

T H E

E S S E X H A R M O N Y :

BEING AN ENTIRE NEW

C O L L E C T I O N *of*

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED *Songs*

SONGS, CATCHES, CANZONETS,

CANONS and GLEES, *of*

of F O U R

TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, and NINE VOICES.

From the WORKS of the most eminent MASTERS.

Principally published for the Use of all Musical Societies,
Catch-Clubs, &c. both in Town and Country.

V O L. II.

The SECOND EDITION with large Additions.

By J O H N A R N O L D, Philo-Musicæ.

Author of the COMPLETE PSALMODIST, and CHURCH MUSIC REFORMED.

L O N D O N :

Printed by G. B I G G,

And sold by J. BUCKLAND, and S. CROWDER, in Paternoster-Row.

M D C C L X X V I I.

Woodhams his Book

100 11/18 82



T H E

P R E F A C E.

THAT Part-Songs and Catches, Canons and Glees, were never held in greater Esteem in this Kingdom than at present, is evident by the great Number of Catch-Clubs, &c. which are now established both in Town and Country, viz. at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, is held one of the greatest extant, to which a very considerable Number of Noblemen of the first Rank, Gentlemen, &c. are Subscribers; who annually give four Gold Medals, each of Ten Guineas value, as Premiums; two of which are given to the Composer, or Composers of the best Catch and Canon: And as Glees are of two different Sorts, the one of a very gay Turn, the other of a more serious Cast, the Society gives two Gold Medals of Ten Guineas value each, for the Composer or Composers of the best Glee, in the two different Ways abovementioned; which Premiums have of late Years been productive of a great Number of the most excellent Compositions of the Kind that ever existed: There are likewise several other Catch-Clubs held in London, also at Oxford, &c. but it would be giving both myself and Readers too much Trouble, to give a succinct Account of them all, as there are a great many others in several Parts of this Kingdom, some held weekly,

The P R E F A C E.

weekly, some once a Fortnight, and some of them once a Month, amongst many Country Choirs, &c. and in some Places are given gratis, by Gentlemen, a Silver Cup, &c. to be sung for by Country Choirs, on Holidays, at some Inn, or Public House; and in many Places, Publicans themselves have put up Gold Rings, &c. to be sung for in like manner; which, provided this was more encouraged and pursued, would not only prevent the many Accidents, Mischiefs, and other bad Consequences, generally attending those Diversions of Heroism, Cudgeling, Football Playing, &c. but would be a means of encouraging the Practice of one of the greatest of Sciences; and what can be more agreeable or commendable for Country Choirs, than to meet once a Week, Fortnight, or Month, and thereby entertain themselves and Friends with such harmonious and inoffensive Mirth; which may not only introduce Peace and Tranquillity in a Neighbourhood, but the Practising of Part-Songs and Catches, will be a means of greatly improving several Country Choirs in their Knowledge of Musick; since this Collection consists of the Compositions of some of the most eminent Masters extant, notwithstanding several of them are very easy, which I chuse to put amongst the others, for the use of Learners, &c. and since several of the Catches and Gleees, herein contained, having gained the Prize Medals, is a sufficient Proof of their Goodness.

Finally, I recommend the following Sheets to all true Sons of Apollo, hoping they will be as candidly received as the first Volume of this Work, which will give me ample Satisfaction for the Pains I have here taken.

6 NO 63

*Great-Warley, Essex,
May 1st, 1776.*

J. A.

S O N G S, &c.

F O R

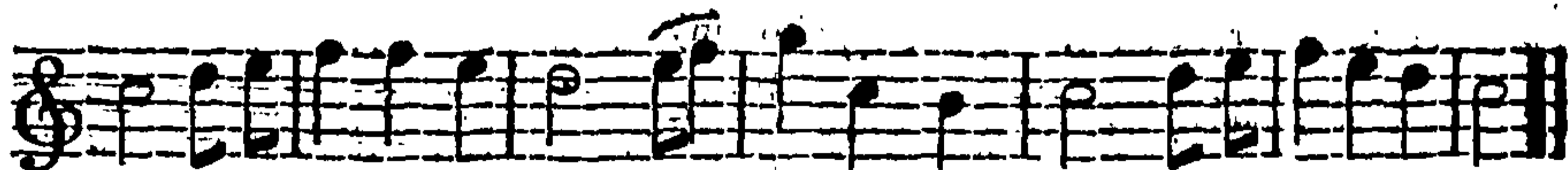
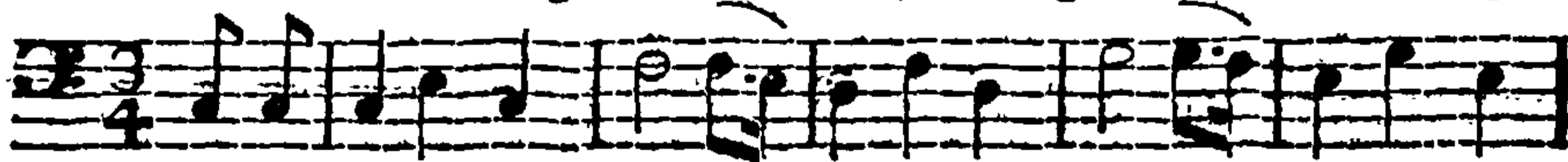
TWO, THREE, and FOUR VOICES.

S O N G. A. 2. Voc.

