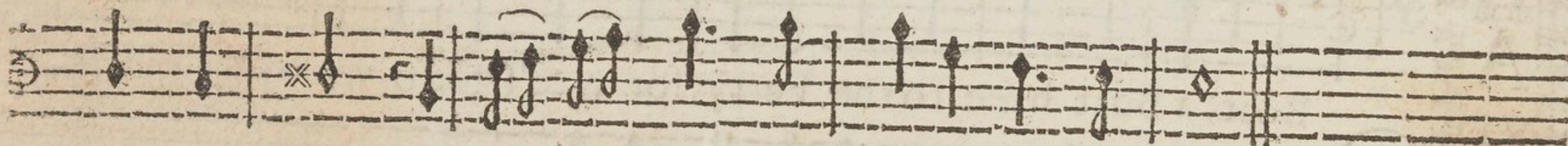
Ood *Susan* be as secret as you can, you know your Master



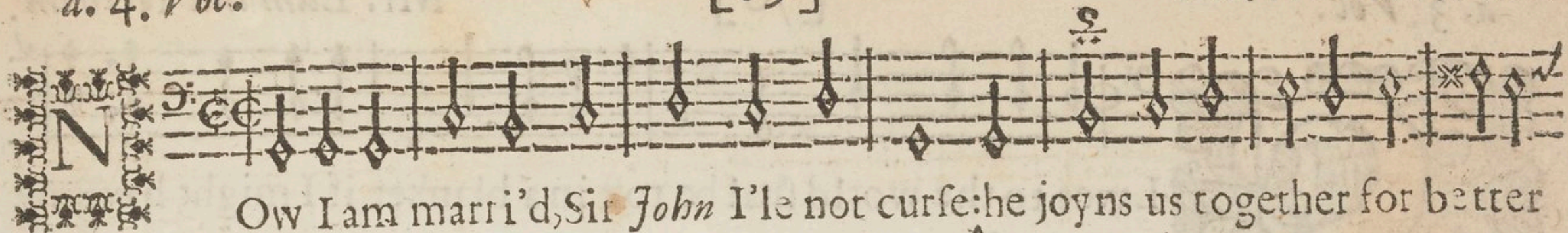
is a jealous man; though thou and I do mean no hurt, or



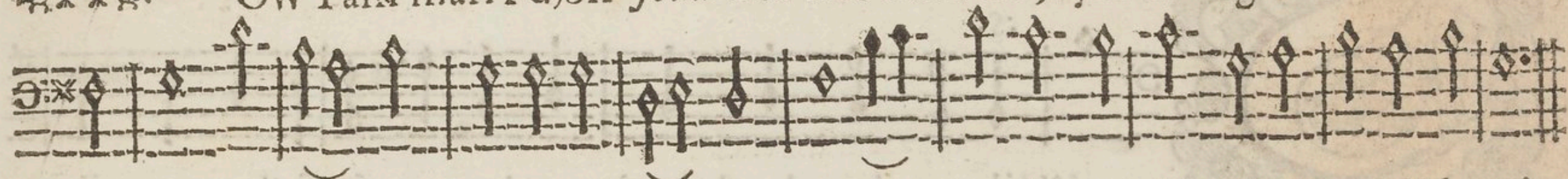
ill, yet men take women in the worst sence still: and fear of horns more grief in



hearts hath bred, then wearing horns doth hurt a Cuckold's head.

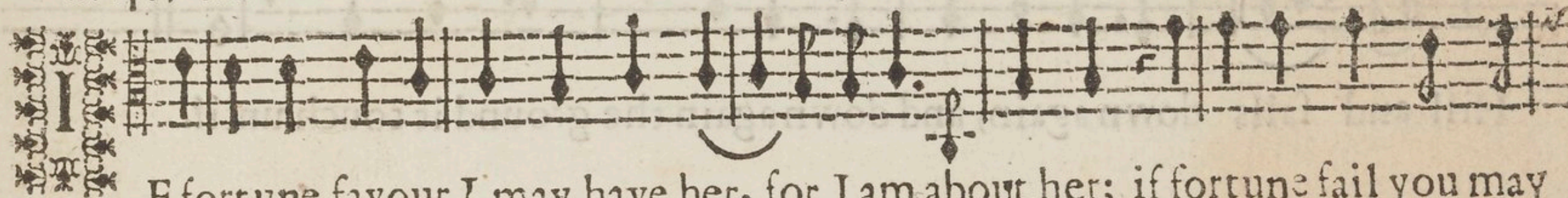


Ow I am marri'd, Sir *John* I'll not curse: he joyns us together for better



for worse; but if I were single, I tel you plain, I would be advis'd e'r I marri'd again.

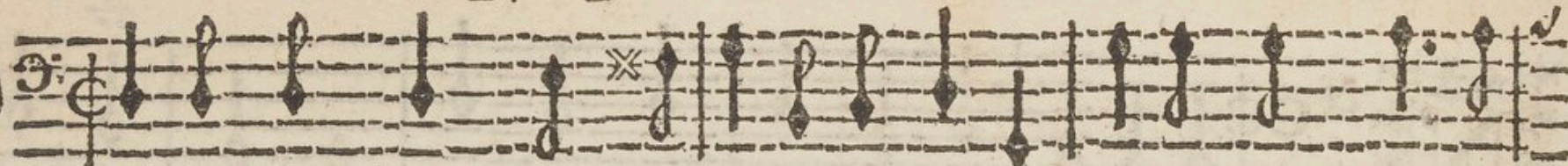
a. 4. Voc.



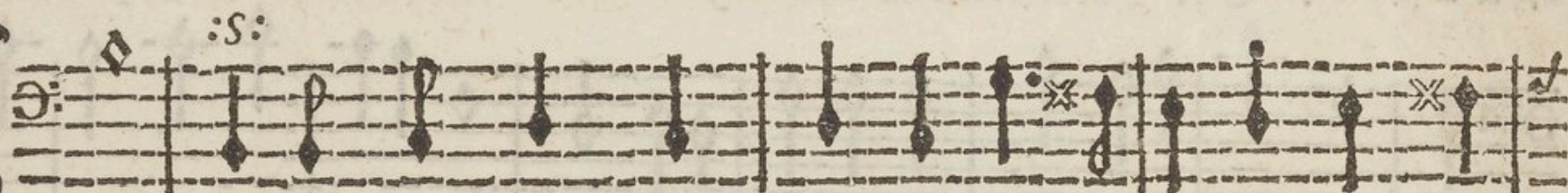
If fortune favour I may have her, for I am about her; if fortune fail you may



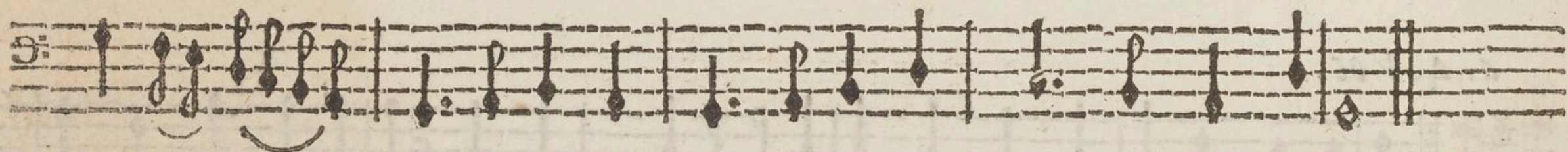
kisse her tail, and goe without her: Her tail. If, &c.



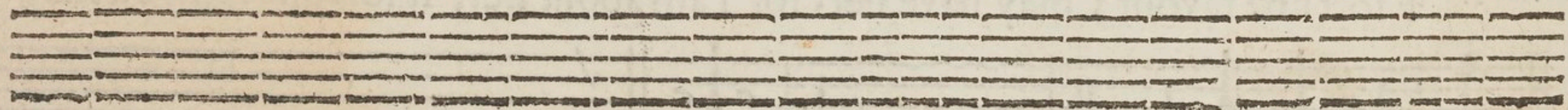
Laves to the world shal be tost in a blanket, if I might have my

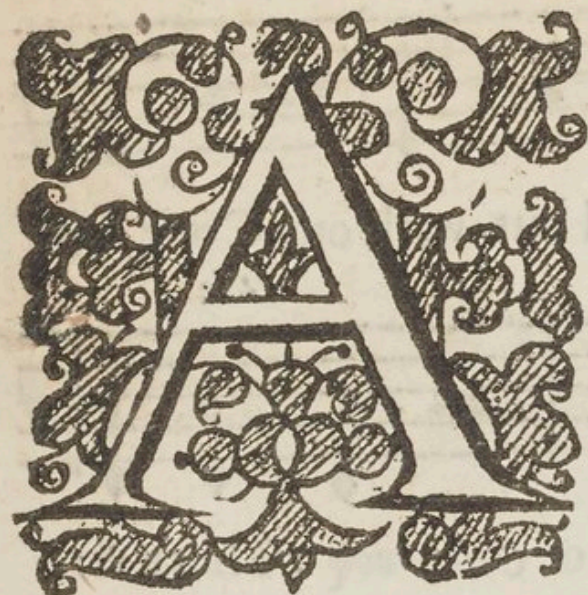


will like to the wheel that's turning up so fast on yonder



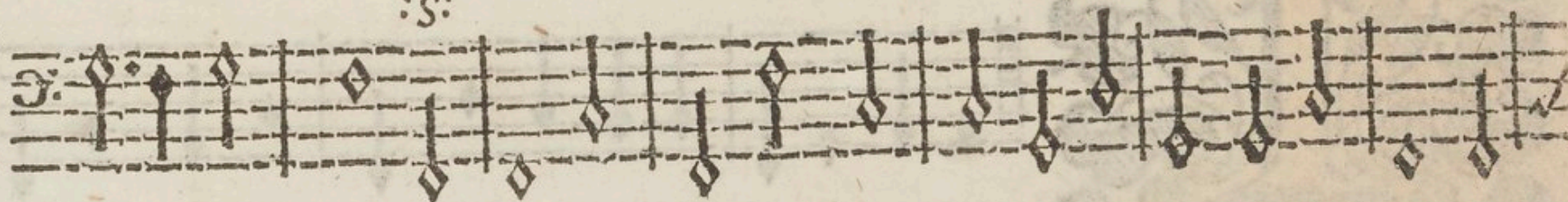
Hill, and falls down again, and down again the ground it touch until.





N old house end, An old house end, and many a good fellow wants

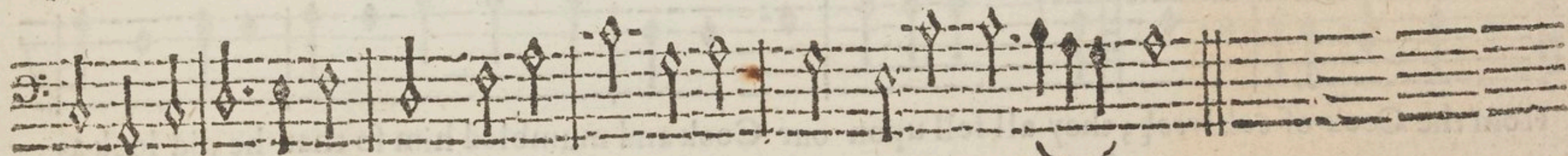
:S:



money to spend; if thou wilt borrow, come hither to morrow, I dare not



part so soon with my friend : But let us be merry and drink off our Sherry, but to part with my



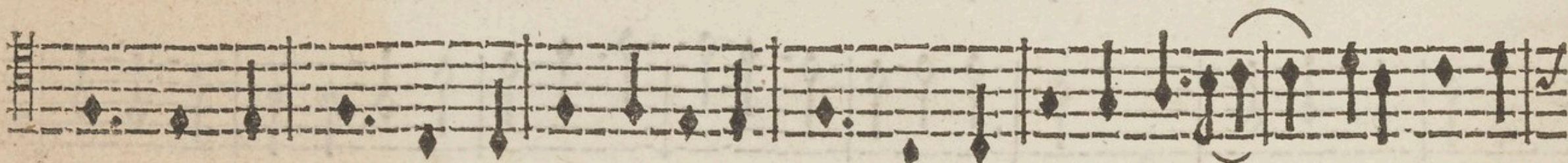
money I do not intend : Then a Turd in thy Teeth and an old house end.



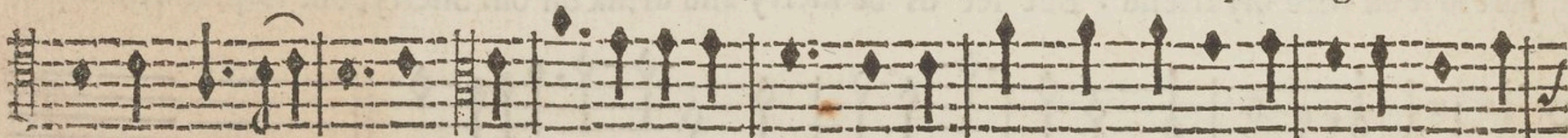
Here was three Cooks in *Colebrook*, and they fell out with our Cook, and
:S:



all was for a pudding he took, and from the Cook of *Colebrook* : There was



Swash Cook and Slash Cook and, thy nose in my Narse Cook, and all was for a pudding he took and



from the Cook of *Colebrook*; they all fell upon our Cook and mumbled him so that he did look as

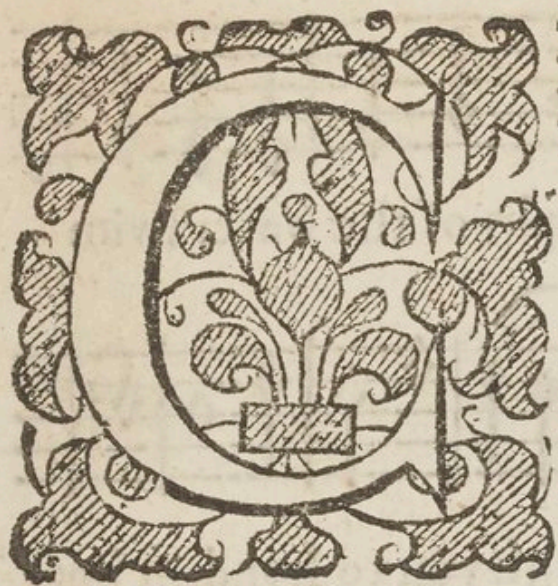


black as the pudding which that he took and from the Cook of *Colebrook*. There was, &c.

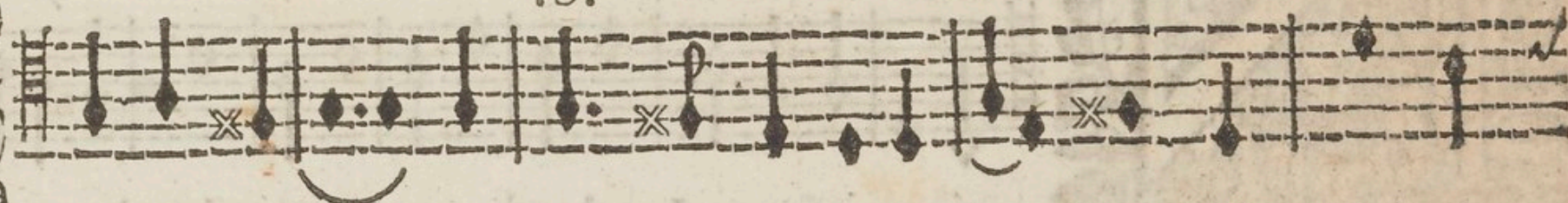
a. 3. Voc.

[73]

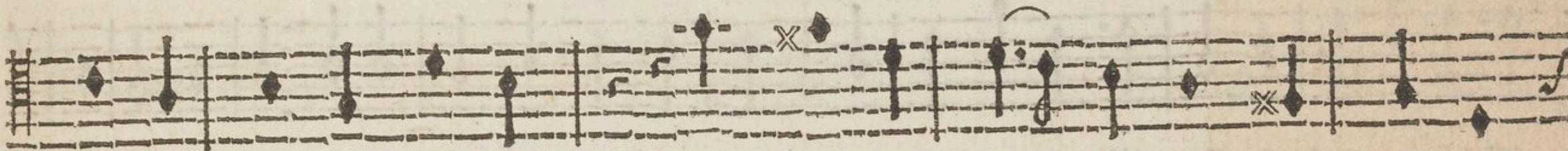
Mr. John Hilton



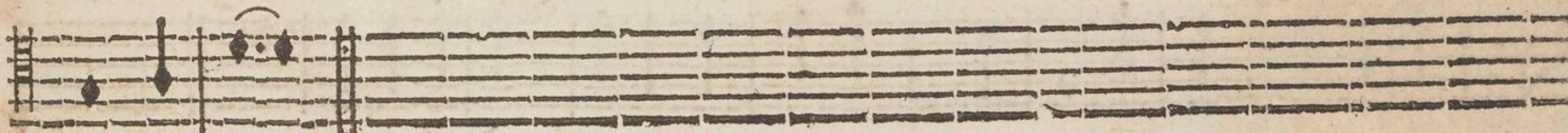
Come jump at thy Cosen jump at thy Cosen, jump at thy
:S:



Cosen and kiss, that men may say another day, What jumping



jumping, jumping, jumping, What jumping, jumping, jumping jumping,



call you this?



Ow Row we merrily, and sing full cherily, Nymphs of the water swim

:S:



a pace after to London hay, to London hoe hay, with you to London hoe;



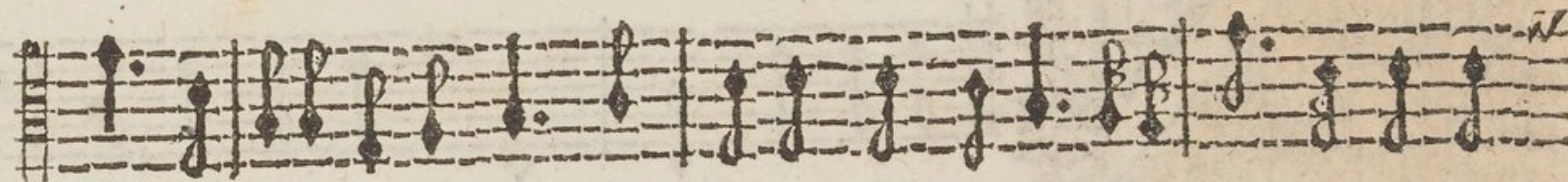
will you go with me Sir, will you go with me Sir, I pray you go with me Sir, to London hay;



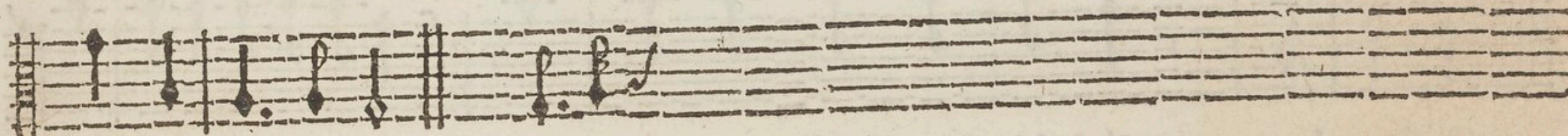
I will go I will go with him Sir; will you go with him Sir, I was your first man hoe.



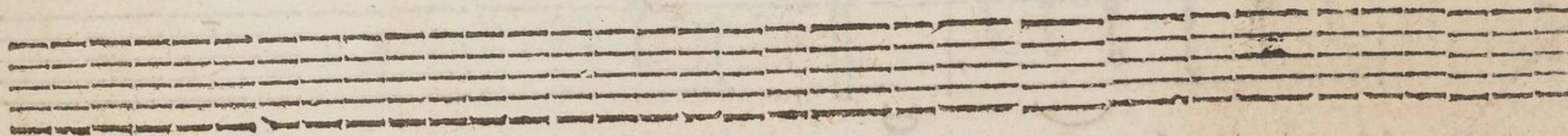
Ake a pound of butter made in May, clap it to her Arse in a Summers



day, and ever as it melts, then lick it clean away; 'tis a medicine for the

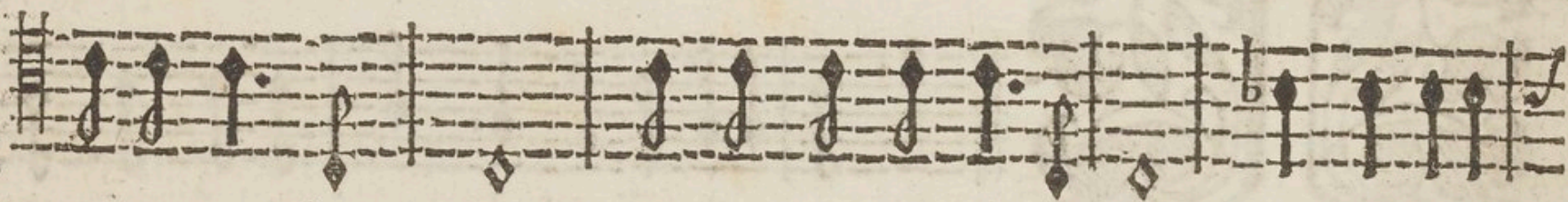


Tooth-ach old wives say. Take, &c.



