

*The*  
**CATCH CLUB**  
*or*  
**Merry Companions**  
*being*  
*a Choice Collection of the most Diverting*  
**CATCHES**  
*for Three and Four Voices*  
*Compos'd by*  
*the late Mr. Henry Purcell Dr. Blow &c.*  
*1<sup>st</sup> part. price 2<sup>s</sup>. 6<sup>d</sup>.*

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in Catherine Street in the Strand.*

*N<sup>o</sup>. 297*

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( I )  
A. 3. Voc. Catch on the Battle at Hailbron by M<sup>r</sup> Herbert, Set to M<sup>u</sup>sick by D<sup>r</sup> I Blow

Come here's a good Health to Prince Lewis the Brave, the Prince that has Buried  
Turks in the Save, for drinkers of Wa-ter a suitable Grave, both the old and new  
Turk, are here overthrown, now my Jolly Jolly Comrades have at the fair Town,  
with our Bombs of old Hock will we batter it down, the Danube, the Danube's  
our Slave once a - gain, a greater than Xerxes has thrown in his Chain,  
and the Heydelburg Tun shall close the Campaign.

Thorow Bass

A 3 Voc

(2)  
Kind Jenny

D<sup>r</sup> Blow

I'll tell my Mother my Jenny crys and then a poor languishing Lover dyes but ye faith I believe the Gipsy lyes for all she is so grave and wise she longs to be tickl'd to be - tickl'd to be tickl'd she longs to be tickl'd Oh she longs to be tickl'd

The musical score for 'Kind Jenny' is written on three staves in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and features several accidentals (sharps and naturals) and a repeat sign at the end. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes.

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

Wine Wine in a Morning makes us frolick and gay that like Eagles we soar in the Pride of the Day Gouty Sots in the Night only find a de-cay Tis the Sun ripens the Grape and to drinking gives light we i - - mi tate him when by Noon we're at height they steal Wine who take it when he's out of sight Boy fill all the Glases fill 'em up now he shines the higher he rises the more he refines but Wine and Wit palls as their Maker declines

The musical score for 'Wine Wine in a Morning' is written on three staves in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the first piece, with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. It includes a repeat sign and a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the final section. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes.

(3)

A. 3. Voc.

On the King's coming home

Dr I Blow

Ring, ring the Bells, and the Glasses pull away, ring ring the Bells and the Glasses  
 pull away, pull away, he that leads we will get all all the Vessels in the House, all, all, all the  
 Vessels in the House on their heads, tis a grand Pitcher, pull away, pull away, tis a grand, grand  
 Pitcher Day, drink, let us drink, drink, drink, let us drink to our power, we'll have full sixty  
 you - - - nds, and outdo outdo the Tower, our King we have again, ring -  
 - - the Bells, our King we have again, now all your Pitchers clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter,  
 clatter, & may he, and may he like Gideon all, all, all, all, all his Enemies scatter.

A 3 Voc

(4)

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

Prithee ben't so sad and serious nothing's got by Grief or Cares Melanchol-ly's too im-  
 =perious where it comes still do - mi - neers But if Bus'ness Love or Sorrow that pos-  
 - sefses thus thy mind bid 'em come a - gain to morrow we are now to mirth inclin'd  
 let the Glafs run - - - it's round and each good fellow keep his ground and if there  
 be a ny flinchers found we'll have we'll have his soul new coin'd

Thorough Bass

A. 4 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

Tis Women makes us love 'tis Love that makes us sad 'tis Sadness makes us  
 drink and drinking makes us mad

A 4 Voc

( 5 )  
The Nut Brown Lads

M<sup>r</sup> H. Purcell

*A Health a Health to the Nut brown Lads with the Hazle Eyes She that has good  
Eyes has al-so good Thighs let it pass let it pass as much to the live-lier Gray they're  
as good by night as day She that has good Eyes has al-so good Thighs drink away  
drink away I'll pledge Sir I'll pledge what ho some Wine here some Wine to mine and  
to thine to thine and to mine the Colours are Divine But Oh the black Eyes the  
black give me as much again and let it be stuck She that has good Eyes has al-so  
good Thighs and a better knack.*

A. 3. Voc.

(6)

A Catch upon NOTHING

Dr Aldrich.

Sing merrily now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you, but come by the  
Wheel of Fortune, without a=ny design or intent you: It happend that once the Author his  
Head was exceeding hot, a Catch he resolv'd he wou'd make, he wou'd make, and he couldn't  
tell of what. He thought of the Smoak the Weed affords, and it vanish'd all a=way: He  
thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and yet he found nothing to say. He thought of a  
thousand Pound, but it wou'dn't turn to account. He thought of the Pot, & he thought of the  
Plot, but nothing wou'd come on't. At last he resolv'd, tho nothing wou'd do, that nothing shou'd  
put him by Sir. but nothing to purpose of nothing he'd write, and no body shou'd be the



wiser: Tis nothing to you if he wou'd do so, and if Nothing's in't you find; then  
thank him for Nothing, & that will be more than e - ver he design'd.

A. 3. Voc.

The Drawers Catch

Mr R. Brown

Come Boy, Boy, come Boy, Boy, light a Faggot, the Ev'nings are cold, bring a Flask  
that's well clad, bring a Flask that's well clad in a Coat of blew Mold. you shall  
have it, you shall have it dear Sir, in a moment, in a moment of time, do you light the  
Fire Iack, do you light the Fire, I'll run down for the Wine; Let's oblige our kind  
Masters, kind Masters, we'll bleed 'em, we'll bleed 'em a - non, their Palates now  
are nice Boy, their Palates now are nice Boy, but then they'll drink Shim.

A 3 Voc

On *Mum Saint*

M<sup>r</sup> Mich Wif

Strange news from the Rose boys never heard before boys Saint upon a Sunday he  
 play'd away his Cloaths Boys never such a Saint was there ever heard before Boys

A 3 Voc

A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby Lubbers

D<sup>r</sup> Blow

Uds nigs here ligs John Degs and Richard Digger and to say the truth to  
 say the truth none knows which was the bigger they fared well and lived easie & now theyre  
 dead and now they're dead and now they're dead and shall please ye

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

When V and I together meet we make up 6 in Houfe or Street yet I and V may meet once more  
 and then we 2 can make but 4 but when that V from I am gone alas poor I can make but one

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H. Purcell

Let us drink, let us drink to the Blades Intrench'd on the Shannon, discharge our full  
 Glasses as they their whole Cannon, Every Health shall be Flou - - - rish'd with Trumpets  
 Drums, & our Bumpers go off in Pledge to their Bombs, see the Town in a Blaze, now our  
 Faces, our Fa - ces resembles, & at both the pale Monsieur, poor Mac & Teague trembles.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H. Hall

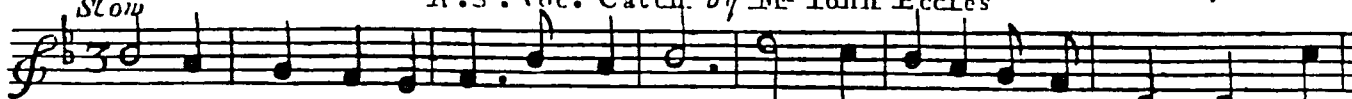
Oyl and Vinegar, Oyl and Vinegar, are two pretty things I swear, are two pretty  
 things I swear, can they e-ver unite, can they ever unite, can Alks in Acids  
 take delight, can Alks in acids take delight, yes sure with muckle, muckle care, but  
 then they'll soon be as they were, and so fight Dog, fight Dog, fight Bear.

(10)

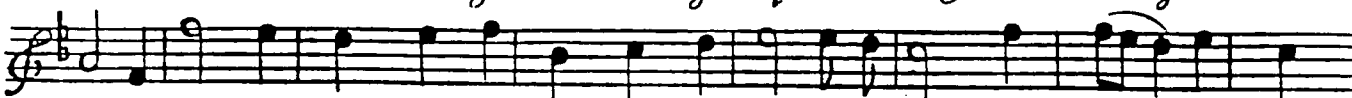
(The Riddle) Maid Mary having broke the handle of her Hair Broom, & hearing that  
explain'd) Man Iohn had a long Stick that wou'd fitte it, desir'd him to put it in for her.

A. 3. Voc. Catch. by M<sup>r</sup> Iohn Eccles

Slow



My man Iohn had a thing that was Long, my maid Mary had a thing that was



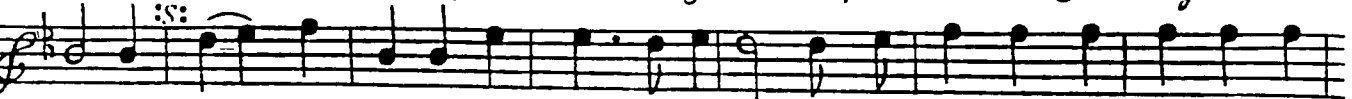
Hairy, my man Iohn put his thing that was long into my maid Ma - ry's thing



that was Hairy, her thing that was Hairy, her thing that was Hairy.



My man Iohn put his thing that was Long into my maid Ma - ry's thing that was



Hairy, my maid Mary then stirr'd it about, till with stirring, and stirring, at



length it came out but then my man Iohn thrust it in once again, and knock'd it



most stoutly to make it remain, to make it remain, he knock'd it most stoutly.

( II )



he knock'd it to make it remain, to make it remain, he knock'd it most stoutly  
to make it remain, but John with much knocking so widen'd the Hole, that his  
long thing slip'd out, still in spite of his soul, 'till weary'd and vex'd & with  
knocking grown sore, cry'd a Pox take the Hole, for I'll knock it no  
more, a Pox take the Ho - - - le, Pox take the Hole, till  
weary'd and vex'd and with knocking grown sore, cry'd a Pox take the  
Hole for I'll knock it no more.

(12)  
A Catch by way of Epistle

M<sup>r</sup> H. Purcell

To all Lovers of Musick Performers & Scrapers, to those w<sup>h</sup>o Love Catches, play Tunes & cut Capers.  
With a New Catch I greet you, & tho I say it that shouldn't, like a Fiddle, 'tis Musick, tho the words  
are but wood'n: But my Brother Iohn Playford & I shall present you, e'er long with a Book, I pre-  
=sume will content you, tis true we know well the Sale of good Musick, but to hear us per =  
=form woud make him sick or you sick, My maggot Man Sam, at the first Temple Gate,  
will further in = form you, if not, my Wife Kate, from between the two Devils near  
Temple Bar, I rest your Friend and Servant Iohn Carr.



A. 3. Voc.

(14)  
Prosperity to a Musical Society

D<sup>r</sup> Cæsar

To our Musical Clubb here's Long Life and Prospe - rity, may it Flou -  
- rish with us, and so on to Poste - ri - ty, may Concord and  
Har - mo - ny always a - bound, and Divi - - - - - sions here  
only in our mu - sicks be found: may the Catch and the Glafs go a - bout and a -  
- bout, and a - no - ther, and a - no - ther, and a - no - ther succeed to the Bottle that's out.

A 3 Voc

A Health to our absent Members

D<sup>r</sup> Cæsar

Come here's the good Health Master Steward proposes to our Members that elsewhere  
are fud - - - - - ling, are fudling, are fudling their Noses,  
Tho now they desert us we shall catch 'em one day, we'll drink and be merry with what



with what, with what, with what they must Pay. But tho' they are absent,  
let's do 'em no wrong, for their Liquor we'll pay 'em, we'll pay em, we'll pay 'em  
we'll pay 'em with a Song.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

D<sup>c</sup> Turner

Here's a Health to our Fleet to our great King and Queen, whilst the Cannon do  
.. roar, and the Steeples do Ring, with Fires Triumphant the City shall shine. as  
Tourville's burnt Squadrons enlight. en the main, may the Tyrant of France, thus be  
humbled each day, may his Arms fall by Land, as his Na - vy at Sea, whilst William  
and Mary with Trophies are Crown'd, may this be our wish as the Bumpers go round.

A 3 Voc

(16)  
A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

Since time so kind to us does prove so kind to us does prove do not my dear refuse my  
Love what do you mean Oh fy e nay what do you do you're the strangest man that e'er I  
knew I must I must I can't forbear I can't I can't forbear lye still lye still my dear

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

My Lady's Coachman John be'ng married to her maid her Ladyship did hear on't and to him  
thus she said and to him thus she said I never had a wench so handsom in my life I prithee  
therefore tell me I prithee therefore tell me how got you such a wife John star'd her in the face and  
answer'd very blunt e'en as my Lord got you . how's that? why by the

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

Call for the Reck'ning and let us and let us be gone such careles attendance sure  
 never sure never sure never was known pray ri - - - - - ng the Bell till the  
 Drawers come up nay prithee pull on pull on pull on tho you break the Rope why  
 sure they're a sleep a pox a pox take em all oh now they come sneaking with  
 Gentlemen dye call Gentlemen dye call

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

He that drinks is im-mortal he that drinks is im-mor - - tal and can ne'er de - ay  
 for Wine still supplys for Wine still supplys what Age wea - - - rs a way how  
 can he be Dust how can he be Dust that moistens his Clay

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch on Prince Eugene

M<sup>r</sup> I Church



*The sham Monarch of Spain with his bravo Vendosme, with his bravo Vendosme*



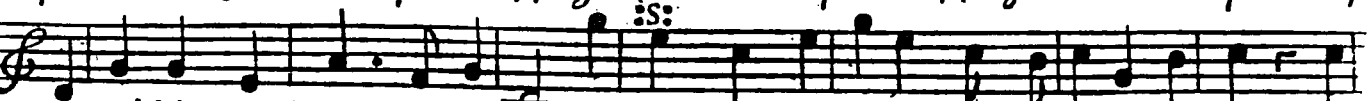
*made a brag and a bounce, made a brag and a bounce they'd pursue Eugene home: Eugene*



*desir'd but one thing might be done, desir'd but one thing, one thing might be done, be =*



*= fore they pursu'd him, before they pursu'd him, before they pursu'd him, before they*