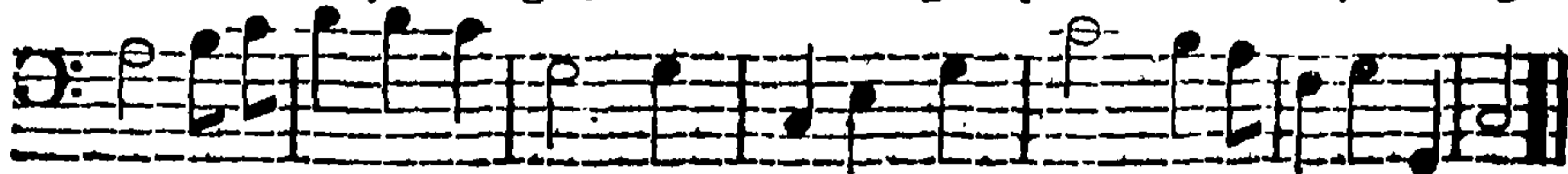
Mr. Arnold.



In a full flowing bowl, Is all my de—light; When fill'd with good



punch, I can sit by't all night, When fill'd with good punch, I can sit by't all night.



II.

In a bottle of wine,
Much pleasure I take;
'Twill the senses refine,
And my heart merry make.
'Twill the &c.

S O N G.

SONG. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.

Since Ce-lia's my foe, To a defart I'll go, Where some

ri-ver for e-ver, Shall ec-cho my woe, Where some

ri-ver for ever, Shall ec-cho my woe.

II.

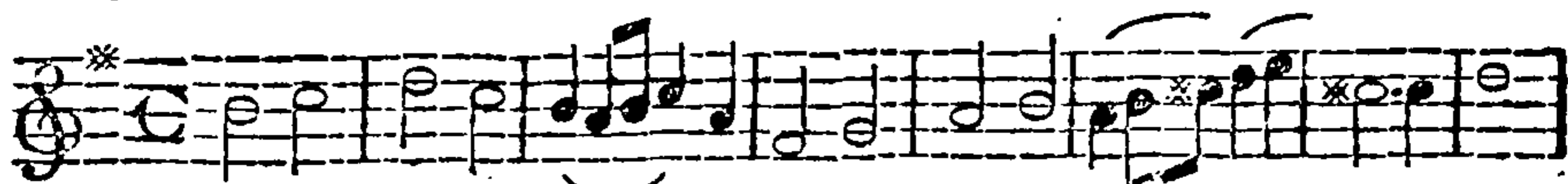
The trees will appear,
More relenting than her ;
In the morning, adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

III.

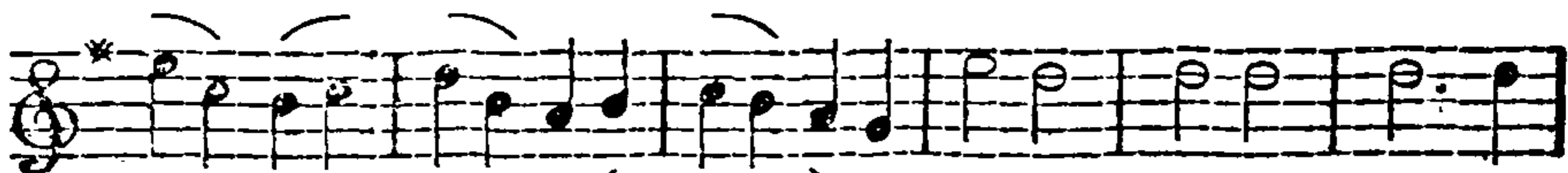
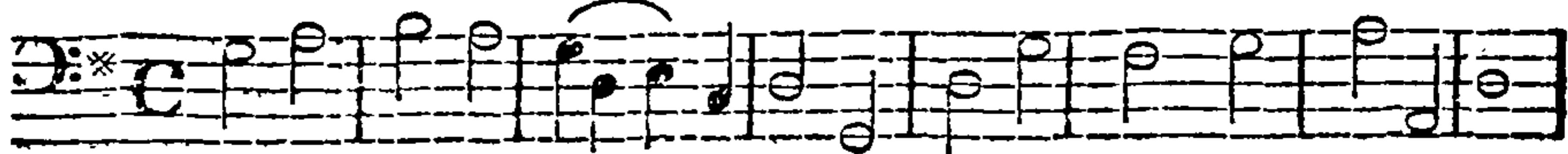
When I make my sad moan,
To the rocks all alone ;
From each hollow will follow,
A pitiful moan.

S O N G. A. 2. Voc.

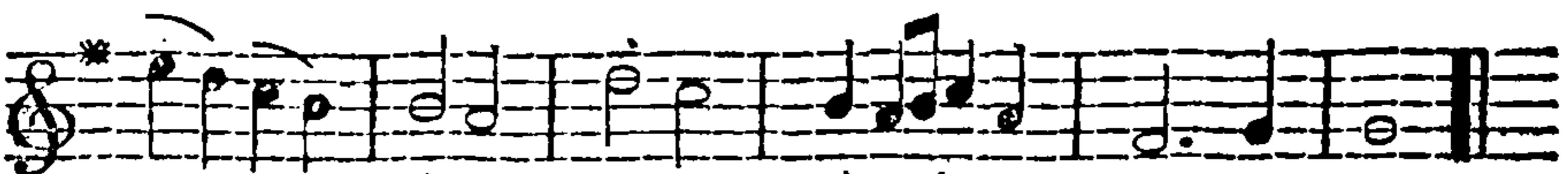
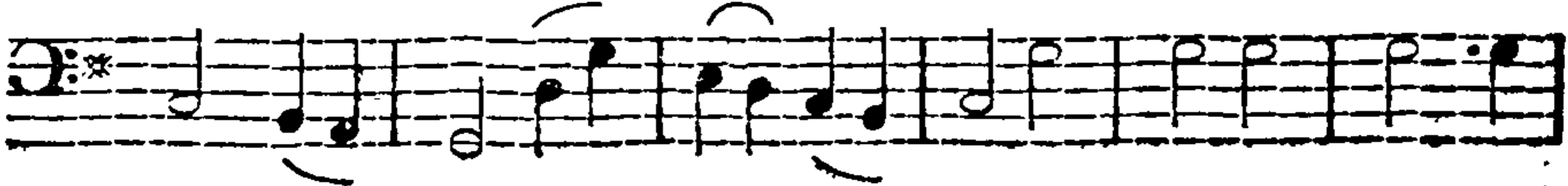
Mr. Carey, *Bass*, Mr. Arnold.