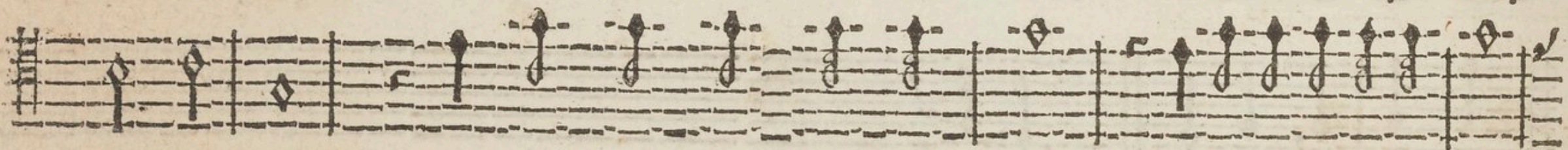


Ew Oyfters, new Oyfters, new Oyfters new. Have you

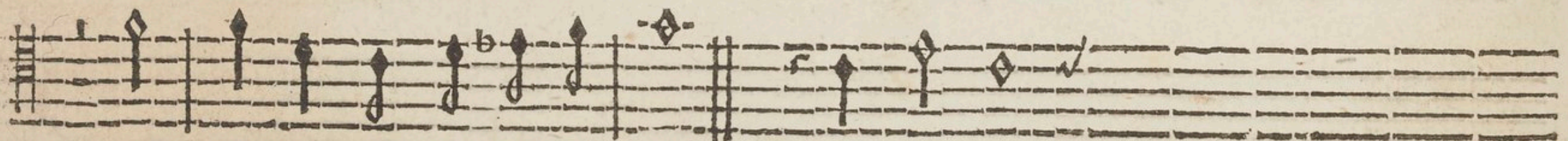


any wood to cleave ? ij.

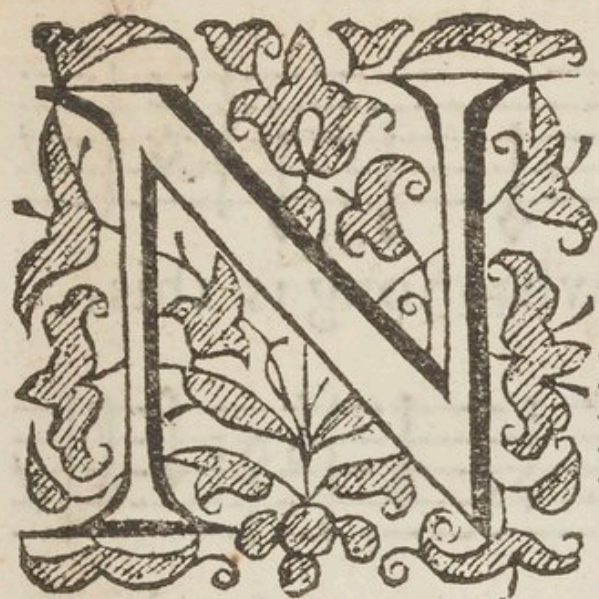
Have you any



wood to cleave ? What kitchin-ftuffe have you maides ? ij.



What kitchin-ftuffe have you maids ? New Oyfters.



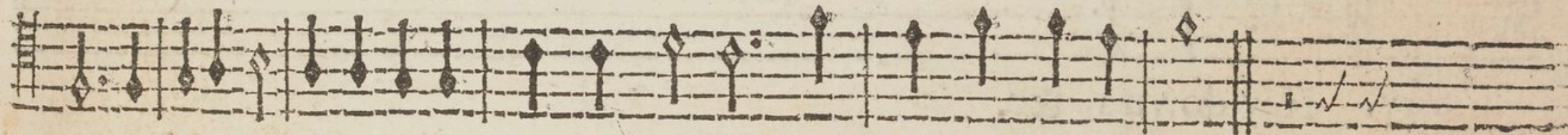
Ow God be with old *Simcon*, for he made Cans for many a one, and a
:S:



goood old man was he : and *linkin* was his Journey-man, and he could

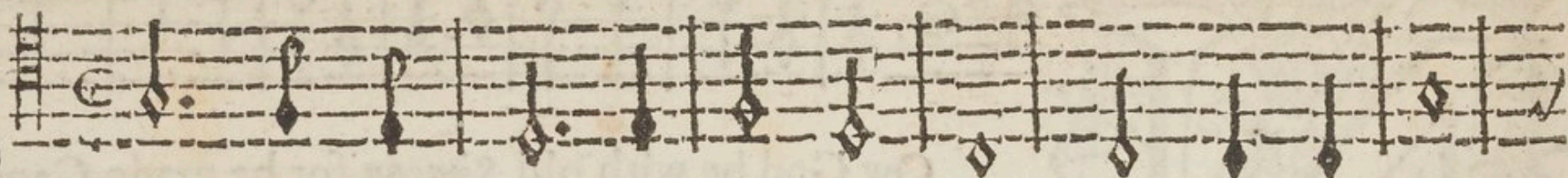


tipple off every Can, and thus he said to mee, To whom drink you? Sir knave, to you. Then



hey ho jolly *linkin*, I spy a knave in drinking, come trole the bole to mee, Now God, &c.

A Canon of 3 Parts in one, of the fifth & ninth. $\frac{S}{\frac{S}{S}}$ $\frac{S}{\frac{S}{S}}$



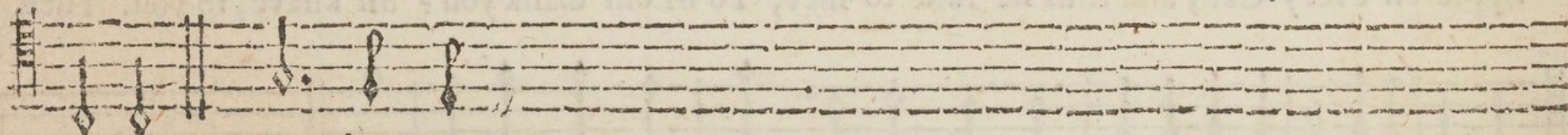
Ey down a down, behold and see, what Song is this,



or how may this bee? Three parts in one, Sing all after



mee, with hey down down a down down a, trole trole the berry, drink and be

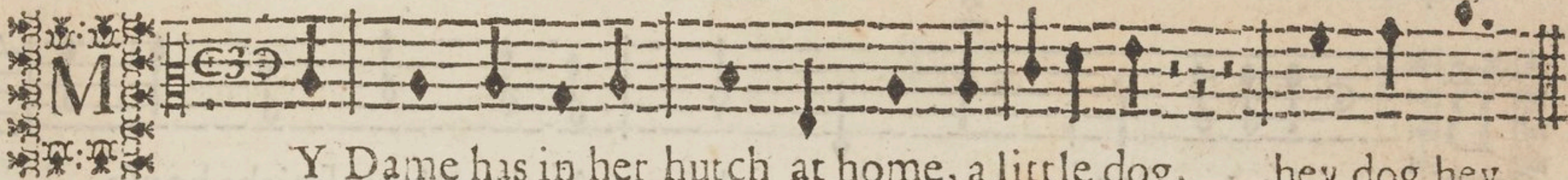


merry. Hey down a, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

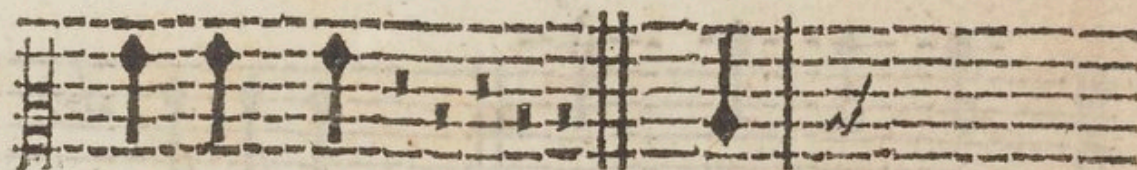
[79]

:S:



Y Dame has in her hutch at home, a little dog, hey dog hey.

Third.

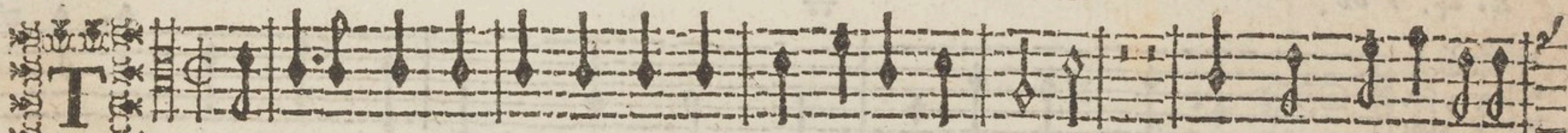


with a clog.

My, &c.

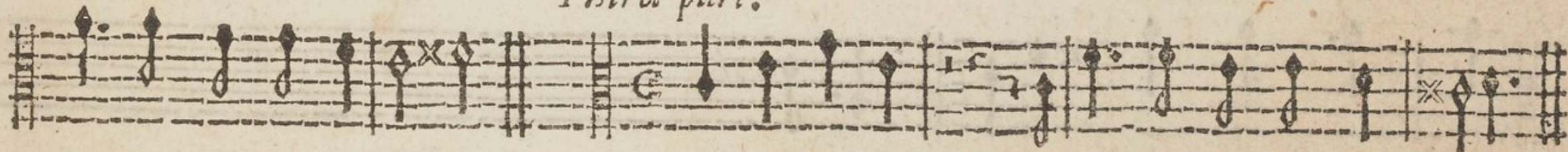
a. 3. Voc.

:S:



Here lies a pudding on the fire, and my part lies therein a. Whom should I call in? O

Third part.



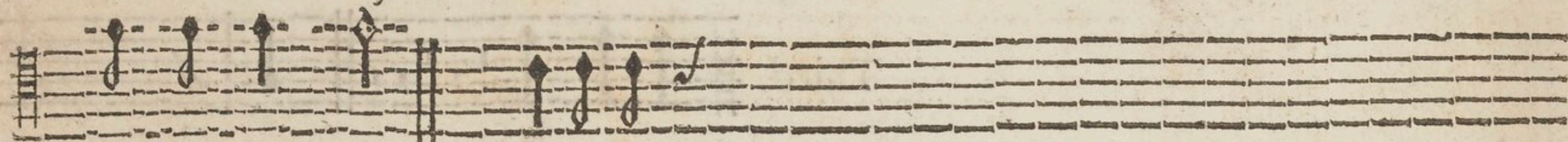
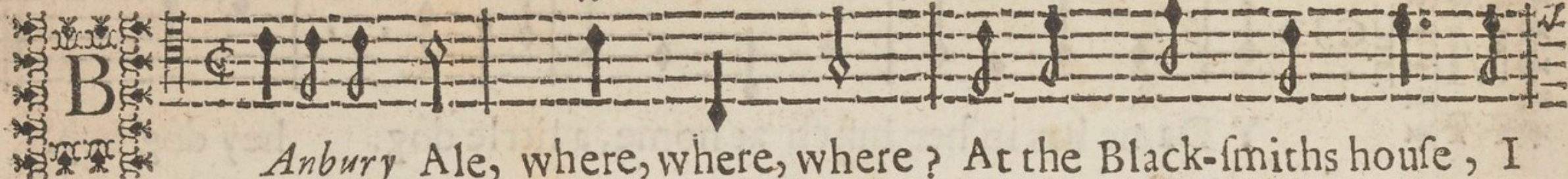
thy good fellows and mine a.

Call in, call in,

O thy good fellows, and mine a.

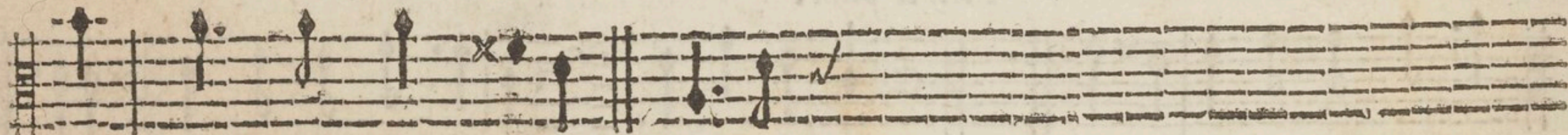
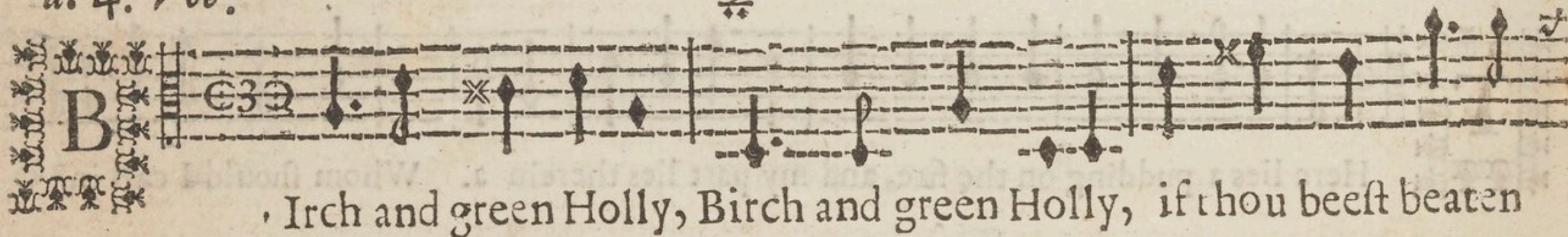
a. 4. Voc.

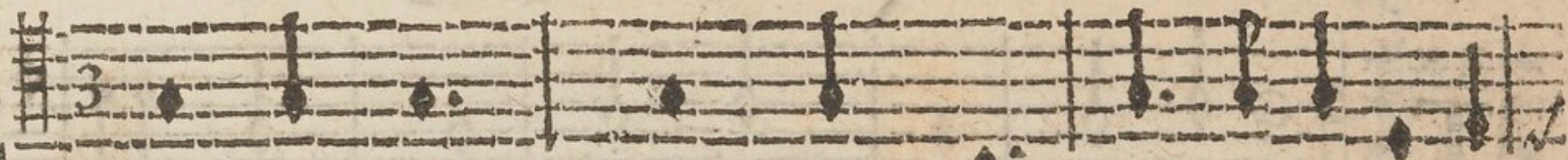
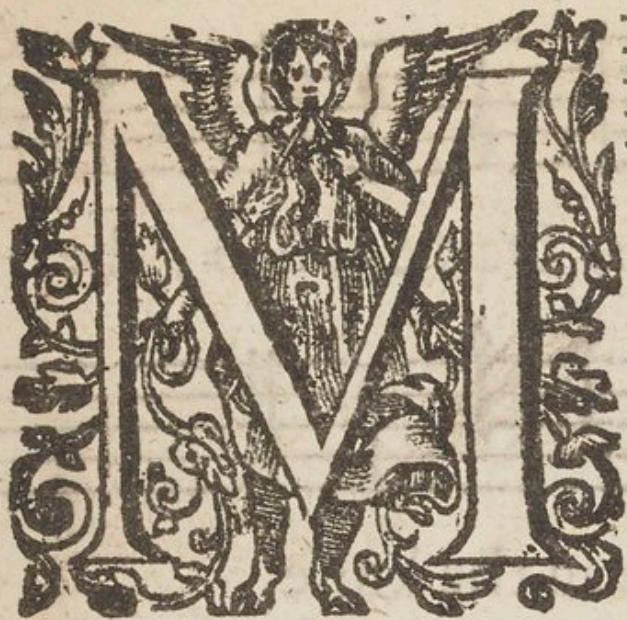
[80]



a. 4. Voc.

S

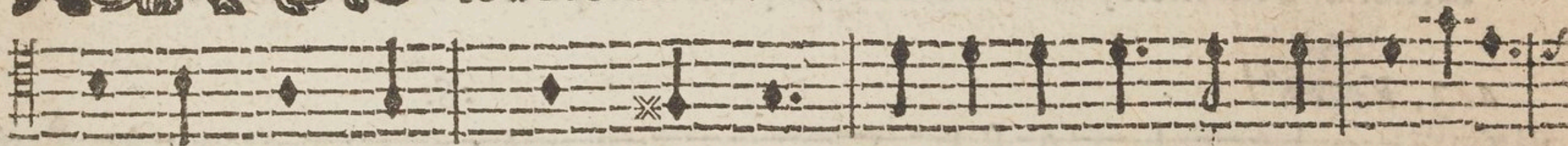




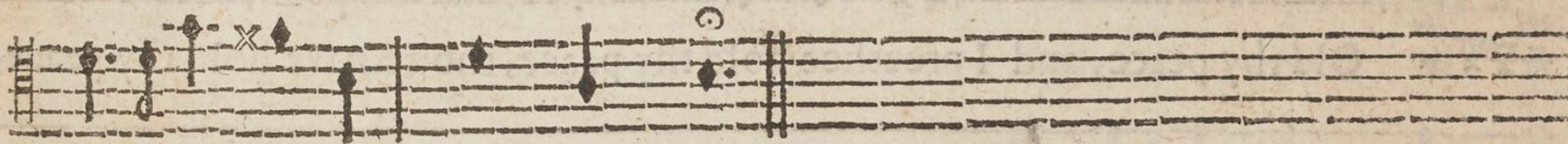
Ault's come down, Mault's come down, from an old Angel



to a French crown: There's never a maid in all this town, but



well she knows that Mault's come down, the greatest drunkards in this town,

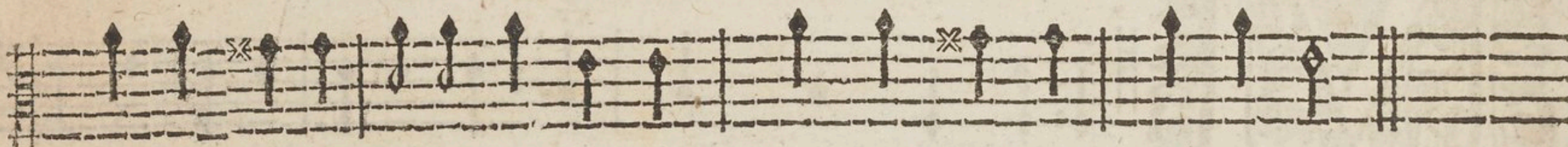
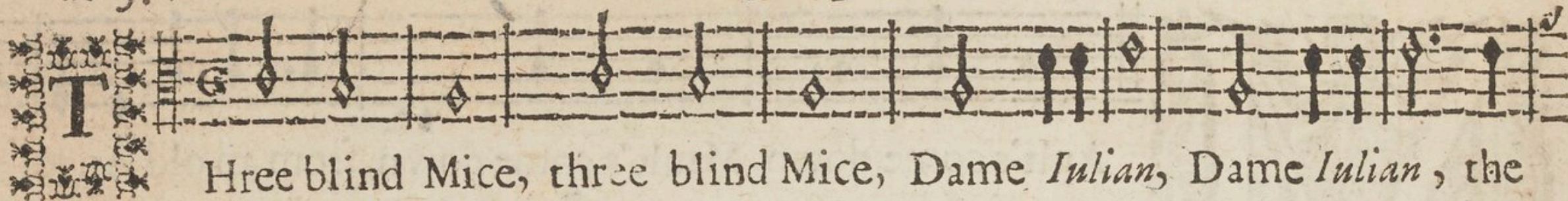


are very glad that Mault's come down.

a. 3. Voc.

[82]

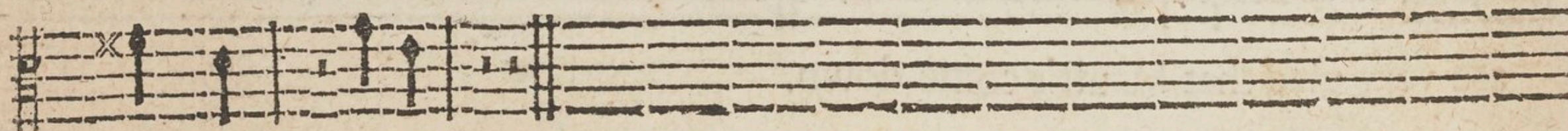
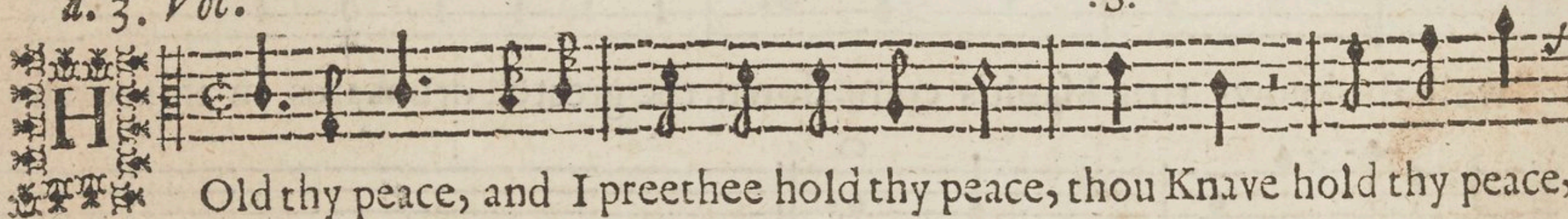
:S:



Miller and his merry old wife, she scrap'd her tripe lick thou the knife.

a. 3. Voc.