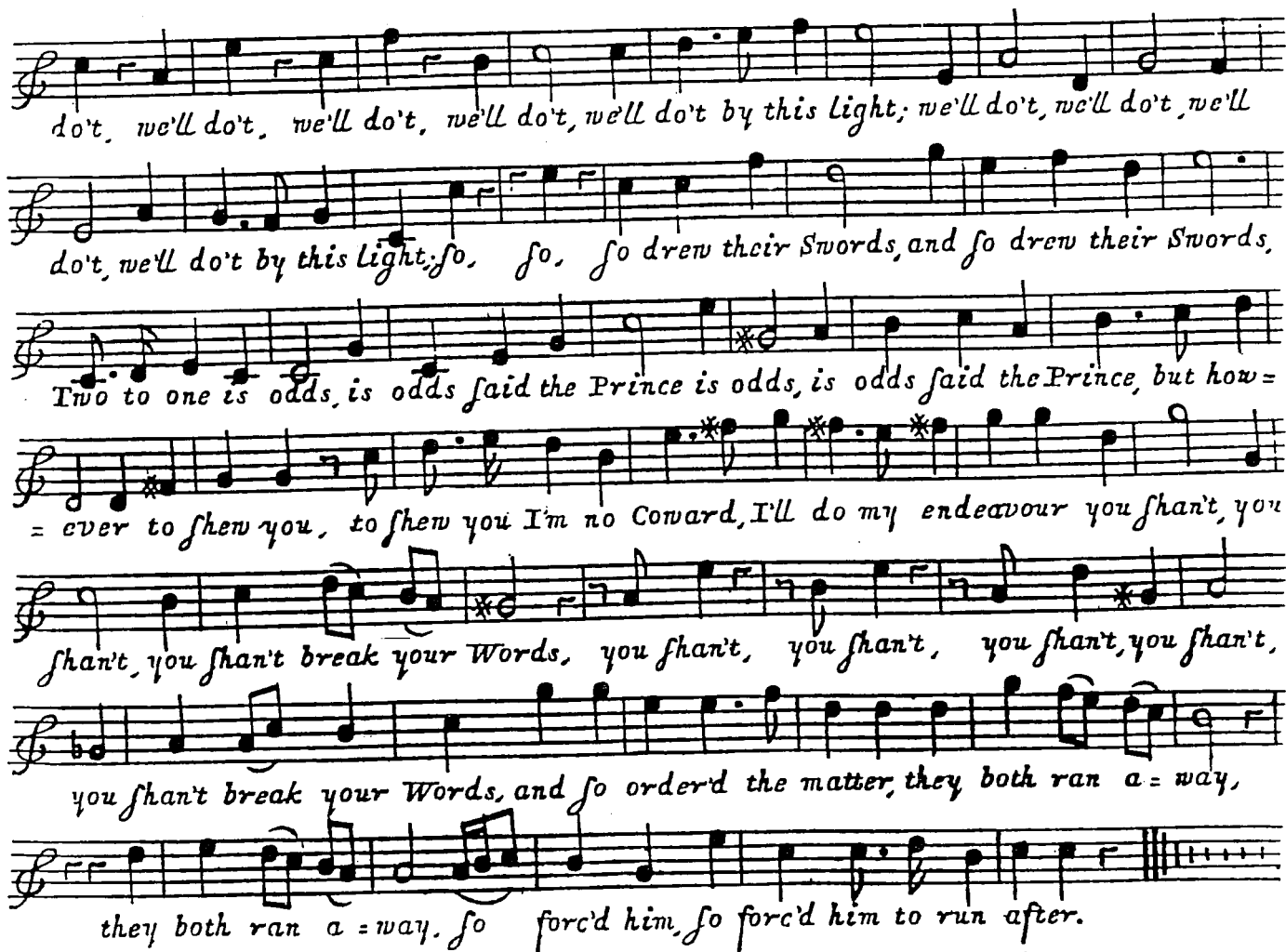
*pursu'd him, they'd force him to run, for else shoud I suffer, shoud I suffer so great, so*



*great, so great a disaster, what account can I give what account can I give to the*



*Emperour my Master, as for that said the Monsieurs we'll give you our words, we'll*



do't, we'll do't, we'll do't, we'll do't, we'll do't by this light; we'll do't, we'll do't, we'll  
do't, we'll do't by this light; so, so, so drew their Swords, and so drew their Swords,  
Two to one is odds, is odds said the Prince is odds, is odds said the Prince, but how=  
= ever to shew you, to shew you I'm no Coward, I'll do my endeavour you shan't, you  
shan't, you shan't break your Words, you shan't, you shan't, you shan't, you shan't,  
you shan't break your Words, and so order'd the matter, they both ran a = way,  
they both ran a = way. so forc'd him, so forc'd him to run after.

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

I gave her Cakes and I gave her ale and I gave her Sack and Sher-ry I kist her  
 once and I kist her twice and we were wond'rous mer ry I gave her Beads & Bracelets  
 fine and I gave her Gold down der-ry I thought she was a feard till she stroak'd my Beard  
 and we were wond'rous mer-ry merry my Hearts merry my Cocks merry my sprights  
 merry merry merry merry merry my hey down der-ry I kist her once and I kist her  
 twice and we were wond'rous mer-ry

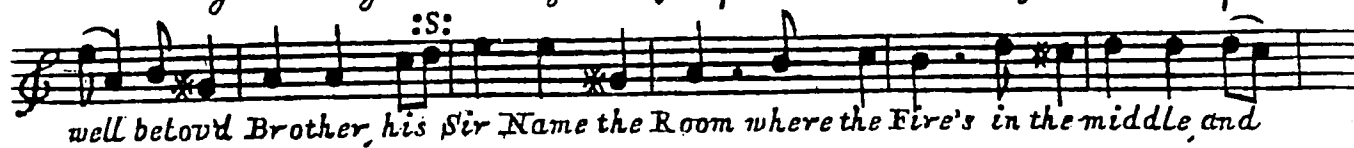
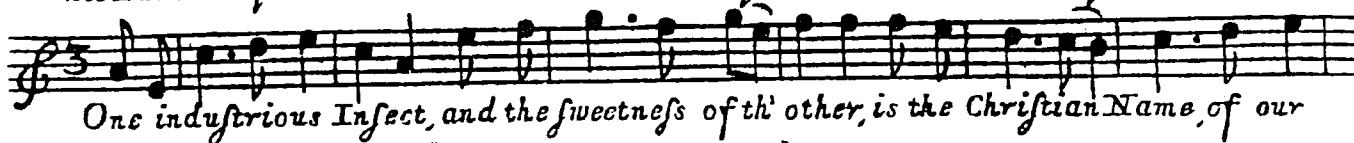
A 4 Voc

A Catch

Well rung Tom boy well rung Tom ding dong Cuckoo well rung Tom the Owl & the  
 Cuckoo the Fool and the Song well sung Cuckoo well rung Tom

(21)

A REBUS upon M<sup>r</sup> Anthony Hall, who keeps the Maremaid Tavern in Oxford, & plays his Part very well on the Violin. the words by M<sup>r</sup> Tomlinson. Set by M<sup>r</sup> H. Purcell.



*Insecta præcauta, alterius merda  
Dant fratri prænomen (dum verba absurda)  
Cognomen triticinium quo medio fit Ignis  
Multiq; ferunt est Tibicen insignis  
Vexilla sunt, magna Bicarnea mundi;  
Vinum, quod vendit, optarent potabundi*

A 3 Voc

(22)  
A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

*To thee to thee and to a Maid that kindly will up - on her Back be laid & laugh and  
sing and kifs und play and wanton wanton out a Summer's day such such a Lafs kind friend &  
Drinking give me great Jove and damn and damn the Thinking*

A 3 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

*:s: Young John the Gard'ner having lately got a ve\_ry rich and fertile Garden Plot  
bragging to Joan Quoth he so rich a Ground for Melons cannot in the World be found  
That's a damnd lye quoth Joan for I can tell a place that does your Garden far excell where's  
that says John in mine Arse quoth Joan for there is store of Dung and Water all the Year.*



A. 3. Voc.

A Catch the Words by Cob. Allistree Set by H. Purcell

Full Bags, a brisk Bottle, and a Beautifull Face, are the three greatest Blessings poor  
 Mortals embrace, but a-las we grow Muckworms if Bags do but fill, & a bonny gay  
 Dame of-ten ends in a Pill: then hey for brisk Claret, whose Plea-sures ne'er waste,  
 by a Bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

M<sup>f</sup> I Gillier

Crown the Glafs, crown the glafs fill, fill it a little higher, a little higher, a little  
 higher, a-round Let it pass, he that slips slips slips is precise and prays, so, so, so  
 enough, so enough, so enough throw his snuff in his Face, whither now: whither now: keep y<sup>r</sup>  
 place, drink it off, drink it off, drink it off, I'll not bate you an Ace.

A 4 Voc

(24)  
A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

*S:* The Macedon Youth left behind him this truth that nothing was done with much thinking  
He drank and he fought and he got what he fought and the World was his own by fair drinking  
He wash'd his great Soul in a plentiful Bowl he cast away Trou-ble and Sorrow his Mind did  
not run of what was to be done for he thought of to day not to morrow

A 4 Voc

A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

*S:* Under a green Elm lies Luke Shepherds Helm that steer'd him ev-ry way wherefore  
now he's gone mourn-ing there is none he follow'd her Corps in gray He smil'd at the Grave like  
a steer-ing Knave she'll tell him on't at the last day for if we must rise with the same  
Bo - dy and Eyes she'll have the same Tongue folks say

A 3. Voc.

A Catch (25)

Mr H. Purcell

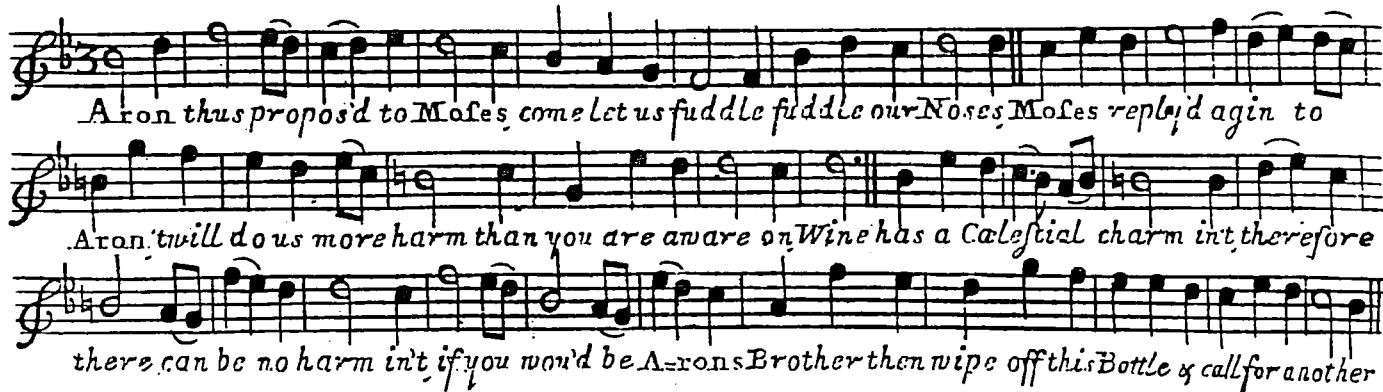


Is Charleroy's Seige come come come too; who woud a thought it, then the Rumours was false, was false, false, false that Lewis had bought it; Then charge all your Guns Boys as high as they can be w<sup>th</sup> q<sup>ue</sup> briskest Champain ramm'd down, ramm'd down, down, down, down, down, down down with Nantz Brandy: Let Enginier Vauban shnot the Devil, the Devil & all yet his Marshal shant Dance, no, no, no, no shant dance at old Maintenons Ball.

A 3. Voc.

A Catch

Mr H. Purcell



Aron thus propos'd to Moses, come let us fuddle fuddle our Noses, Moses repli'd agin to Aron, twill do us more harm than you are aware on Wine has a Celestial charm in't, therefore there can be no harm in't, if you woud be A-rons Brother then wipe off this Bottle & call for another

A 3. Voc.

A Catch in the Play of the Knight of Malta

M. H. Purcell

At the close of the Evening the Watches were set, the Guards went the Round, and the

Ta-ta-ta-too, Tu-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-too, ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-too,

was beat, the ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-too was beat, But now yonder Stars appear in the Sky, and

Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-

-ra-ra-ra, is sounded on high, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is

sounded on high, we shall soon be reliev'd, then drink, drink away, then drin - - - k away,

then dri - - nk, drink, drink a-way, here, here's to you, and to you, and to you, Let us

drink, let us drink, till 'tis day, let, let us drink till 'tis day.

A. 3. Voc.

A (27)  
Catch

M. H. Purcell

As Roger last night to Jenny lay close he pull'd out his Budget & gave her a dose of tickling  
no sooner kind Jenny did find but with laughing she Purg'd both before and behind Pox  
take it quoth Roger he must himself be be - side that gives Pills Pills against Wind & against Tide

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

A Fidler & Fudler are always together like Fiddle & Case there was both, or else neither, u -  
nited Companions the like never known, & may be compared to two parts in one, the Fidler  
did Fuddle, & the Fuddler did Fiddle, a U. nison sure doth unriddle the Riddle.

A. 4. Voc.

A Catch

I lay with an old Man all the Night I turn'd to him, & he to me he could not do so  
well as he shou'd, but he would fain, but it would not be.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch on the London Coopers

M<sup>r</sup> R. Brown

We travel ev'ry street, on the Soles of our Feet, without Hoops upon our Shoulders, we  
 jolly Traders meet, we jolly Traders meet. Our Adds sticks in our Girdle, our Drivers  
 in our hand, and thus we ask the Fair Maids how tite their Vessels, how tite their Vessels  
 stand, and if a Lass proves Leaky tis known we soon can Hoop her, which done yet still we  
 loudly cry, work for the Cooper. any work for the Cooper.

A. 3. Voc.

Counsel for Married Folks

M<sup>r</sup> Mich. Wife

From Twenty to Thirty good Night and good Morrow; from Thir-ty to Forty  
 good Night or good Morrow; from Forty to Fifty as oft as ye shift ye; from  
 thence to Threescore, once a Month, and no more.

(29)  
 A REBUS on the late M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell's Name by M<sup>r</sup> Tomlinson. Set by M<sup>r</sup> I Lenton

The Mate to a Cock, is Corn tall as Wheat is his Christian Name, who in Musick's compleat  
 his Sir name begins with the Grace of a Cat, & concludes with the House of a Hermit note that,  
 his Skill & performance each Auditor wins, but the Poet deserves a good kick on the Shins.

Galli marita par tritico seges,  
 Prænomen est ejus, dat chromati Leges  
 Intrat cognomen, blanditiis Cati,  
 Exit Eremi in Aedibus stali  
 Expertum effectum omnes admirantur  
 Quid merent Poetæ? ut bene calcantur.

A 8. Voc.

A Catch

D<sup>r</sup> H Aldrich

Count Of-so-ry why what of he! he beat out the French, out of their own Trench, then  
 take off your Beer, and remember Mynheer, and sing Hey Hoe to the poor Monsieur.

A. 3. Voc.

A (30)  
Catch

M<sup>r</sup> I. Jackson

When a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does wed, tis a madnes to think shell be  
true to his Bed: For who can resist a Gallant that is young, and a Man A. 1a =  
= mode in his Garb, and his Tongue, his Looks have such Charms, and his Language such  
Force, that the drowsy Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.

A 3. Voc.