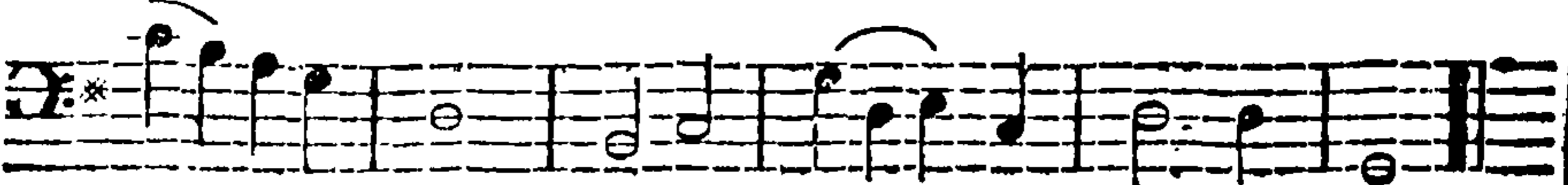
Love's a gentle ge—n'rous passion, Source of all sublime delight,



When with mu—tual in—cli—nations, Two fond hearts in



one u—nite, Two fond hearts in one u—nite.



II.

What are titles, pomp or riches,
If compar'd with true content;
That false joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

III.

Lawless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love,
Is a glorious emulation,
Of the blissful state above.

GLEE. A. 3. Voc.

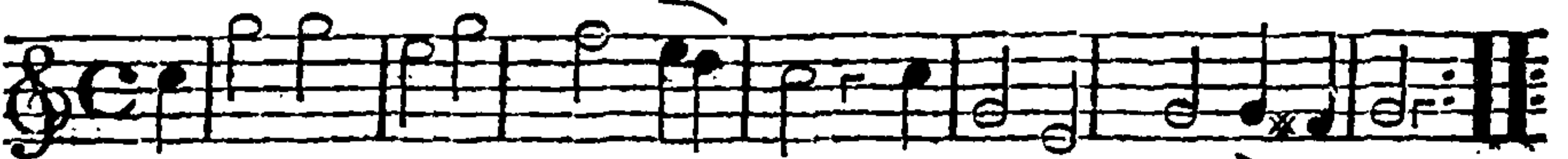
Lento.



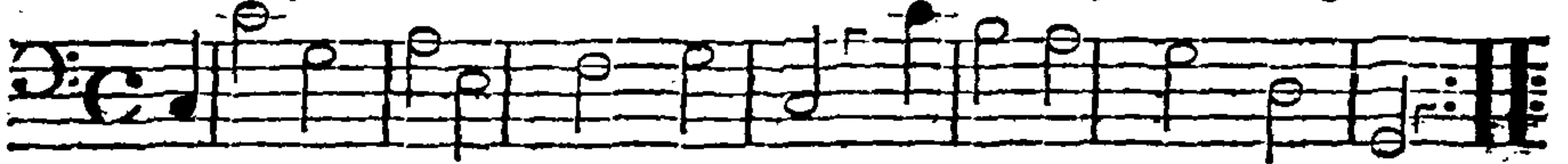
G L E E. A. 3. Voc.



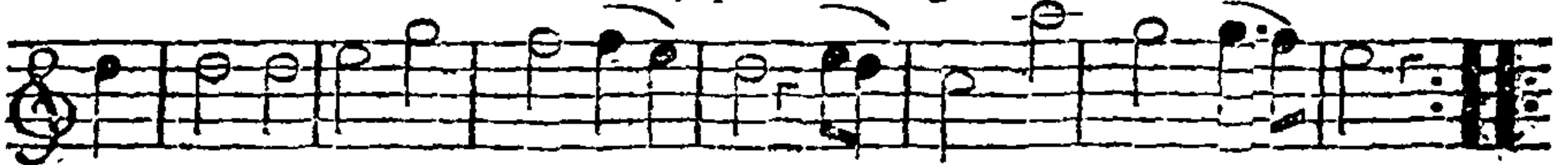
Blow on ye winds, def—cend soft rains, To sooth my ten—der grief;



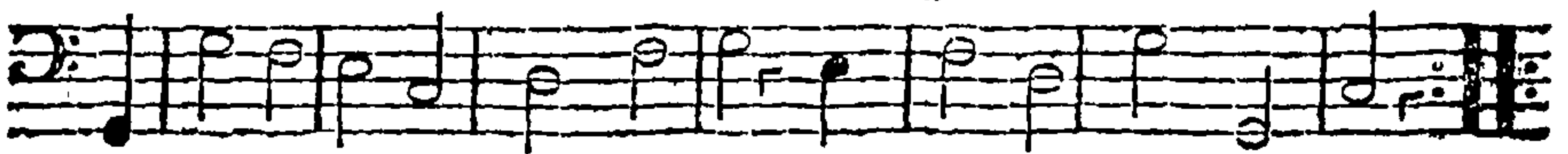
Blow on ye winds, def—cend soft rains, To sooth my ten—der grief;



Your solemn music lu—lls my pains, And gives me sho—rt re—lief.



Your solemn music lu—lls my pains, And gives me sho—rt re—lief.



II.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since mirth, nor shew, nor sparkling wit,
Can please my anxious mind.

III.

The Sun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes;
And in dark shades I spend the day,
Where eccho sleeping lies.

IV.