:S:

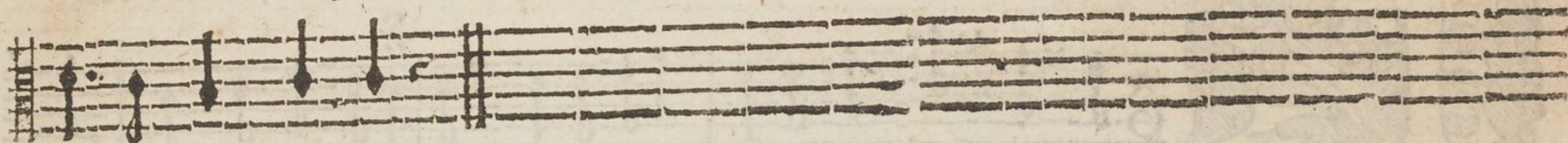
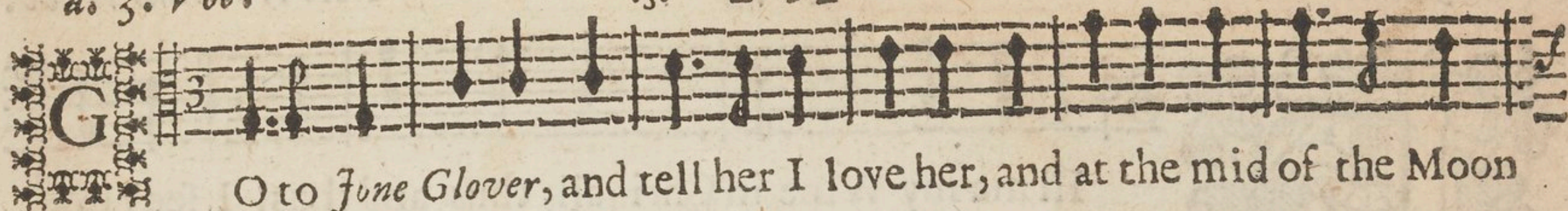


thou Knave thou Knave.

*See Steevens's Shakespeare
Edit. 1778. Vol. 4, p. 194.*

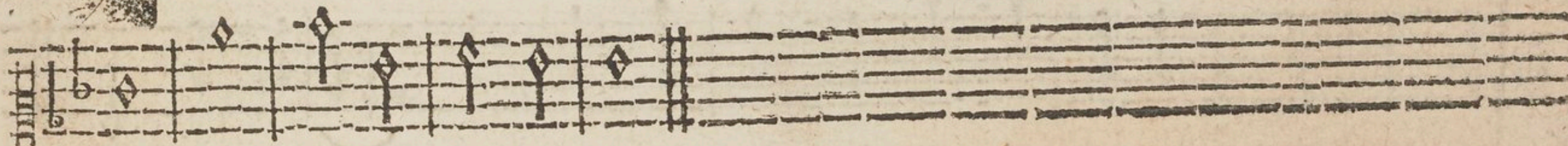
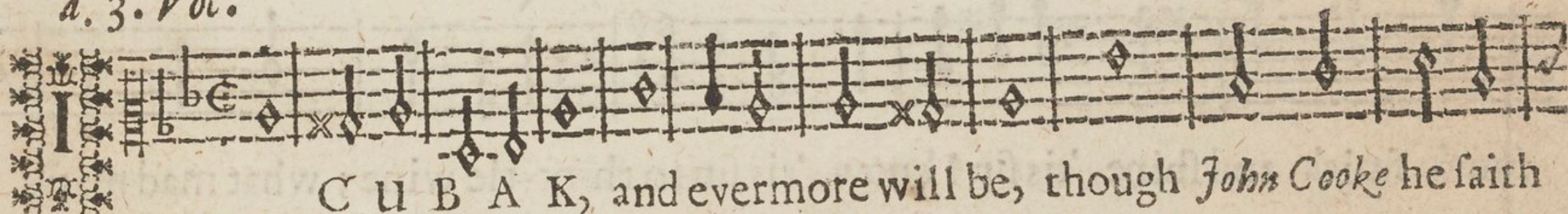
a. 3. Voc.

:s: [83]



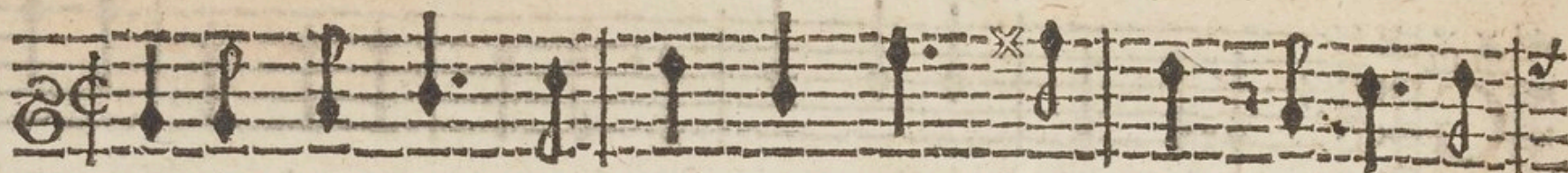
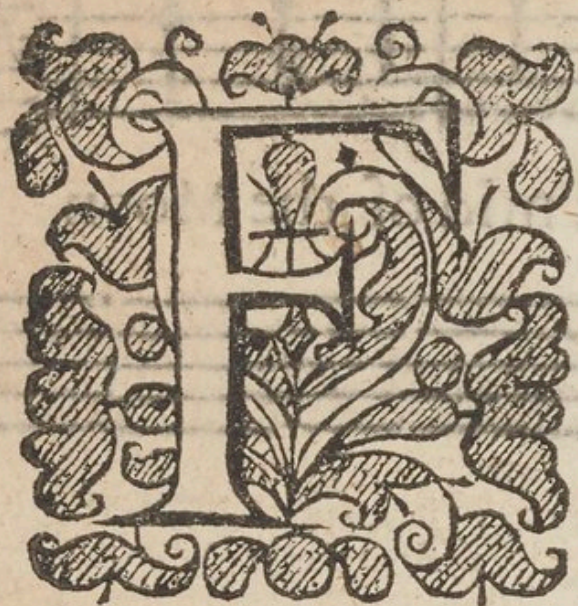
I will come to her.

a. 3. Voc.

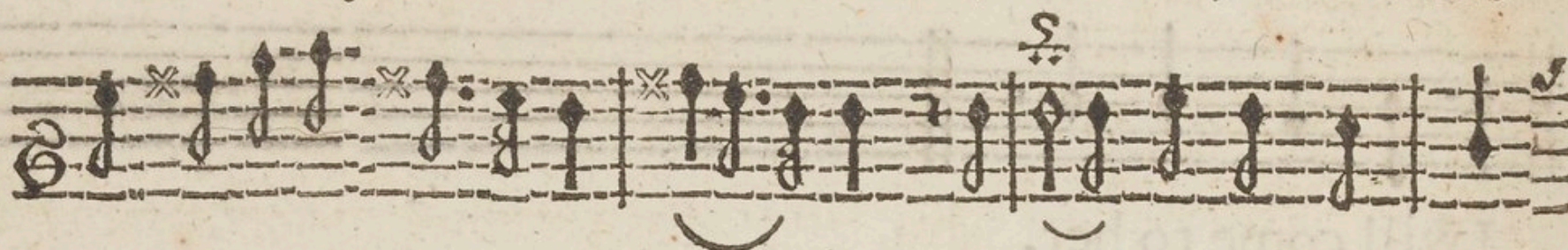


may; O what a Knave is he?

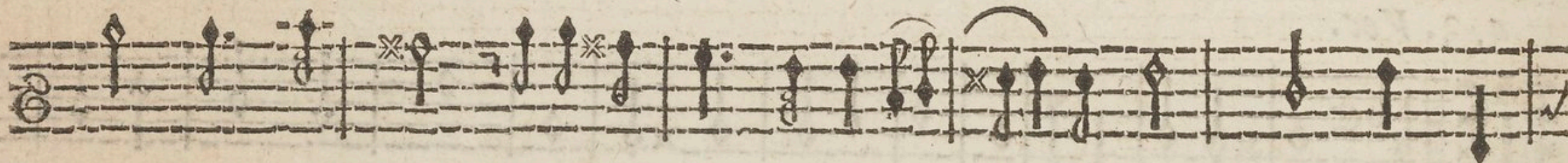
G 2



Ill me my Wine in Chrifall, thus, and thus, I fee'tin's



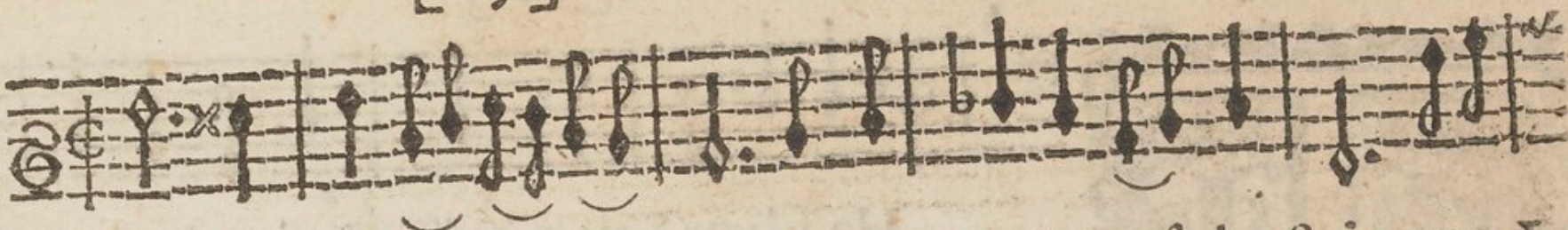
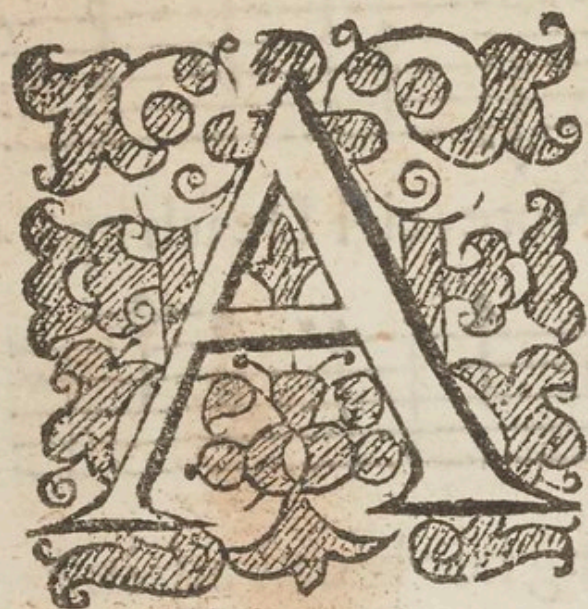
pu-ris na-tu--ra--li-bus un--mixt, I love to have it fmirk,



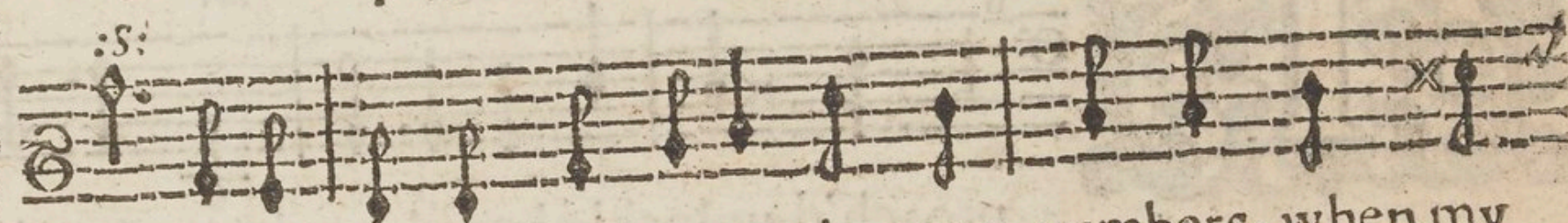
fmirk, fmirk, and shine, 'tis fin I know, 'tis fin to throt-tle wine; what mad man's



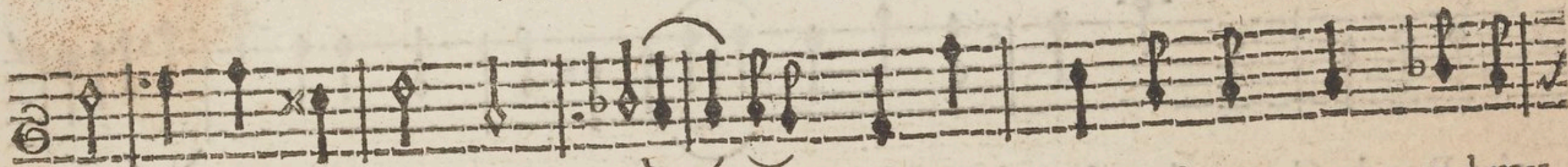
he, that when it sparkles so will cool his flames, or quench his fires with snow.



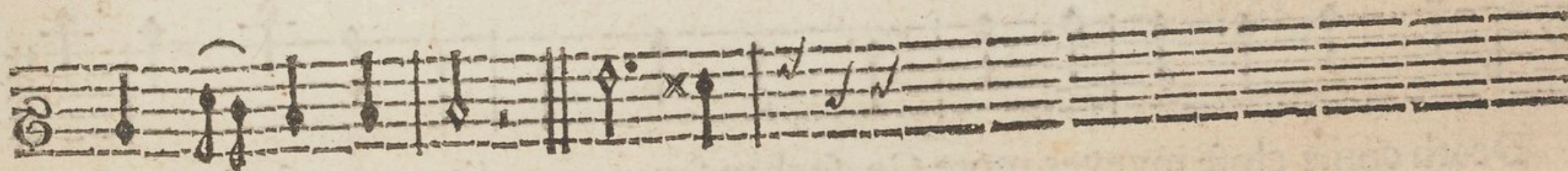
Ask me why I do not sing to the tension of the string as I



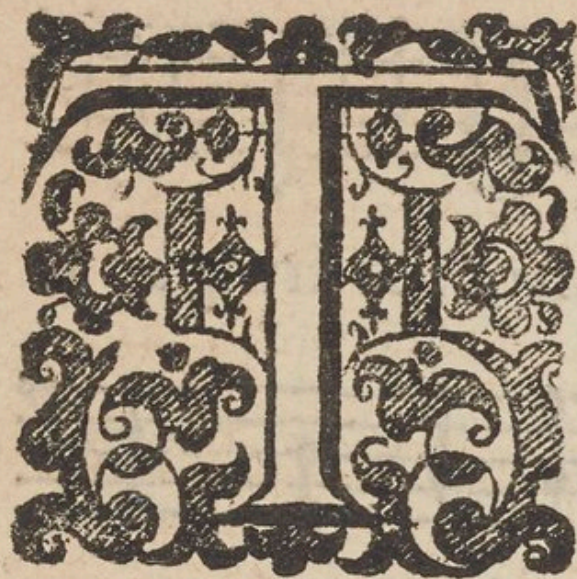
did, as I did not long ago, when my numbers, when my



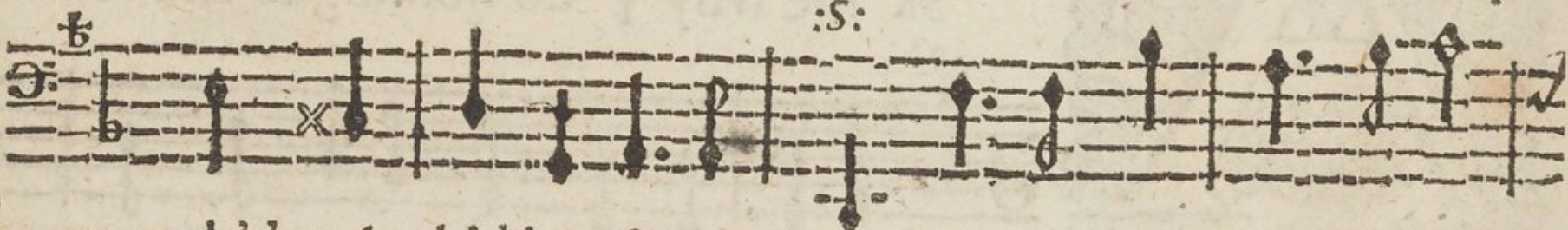
numbers full did flow : Grief (ah me) hath struck my Lute, and my tongue, and my



tongue at one time mute. Ask me, &c.



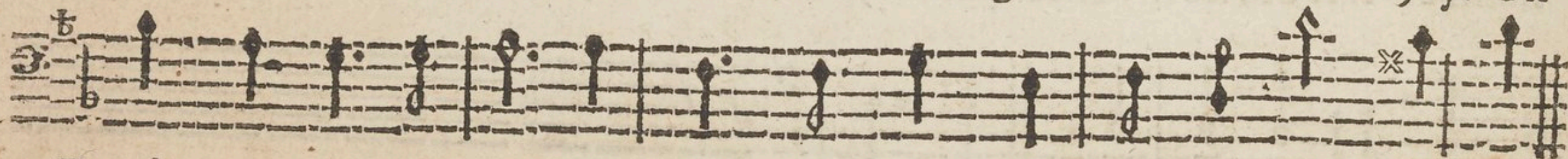
He silver Swan, who living had no Note, till Death ap-



proach'd unlock'd her silent throat, leaning her breast against



the Reedy Shore, thus sung her first and last, & sung no more, farewell all joys: Oh



Death come close my eyes, more Geese than Swans now live, more fools than wise.

a. 3. Voc.

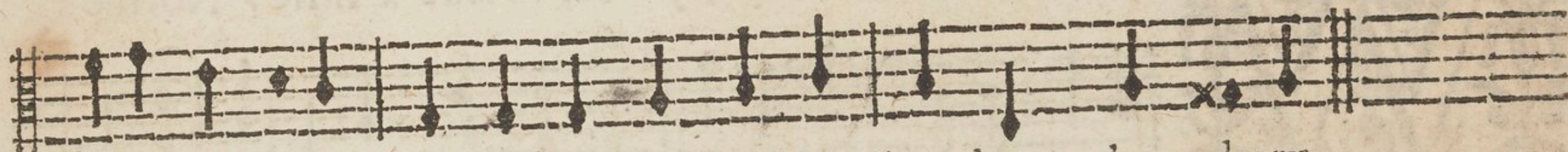
[87]

Mr. Henry Laws.

N



Ow my Lads, now my Lads, now let's be merry : here is old Charingo,



Syder and Perry : then let us dance and sing, hey down, down derry.

a. 4. Voc.

S

Mr. William Laws.

H



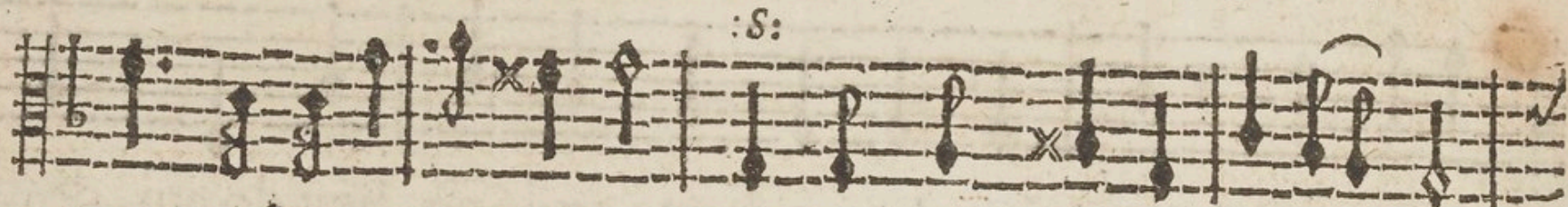
A we to the o-ther world, where 'tis thought they very merry be,



there the man in the Moon drinks Claret, a health to thee and mee.