A Catch on Iudith and Holifernes

M<sup>r</sup> Mich Wife

When Iudith had laid Holifernes in Bed, she pull'd out his Falchion, & cut off his  
Head, the reason is plain, he'd have made her his Whore, so she cut off his Head as  
I told you before, as I told you before.



A. 3. Voc.

A Catch on the Midnight Cats

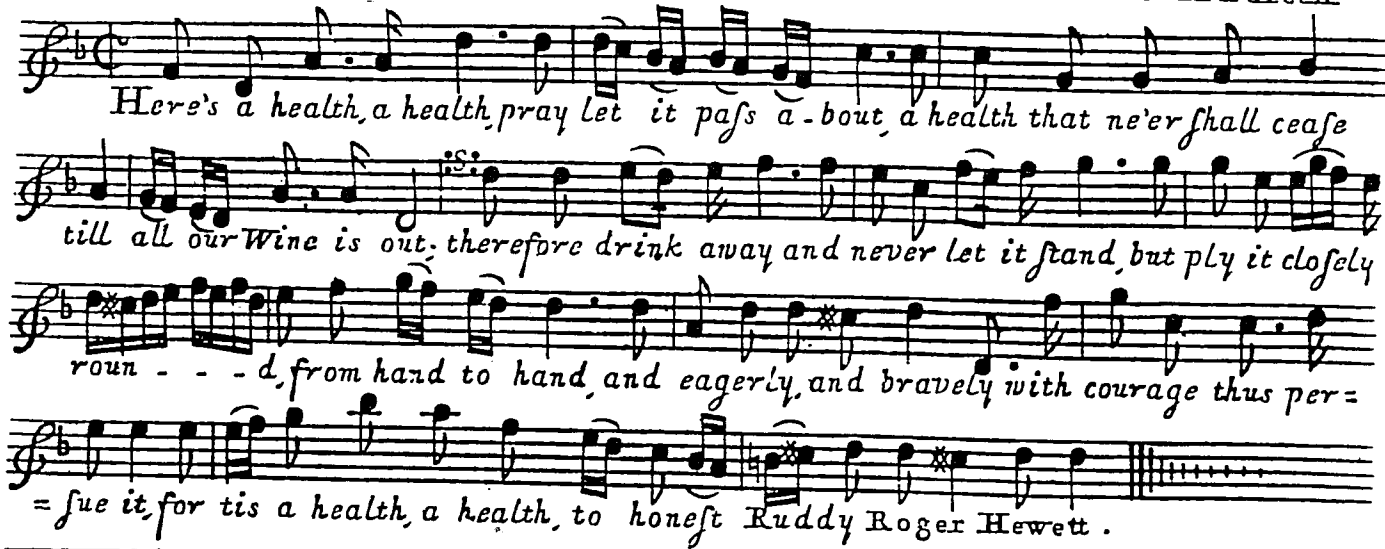
M<sup>r</sup> Mich: Wife


Ye Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each other, who best feel the Pangs of a passionate  
 Lover, I appeal to your Scratches and tat-tered Fur, if the bus-ness of Love be no more  
 than to Pur, Old Lady Grimalkin with Goosbery Eyes, when a Kitten knew something  
 for why she was wise, you find by experience the Love fit's soon o'er, Puss, Puss lasts not  
 long but turns to Cat-whore, men ride many miles, Cats tread many Tiles, both  
 hazard, both hazard their Necks in the fray, only Cats if they fall from a House or a  
 Wall keep their Feet mount their Tails, mount their Tails and a-way.

A. 3. Voc.

(32)  
A Catch

M<sup>r</sup> H Purcell

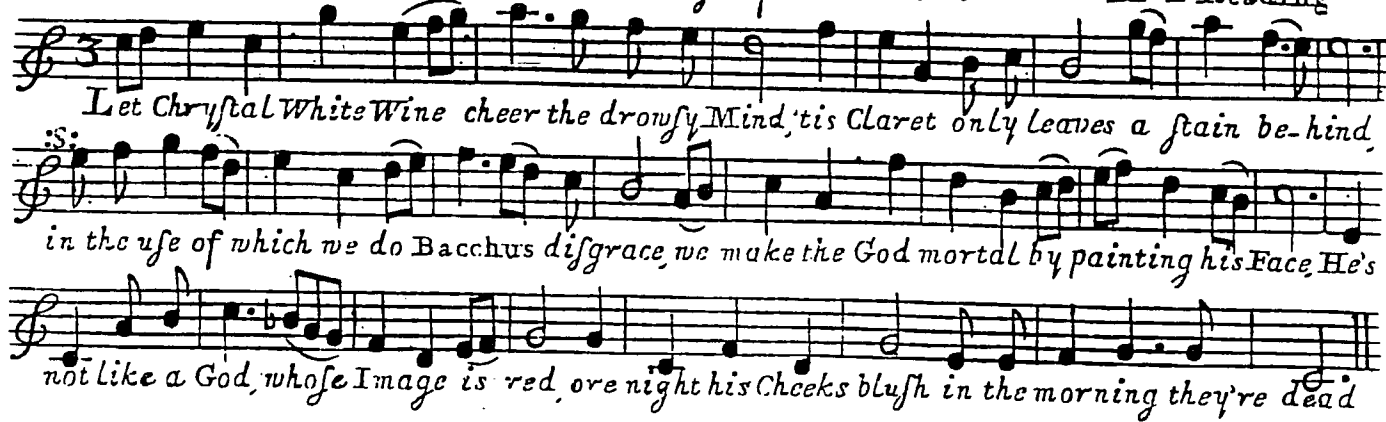


Here's a health, a health, pray let it pass a-bout, a health that ne'er shall cease  
till all our Wine is out, therefore drink away and never let it stand, but ply it closely  
roun - - d, from hand to hand, and eagerly, and bravely with courage thus per =  
= sue it, for tis a health, a health, to honest Ruddy Roger Hewett .

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch in Praise of White Wine

M<sup>f</sup> I Reading



Let Chrystal White Wine cheer the drowsy Mind, 'tis Claret only leaves a stain be-hind,  
in the use of which we do Bacchus disgrace, we make the God mortal by painting his Face, He's  
not like a God, whose Image is red, one night his Cheeks blush in the morning they're dead

A. 4. Voc.

John the Miller

John ask'd his Landla - dy, thinking no ill, where he might best set up a Water mill, the  
 wanton Lady seeing John all alone, return'd this answer to her To nant John, wouldst thou all  
 o - ther thy Mill should disgrace, then 'twixt my Logs will be the fittest place, for I at  
 time of need can from be hind, when Wa - - ter fails before supply't with wind.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch by Mr Gillier

Go fee - ble Tyrant and in vain thy fruitless conquest boast, the slave who once has felt thy  
 Chain, enjoys his freedom more, exert alas thy harmless hate, thy frowns and cold dis - dain, since  
 double pleasure they create, to think e'm spent in vain, the Sai - - lor thus of danger free, from  
 the secu - rer shore, looks back and hugs himself to see, to see the storms he felt be fore.

A. 3. Voc.

Tom Tory<sup>(34)</sup> and Titus

Tom To-ry told Ti-tus, the Whigs did de-sign, to murder the King, and sub-  
=vert the Right Line: quoth the Doctor, in a Fury, you're a Rascally Sot, Sir, did  
e=ver you hear of a Protestant Plot, Sir! Marry have I, quoth Tom, and I mightily  
fear it; you're a Ie su-it, quoth the Doctor, if you vex me I'll swear it.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a vocal piece. It consists of four staves of music in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are two 'S:' markings above the second and third staves, indicating a specific performance instruction. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A. 3. Voc.

A. Catch on a Man mit a Wry Nose

M<sup>r</sup> R. Brown.

Peter White that never goes right, wou'd you know the reason why, wou'd you  
know the reason why. He follows his Nose where e=ver he goes, and that stands  
all a = wry, a = wry, and that stands all a = wry.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a vocal piece. It consists of three staves of music in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are two 'S:' markings above the second and third staves. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch (35)

M<sup>F</sup> H. Hall

Come all ye high Church-men, come all and re-joyce, your Darling is now in no  
danger brave Boys, no danger, no danger, no danger, no danger, no danger brave  
Boys, ev'ry Whig is turn'd Loy-al and trims with the Court, and what they once  
ruin'd, now swear they'll support, now swear, now swear, now swear, now swear, now  
swear they'll support, Thus between Iohn and Martin, her time she well passes,  
and if you han't faith to believe it you're asses, believe it, believe it,  
believe it, believe it, believe it you're asses.

A.3. Voc.

A. Catch upon a <sup>(36)</sup> Coffee Mill

In this Mill you may grind, may grind, you may grind without water or wind, without  
 water or wind you may grind, you may grind without water or wind. But the best, best  
 way to grind, to grind is 'twixt water and wind, 'twixt wa - - ter and wind 'twixt  
 wa - - - ter and wind; where tho never so often the Hopper, the Hop - - per you-  
 fill, you'll still find there's wanting more grist, more grist, more grist to the Mill.

A.4. Voc.

The Almanack Catch

MF R. Brown

War begets Poverty, Poverty Peace, Peace maketh Riches flow, Fate ne'er doth cease.  
 Riches produce Pride, Pride is War's ground, War begetteth Poverty, the World goes round.

(57)  
*The Bedford Catch for 3 Voices: Being an Epitaph upon two good Wives, the  
 one Dead and the other Living. Compos'd by MR. R. BROWN.*

I Thomas of Bedford this Mon - u - ment made for a pair of good Wives, tho  
 but one of 'em's dead: Alice P. I did of Clarkenwell Parish descend: & Ann. my  
 sur - ving from the Saints of Wood - end. This work I attempted with sorrow & woe:  
 cause one Wife was dead, & the other not so: However the Vertues of her I now  
 have, make my Burden more easie, till both are in Grave. This has got all the Graces  
 of her that is gone, and o're and above 'em some few of her own: But alas! oh a  
 las! that such Goods shoud decay, that e'er they shoud dye or be taken a - way.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch (38)

D<sup>r</sup> I Blow

Come hear me, hear me, hear me, come hear me, hear me my Boy; hast a mind to live  
long, to live long, to live long, take a dose of brisk Claret, and part, part of a Song; a  
Generous Heart good Wine does impart, come hear me, hear me, hear me,  
a Generous heart good Wine does impart, and a Time to good Musick is  
beat by the Heart; Let each be content, come hear me, hear me, Let  
each be content, with his own proper store, and keep our selves honest, keep our selves  
honest, tho the world keeps us poor.



A. 3. Voc.

The Czar's Health

M<sup>r</sup> H. HALL

Dragoons have a care, here's a health to the Czar, we'll all, all, we'll all do the mighty  
 Ruf's reason: Examine y<sup>r</sup> Cup, that you drink it all up, if you leave but one drop, if you leave but  
 one drop, 'tis high Treason, wou'd you drink, drink, drink, wou'd you drink like a Ruf's, while you take it  
 off thus still with Pepper improve y<sup>r</sup> weak Brandy: And then to be just, to give it a gust still, still let  
 Nitre supply supply Sugar candy. Thus arm'd let it Blow, let it Hail, let it Snow, let it Hail,  
 let it Snow, it will ne'er make our Hero look thin Sir, warm without with the Hair of his  
 dear Brother Bear, and the Cordial, the Cordial I wot on, I wot on within Sir

A. s. Voc.

The <sup>(40)</sup> Good Fellow

Let the grave folks go Preach, that our lives are but short, and tell us much Wine speedy,  
Death does invite, but we'll be reveng'd before hand with them for't, and crowd a Life's mirth in  
the space of a Night, Then stand all a-bout with your Glases full crown'd, till ev'ry thing  
else to our Posture do grow, till our Cups and our Heads, and the whole House go round, & the  
Cellar becomes where the Chamber is now. The Sun in the Rays of his rich Morning Gown,  
shall be rivall'd by Faces as bright as his own, and wonder that Mortals can fuddle a  
way, more Wine in a Night then he Water i'th' Day.

A. 3 Voc

A Catch <sup>(41)</sup> upon Small Beer

D<sup>r</sup> Aldrich

IF all true friends of good Liquor now were here were here to club strongly in behalf of  
 Small Beer Small Beer in behalf of hey did-dle ho did-dle hey Small Beer it would all be too  
 little the Tiff to exalt and to make out in Metre what it wants in malt The French call it  
 Little Beer and we call it Small and we call we call it Small and some sort of People never  
 call for't at all But I wish all those once at least for a warning Strong over night  
 much Strong over night and no no Small the next morning

A 3 Voc

A Catch

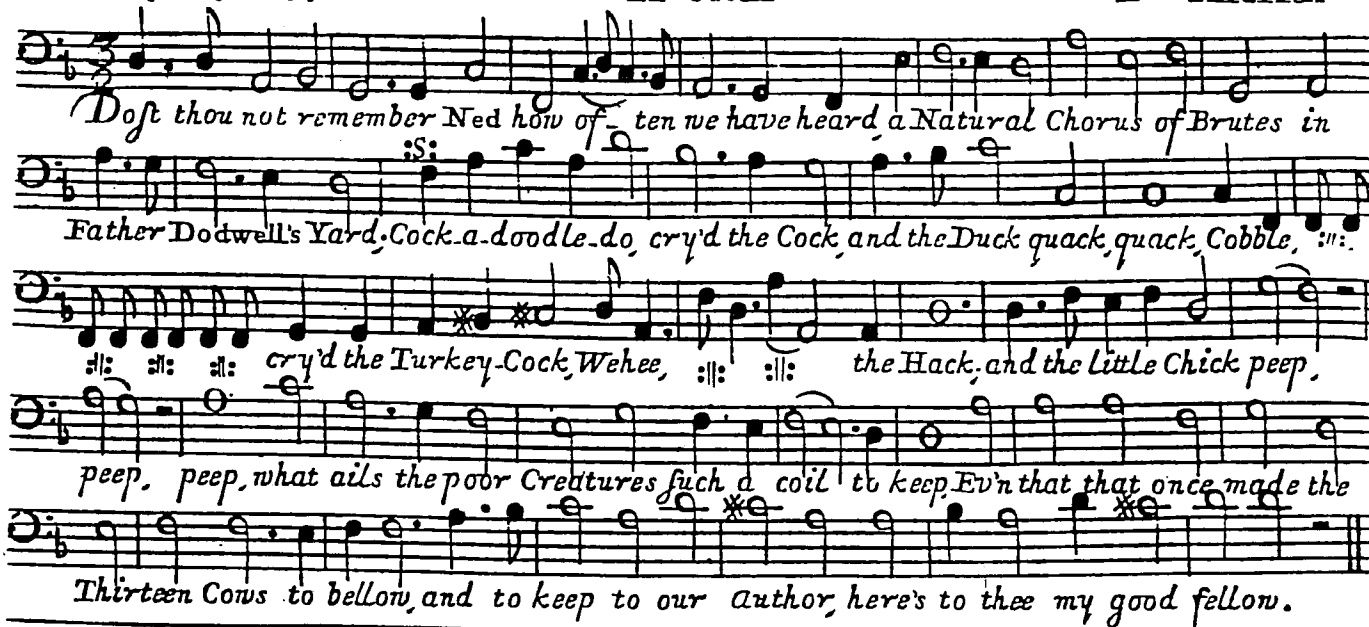
M<sup>r</sup> John Lenton

LET us love and drink our Liquor we shall spend our means the quicker here's to  
 thee kind friend a Nicker