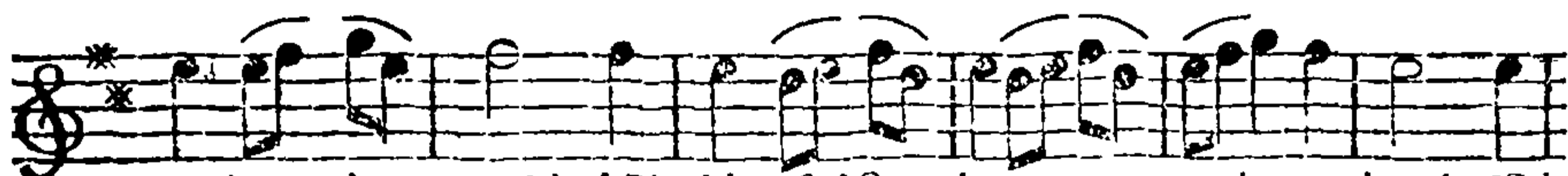
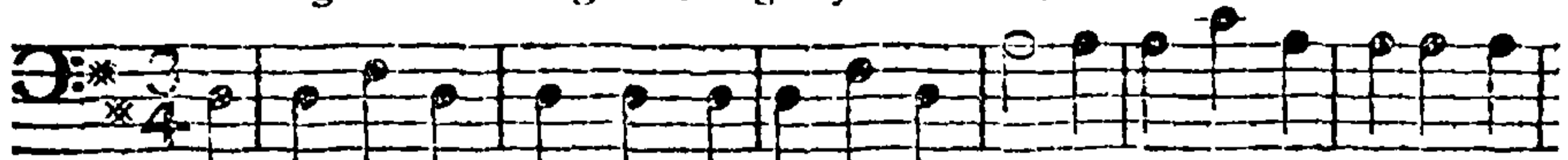
The sparkling stars which gayly shine,
And glitt'ring deck the night,
Are all such cruel foes of mine,
I sicken at their sight.

An occasional ODE, on the Success of our Arms.

A. 2. Voc.



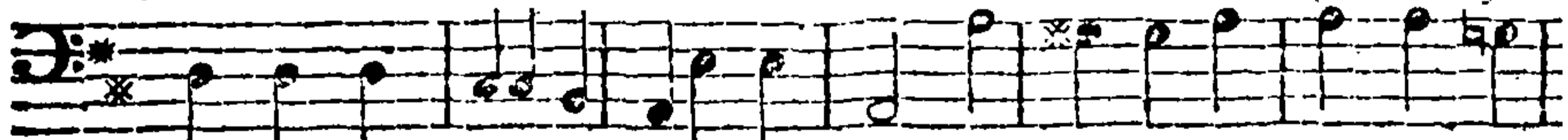
Hail England! old England, for glory renown'd, In arms and in arts so trans-



endent—ly crown'd. 'Tis thine strict to honor no treaties to break, 'Tis



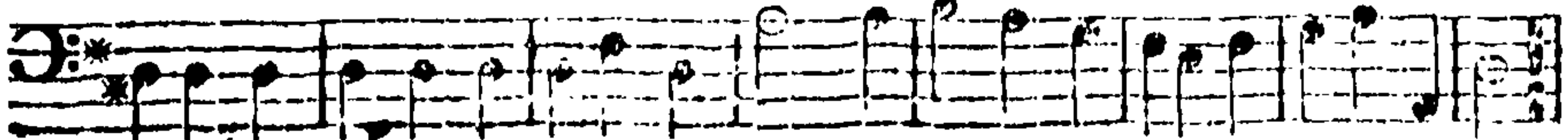
thine strict to honor no treaties to break, 'Tis thine to revenge when your



honor's at stake. Then now rise ye brave, draw the sword, point the lance, And



bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France, And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France.



CHORUS.

The ESSEX HARMONY. Vol. II.

CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.

Huzza huzza, huzza, Oh ye Britons to conquest pursue, The

Huzza, huzza, huzza, Oh ye Britons to conquest pursue, The

trumpet of vict'ry's up—lifted for you.

trumpet of vict'ry's up—lifted for you.

II.

Hark, truth speaks already our heroes prevail,
The rous'd English Lion makes Gallia turn pale ;
Thy cunning, oh ! France, it's own fate will decree,
Success, lo, dawns on us, by land and by sea ;
And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
To force that submission which pride would deny. Huzza, &c.

III.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see :
My sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me :
Though Gallic ambition alliance explore,
You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd before,
And triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,
'The ocean is George's, and George is our King. Huzza, &c.

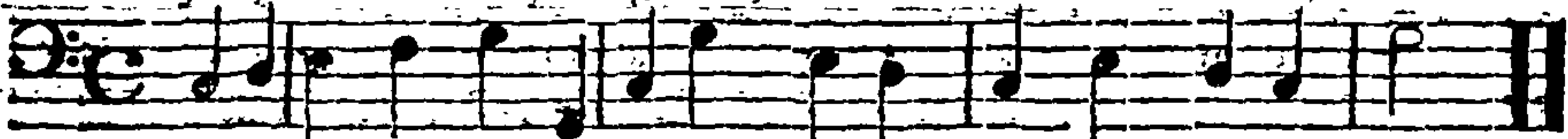
8 *The ESSEX HARMONY. Vol. II.*

S O N G. *A. 2. Voc.*

Mr. Galliard. Bass, Mr. Arnold.



Jolly Mortals fill your glasses, Noble deeds are done by wine:



Scorn the nymph, scorn the nymph and all her graces, Who'd for love or beauty



pi—ne, Who'd for love or beauty pine.



II.

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than Phillis tho' just going,
In the moment to be kind,
In the &c.

III.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about a council board ;
He subdu'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring sword,
More &c.

S O N G.