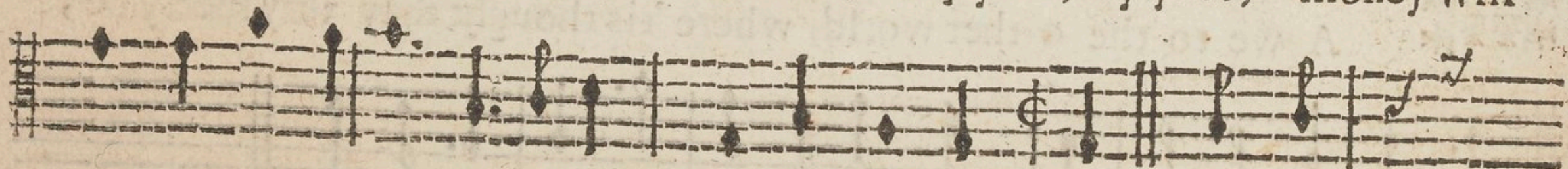
Il't thou lend me thy Mare to ride a mile? No, she's



lame going over a Stile. But if thou wilt her to me spare,



thou shalt have money for thy Mare. Oh, say ye so, say ye so, money will



make my Mare to go, money will make my Mare to go. Wilt thou, &c.



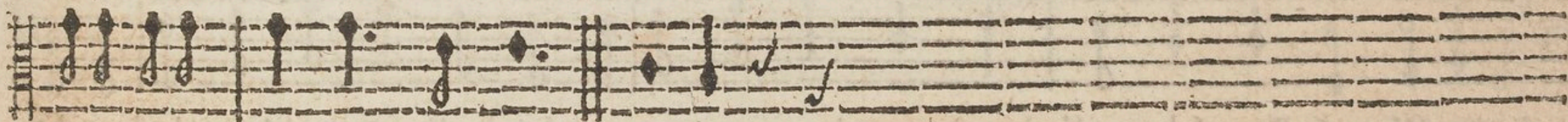
Ey hoe, hey hoe, hearts delight, strong Ale is good in



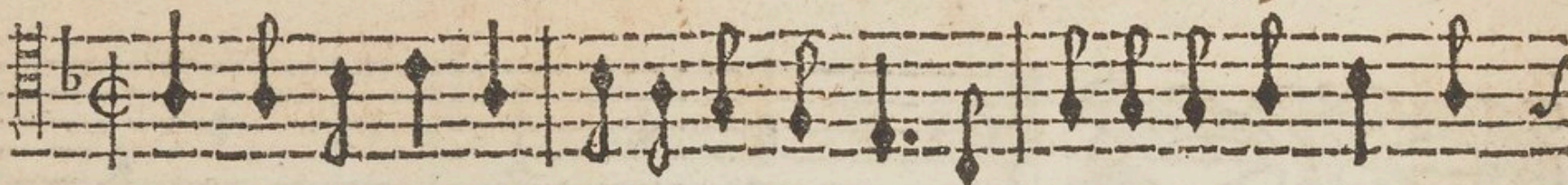
Winter; do a fair Maid up-on a Brasse Pot, and the Childe



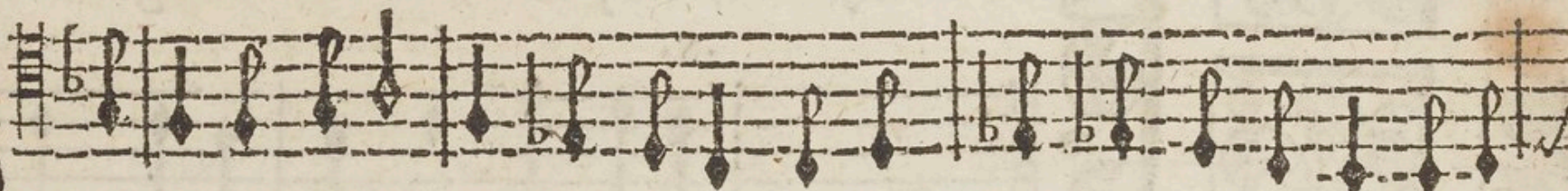
will prove a Tinker, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tera tink, tink, tink



tera re-ra rink, tink, tink, tink. Hey hoe, &c.

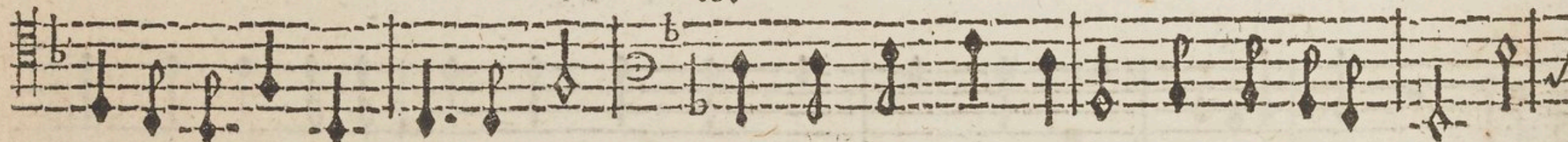


Arch bravely on boys, never be dismay'd, our E-nemies are gon boys,



and are well apaid; let them away, since that we have got the day, we have

:S:



time for to drink, and wash the brain.

Now Souldiers come below, shew your valour here, see,



her'es Wine & Beer (that will chear) come boys, come away, drink all round without de-lay, this

a. 3. Voc.

[91]



Liquor will our healths maintain. Beat up Alumni we the field have won, found out our

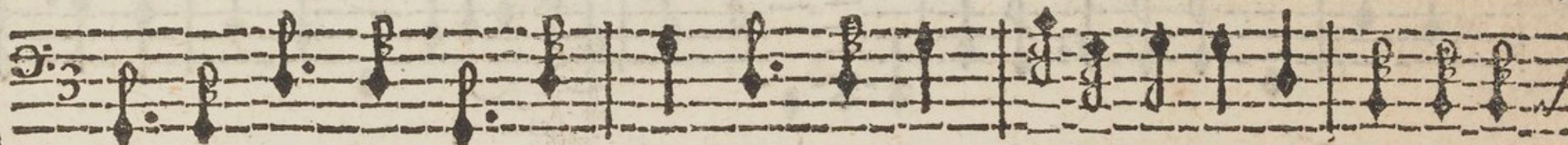


Trumpets, Oh bravely done! Now all our Foes are shot and slain, we'll never to the Wars again

a. 6. Voc.

:S:

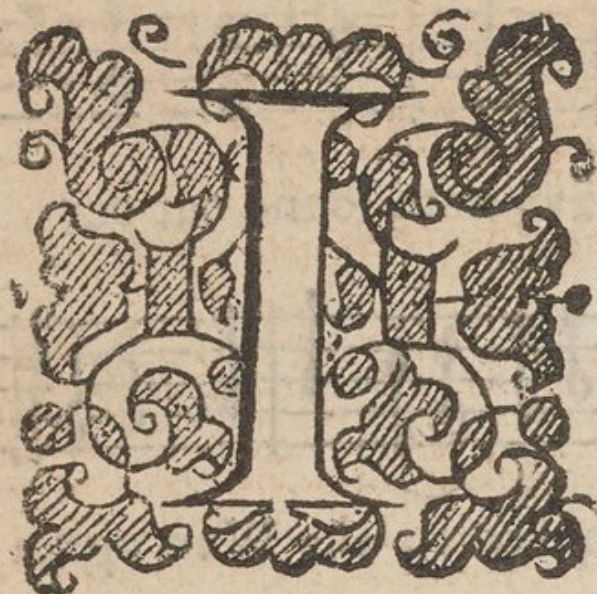
Mr, William Laws.



Ars are our delight, we drink as we fight, tarra, ra, ra, ra, dub a dub,



dub a dub, dub bounce, tantarra, ran, tan, tan.



F any so wise is that Sack he despises, let him drink his smal



beer and be so-ber, whil'ft we drink Sack, and sing as if it were Spring,



he shall droop like the trees in October. But be sure o-ver night if this dog do you bite, you

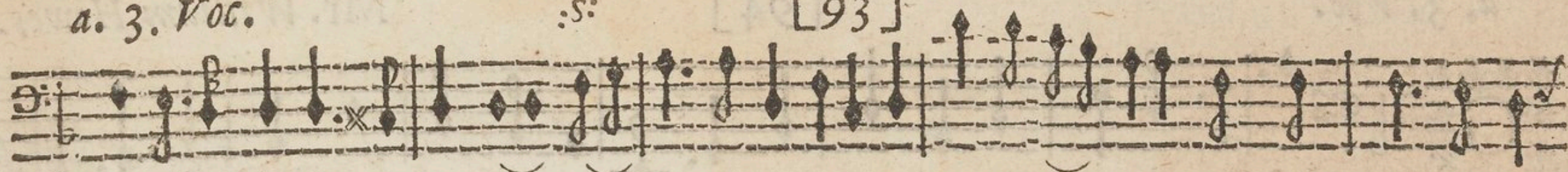


take it henceforth for a warning, soon as out of your bed, to settle your head, take a

a. 3. Voc.

:S:

[93]



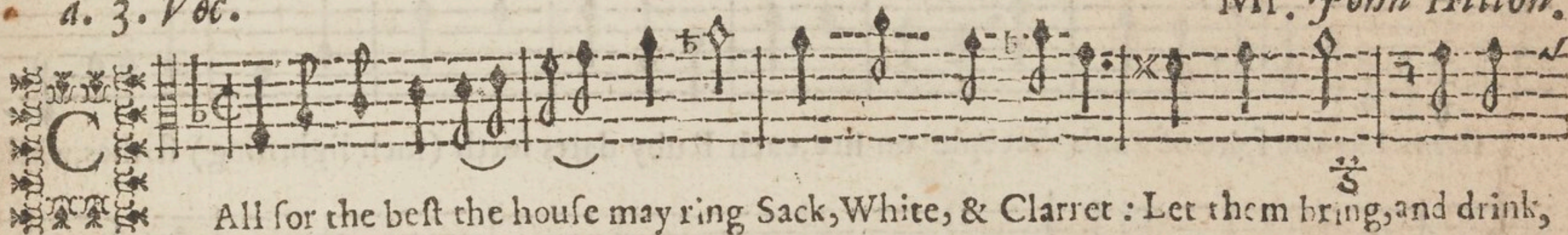
hair of his tayl in the mor-ning, and be not so si-lly to fol-low old Lilly, for there's nothing but



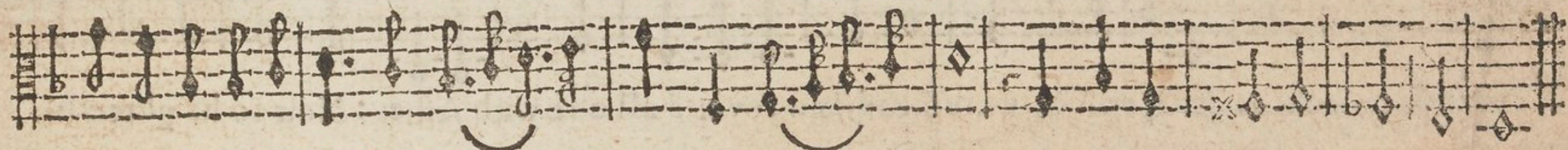
Sack that can tune us; let his *ne-assuescas* be put in his cap case, and sing *bi bi-to vi-num Je-ju-nus*.

a. 3. Voc.

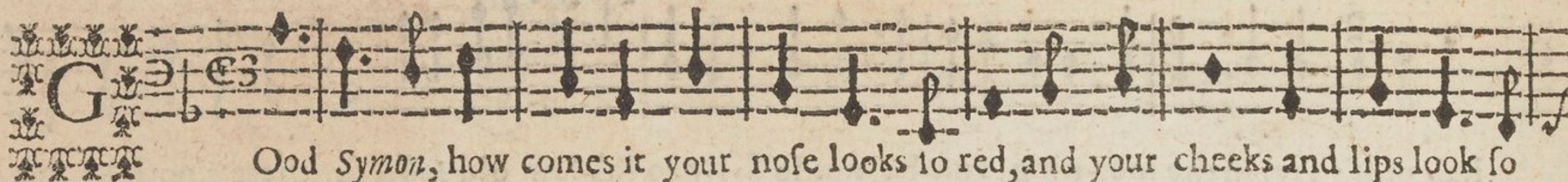
Mr. John Hilton.



All for the best the house may ring Sack, White, & Clarret : Let them bring, and drink,



apace, & drink apace, while breth you have, while breth you have, you'l find but cold drink in the grave.



a. 3. Voc.

[95]



colour, yet fill his pot, fill his pot fuller, and nick it not so with froth: Gra-mercy mine

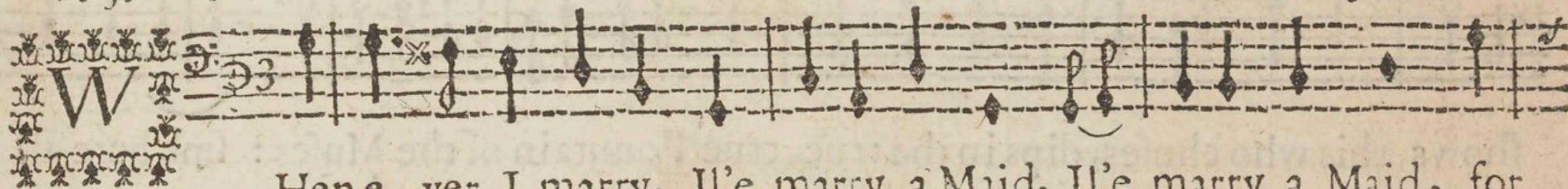


Host, it shall save thee a Toast, sup *Symon* for here is good Broth. Good *Symon*, &c.

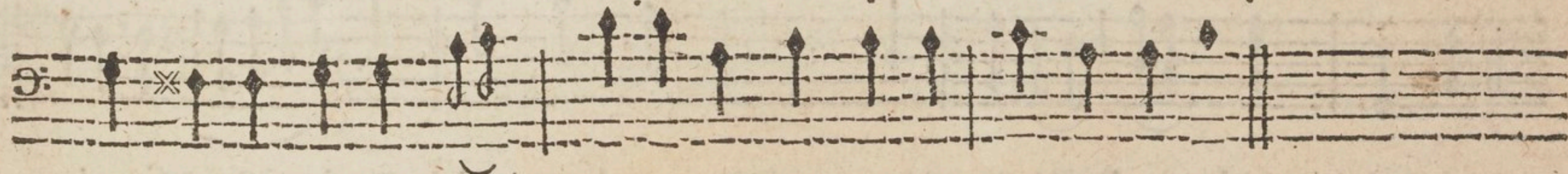
a. 3. Voc.

:S:

Mr. John Hilton.



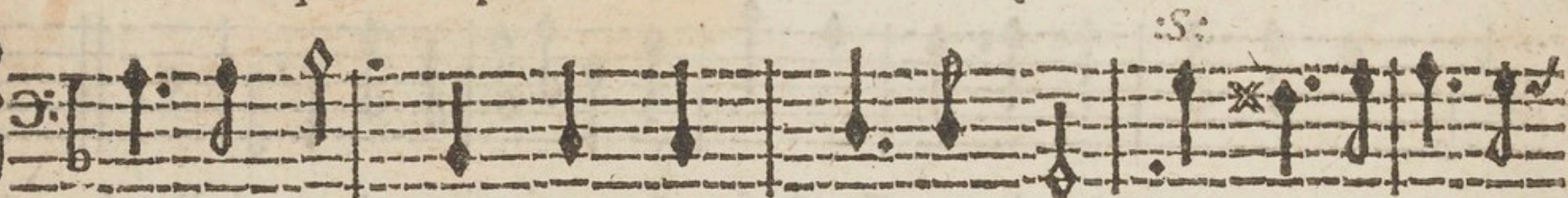
Hene--ver I marry, Il'e marry a Maid, Il'e marry a Maid, for



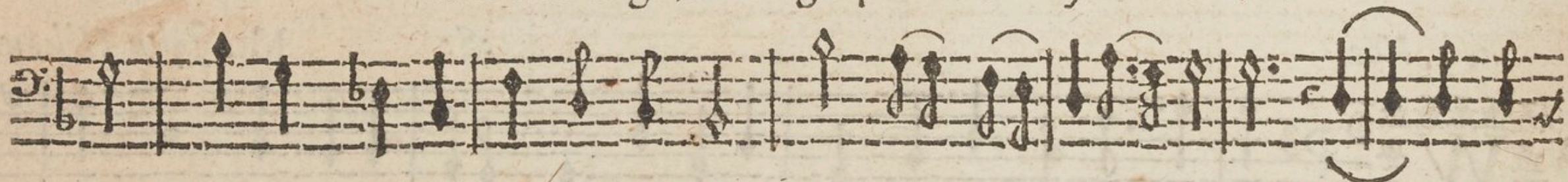
Widows are wilful, for Widows are wilful, and will be obey'd.



Come quaffe apace this brisk Canary Wine, better then



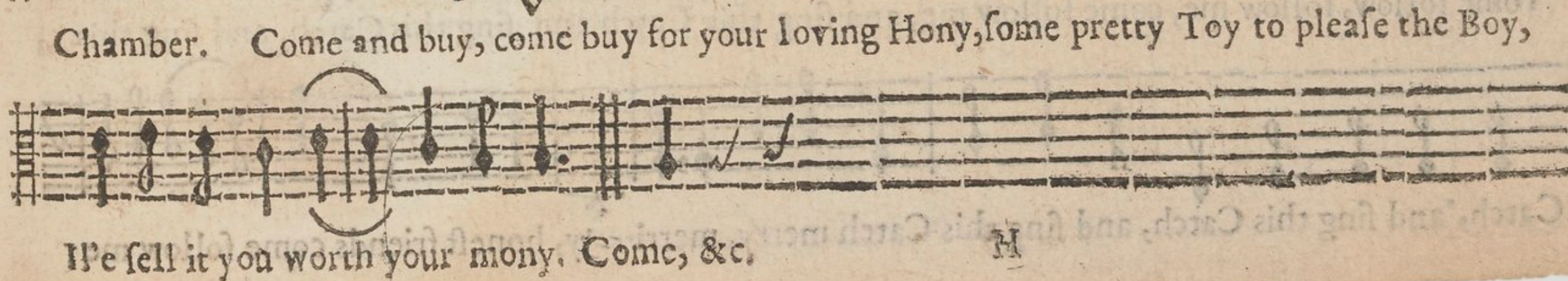
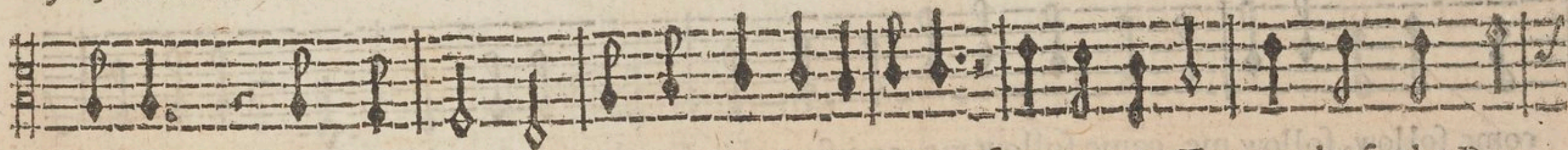
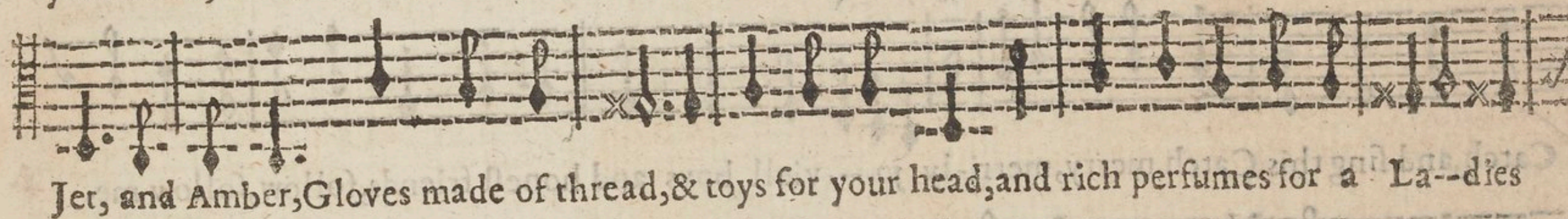
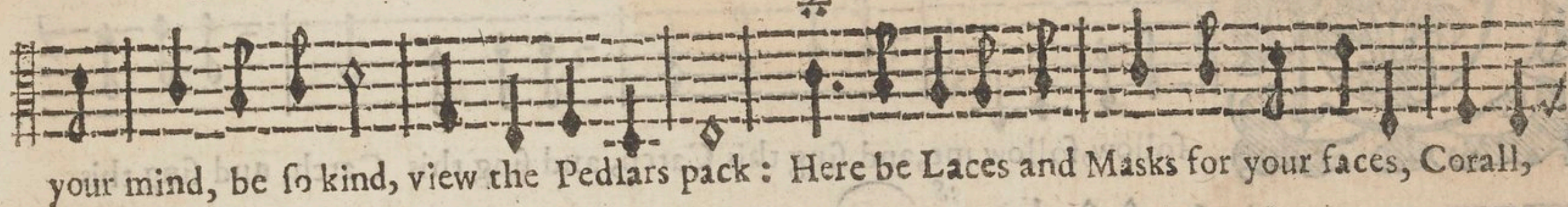
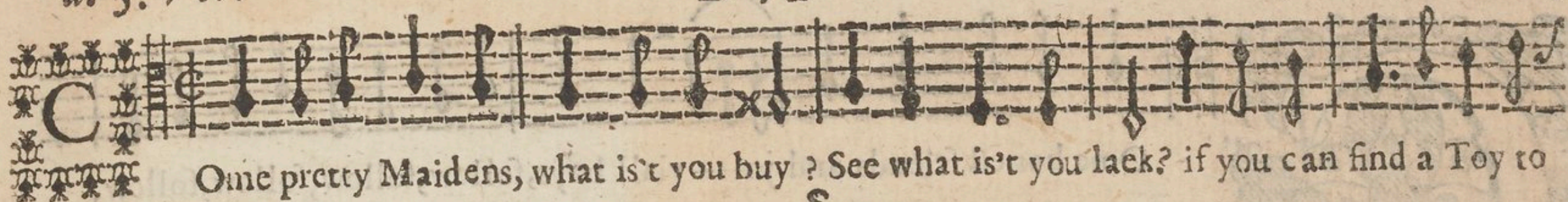
that the high, the high priz'd *Lesbyan* Vine, or *Fat Falernum*