A. 4. Voc.

(42)  
A Catch

Dr Aldrich

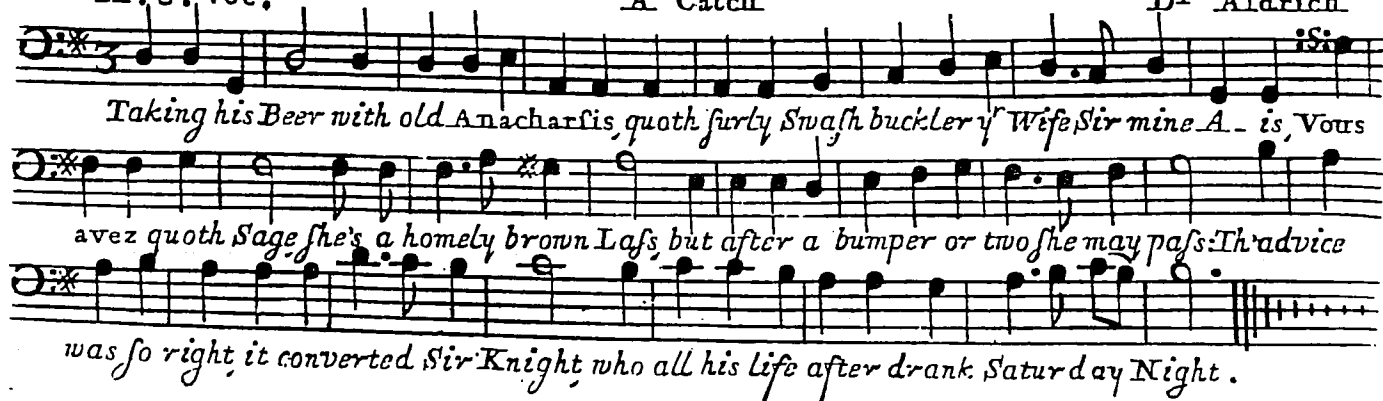


Dost thou not remember Ned how of ten we have heard a Natural Chorus of Brutes in  
Father Dodwell's Yard, Cock-a-doodle-do, cry'd the Cock, and the Duck quack, quack, Cobble,  
cry'd the Turkey-Cock, Wehee, the Hack, and the Little Chick peep,  
peep, peep, what ails the poor Crettures such a coil to keep. Ev'n that that once made the  
Thirteen Cows to bellow, and to keep to our Author, here's to thee my good fellow.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

Dr Aldrich



Taking his Beer with old Anacharis, quoth furly Swash buckler y' Wife, Sir mine A is, Vous  
avez quoth Sage she's a homely brown Lass, but after a bumper or two she may pass: Th' advice  
was so right, it converted Sir Knight, who all his life after drank Saturday Night.

A 3 Voc

(43)  
A Catch

D<sup>r</sup> I Wilfon

TO see on fire a boyling Pot that is the News we do not need a Sloven's  
Nose that's full of Snot that's no News tis so agree'd But to see a man knita T-d in  
to a true lover's knot Oh that's News to laugh at indeed

The musical score consists of three staves of music in 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are repeat signs at the end of the first and second staves. The third staff ends with a double bar line.

A 3 Voc

On a Scolding Wife

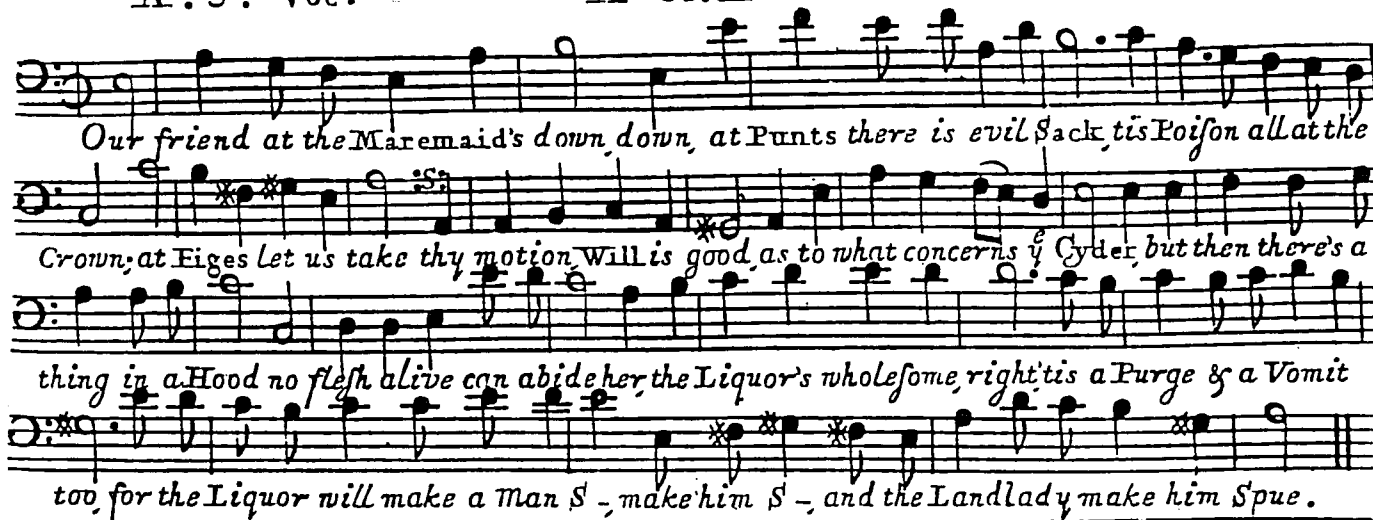
MY wife has a Tongue as good as e'er twang'd at ev'ry Word she bids me be hang'd  
She's ugly she's old and a curfed scold with a dam-nable Nunquam satis for her  
Tongue and her Tail if e-ver they fail the Dee'l shall have her Gratis

The musical score consists of three staves of music in 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are repeat signs at the end of the first and second staves. The third staff ends with a double bar line.

A. 3. Voc.

(44)  
A Catch

D<sup>r</sup> Aldrich

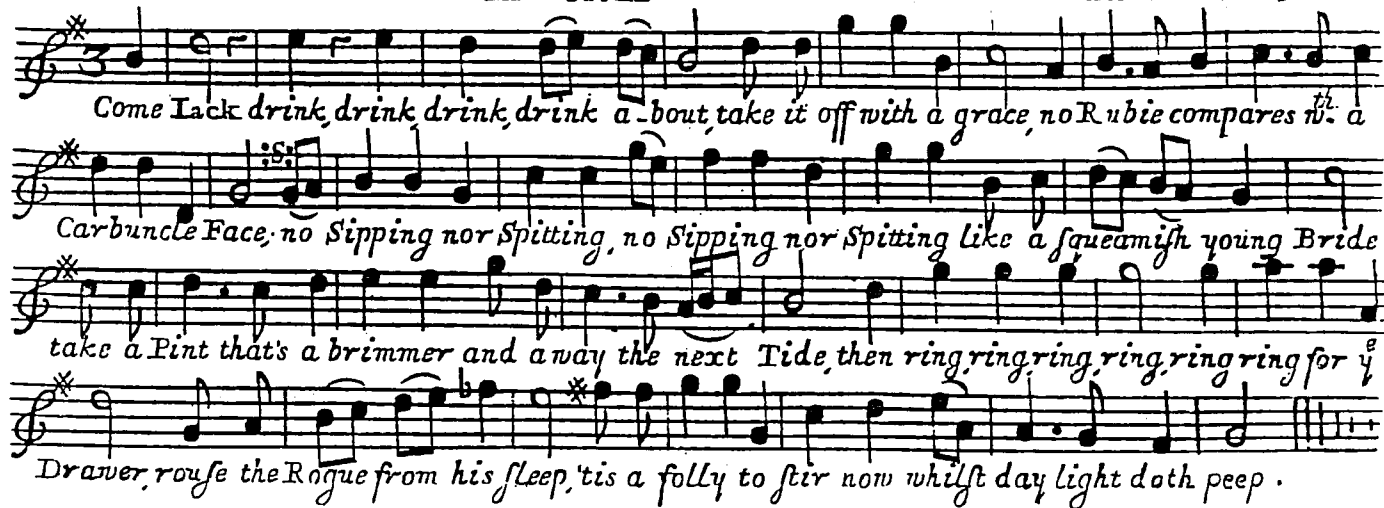


Our friend at the Maremaid's down, down, at Punts there is evil Sack, tis Poison all at the Crown, at Eges let us take thy motion, Will is good as to what concerns y<sup>e</sup> Cyder, but then there's a thing in a Hood no flesh alive can abide her, the Liquor's wholesome, right 'tis a Purge & a Vomit too, for the Liquor will make a Man S - , make him S - , and the Landlady make him Spue.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

M<sup>f</sup> R Brown



Come Iack drink, drink, drink, drink a-bout, take it off with a grace, no Rubie compares w<sup>th</sup> a Carbuncle Face, no Sipping nor Spitting, no Sipping nor Spitting like a squeamish young Bride take a Pint that's a brimmer and away the next Tide, then ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring for y<sup>e</sup> Drawer, rouse the Rogue from his sleep, 'tis a folly to stir now whilst day light doth peep.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch upon Tom Jolly's Nose

Dr Aldrich

Tom Jolly's Nose I mean to abuse, thy jolly Nose Tom provokes my Muse: thy  
 Nose jolly Tom that shines so bright, I'll easily follow it by its own light: thy Nose Tom  
 Jolly no jest it will bear, altho' it yeilds Matter enough, and to spare; but jolly Tom's  
 Nose, for all he can do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too, Tom's Nose  
 jolly Tom's Nose, the more it is banter'd, the more it glows: then drink to Tom Jolly  
 a cooling Glass, or jolly Tom's Nose will fire his Face.

A. 3. Voc.

A Catch

Joan, Joan, for your part, you love kissing with all your Heart, I marry do I says  
 jumping Ioan, and therefore to thee I make my moan.

(46)  
 A. 3. Voc. *Mr Owen Swan's words upon himself when he kept the Swan Tavern  
 in Bartholomew Lane commonly call'd Cobwebb Hall.* M<sup>r</sup> I. Church

Poor Owen, poor Owen, for a while, poor Owen for a while did lye, did lye despis'd by  
 all, by all that walk'd by, did lye despis'd by all, despis'd by all, all, all, all, by all that  
 walk'd by, often, often they were heard to cry, Swan's Wine's dry, Swan's Wine's dry often  
 they were heard to cry, were heard, were heard to cry, were heard to cry, Swan's Wine's dry  
 Swan's Wine's dry, Swan's Wine's dry. One standing by, said let's try, Let's try, Let's try,  
 said let's try, Let's try, Let's try, Let's try, Let's try, one standing by, one standing by, said let's  
 try, let's try, then one and all, all one and all went to Cobwebb Hall.



A. 3. Voc.

This follows poor Owen

Where they drank their Wine in Bowls, to gratifie, to gratifie their thirsty, thirsty, thirsty souls  
Thorough Bals to poor Owen

A. 4. Voc.

A Catch upon M<sup>r</sup> Young & his Son

Dr Caesar

You Scrapers that want a good Fiddle well strung, you must go to y<sup>e</sup> Man that is old  
while he's YOUNG. But if this same Fiddle you fain wou'd play bold, you must go to his  
Son who'll be YOUNG when he's old. There's old YOUNG, and young YOUNG, both Men of Re =  
= now, old sells, & young plays the best FIDDLE in Town. Young & old live toge = ther,  
and may they live long, Young to play an Old Fiddle, Old to sell a New SONG

A. 3. Voc. (48) An Answer to Tom Jolly's Nose D<sup>r</sup> Aldrich

Although Jolly Tom, great Fame thou hast won, thy bloody red Nose shall look paler  
 e're long: For the rate that we drink at each Night still procures, such Noses as  
 would quite discountenance your's, and when the large Bumper floats round in the  
 close, we'll despise thee, and swear 'tis mine Ar - of a Nose.

A 3. Voc. A Catch in Praise of MUM

There's an odd sort of Liquor new come from Hamborough, 'twill stich a whole  
 Wapentake thorough and thorough, 'tis yellow, and likewise as bitter as Gall, as  
 strong as six Horses, Coach and all, as I told you, 'twill make you as drunk as a  
 Drum, you'd fain know the Name on't, but for that my Friend MUM.

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*N<sup>o</sup> 298*

*London. Printed for and Sold by I. Walsh Musick Printer and Instru-  
ment maker to his Majesty at the Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand.*

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1 *A. s. Voc.* (1) *A Catch the words by Mr. Otway.* Mr. H. Purcell.

Would you know how we meet, o'er our Jolly full Bowls, as we mingle our  
Liquors, we mingle our Souls, the sweet melts the sharp, the kind sooths the Strong,  
and nothing but Friendship grows all the night long, we drink, laugh, and gra-tisfie  
ev-ry desire, Love, on ly remains our unquenchable Fire.