SONG. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



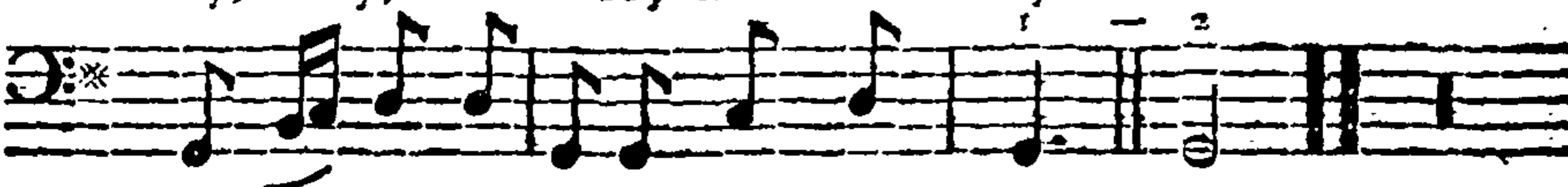
Toby Swill has ne'er his fill, Tho' he drinks from night to day:



But soon as e'er the reck'ning's call'd, Then Toby sneaks a-



way, away, Then Toby sneaks a—way.



II.

Toby laughs, and puns and quaffs,
Until a bill is call'd,
That strikes him dumb,
He's then hum drum,
And all his mirth is pall'd, is pall'd,
And all his &c.

III.

Pay his shot, 'tis all forgot,
And he again is gay;
He'll stand the rub,
Of a whole club,
To drink, and not to pay, to pay,
To drink, &c.

SONG. A. 2. Voc.

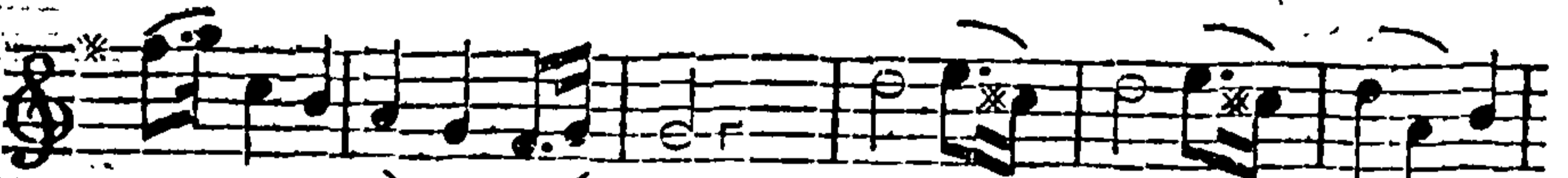
Dr. Arne.



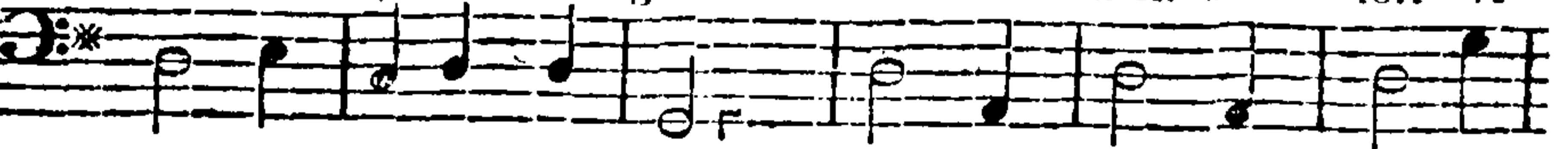
Water parted from the sea, May increase the ri—ver's



tide, To the bubbling fount may fl—ee, O—er through



fer—tile val—lies glide: Tho' in search of soft re-



pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to roam; Still it mur—murs



Continued.

Continued.

as it flows, Pant—ing for i s na — tive home;

Tho' in search of soft re—pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to

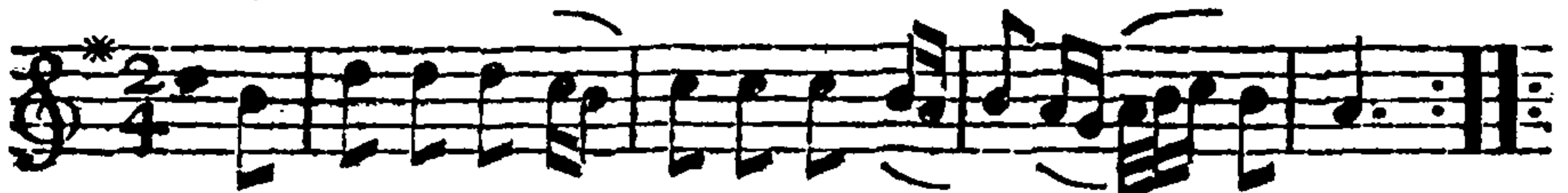
roam; Still it mur—murs as it flows, Pant—ing

for its na—tive home.

SONG. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.

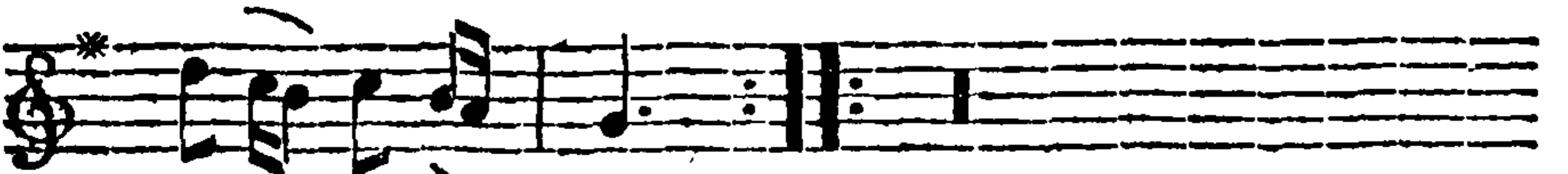
Moderato.