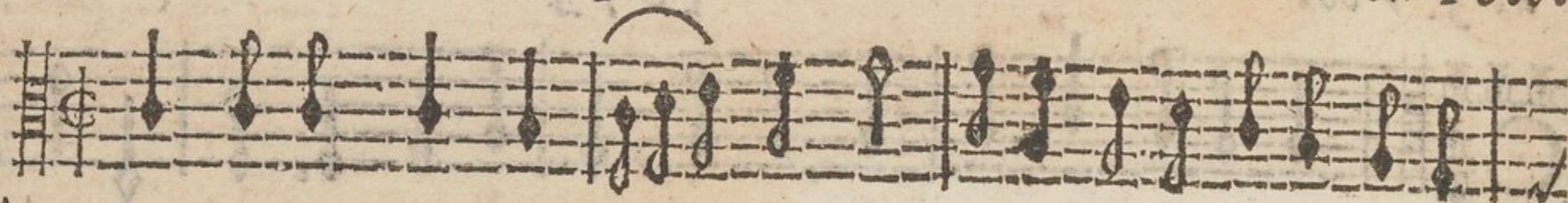


shows, this who chuses, dips in the true, true Fountain of the Muses: sink here all

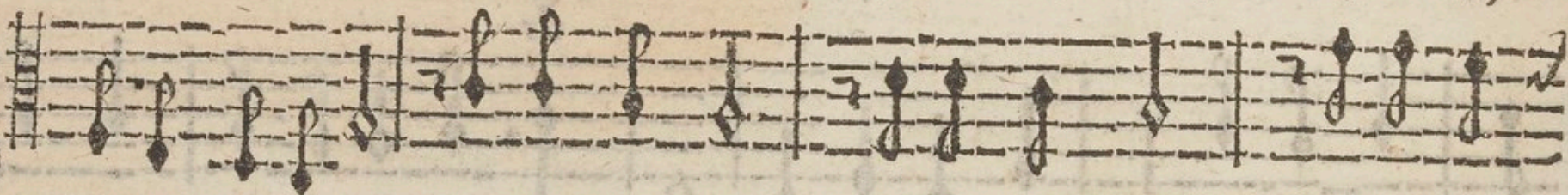


care with mirth wee'll fill the Scean, and like mad Greekish Gods pisse *Mintalyne*.





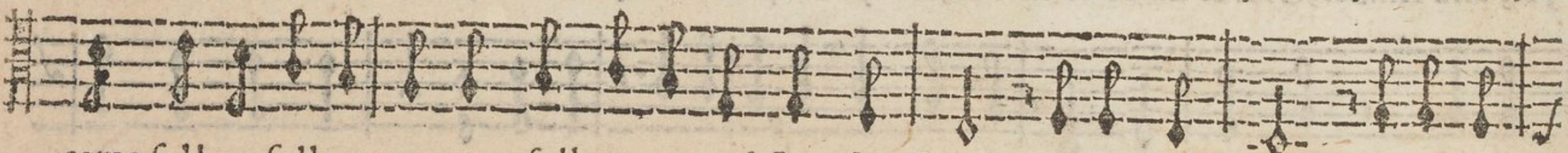
Ome honest friends and jo---viall boys, follow, follow, follow, follow,



follow, follow me, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this



Catch, and sing this Catch merry, merri-ly jo---viall boys and honest friends, follow, follow me,

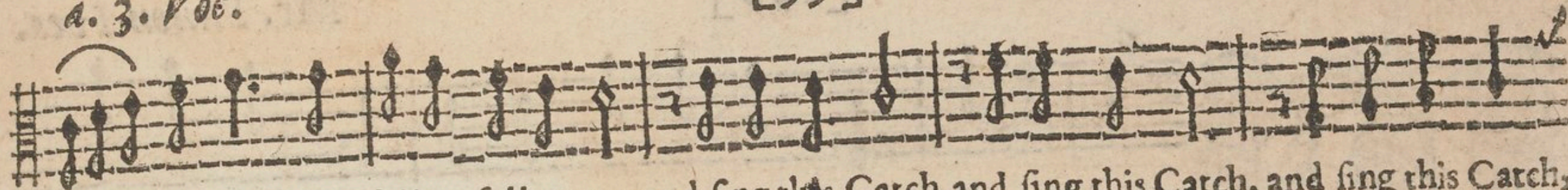


come follow, follow me, come follow me, and sing this Catch and sing this Catch, and sing this

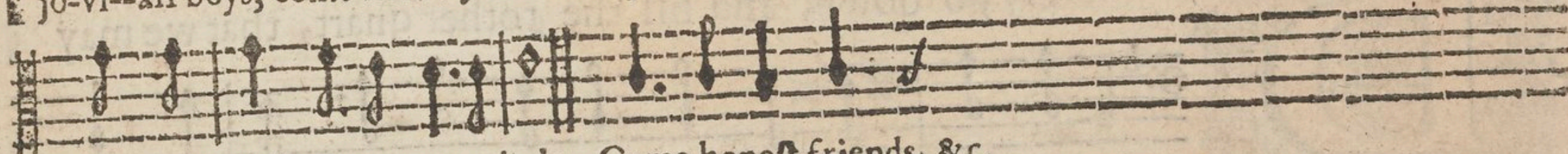


Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch merry, merri-ly, honest friends come follow me

a. 3. Voc.



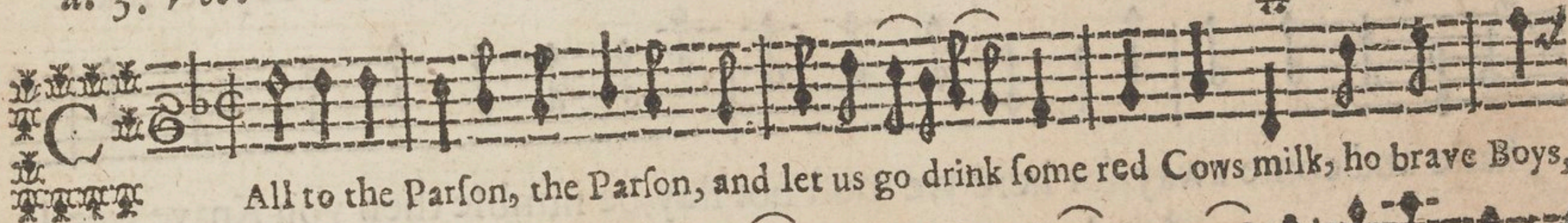
jo-vi--all boys, come follow, follow me, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch,



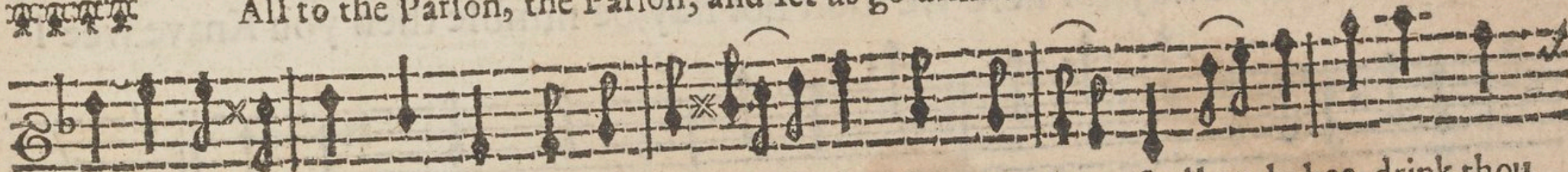
sing this Catch, merry, merri-ly. Come honest friends, &c.

Dr. John Wilson.

a. 3. Voc.



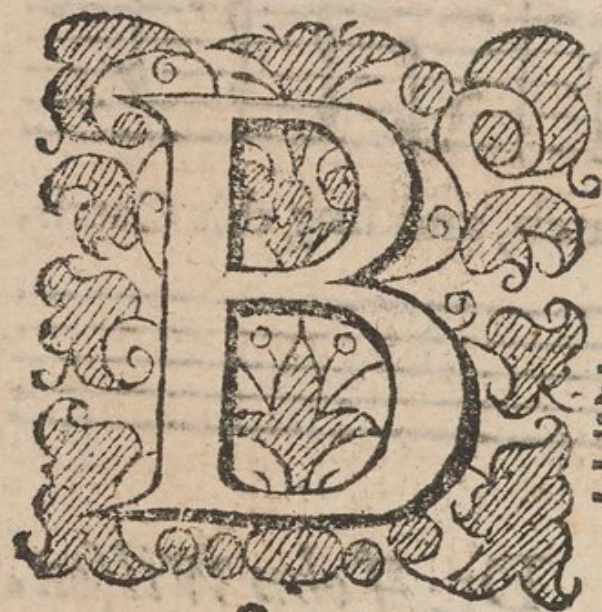
All to the Parson, the Parson, and let us go drink some red Cows milk, ho brave Boys,



or Sack of the best, then glide to the chappel of rest, where our Song shall on-ly bee, drink thou



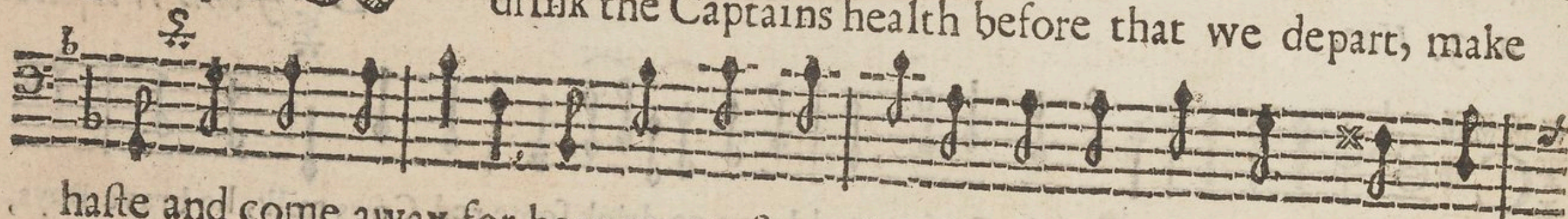
to mee, and I to thee, and then. Call, &c.



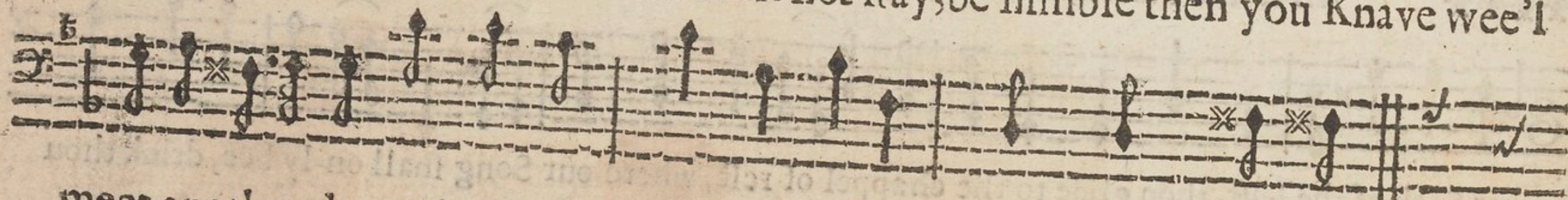
Oy go down, and fill the rother quart, that we may



drink the Captains health before that we depart, make



haste and come away, for here we must not stay, be nimble then you Knave wee'l

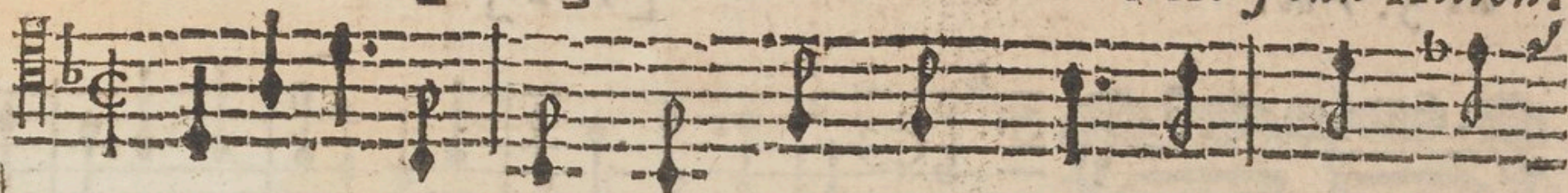
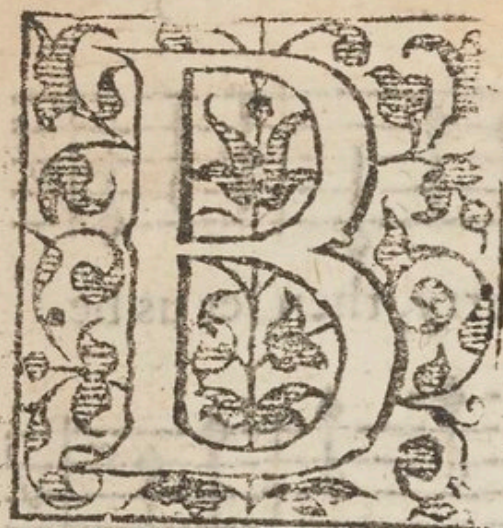


meet another day, Oh do not frown you arrant Clown, when we cry. Boy, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

[101]

Mr. John Hilton.

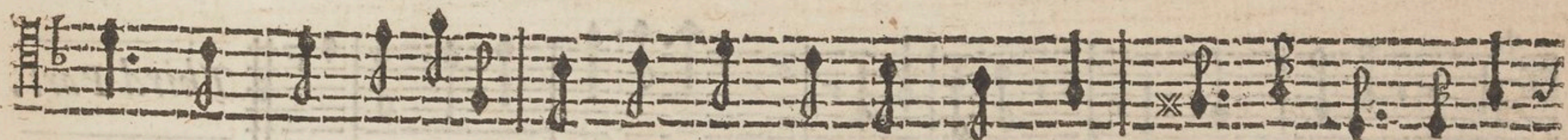


Oy go up and see what makes them mad, they throw my

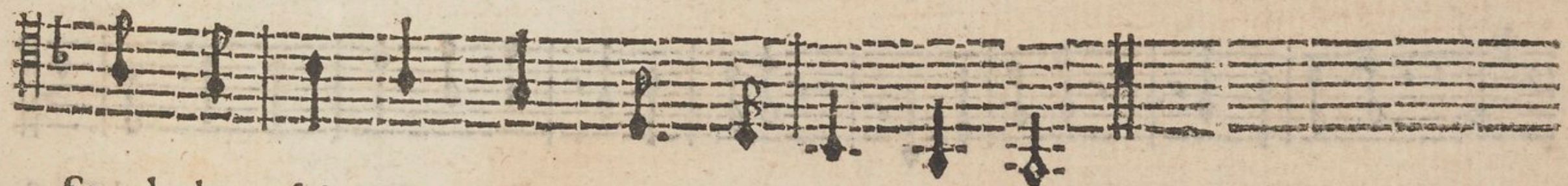
:S:



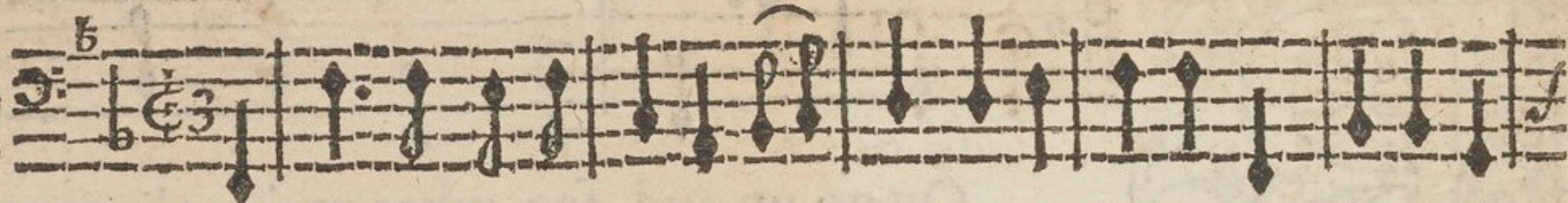
fools, like drunken fools as many none they had, be nimble



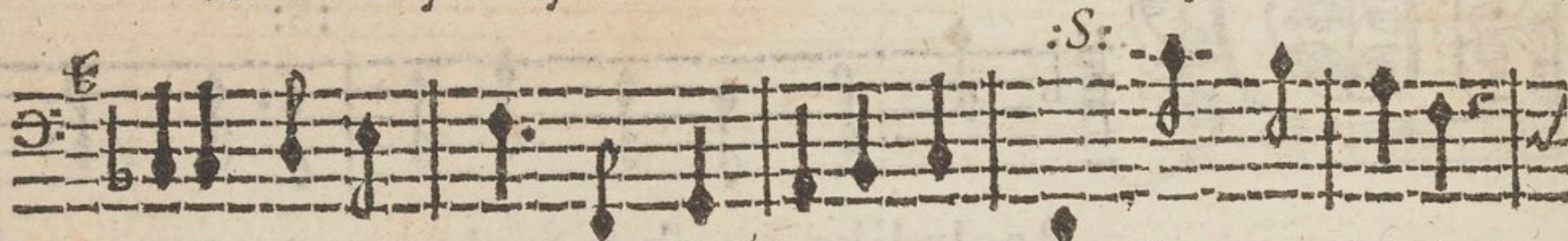
then they'l meet another day, and then they all shall know what they left to pay:



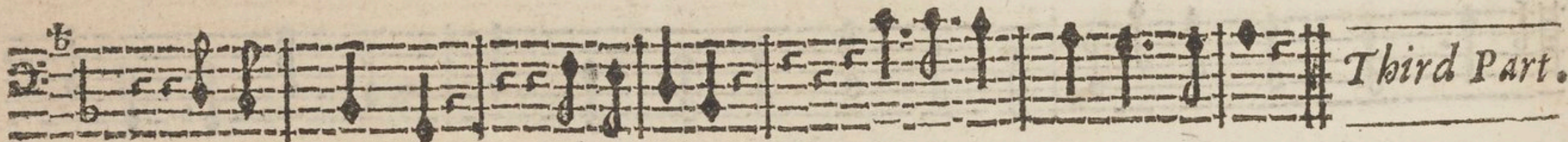
Speak them fair thou Clown, pray them all come down.