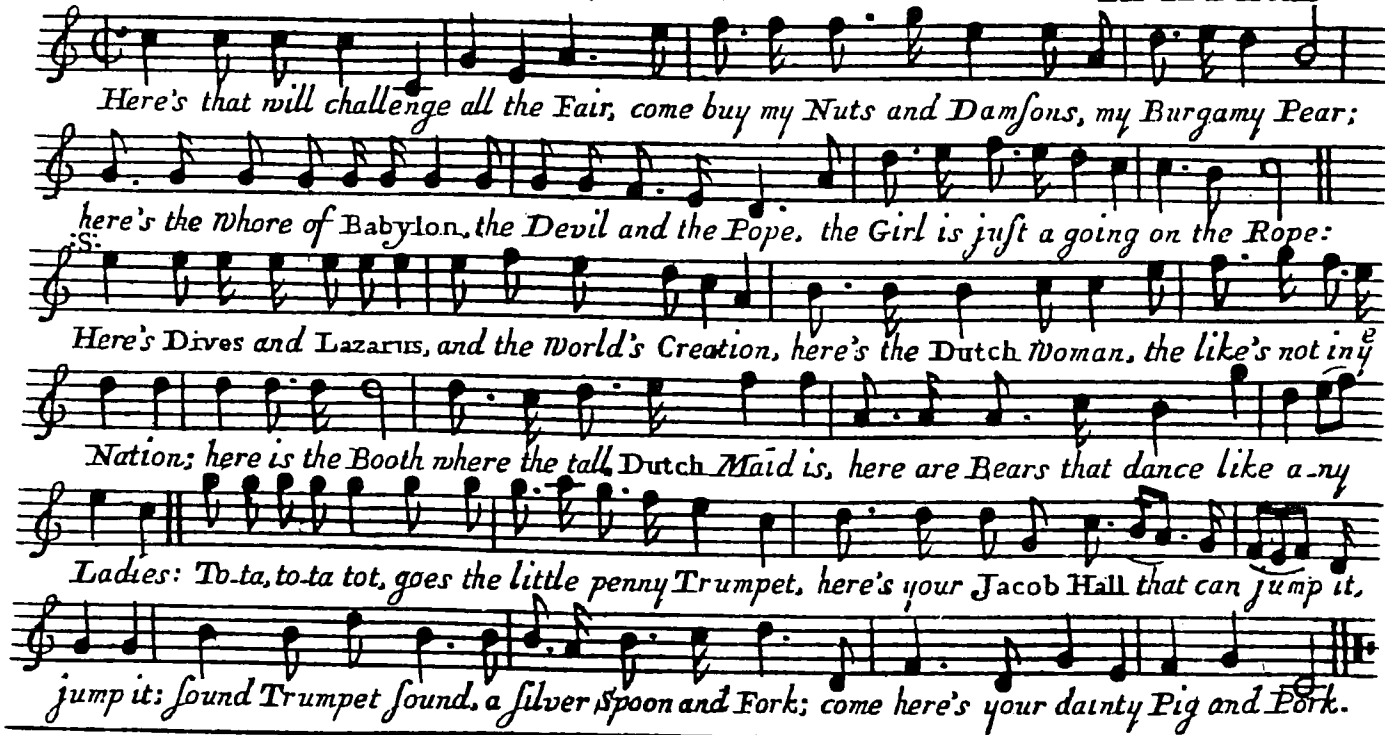
2 *A. s. Voc.* *Advice to Friend Jacob in Cornhill, writ and Set by Mr. Brown.*

Come good Jober Jacob, t'other quart, t'other quart, and no more, we know thou af-  
fects neither drunkard, nor whore, yet methinks a good Fellow, for once, for once may be free,  
with a Cup of this Creature, to our Friends, thee and me, to en-li-ven the Spirit is to moisten, to  
moisten thy clay, of which give 'em proof, at Bull and Mouth next first day.

(3) A. s. Voc.

(2)  
A Catch.

Mr. H. Purcell.

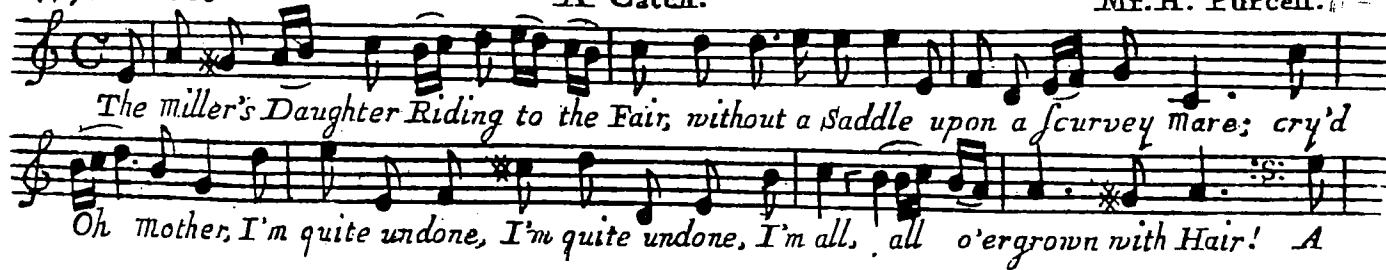


Here's that will challenge all the Fair, come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Burgamy Pear;  
here's the Whore of Babylon, the Devil and the Pope, the Girl is just a going on the Rope:  
Here's Dives and Lazarus, and the World's Creation, here's the Dutch Woman, the like's not in y<sup>e</sup>  
Nation; here is the Booth where the tall Dutch Maid is, here are Bears that dance like a ny  
Ladies: To-ta, to-ta tot, goes the little penny Trumpet, here's your Jacob Hall that can jump it,  
jump it; sound Trumpet sound, a silver Spoon and Fork; come here's your dainty Pig and Fork.

(4) A. s. Voc.

A Catch.

Mr. H. Purcell.



The miller's Daughter Riding to the Fair, without a Saddle upon a scurvey Mare; cry'd  
Oh mother, I'm quite undone, I'm quite undone, I'm all, all o'ergrown with Hair! A

way you silly Daughter, 'tis ev'ry She's concern, and if you won't believe me, look here.  
 look here, here, look here, here, look here, look here, here and you may learn; then taking her a-  
 side, she made the matter plain, O.....h Mother, you're ten times worse! Oh you're  
 ten times worse! you're ten times worse! you're ten times worse! why sure you rid up -on the Main!

5 A. 4. Voc.

A Catch.

The silver Swan, who living had no Note, till Death approach'd unlock'd her silent  
 throat, leaning her breast against the Reedy shore, thus sung her first and last, and sung no  
 more, farewell all joys: Oh Death come close my eyes, more Geese than Swans now  
 live, more Fools than wise.

6 A. 3. Voc.

The Agreement. <sup>(4)</sup> writ and Set by Mr. R. Brown.

Musical notation for the first piece, consisting of four staves of music in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower three staves. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

All we here, whose names Sir, you find underwritten, do promise to pay unto Benjamin Siffen, the sum of four Pounds for a part of a Room, he takes for convenience when marriage comes on. so witness our hands all, to what here is said man,

Sam Day, Harry Will-n, and honest John Dedman.

7 A 3 Voc. Catch on good Claret. Set by Mr. George Day Organist of Winbourn in Dorsetshire.

Musical notation for the second piece, consisting of four staves of music in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower three staves. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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



8 A.3. Voc.

A Catch. (5)

Mr. H. Purcell.

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

9 A.3. Voc.

A Catch.

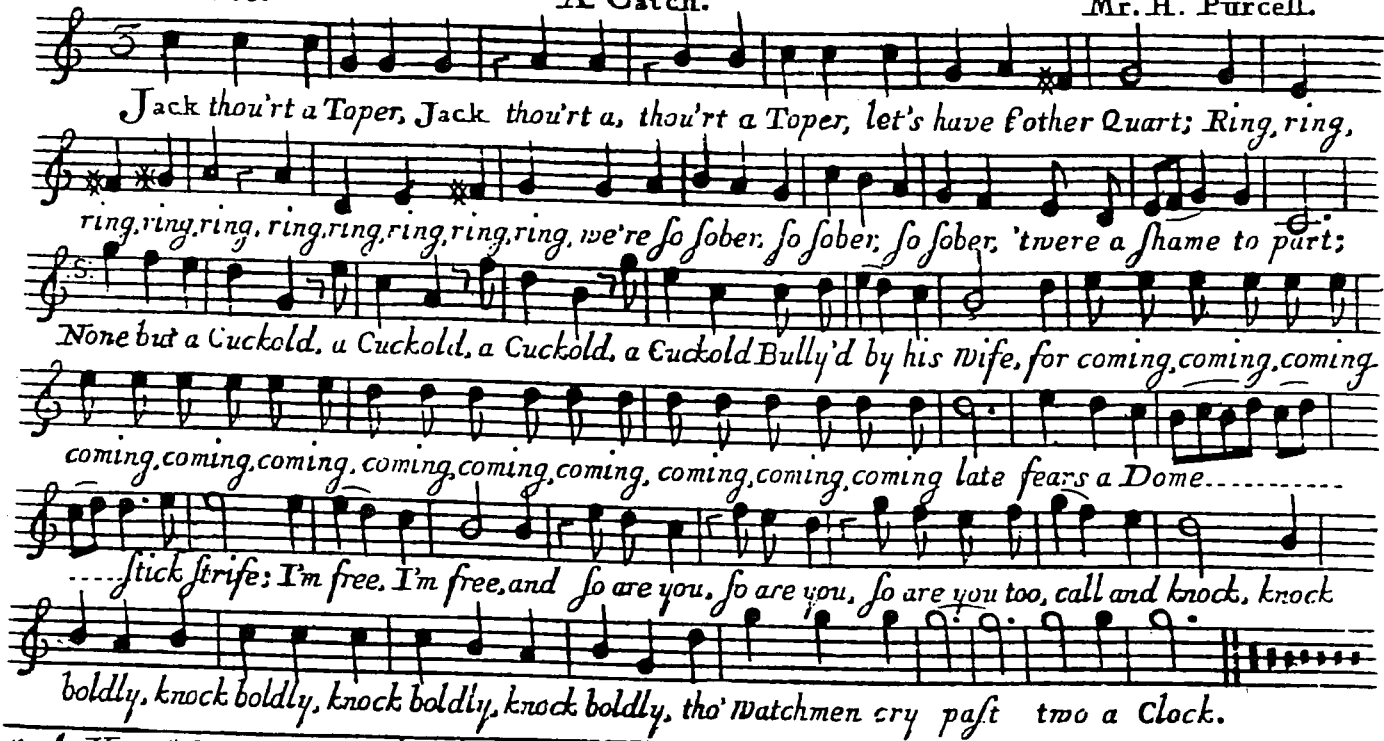
Mr. H. Purcell.

*Drink on, drink on, drink on, till Night be spent, and Sun do shine, did not the Gods give*  
*anxious Mortals Wine, to wash all Care, to wash all Care and Trouble from the heart?*  
*why then so soon, why then so soon shou'd Jo-vial Fellows part? come let this Bumper,*  
*let this Bumper for the next make way, who's sure to live, who's sure to live, and drink another day.*

10 A. 3. Voc.

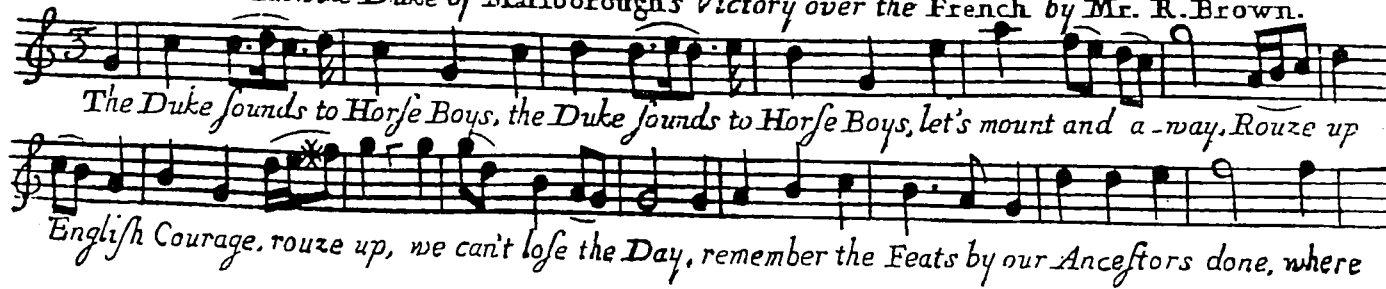
(6)  
A Catch.

Mr. H. Purcell.



Jack thou'rt a Toper, Jack thou'rt a, thou'rt a Toper, let's have Eother Quart; Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we're so sober, so sober, so sober, 'twere a shame to part; None but a Cuckold, u Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold Bully'd by his wife, for coming, coming, coming coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late fears a Dome..... stick strife; I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho' Watchmen cry past two a Clock.

11 A. 3. Voc. A Catch on the Duke of Marlborough's Victory over the French by Mr. R. Brown.



The Duke sounds to Horse Boys, the Duke sounds to Horse Boys, let's mount and a-way, Rouze up English Courage, rouze up, we can't lose the Day, remember the Feats by our Ancestors done, where



13 A. S. Voc.

A Catch. (8)

Mr H. Purcell

Room, room, room, room, room for the express, at length here it comes; Limrick's our own, Lim  
rick's our own, be it known, be it known to all Grums. Hark! hark! hark! the Guns of the Tower ring  
ring it in peals, we'll drink round the Bonfires, we'll drink round the Bonfires, Huz...za Huz...za to the  
Bells, to our conquering Army loud Praises, lou.....d Praises let's Sing. and now  
Monsieur French man, and now Monsieur French man have at you, have at you next Spring.

14 A. S. Voc.

In Praise of Claret.

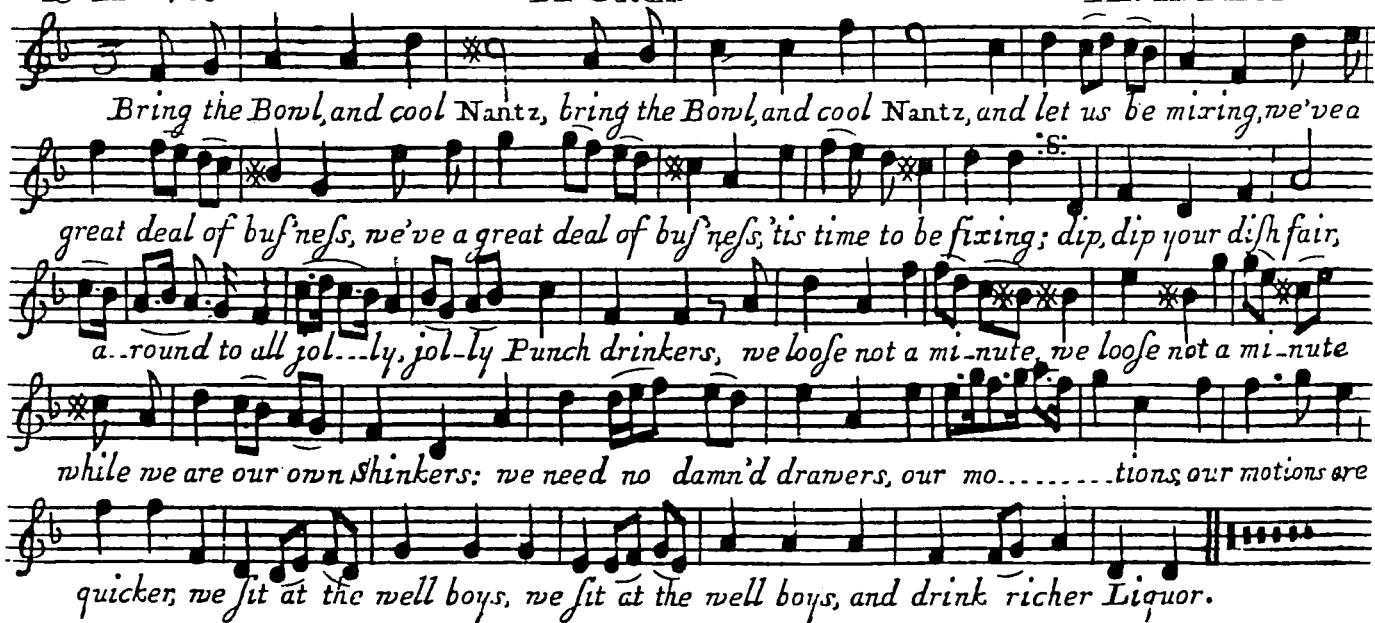
Mr. I. Reading :3;

A Hogshhead was offer'd to Bacchus his Shrine, the God was offended because twas White-wine; then  
curs'd in a passion, Damn't, rot it, and mar it, did'st ever know Bacchus drink other than Claret? so if  
jolly red God having empty'd the White-wine, return'd the poor Vot'ry the Hogshhead to shite in.