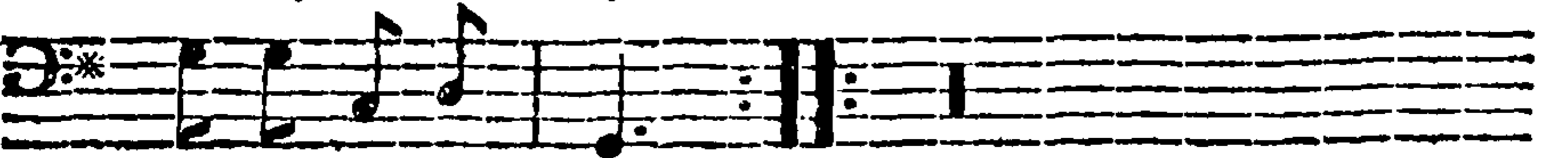
Three children sliding on the ice, All on a summer's day;



It so fell out, they all fell in, The rest they ran a—w—ay. The



rest they ran a—way.



II.

O! had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
'Twas Ten to One they had been safe,
And never thus been drown'd.

III.

You parents that have children dear,
Also you that have none,
If you wou'd have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

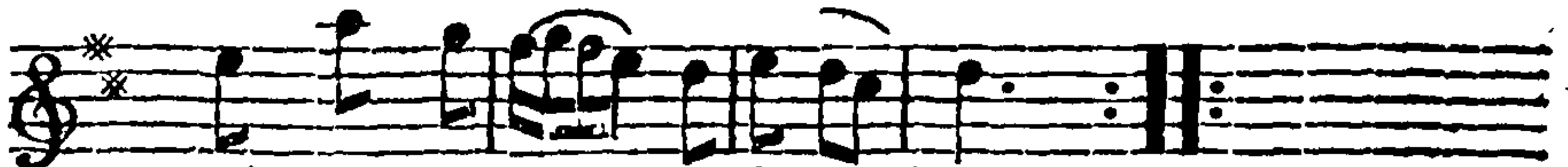
S O N G. A. 2. Voc.



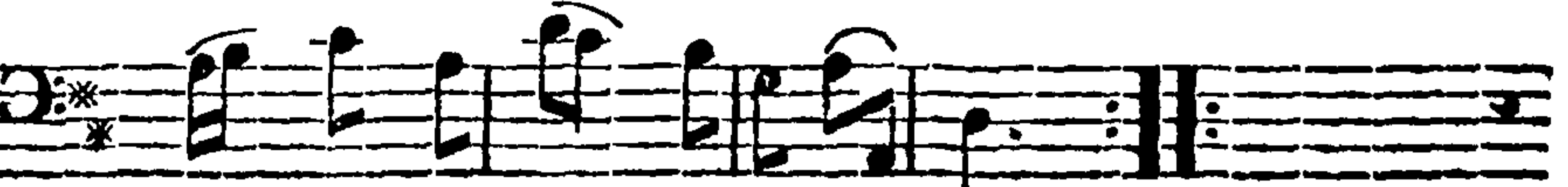
Cupid no more shall give me grief, Or anxious cares op-



press the soul; While gen'rous Bacchus brings re—lie—f,



And drowns them in a flowing bowl.

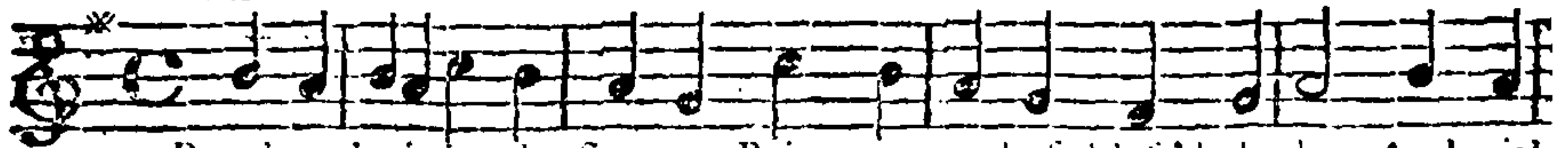


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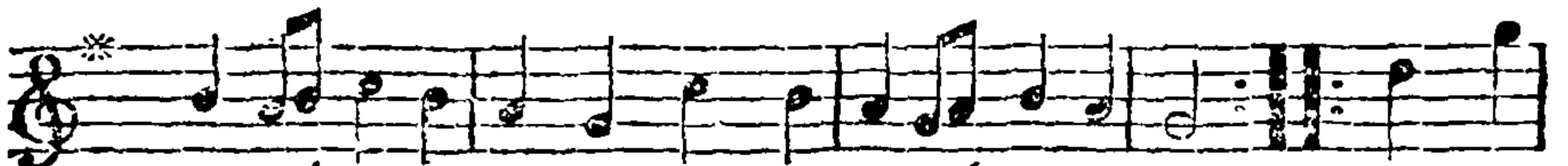
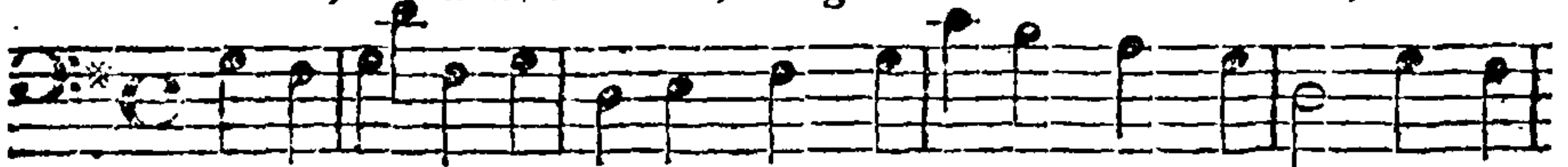
Celia, thy scorn I now despise,
Thy boasted empire I disown;
This takes the brightness from thy eyes,
And makes it sparkle in my own.

SONG. A. 2. Voc.