His Ale my bony Lads is as brown as a berry, then let us be

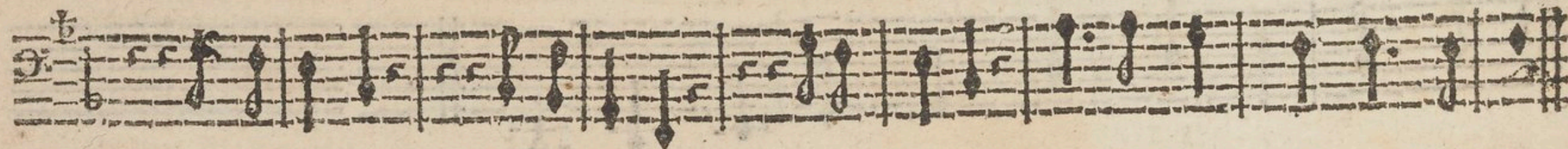


merry here an Houre, and drink it ere it's sowre, here's to thee Lad,

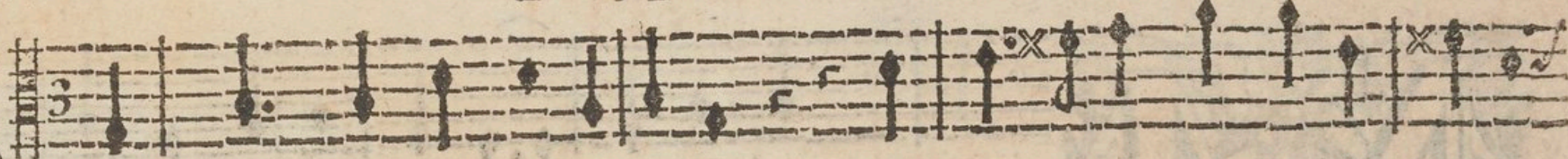


Third Part.

to my Thumb boy drink it off Sir Fill my Host *Tome's* Pot and Toast



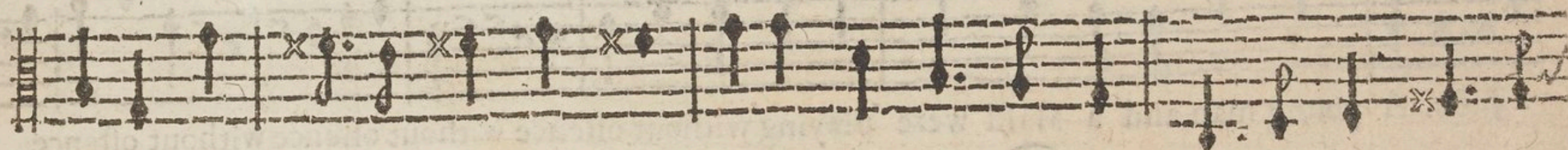
Come to me Lad, let it come Boy, 'tis enough Sir, Fill my Host *Tome's* Pot and Toast.



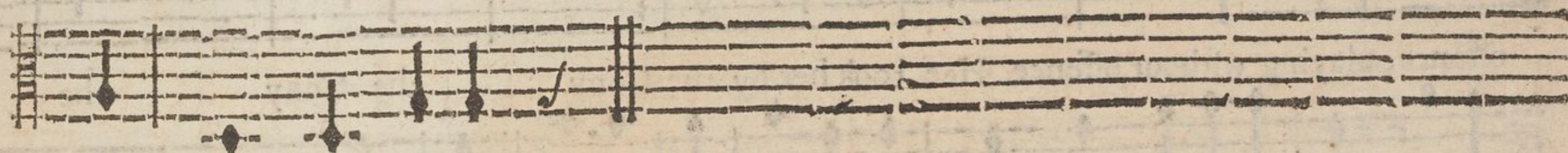
Hy should not we all be merry, our Ale is as brown as a Berry?



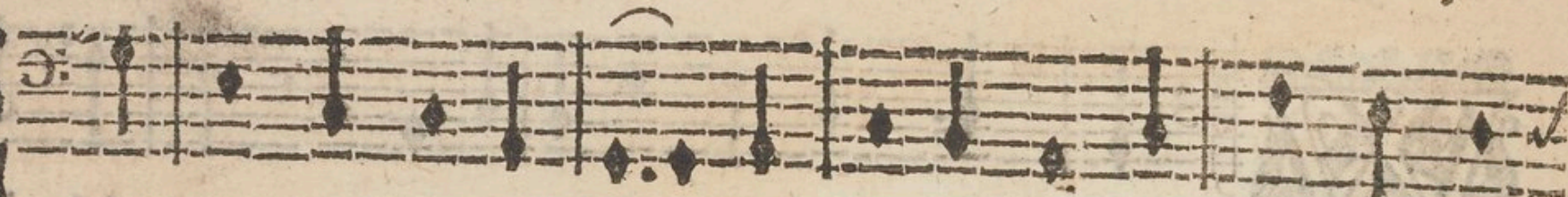
what then should be the thing, should hinder us to sing hey down derry down



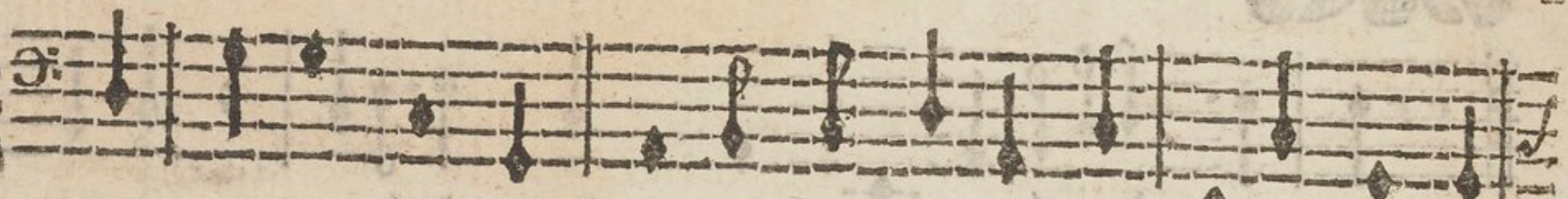
derry, hey down a down hey down derry, hey down a down down a down down a



down down down derry. Why, &c.



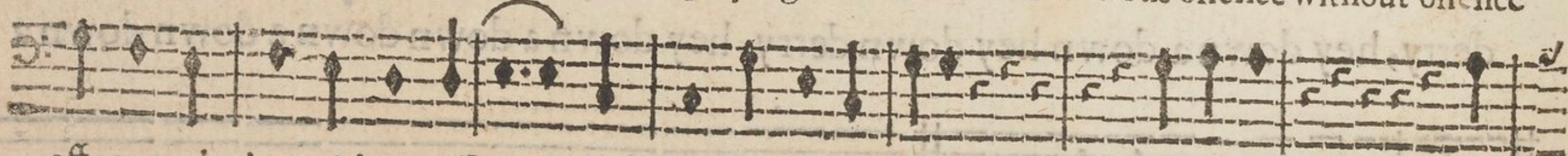
Ark how these Knavish Rests good earnest makes of Jests, Mark how



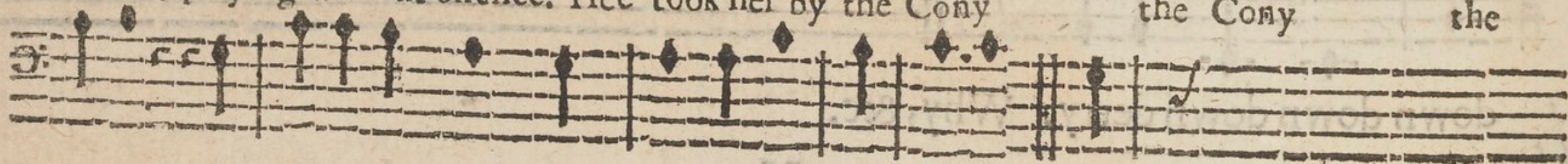
these Knavish Rests good earnest good earnest good earnest makes of



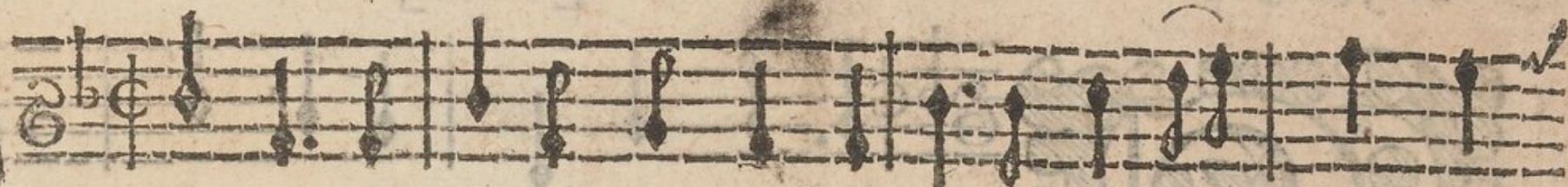
Jests. A young man and a Maid were playing without offence without offence without offence



offence, playing without offence. Hee took her by the Cony the Cony the

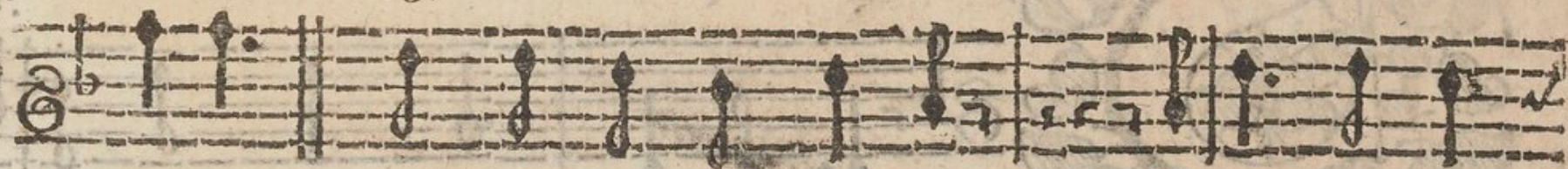


Cony the Conyskin Musse which cost her eighteen pence. Mark, &c.]

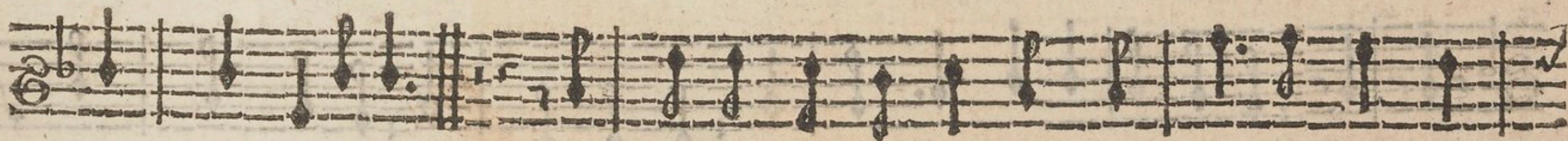


Ey hoe, behold, I will shew a Pye or Par-rate, chuse you

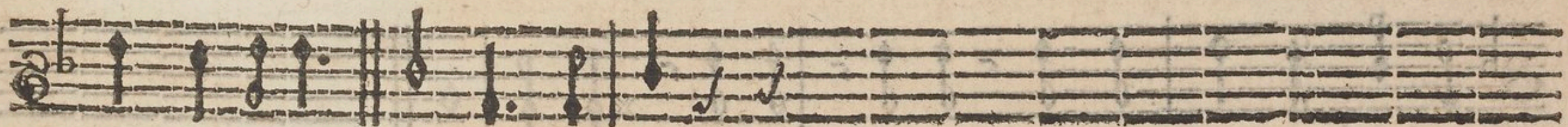
:S:



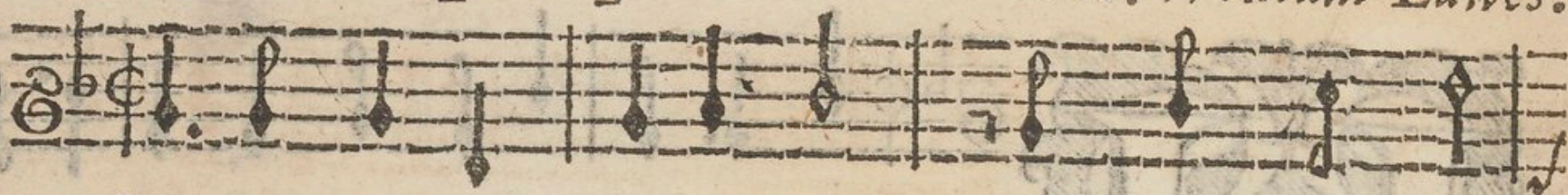
whether. Now he prattles, look hoe, then we may both



shake hands together. Thon pratest like a Cuckoo, then we may both shake



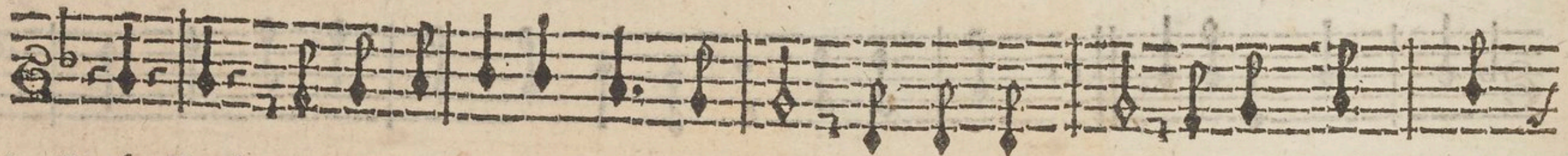
hands together. Hey hoe, behold, &c.



Ee how Cawoods Dragon looks which frights from far



the Northen Rooks, which like to fatal Ravens cry Pork,



Pork, Pork to prey upon my Lord of York, but we have guns against their Plots

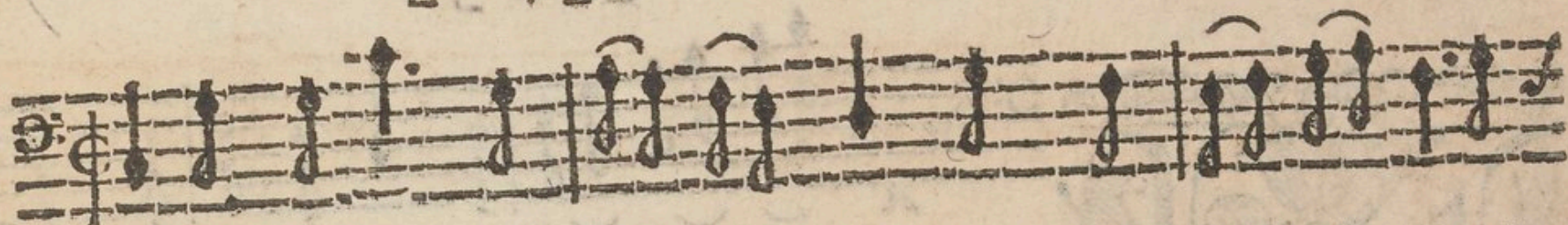
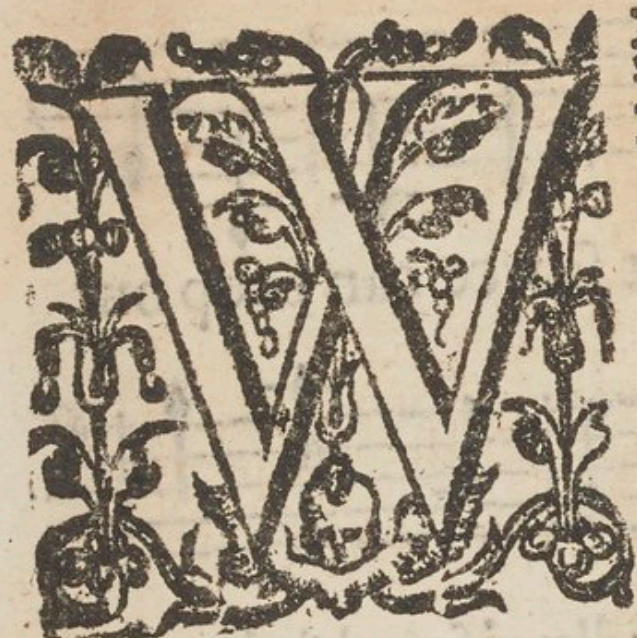


and those that cry Cawood Cawood Cawood fears you not.

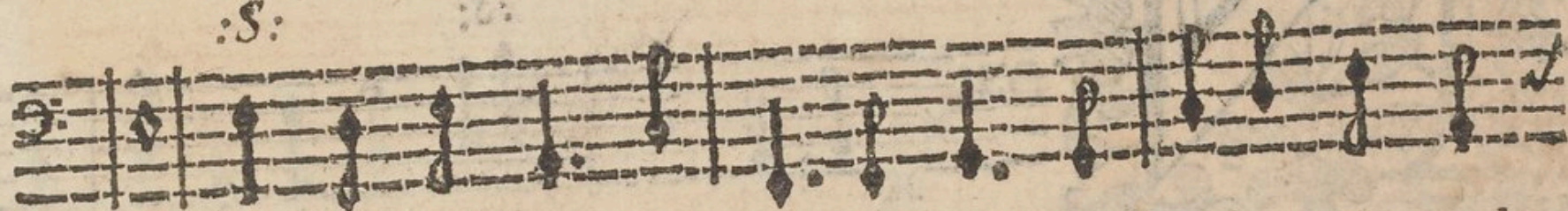
a. 3. Voc.

[107]

Mr. George Holmes.



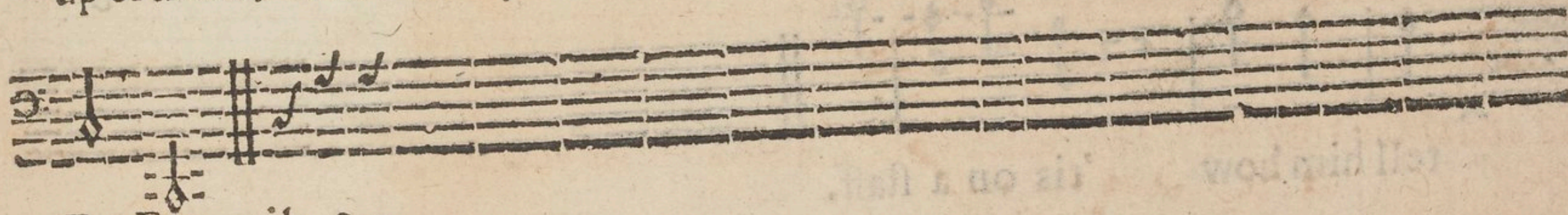
Willst thou be Fat? I'll tell thee how thou shalt quickly do the
:S:



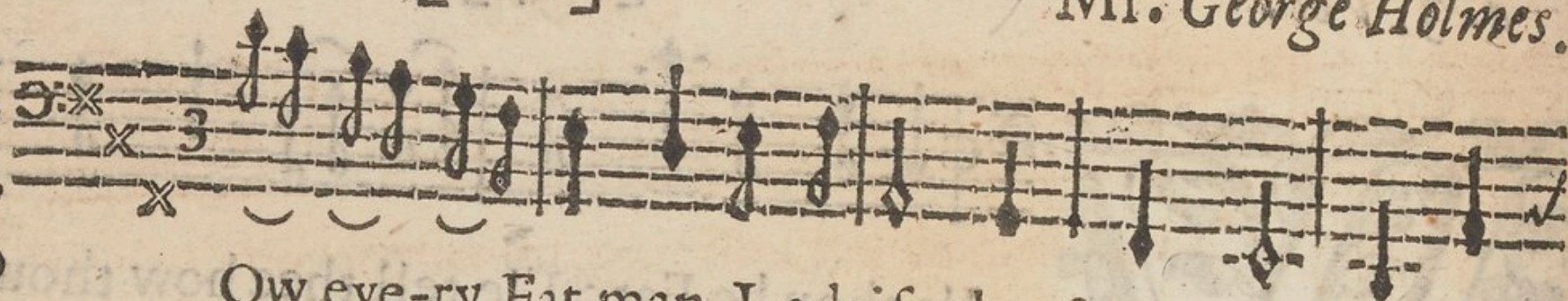
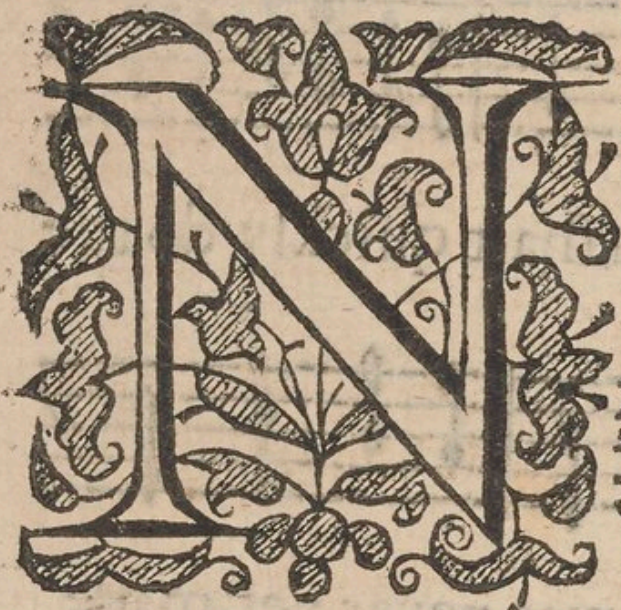
feat, and that so plump a thing as thou was never yet, made



up of meat; drink off thy Sack 'twas onely that made *Bacchus* and *Jack Falstaff*



Fat Fat. wilt, &c.



Ow eve-ry Fat man I advise that scarce can peep out



of his eyes, which being set can hardly rise; drink off



drink off his Sack and freely quaff, 'twil make him lean, but make me laugh to



tell him how 'tis on a staff.