15 A 3 Voc.

A Catch. (9)

Mr. H. Purcell.

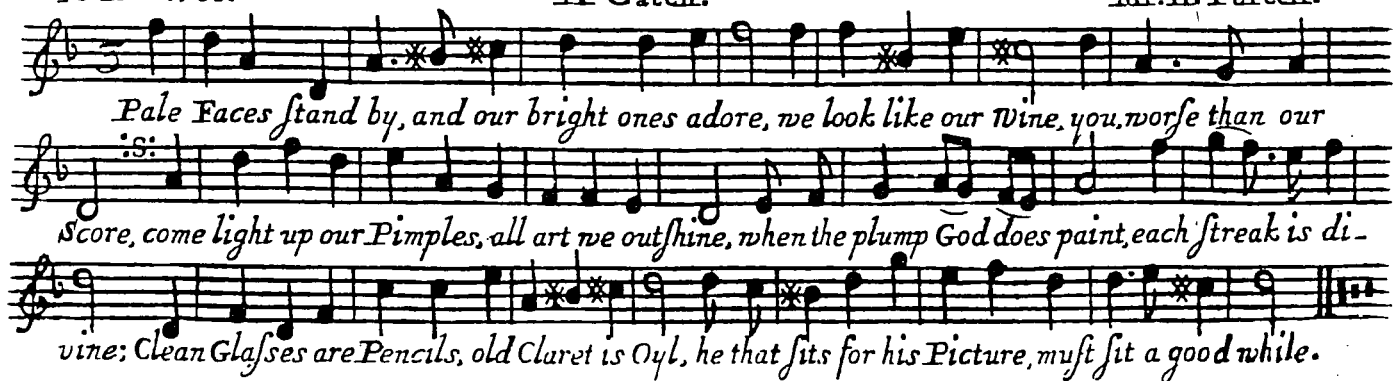


Bring the Bowl, and cool Nantz, bring the Bowl, and cool Nantz, and let us be mixing, we've a  
great deal of buf'ness, we've a great deal of buf'ness, 'tis time to be fixing; dip, dip your dish fair,  
a..round to all jol...ly, jol-ly Punch drinkers, we loose not a mi-nute, we loose not a mi-nute  
while we are our own Shinkers: we need no damn'd drawers, our mo.....tions our motions are  
quicker, we sit at the well boys, we sit at the well boys, and drink richer Liquor.

16 A. 4. Voc.

A Catch.

Mr. H. Purcell.



Pale Faces stand by, and our bright ones adore, we look like our Wine, you, worse than our  
Score, come light up our Pimples, all art we outshine, when the plump God does paint, each streak is di-  
vine; Clean Glasses are Pencils, old Claret is Oyl, he that sits for his Picture, must sit a good while.

17 A. 3. Voc.

(10)  
A Catch.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

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

18 A. 3. Voc.

Tom the Taylor.

Mr. H. Purcell.

Tom, making a Mantua for a Lass of Pleasure, pull'd out, pull'd out, pull'd out his  
long, his long and lawfull measure: but quickly found, tho' wondrously streight lac'd Sir, nine Inches  
nine Inches, nine Inches, nine Inches would not half sur-round her wast Sir; Three In-ches  
more, at length brisk Tom advances, yet all, yet all too short, yet all, all, all too short, all too  
short, yet all too short, all too short to reach her swinging Hances.

19 A 3 Voc.

(11)  
The London Constable.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

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

20 A 4 Voc.

A Saturday Night's Catch.

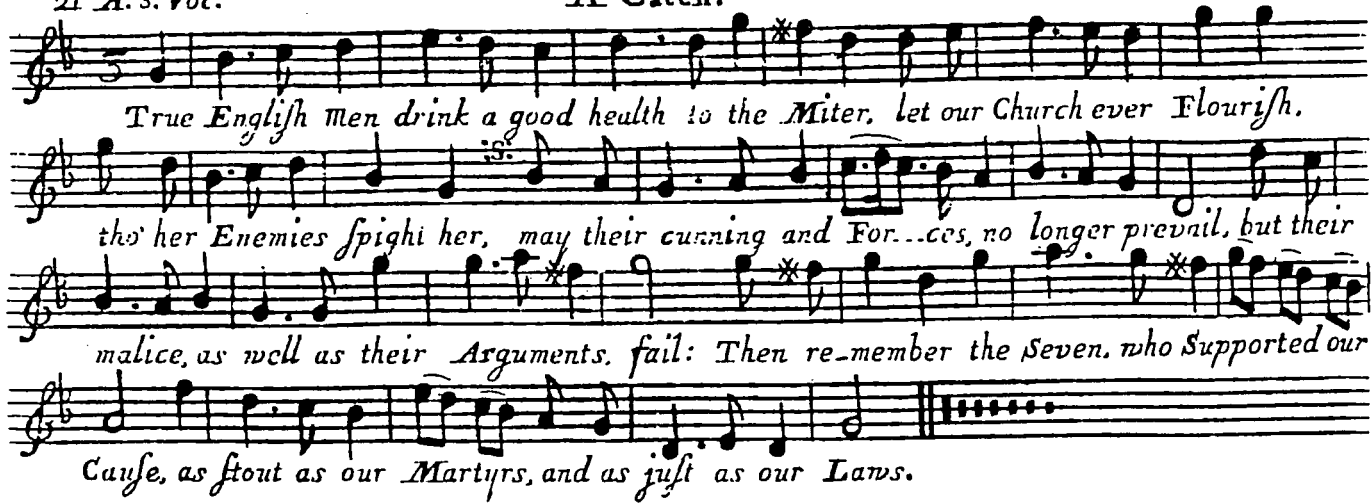
Mr. R. Brown.

Let's drink to all our wives, good health, and merry lives, but who to please them  
cares, must live old Nestor's years.

21 A. 3. Voc.

(12)  
A Catch.

Mr. H. Purcell.

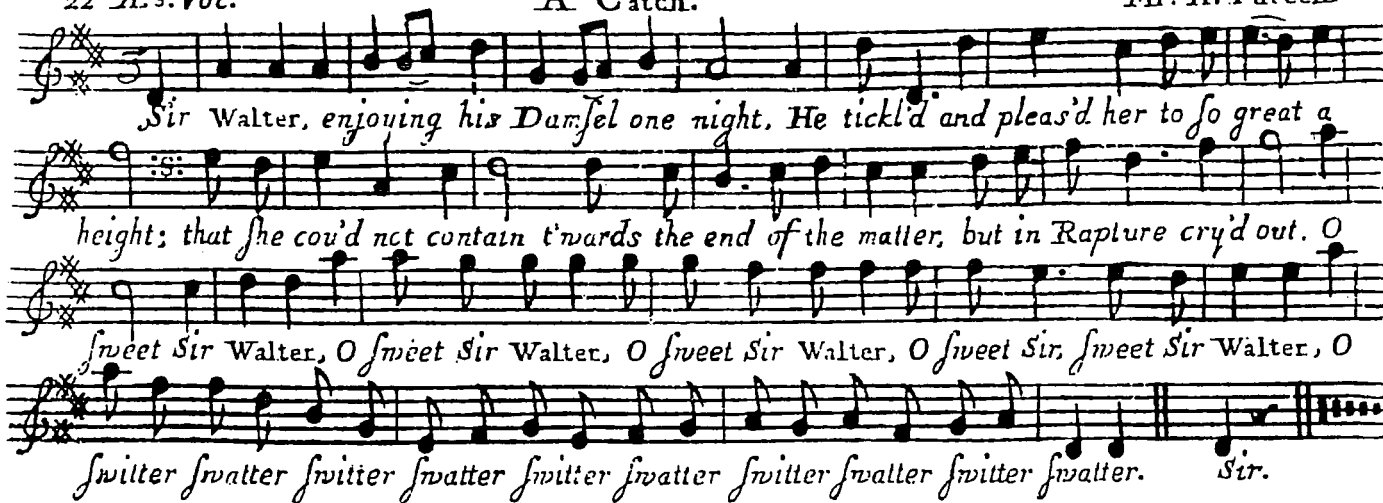


True English Men drink a good health to the Miter, let our Church ever Flourish,  
tho' her Enemies spight her, may their cunning and For...ces, no longer prevail, but their  
malice, as well as their Arguments, fail: Then re-remember the Seven, who Supported our  
Cause, as stout as our Martyrs, and as just as our Laws.

22 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

Mr. H. Purcell.



Sir Walter, enjoying his Damsel one night, He tickl'd and pleas'd her to so great a  
height; that she cou'd not contain t'wards the end of the matter, but in Rapture cry'd out. O  
sweet Sir Walter, O sweet Sir Walter, O sweet Sir Walter, O sweet Sir, sweet Sir Walter, O  
switter swatter switter swatter switter swatter switter swatter switter swatter. Sir.



23 A. 3. Voc. (13) A Catch. Mr. H. Purcell.

Once, Twice, Thrice, I Ju-lia try'd, the foorn - - - full Puffs as oft de -  
 - ny'd, and since, and since I can - - no . better, better thrive, I'll crin - - ge to  
 ne'er a Bitch alive, so kifs my Ar\_, so kifs my Ar\_, so kifs my Ar\_, so kifs my  
 Ar\_ disdain-ful Sow, good Claret, good Claret is my Mistris now.

24 A. 3. Voc. A Catch.

Your merry Poets, Old Boys of Aganip-pes 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 clear Boys,  
 and you shall quickly quickly know it, that 'tis not lowfie Beer Boys, but Wine y makes a Poet.

25 A. 3. Voc.

In Praise of the Punch Bowl.

Dr. John Blow.

How shall we speak thy praise, delicious Bowl, thou cheer'st the Heart, and thou inspir'st  
 the Soul; not Jove of Nectar so Divine can boast, Ambro-sia is insipid to thy Toast:  
 Drink here, you sons of wit, and you will own, the Punch Bowl is the on-ly Helicon.

26 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

Here lies a Woman who can deny it? She dy'd in peace, though liv'd un-  
 quiet. Her Husband prays, if o're her grave you walk, you would tread soft,  
 you would tread soft; for if she wake, for if she wake she'l talk; tread soft;  
 for if she wake. she'l talk.

27 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch. <sup>(15)</sup>

Here where is my Landlord? a pot of good Drink, but faith you must trust, for we have no  
Chink. indeed Sir, you look like a very good fellow, but I cannot trust without white or yellow,  
the yellow I have none, and as for the white, make use of your Chalk, and so a good night.

28 A 3 Voc. Catch on the French at Audenard and Lille by Mr. R. Brown.

From Aud'nard fam'd Battle to Lille we'll now march, we've swing'd 'em i'th' Feild,  
we've swing'd 'em i'th' Feild, now their Towns let us search; flee Boys, to the Trenches, re-  
double your fire, Jack's heart soon will ake, Jack's heart soon will ake as he sees you  
come nigher: Tou sou, cry your Cannon, fix't right as they can be, we'll first singe  
their doublets, we'll first singe their doublets, then drown 'em in Brandy.

29 A. 3. Voc.

(16)  
Cælia Learning on the Spinnet.

Mr. John Ifum.

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

30 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

Mr. H. Purcell.

*ff*:s: all be true that I do think, there are Five Reasons, there are Five Reasons we shou'd  
Drink; good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry, or least we should be by and by; or any  
other Reason, or any other Reason, or any other Reason, why, any Reason why.

Will you go by water, Sir? I'm the next Sculler; go with my Fair up westward, Sir. my  
 Boat shall be no fuller: next oars, Sir, next oars; whither is't you go? to Fox-Hall or Westminster, or  
 through-Bridge ho! pray Master trim the Boat, and sit a little higher, you have a handsome Woman  
 by you, methinks you might sit nigher! come boy, lay the stretcher, and sit down to y' oar, you Sir: will you  
 change a Rogue for a Whore? you Sculler! look before you, with a-pox t'ye hold water; look!  
 look! the Rogue runs foul of us, remember this hereafter: come land us here at Kings Bridge,  
 aye Sir, if you're willing: here waterman there's six pence; good faith, 'tis worth a shilling.

32 A. 3. Voc.

The King of SPAIN'S Health. The Words and Musick by  
Mr. Henry Hall Organist of Heriford.

The musical score is written on ten staves in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music features various ornaments, including mordents and grace notes, and includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The lyrics are as follows:

Come take off your Liquor, fill, fill it a-bout, that Flask of true Florence is hardly half out; the  
 Falcon it self of no better can boast, 'tis in a good hand Sir, 'tis in a good hand Sir, and your  
 turn to Toast: The Queen, and the Prince are already gone round, the Churches well  
 willers, and noble Or...mond, with each worthy Member which was for the Bill, then  
 what shall I drink, then what shall I drink, or to whom shall I fill; Drink a  
 Health to the Hero which measures the main, drink a Health to the new King, and true  
 King of Spain, and while Fortune smiles on us, and Burus is kind, with re-  
 sounding Huz-zahs..... we'll add to the wind.

I know Brother Tar, I know Brother Tar, those French durst not stand us; nor the  
 Dastardly Irish once venture to land us; if we Bang not such scoundrels may a  
 stor... m ri... se and stand us. But the Boson's shrill whistle  
 cries all, all, all, all hands a-loft Boys, and a Boat full of Punch is a rich mornings  
 draught Boys; now tope we catt Harpin, now tope we catt Harpin, and then fore and  
 aft Boys. Brother Bluff. Brother Bluff, 'tis a Gallon, 'tis a Gallon that now, now, now, now is a  
 sinking, to our Landmen who never yet knew what was shrinking, we'll cover our Def-  
 cent with Huzzas, Huzzas and dow... n drinking.

34 A. s. Voc.

A Catch. (20)

Mr. H. Purcell.