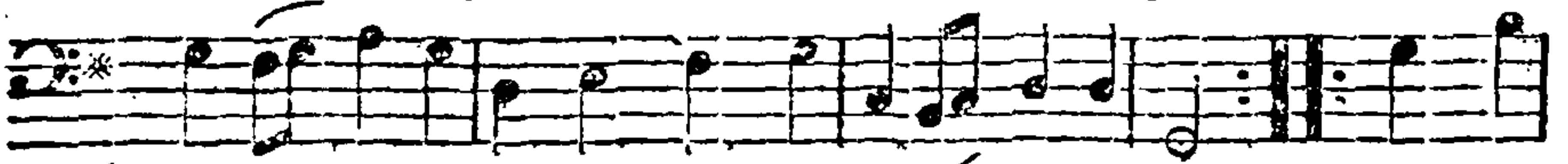
Brisk.



Bacchus, he it is who fires me, Brings me to these blest'd abodes; And with



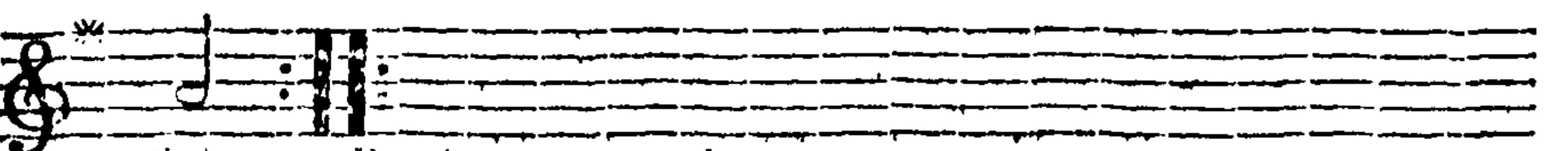
pleasure thus inspires me, That I en-vy not the gods. Sparkling



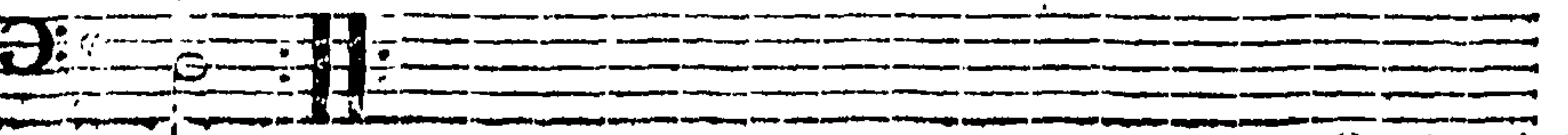
juices still enchant me, In one round of full delight. Bacchus, &c. again.



None but grateful objects haunt me, Charm my taste, and please my



fight. Bacchus, &c. again.

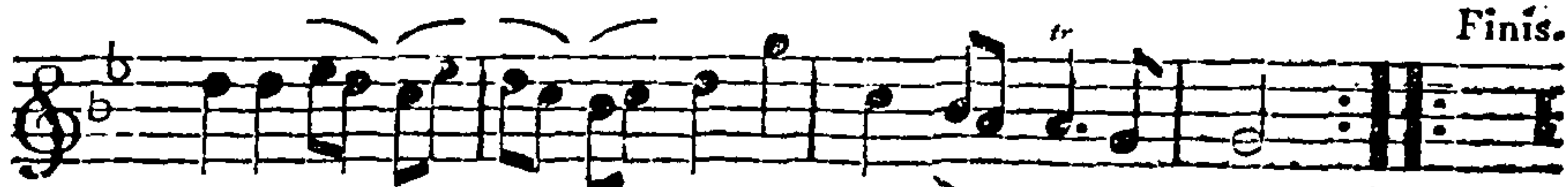


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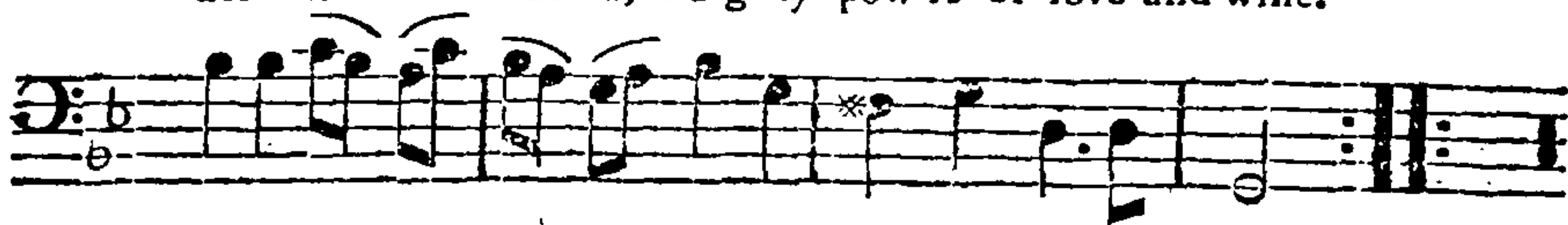
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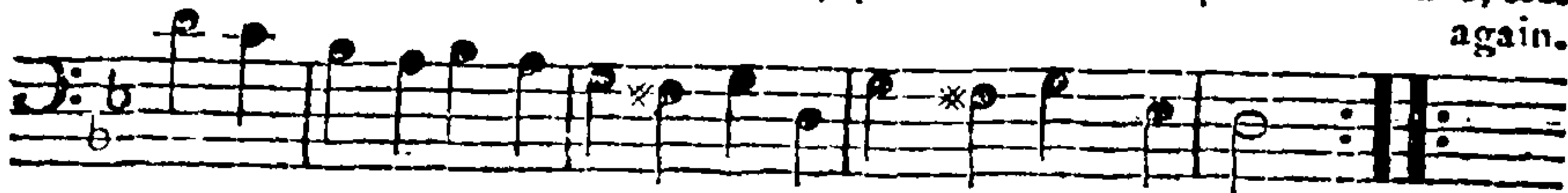
Friends, since thus I am de-lighted, Let us in a chorus join; Sing the



dei-ties u-nited, Mighty pow'rs of love and wine.



Then with Laura let me ever All my precious minutes pass. Friends, &c. again.