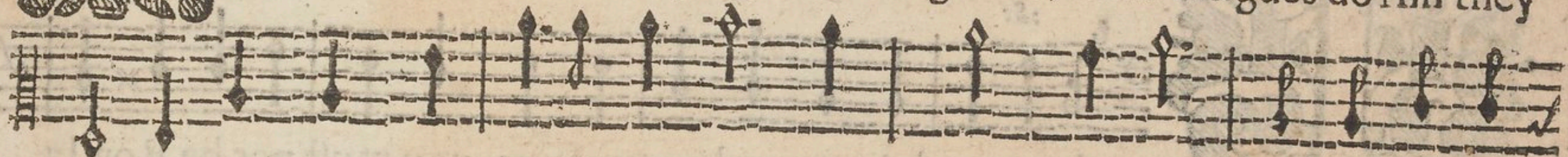
a. 3. Voc.

[109]

Mr. Edmund Nelbarn.



Hen women a Gossiping meet together, their tongues do run they



wot not whether, their Noses be sharp, their Tongues be long, Twittle twattle



Twittle Twattle Twattle is all their Song. When, &c.

a. 4. Voc.

S

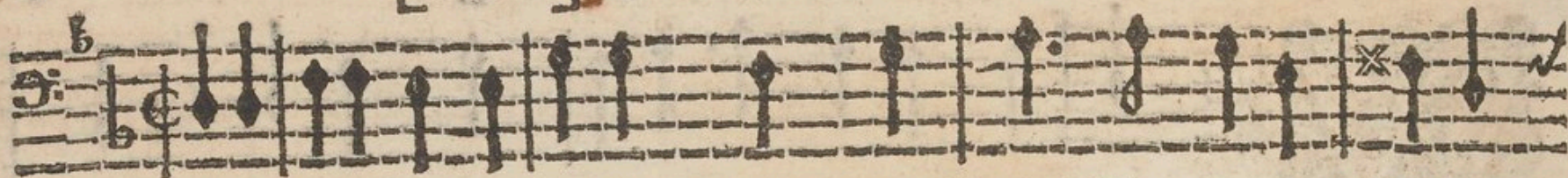


Fall better as Women say, the night as good as is the day, If, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

[110]

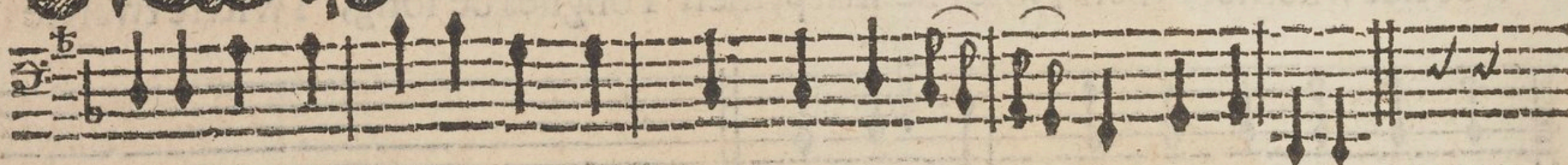
Mr. William Lawes.



T is folly to be jolly when you should be melancholy,



then condole ye, and controle ye, you must not be Rowly

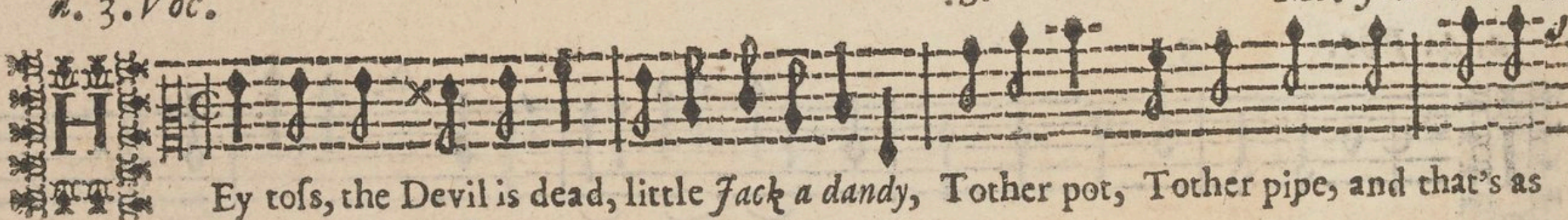


Poly, for I'll fool ye and will school ye, if that you be too unruly. It is, &c.

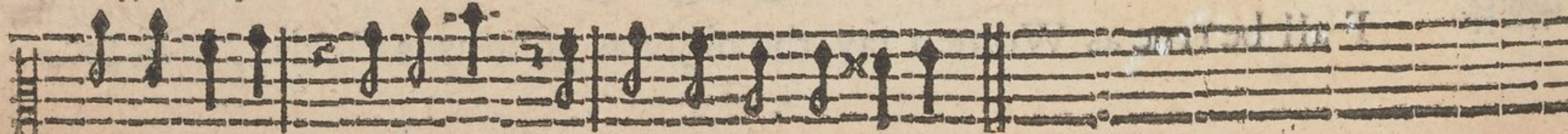
a. 3. Voc.

:S:

Mr. John Hilton.



Ey toss, the Devil is dead, little Jack a dandy, Tother pot, Tother pipe, and that's as

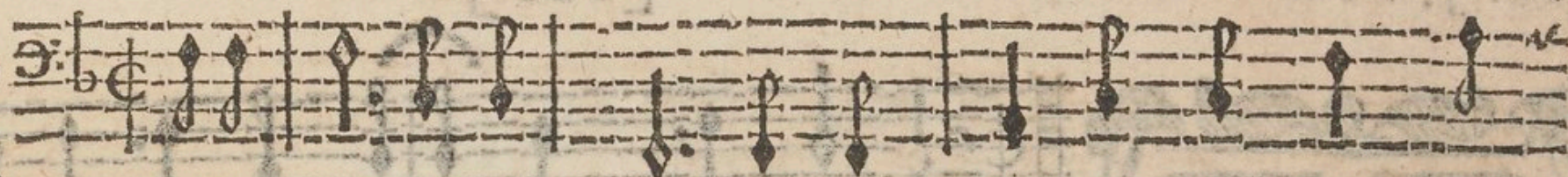


can be. Tother pipe, and that's as well as can be.

a. 3. Voc.

[III]

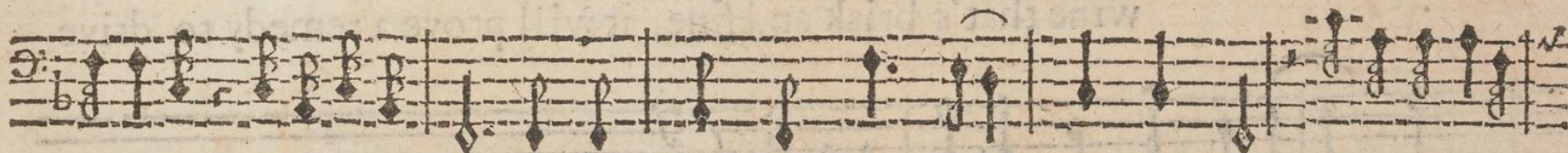
Mr. William Lawes.



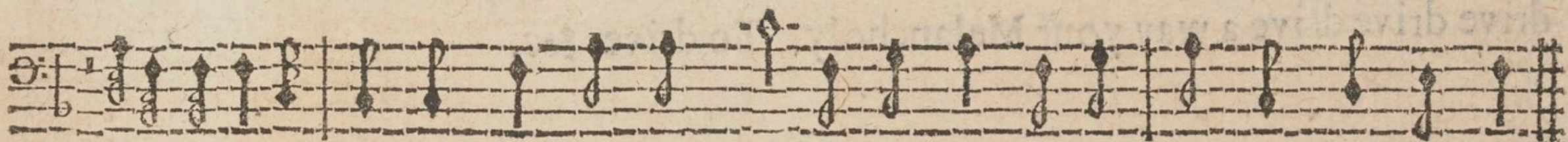
Listen near to the ground if you'l, hear how the Trumpets



do sound, and the Ecchoes resound, Ta ra ra ra rah Ta ra-



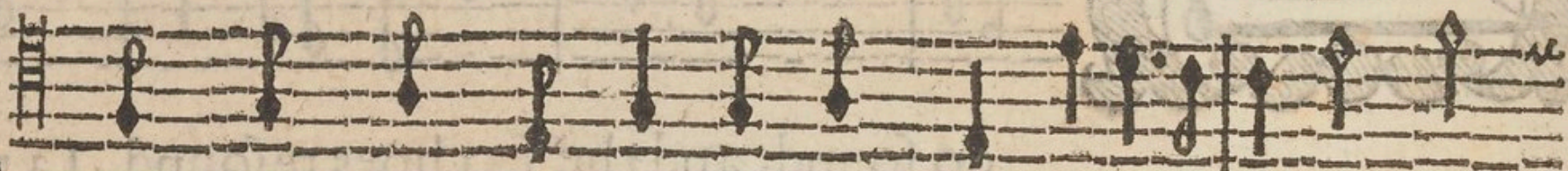
ra ra rah Ta ra ra ra rah: let him look too't now that sings this round Ta ra ra ra ra



Ta ra ra ra ra how the Trunpets do sound & the Hils & the Hils the Hils resound.



O drive drive drive drive your sadness away, take *Appoll's*



wine that's brisk and fine, it will prove a remedy to drive



drive drive drive a way your Melancholy. To drive, &c.

FINIS.

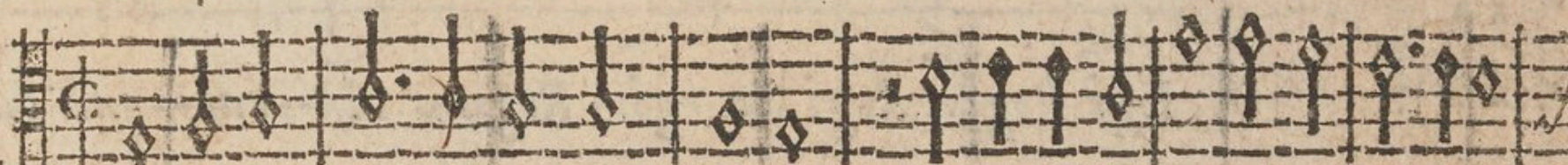
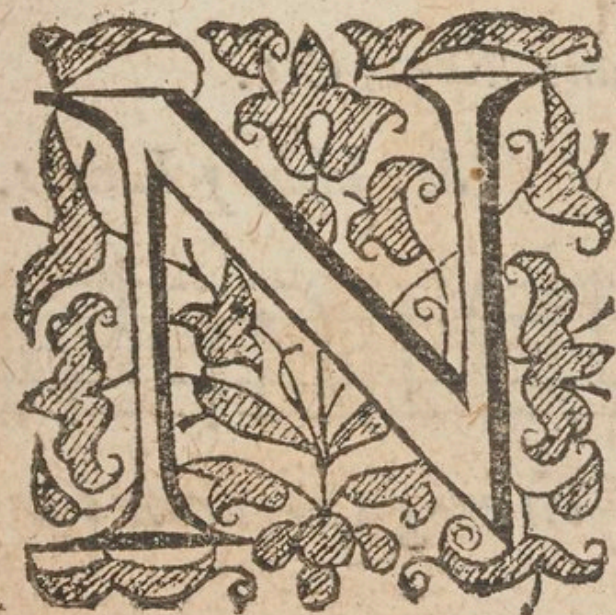


CANONS or HYMNES

OF

Three and Four Parts in one.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 4. & 8. below.



On nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da Gloriam,

Tenor.

Bass.



sed j)

Gloriam. Non, &c.

Non, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. and 4. below. [2] Mr. William Lawes.

Gloria in excelsis Deo, gloria in excelsis Deo, gloria in excelsis Deo, in ter-ra

pax & hominibus bona voluntas, bona voluntas. Gloria, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 4. & 8. below. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Egi Regis, Regi Re-gis, Regum Ar-ca-na cano Regi, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Audate Je-ho-vam omnes Gentes, quia in-ca-les-cit er-ga nos amor e-jus.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. & 9. rising a Note each time. [3]

The musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It features a series of diamond-shaped notes, some with stems, and rests. There are two 'S' marks below the staff, indicating specific notes or measures. The lyrics 'Nte Do-mi-ne spe-ra-vi.' are written below the staff, followed by 'Inte, &c.' repeated three times.

Nte Do-mi-ne spe-ra-vi. Inte, &c. Inte, &c. Inte, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. & in the Unison below.

Mr. John Cobb.

The musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It features a series of diamond-shaped notes, some with stems, and rests. There are two 'S' marks below the staff, indicating specific notes or measures. The lyrics 'E-a-ti qui ad cenam nuptiarum, nuptiarum Agni, vo-ca-ti sunt, vo-ca-ti sunt' are written below the staff.

E-a-ti qui ad cenam nuptiarum, nuptiarum Agni, vo-ca-ti sunt, vo-ca-ti sunt

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.

Mr. John Hilton.

The musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It features a series of diamond-shaped notes, some with stems, and rests. There are two 'S' marks below the staff, indicating specific notes or measures. The lyrics 'Xaudi Do-mi-ne, o-ra-ti-onem me-um, Exaudi.' are written below the staff.

Xaudi Do-mi-ne, o-ra-ti-onem me-um, Exaudi.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. above, & 4. below, rising a Note every time. Mr. Hilton.

The musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It features a series of diamond-shaped notes, some with stems, and rests. There are two 'S' marks below the staff, indicating specific notes or measures. The lyrics 'T RElevet MIserum FAtum SOLi-tumque LABorem. UT, &c.' are written below the staff.

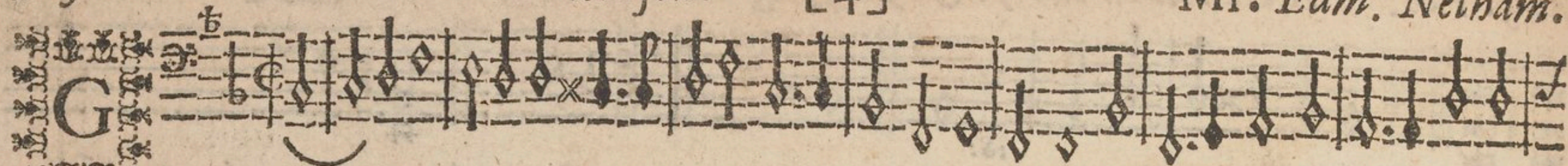
T RElevet MIserum FAtum SOLi-tumque LABorem. UT, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.

[4]

S

Mr. Edm. Nelham.



Lo--ri-a Patri & Fi-li--o & Spi-ri--tu-i San-cto, si--cut e-rat in prin-ci-pi-o, &



nunc, & semp-er, & in se--cu-la se---cu-lo-rum, A-----men. Glo-ri-a, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.

Mr. William Ellis.



Lo-ri-a Patri & Fi-li-o & Spi-ri-tu-i San-cto, si-cut e-rat in prin-ci-pi-o & Nunc, & sem-per,

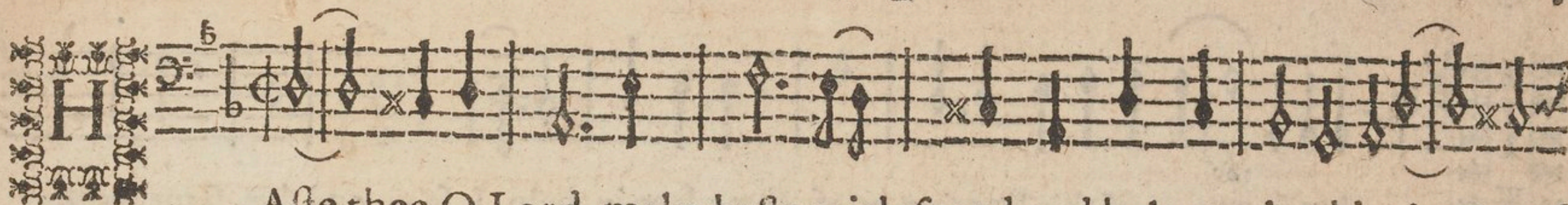


& in se-cu-la se-cu-lo-rum, A men, A-----men. Glori-a, &c.

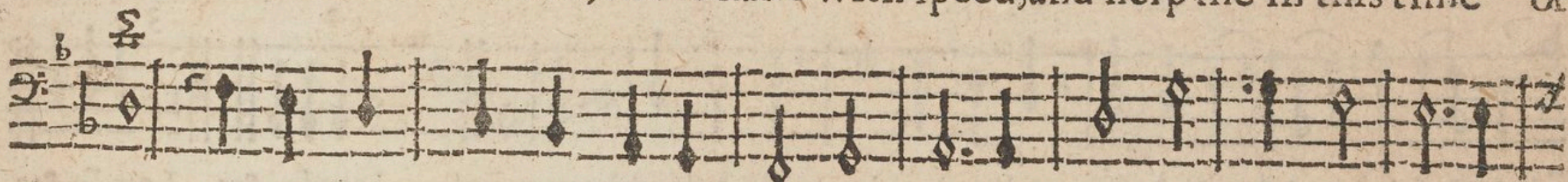
a. 4. *Voc.* A Canon in the Unison.

[5]

Mr. Thomas Ford.



After thee O Lord, make haste with speed, and help me in this time of



need, my soul doth sink, my forces fail, my wearied arms cannot prevail, the



waters flow so fast, that I can scarcely cry, help me O Lord, help me O Lord,

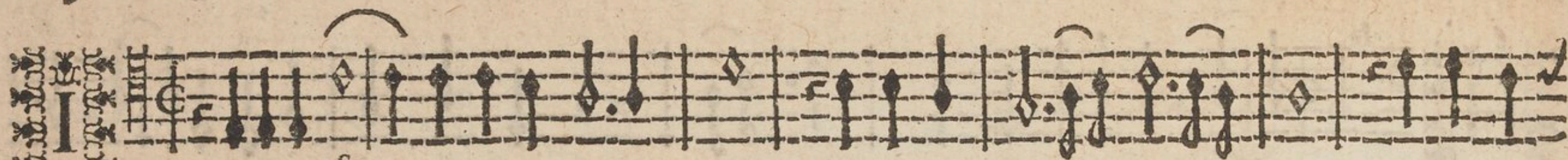


or else I drown and dye. Haste thee, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

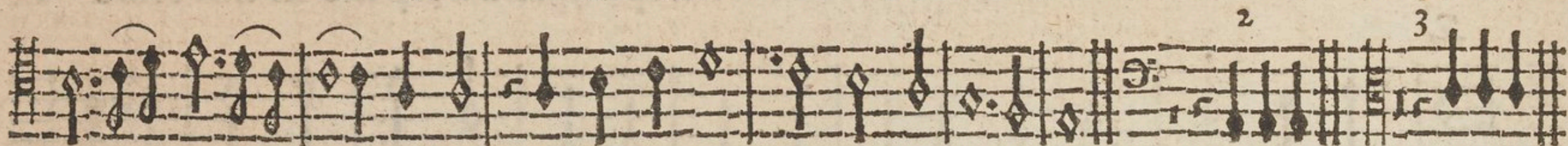
[6]

Mr. Thomas Ford.



:S:

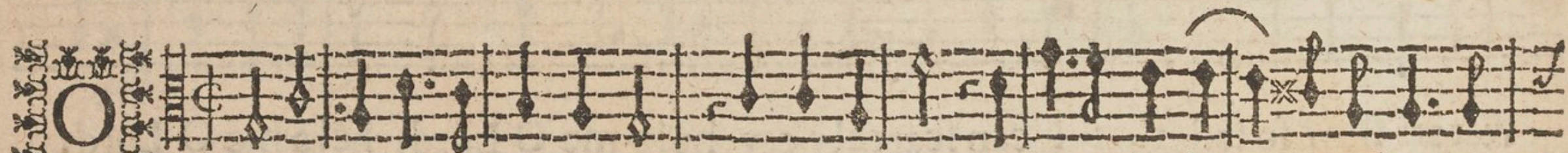
Am so wea-ry of this lingring grief, some speedy help I faint and dye, some speedy



help I faint and dye, in brief, to live and languish thus without relief. I am so, &c. I am so, &c.

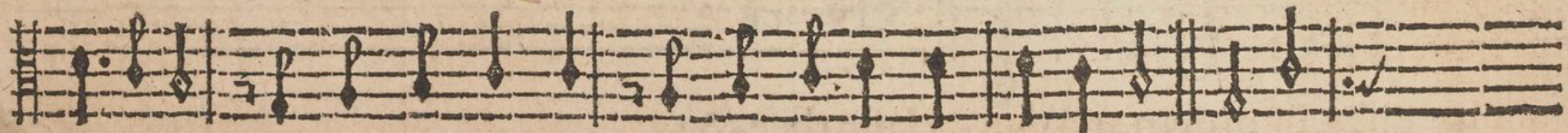
a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the 5 below, the 8 above.*

Mr. Thomas Ford.