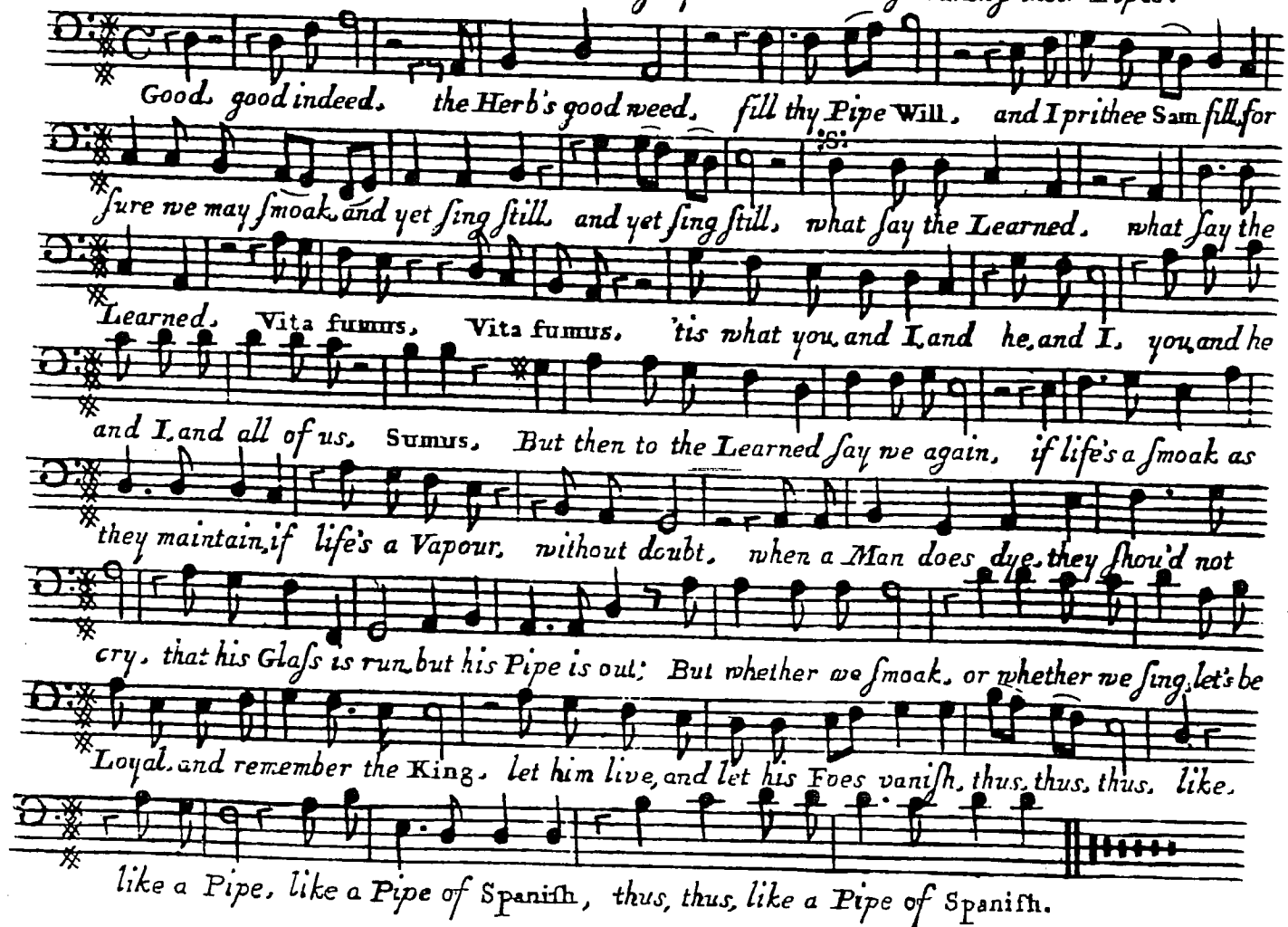
Belch. Belch. Belch.

Pox on you, Pox on you, Pox on you for a Fop, your Stomach too queazy,  
cannot I Belch, cannot I Belch and Fart, you Coxcomb, to ease me: what if I let fly in your  
Face and shall please ye? Fogh. fogh, fogh, fogh, how son'r he smells; now he's  
at it, now he's at it a-gain; out ye Beast, out ye Beast, I never met so nasty a Man,  
I'm not able to bear it, what the Devil dy'e mean? no less than a Cæsar, no less than a  
Cæsar, no, no, no, less than a Cæsar, decree'd with great reason, no restraint, no restraint  
shou'd be laid on the Bum, or the Weason, for Belching and Farting were always in season.



Young Collin cleaving of a Beam, at ev'ry thumping, thumping blow cry'd Hem! and  
 told his wife, and told his wife, and told his wife who the cause wou'd know, that Hem  
 made the wedge much farther go. Plump Joan when at night to Bed they came, and  
 both were play.....ing at the same, cry'd Hem! Hem! Hem! prethee, prethee  
 prethee, Collin do, if ever thou Love'dst me, Dear Hem now; he laughing answer'd,  
 no, no, no, some work will split, will split with half a blow; beside now I bore, now I bore,  
 now I bore, now, now, now, I bore, I Hem when I cleave, but now I bore.

36 A.4.Voc. A Catch on Tobacco *Sung by 4 Men while smoaking their Pipes.* (22)



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

37 A. 3. Voc. *A Catch on S<sup>r</sup> John<sup>(23)</sup> and his Lady* Set by Mr. R. Brown.

Said S<sup>r</sup> John to his Lady, as kissing, as kissing they fate, shall we now go to dinner, or to you know.  
 to you know what. with a Languishing look, reply'd, reply'd the good Lady, S<sup>r</sup> John what you  
 please for your dinner, your dinner's not ready, but sweet good S<sup>r</sup> John S<sup>r</sup> John, be'nt thus given to  
 wallow. if you stir but up stairs. I protest, I protest I must follow.

38 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

by M<sup>r</sup>. R. Brown.

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

39 A. 3. Voc.

(24)

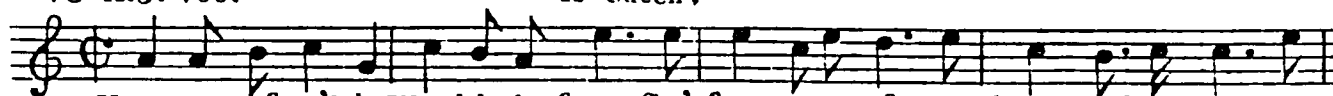
A. Catch.

M<sup>r</sup> H. Purcell.

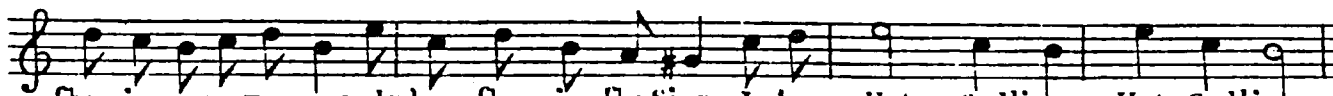
Come come let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, 'tis in vain to  
think, like Fools on Grief or sadness, let our Money fly, and our Sorrows die, all  
worldly Care is Madness, but Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine and good cheer, will in spite of our  
fear, in spite - - our Hearts with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

40 A.5. Voc.

A Catch,



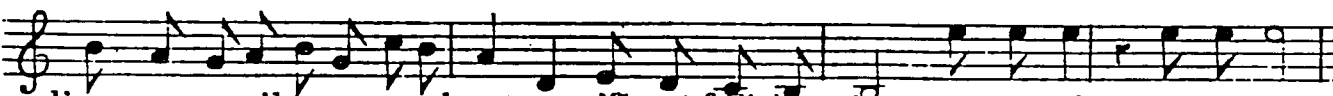
Have you observ'd the Wench in the street, she's scarce any Hose or Shoes to her Feet, yet



she is very merry, and when she cries, she sings I ha Hot Codlins, Hot Codlins,



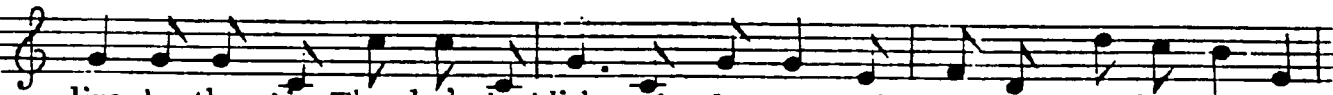
or have you e-ver seen, or heard the Mortal with a Lion taw...ny Beard, he



lives as merrily as any heart can wish and still he cries Buy a Brish, Buy a Brish,



Since these are merry why should we take care, Musicians like Camelians must



live by the Air, Then let's be blith and bonny, and no good Meeting balk, for



when we have no money, we shall find Chalk.

41

An Epitaph on Sr Harry — (26) and his Miftrefs: His Statue lying

Slow on the Tomb, and Her's kneeling at his Feet. Set by Mr Rich<sup>d</sup> Brown

Intombed here lyes good Sir Harry, belov'd full well but wou'd not marry:  
 when he did live, and had his feeling, She did lye and he was kneeling, but now he's  
 Dead, and lost his feeling, he doth lye and she is kneeling,

42

A.3. Voic.

## A Chiding Catch.

Ey! nay! prithee John! do not quarrel Man! let's be merry, and drink about:  
 You're a Rogue you've cheated me, I'll prove before this Compa-ny, I carent'a Farthing,  
 Sir, for all you are so stout. Sir, you lye, I scorn your word, or a-ny Man that  
 wears a Sword, for all you huff, who cares a T- or who cares for you.

43 A. 3. Voc. (27)  
A Catch.

There was an old man at Walton-Cross, who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss, hey tro-ly,  
 lo-ly, lo-ly lo; hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo: He never was heard to sigh a hey ho, but sent it out  
 with a hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo. He cheer'd up his heart when his  
 goods went to wrack, with a hen, boys, hen, and a Cup of old Sack, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo, hey tro-ly, lo-ly, lo-ly, lo.

44 A. 3. Voc. A Catch on Mr. Jery Clarke's old Dog Spott. Mr. R. Brown.

The Prophet's Old Dog was a mannerly Curr, his Master went first, and he follow'd  
 his Sir; But Jery's old Turnspitt, such manners not knowing, to the Boat, or the  
 Coach, first of all will be going: At which Jery smiles, 'cause his humour he  
 picks, and swears 'tis too late to teach old Dogs new Tricks.

45 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch. (28)

Mr. John Eccles.

Confusion, confusion to the pow'r... of Cupid; brisk Wine, brisk Wine ne'er  
made a mortal stupid; Drink, drink, drink, drink, while sober fots look  
pale, condemn'd to Claps, condemn'd to Claps and foggy Ale. a pox of Love, a  
pox of Love, there's nothing in it, a Bumper gives the happy, happy minute.

46 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch on the famous Expedition at Vigo by Mr. R. Brown.

O're Neptune's Dominions brave Ormond sail'd home, from fright'ning Jack  
Spaniard with Cales heavy Doom; But Jack he has trick'd thee, be-stir thy old  
Bones, and hasten to Vigo to save thy Galloons, marblen crys the Monsieur, Jack  
curses his Fate, and swears he'll trust French-men no more with his Plute.



(47) *A. 3. Voc.*

(29)  
*A Catch.*

Mr. H. Purcell

'Tis too late for a Coach, and too soon to reel home, we have freedom to stagger when the  
Town is our own; let's whirl it away, and whip six-pen.ces round, till the Drawers are  
founder'd, and the Hoghead does sound: The Glass stays with you, Tom, save your Tide,  
pull a-way, one Minute of mid-night is worth a whole Day.

(48) *A. 3. Voc.*

*A Catch.*

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 we 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 hear it crack. Now listen to the Bajs, for  
he will us disgrace; I fear the Lout will first be out, he makes such an ugly face.

(49) A. J. Voc.

## A Catch Upon Port Wine.

Great BACCHUS is mighty, in giving us WINE, from ITALY, SPAIN, and from FRANCE, to the  
 RHINE; but of all the great Blessings he to us conveys, his WINE, of O - PORTO, must  
 carry the Praise, who's Beauty's transcendent, and vigour so stout, as other WINE  
 gives, this, still eases the Gout. that the Scurvy it cures of the Body and Mind, both the  
 Aged, and Young by experience do find, Of Foes it makes Friends, the dull it makes  
 witty, and pleases each Pallate, of Country and Citty, then if any wou'd know which of  
 WINE'S the best fort, let him take for his an-swer, A Bottle of PORT.

(50) A. J. Voc.

(31)  
A Catch.

IF any so wife is, that Sack he despises, let him drink his Small Beer  
and be Sober, whilst we drink Sack and sing, as if it were Spring, he shall  
droop like the Trees in October, But be sure over night, if this Dog do you bite, you  
take it henceforth for a warning, soon as out of your Bed, to fet-tle your  
Head, take a hair of his tail in the morning: And be not so fil-ly, to fol-low old  
LILLY, for there's nothing but Sack y can tune us; let his NE-AS-SUESCAS be  
put in his Cap-cape, and sing BI-BI -TO- VI-NUM JEJU-NUS.

(51) A Catch on the Modern Courage and Conduct of the French. Set by Mr. Rich<sup>d</sup> Brown. (32)

Ah sorry poor French-men, I grieve at your Fates, your Armies are beaten, your  
cunning abates; In Field nor in Town, dare you stand your own Ground, what  
dismal effects after this will be found; At Audenards Battle, that may nt be for-  
got, you Ran from your Comrade half dead on the spot. Liie's Fortrefs no lefs must with  
Shame be 'remember'd. the Siege was push'd close and you tamely furrender'd, the  
Sons of the Blood, by Example Mr. Prouis. can't animate wretches more dull than a  
Cow is. for Shame then go home to your Sallads and Pottage, resign your fine Towns,  
fuck your paws in a Cottage.

Sum up all the delights, sum up all, all, sum up all the delights the world does produce, the  
 darling allurements now chiefly in use, you'll find when compar'd, there's none can con-  
 tend, with the solid enjoyments of Bottle, and Friend, for Honour, or wealth,  
 or Beauty may waste, those Joys often fade, but rarely do last, they're so hard to at-  
 tain, and so easily lost, that the Pleasure ne'er answers the trouble and cost. none like  
 wine, none like wine and true friendship are lasting and sure, from Jealousie free,  
 and from envy secure, then fill up the Glasses untill they run o'er, a Friend and good  
 wine are the charms we adore.

53 A. 3. Voc.

(34)  
Galloping Joan.

Dr. John Blow.

Joan has been Galloping, galloping, galloping. Joan has been galloping all the Town o're;  
till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, untill her Bumfiddle was wondrous sore;  
without e're a Saddle upon her old Jade, to fetch her good man from the Ale-house trade.