$\frac{3}{2}$

Lord I lift my heart to thee, my soul in thee doth ever trust: O let me not con-

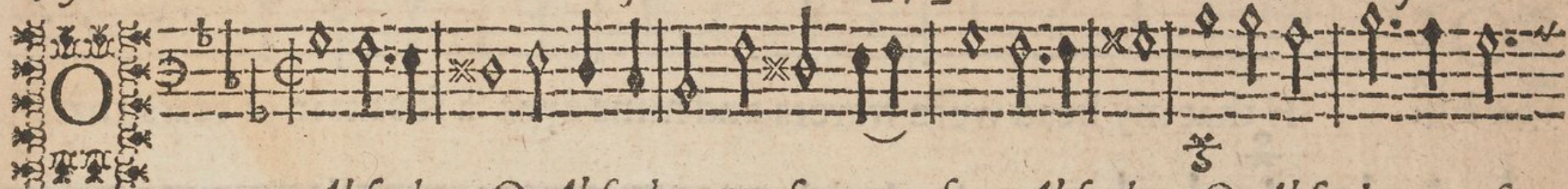


founder bee. but make me righteous, but make me righteous with the just. O Lord, &c.

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.*

[7]

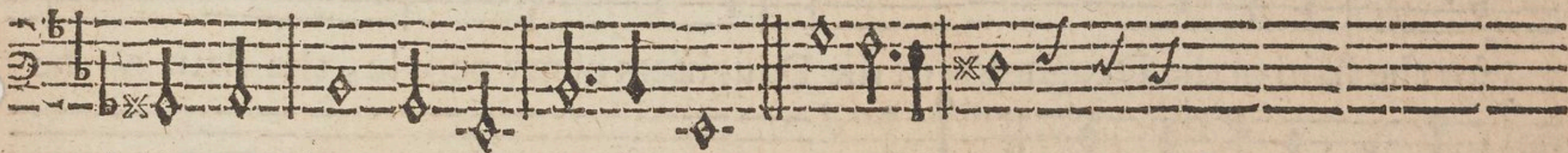
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Abso-lon, O Abso-lon, my son, my son Abso-lon; O Abso-lon, my son,



my son, O Absolon, my son, my son, would God I had dy'd, would God I had



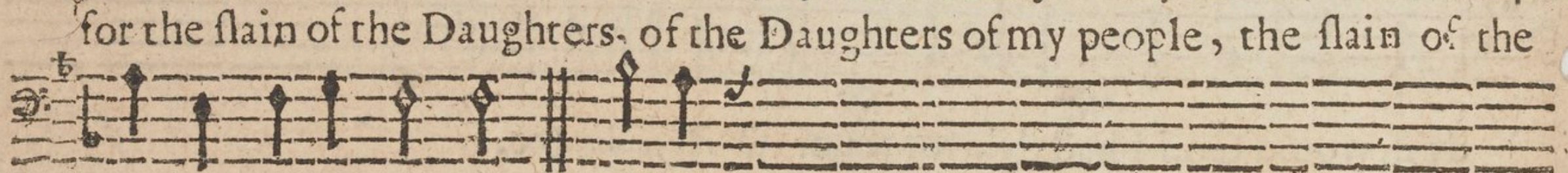
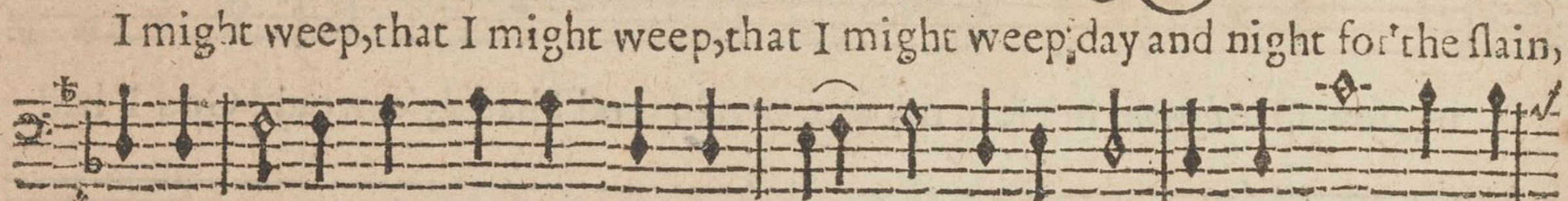
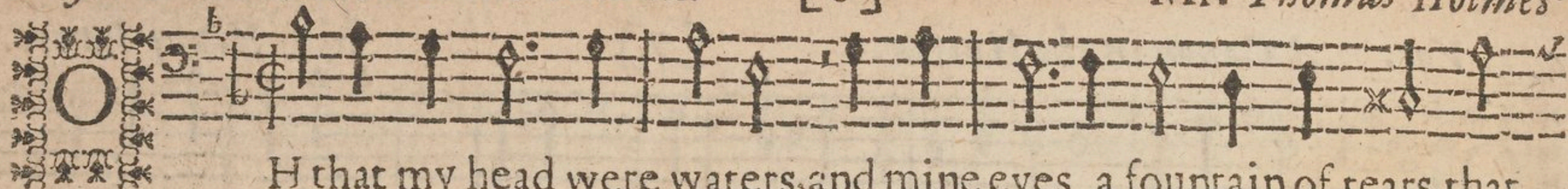
dy'd, would God I had dy'd for thee. O Absolon, &c.

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.*

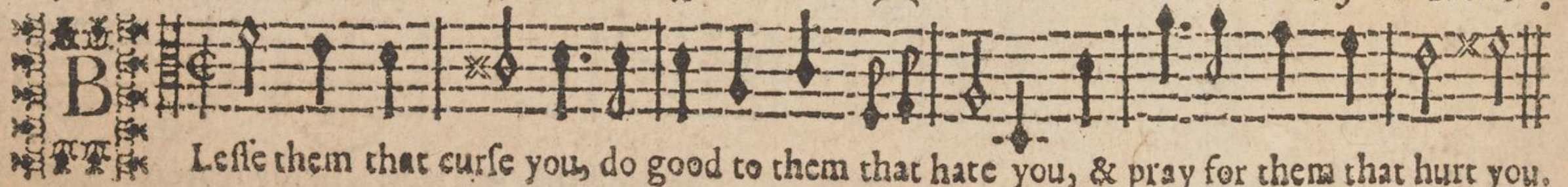
Mr. Henry Lawes.

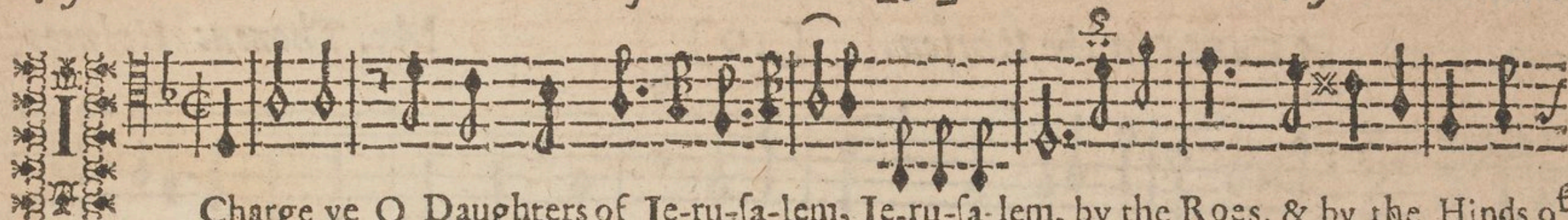


Wept and chastened my self with fasting, and that was turn'd to my reproof. I, &c.



Daughters of my people. O that, &c.





Charge ye O Daughters of Je-ru-sa-lem, Je-ru-sa-lem, by the Roes, & by the Hinds of



the field, the field, that ye stir not up, nor waken my Love, my Love un-till she please.



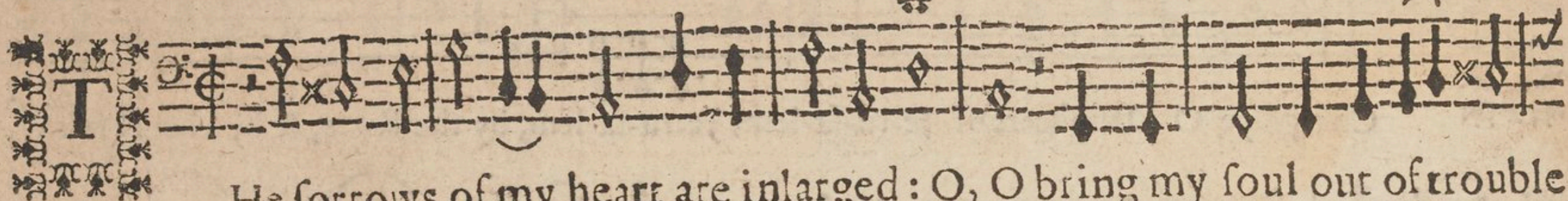
Y soul O Lord shall trust in thee, and still for me--rcy cry, pec--ca-vi, pec-ca-vi, pec-



ca--vi mi---se---re---re me--i, mi---se---re---re me-i. My soul, &c.

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.* [10]

Mr. Thomas Holmes.



look on mine adversity and misery, and forgive me all my sins. The sorrows, &c.

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.*

Mr. John Hilton.



ble. and the spirit that is vex---ed, cryeth un--to thee. O Lord, &c.

a. 4. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.* [11]

Mr. William Lawes.



He weepeth sore in the night, & her tears are on her checks, her Priests sighs, & her

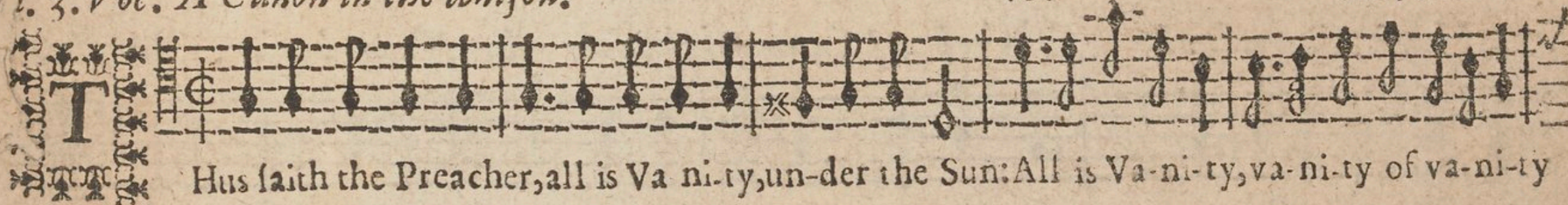


Virgins are afflicted, and among all her Lovers she hath none to comfort her. She, &c.

1. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.*

:S:

Mr. Nelkham.



Thus saith the Preacher, all is Va ni-ty, un-der the Sun: All is Va-ni-ty, va-ni-ty of va-ni-ty



under the Sun; Va-ni-ty all is Va-ni-ty of va-ni-ty under the Sun. Thus saith the, &c.

a. 4. Voc. A Canon in the Unison. ♪

[12]

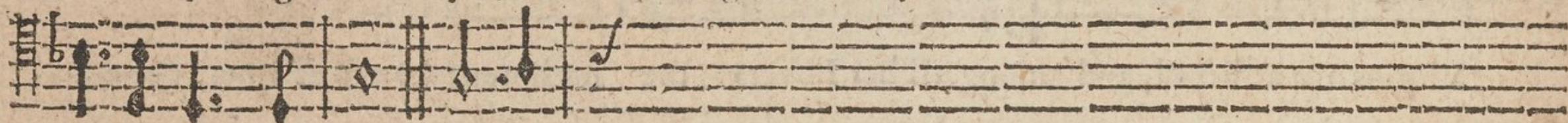
Mr. William Webb.



Et me sleep this night away, till the dawning of the day, till the dawning of the day; then

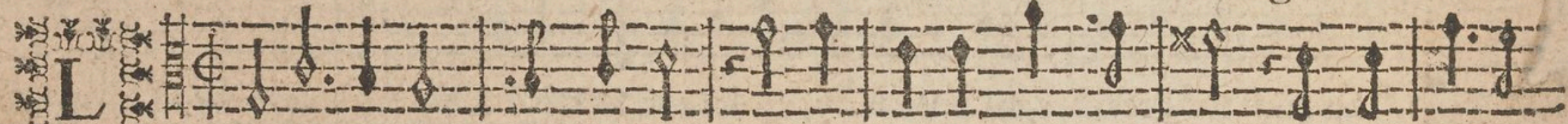


at the opening of mine eyes, at the opening of mine eyes, I and all the world shall rise, I and

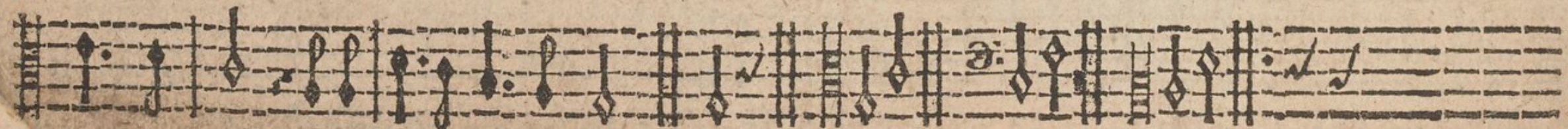


all the world shall rise. Let me, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the ♪. & 8 rest a Minum, each after other. Tenor begins. Mr. Ives.



Lift up your hearts and rejoyce, praise the Lord with chearful voice, Christ our Captain

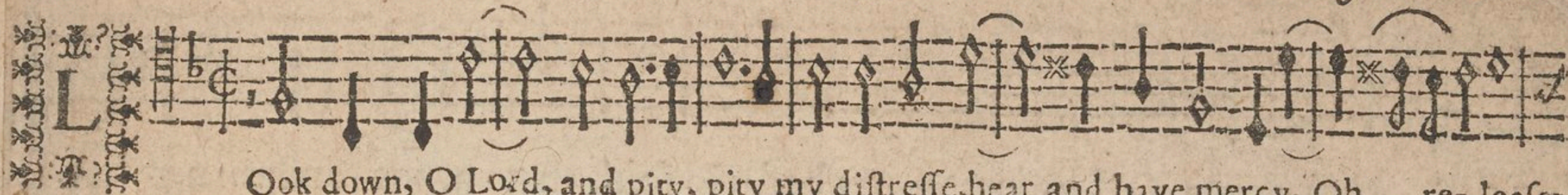


Lift, &c. Lift, &c. Lift, &c.

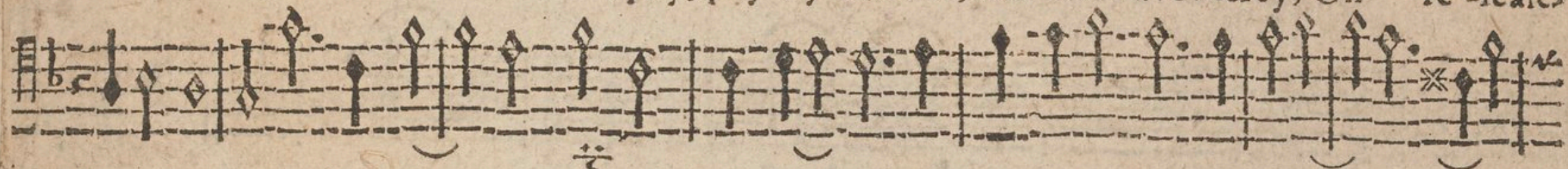
a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.

[13]

Mr. John Cow



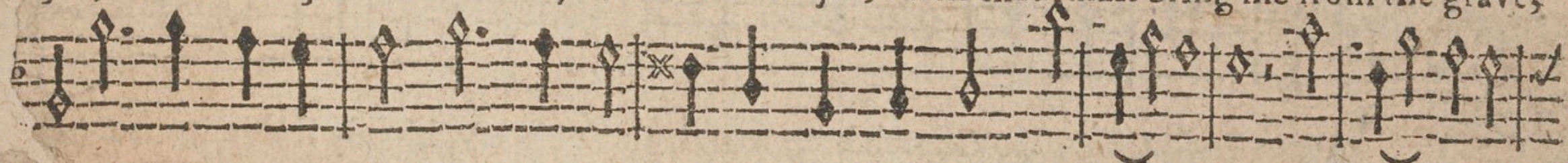
Look down, O Lord, and pity, pity my distresse, hear and have mercy, Oh re-lease



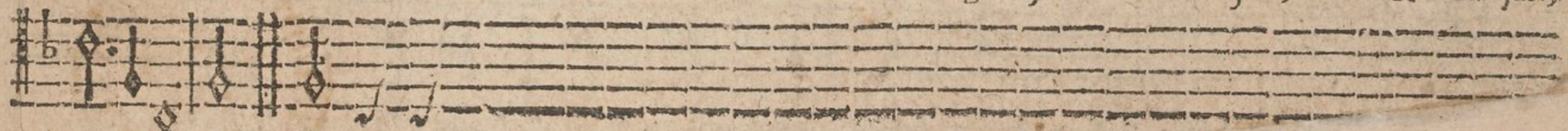
release me I pray thee from my grief, and send me now at last relief, then will I sing Ha----le-



jah, Ha-le---lu-jah, Ha---le-lu-jah, Ha---le-lu-jah, when thou shalt bring me from the grave,



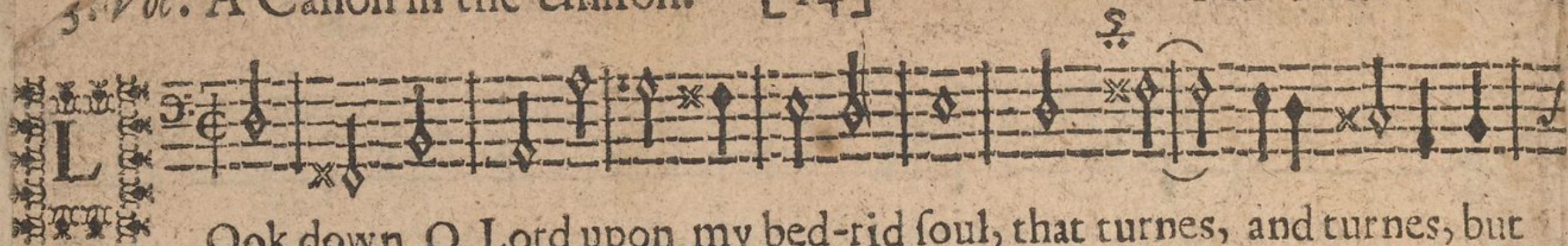
and me from trouble save, then whilst I live, due thanks I'll give, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha---le-lu-jah,



Ha-lelu-iah. Look, &c.

3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison. [14]

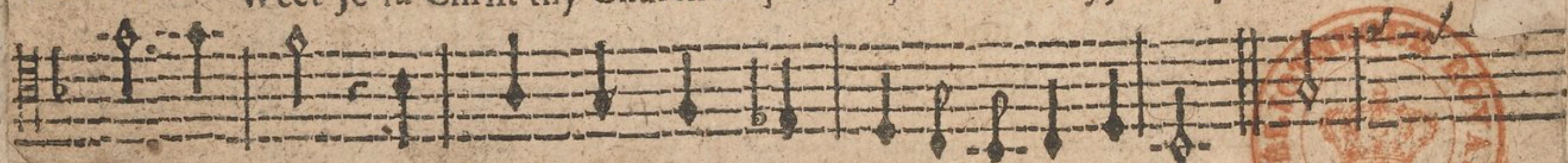
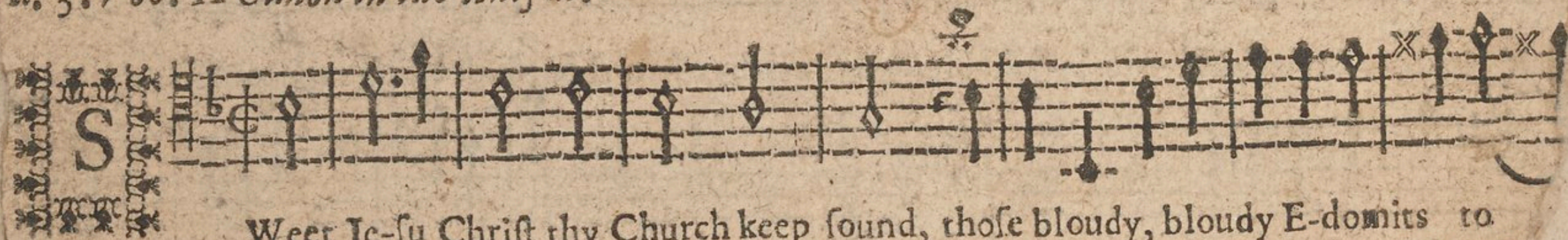
Mr. Thomas Ford.



finds all rests controul : Speak Lord, thy talk shall make me rise and walk. Look, &c.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.

Mr. John Hilton.



aries down, down, down, down, down, down with it to the ground. Sweet, &c.





J. HILLTON. • CATCH • THAT • CATCH • CATCH •