The musical score for 'Galloping Joan' consists of three staves. The first staff is the vocal line, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are accompaniment lines, also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

54 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

A Womans rule should be in such a fashion, on-ly to guide her household and her  
Passion; and her obedience never out of season, so long, so long as either Husband lasts, or  
Reason. Ill-fares the hap'less Family that shows a Cock that's silent, a Cock that's  
silent, and a Hen that crows. I know not which live more unnatural lives, o-  
bedient Husbands, or commanding, or commanding Wives.

The musical score for 'A Catch' consists of five staves. The first staff is the vocal line, written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The second, third, fourth, and fifth staves are accompaniment lines, also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Here's a Health to the King, who has said from the Throne, that His Heart is true  
 English as well as our own; that His Heart is true English, His Heart is true English, as  
 well as our own; And the Church fix't by Law is resolv'd to maintain; thro' the course of His  
 Life and the course of His Reign; thro' the course of His Life, thro' the course of His Life,  
 and the course of His Reign: Thus we need not to fear any danger to come, while our  
 Arms Rule abroad, and our King Reigns at home; while our Arms Rule abroad, while our  
 Arms Rule abroad, and our King Reigns at home.

Tinking Tom was an honest Man, tink a tink, tink a tink, tink a tink, and a Lad of bonny  
 Mettle, he dext'rously cou'd clink the Pan, clink a clink, clink a clink, and stop,  
 and stop, and stop a hole i'th' Kettle: to him did my Ladies Maid advance, ad-  
 vance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a sad mischance, a sad mischance, here's a  
 hole. a hole, a hole in my Ladies Kettle: Tom went to ham'ring on the place, and  
 wrought like a Man, like a man, and wrought like a man, like a man of Mettle, but  
 when he had done 'twas all a case, all a case, all a case, all a case, there's a hole, there's a  
 hole, in my Ladies Kettle.



57 *A. 3. Voc.*

(37)  
*Upon Christ Church Bells in Oxford.*

*Hark, the bonny Christ Church Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, they sound so woundy great, so wond'rous  
sweet, and they troul so merrily merrily. Hark, the first and second Bell, that every day at  
Four and Ten, cries come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Verger troops before y<sup>e</sup> Dear  
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at Nine, to call the Bearers home, but the De'il a man will  
leave his Can, till he hears the mighty Tom.*

58 *A. 3. Voc.* *A Catch on Malt Liquor Sung by three Porters by Mr. R. Brown.*

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

59 A. 3. Voc.

(38)  
A Catch.

Mr. Willis.

Here Tom, here's a Health, Here Tom, here's a Health, here's a Health, which re-  
 fu..... se if you dare; Fill up his Glafs, fill it up. fill it up, fill up his Glafs, fill, fill it  
 up, and let him drink, let him dri..... nt. drink, drink fair to the best of our Friends, to the best, to the  
 best, to the best of our Friends, and the least of our Care, and the least of our Care.  
 Through Bafs to the Catch.

60

(A Catch to a Minnet. Mr. Tho. Ridd.)

Mr. Williams.

Let's fuddle our Noses Tom and be merry, with a Glafs of good strengthening Sherry; and never  
 plot, plot more, but of Wine to get store; since we see that we always miscarry; Rich Bumpers  
 on us no mischeif will bring, but Plotting will send's to Hell in a String.

61 A. 4. Voc.

Second Part of Bartholomew Fair.

Dr. Blow.

*S:* Here are the Rarities of the whole Fair, Pimperle-Pimp, and the wise Dancing Mare; here's  
 valiant St. George and the Dragon, a Farce, a Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her Ar -  
 Here is Vi-en-na besieg'd, a rare thing, and here's Punchinall-lo, shown thrice to the King Ladies  
 mask'd to the Cloysters re-pair; but there will be no Raffling, a Pox take the Mayor.

62 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

Mr. Willis.

Frank, what shall we do, for an Hour or two, this S<sup>r</sup> Sol in a Morning moves damnable slow,  
*S:* yet at night with a Pox, he's always in haste, you may swear his Road's down hill by his driving so  
 fast, ne'er mind the old Fool, he's still going a stray, once Drunken Dick Phaeton hit of the way.

Through Bass  
to the Catch.

63 A. 3. Voc.

(40)

A Catch.

Mr. Morgan.

Quoth Jack on a time to Tom: I'll declare it, I've a mind we shou'd Fuddle our Noses with Claret.  
Says Tom it will do you more harm than you think, fye on you says Jack who can live without drink  
I'll ne'er balk my wine, here's to thy dispose, Tom pretends not to drink, pray look on his Nose.

54 A. 3. Voc. Catch on a Parson's decriped old Dog call'd Barnet by Mr. R. Brown.

'Tis pity poor Barnet, a Vigilant, Vigilant Curr. that us'd for to bark, if a mouse, if a  
mouse, a mouse did but stir, should being grown old and unable, unable to bark, be  
doom'd by a Priest, be doom'd by a Priest, to be hang'd by his Clark, I pray good Sir  
therefore, weigh right well, right well his Case, and save us poor Barnet, hang  
Cleric, hang Cleric, hang Cleric in s place.

65 A. 3. Voc.

(41)  
An Old Epitaph.

Mr. H. Purcell.

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

66 A. 3. Voc.

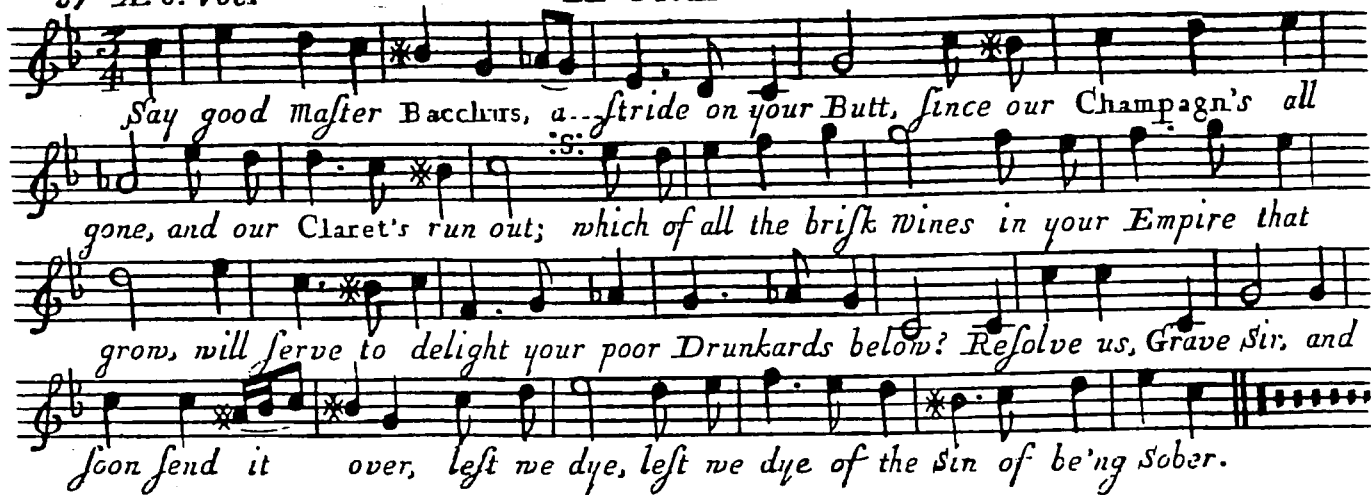
A Catch upon a Liquor call'd Punch.

Dr. Tudway.

You may talk of brisk Claret, Sing Praises of Sherry, speak well of old Hock, Mum, Sider, and  
Perry, but you must drink Punch, if you mean to be merry: A Bowl of this Liquor, the Gods being  
all at, thought good we should know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours, and their Highness-  
ses Palate, then thanks to the Gods, those tiplers above us, they've taught us to drink, and  
therefore they love us, and to drink very hard, is all they crave of us.

67 A. 3. Voc.

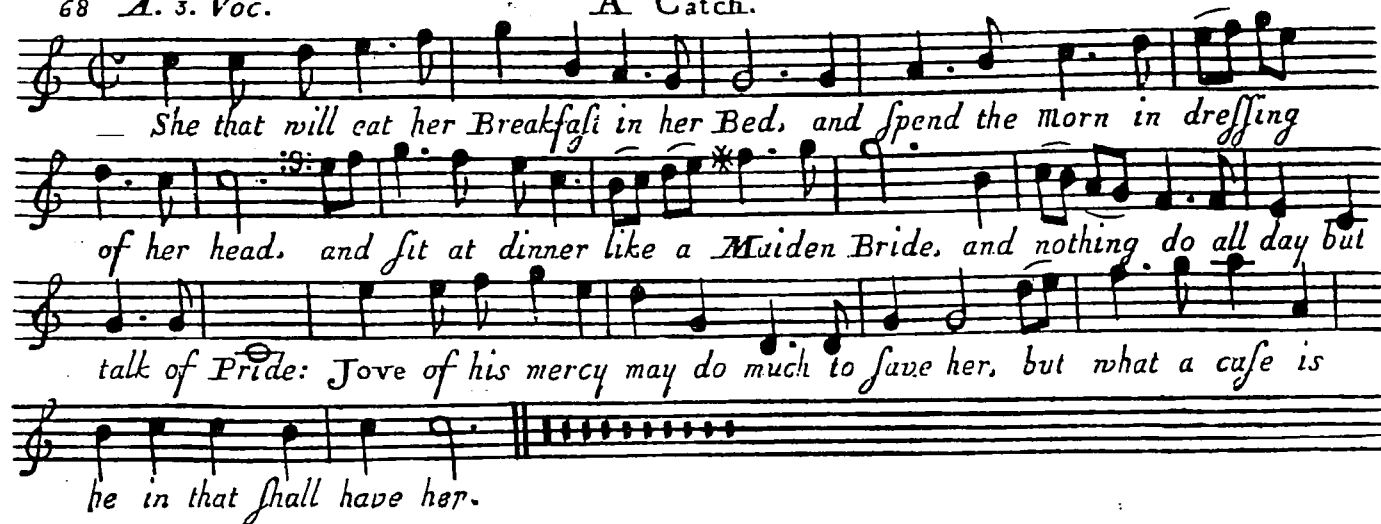
(42)  
A Catch.



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

68 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.



— She that will eat her Breakfast in her Bed, and spend the Morn in dressing of her head. and sit at dinner like a Maiden Bride, and nothing do all day but talk of Pride: Jove of his mercy may do much to save her, but what a case is he in that shall have her.

69 A. 3. Voc.

On a Widow who Married an old Widower.

Had she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough, Care enough of the old Man; She wed him, She fed him, and to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she list'd him on: But Oh! how she nigt'd him, nigt'd him, nigt'd him! Oh! how she nigt'd him all the Night long!

70 A. 3. Voc.

A Catch.

There was three Cooks in Colebrook, and they fell out with our Cook, and 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.

71 A. s. Voc.

A Catch. (4/4)

Mr. John Eccles.

Hark! Harry, Harry, Hark! Harry, 'tis late, come let us be gone, for Westminster  
 Tom, by my faith strikes One: say'st a so, say'st a so, say'st thou so honest Lad, what  
 makes him so saucy, to strike one, and yet not tell us the cause why: pish, pish, pish, pish, 'twas  
 done in good part, to get us a-way, and will certainly double his blow if we stay.

72 A. s. Voc.

A Catch.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Let's live good honest lives, and make much of our wives, and since all flesh is Grass; let's  
 merrily, merrily, merrily drink our Glasse. God blefs our noble King, what need we feare the  
 Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Jesuits, Jews, or Turks, for we de-  
 fyre the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, and all his works.



(73) A. 3. Voc. A Catch. (45) Mr. Jeremy Clarke.

*In Drinking full Bumpers there is no deceit, then let's not repine at our sitting up  
late; Come light all your Pipes, up, no Sun we do need, we can see what we Drink by  
the light of the Weed, may our Jolly Club ne'er by Intruders be broke, then our Sorrow  
in clouds shall ascend like our Smoak.*

(74) A. 3. Voc. A Catch. Mr. H. Purcell.

*An Ape, a Lyon, a Fox, and an Ass, do shew forth Man's Life as it were in a Glasse; for  
Apeish we are till Twenty and one, and af-ter that, Ly-ons till Forty be gone: then witty as  
Foxes till Threescore and Ten, but after that Asses, and so no more Men.  
A Dove, a Sparrow, a Parrot, a Crow, Then Wanton as Sparrows till Forty draw on;  
As plainly sets forth how you Women may know; Then Prating as Parrots till Threescore be o're,  
Harmless they are, till Thirteen be gone, Then Birds of ill Omen, and Women no more.*

(46)

A 3 Voc.

A Catch.

Whose three Hoggs are these, are these, and whose three Hoggs are these? They  
are John Cook's, I know by their looks, for I found them in my Pease.

Oh! Pound them, oh! Pound them, but I dare not for my life,  
For if I shou'd Pound John Cook's Hoggs, I shou'd never kiss John Cook's Wife;

Cho: But as for John Cook's Wife, I'll say no more than mum,  
Then here's to thee, thou first Hogg, untill the Second come.

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

(76) A 3 Voc.

A Catch.

M<sup>r</sup> H. Purcell.

Once in our lives, let us drink to our Wives, tho' their Numbers be but small; Heav'n  
take the best, and the Devil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all: To  
this hearty wish, let each Man take his Dish, and drink, drink, till he fall.

(77) *A 3 Voc.*

(47)  
A Catch.

Good Symon, how comes it your Nose looks so red, and your Cheeks and Lips look so  
pale? Sure the heat of your Toast, your Nose did so roast, when they were both sou'd in  
Ale: It shows like the spire of Paul's-Steeple on fire, each Ruby darts forth such  
lightning flashes, while your face looks as dead, as if it were Lead, and cover'd all  
o'er with Ashes. Now to heighten his colour, yet fill his pot, fill his pot fuller, and  
nick it not so with froth: Cra-mercy mine Host, it shall save thee a Toast: Sup  
Symon, for here is good Broth.

(78) *A. s. Vccc.*

(48)  
A Cat Catch.

M<sup>r</sup> R. Brown.

We Cats when asembl'd at Midnight to-gether, for innocent Puring, Puring, for  
in - nocent Puring, Puring, in Moon - shiney weather: If Dogs be in Kennel, all  
fast in their straw, we march, and we meaw, meaw, meaw without scratch or a  
Claw, but if they surprize us, and put us to flight, we fret, fret, and we spit, fret,  
spit, spit, give a squall, squa - - - ll and good Night.

(79) *A. s. Vccc.*

A Catch

Here dwells a pretty Maid whose Name is Sis, you may come in and Kifs: her  
hole, her hole, her hole, her whole Estate is sev'nteen Pence a Year; Yet you may Kifs,  
you may Kifs, you may Kifs, you may Kifs her, if you come but near.

Finis