But O grant that I may never Be without th'exciting glafs. Friends, &c. again, and so conclude.



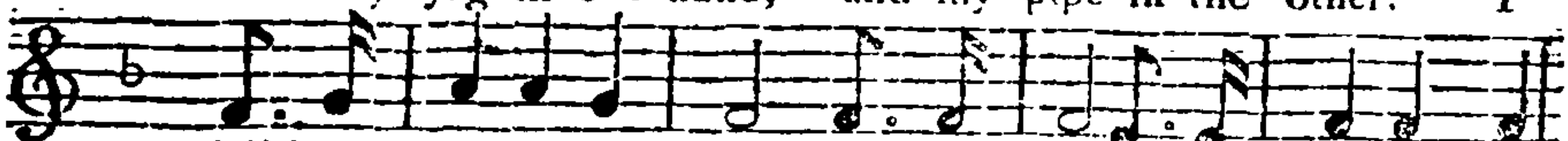
GLEE. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Smart.

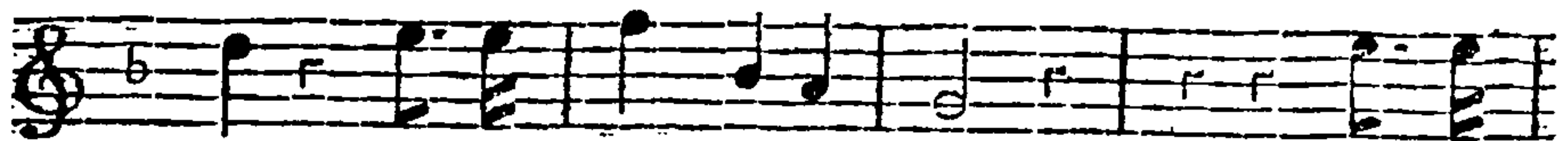
Con Spirituoso.



With my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other. I



With my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other. I



drink to my neighbour and friend, in a



drink to my neighbour and friend, in a



My cares



whiff of to-bacco I smo—ther; For life I know



whiff of to-bacco I smo—ther; For life I know



Continued.

Continued.

shortly must end. While Ceres most kindly re-

shortly must end. most kindly re-

fills my brown jug, With good ale I will make myself

fills my brown jug, With good ale I will make myself

mellow; In my old wicker chair I will seat myself

mellow; In my old wicker chair I will seat myself

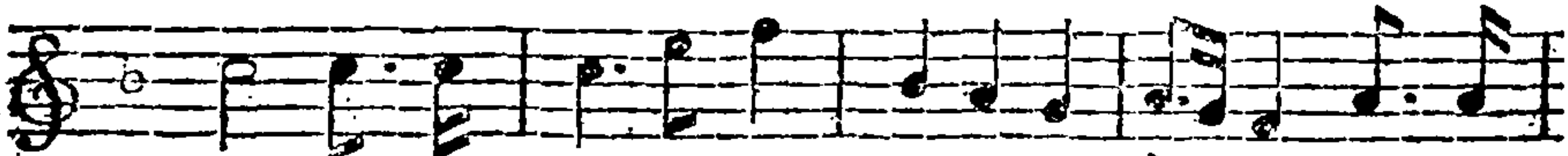
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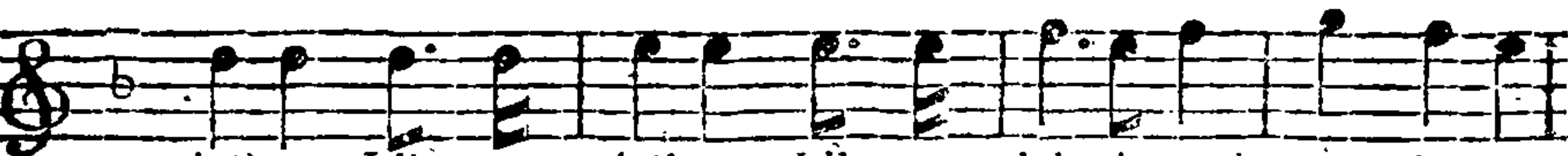
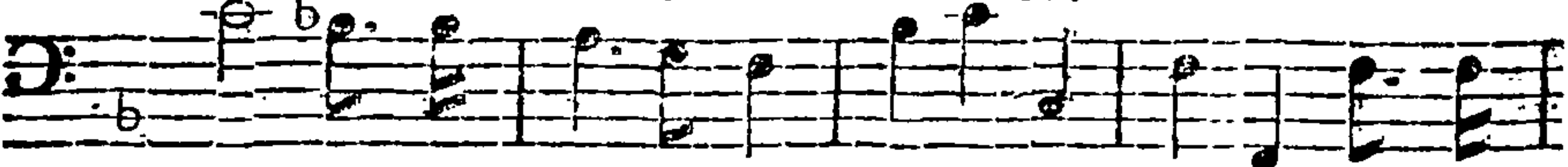
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snug, Like a jol—ly and true happy fellow, Like a



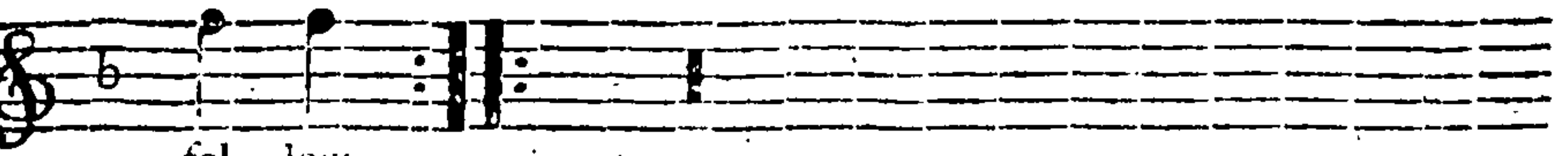
snug, Like a jol—ly and true happy fellow, Like a



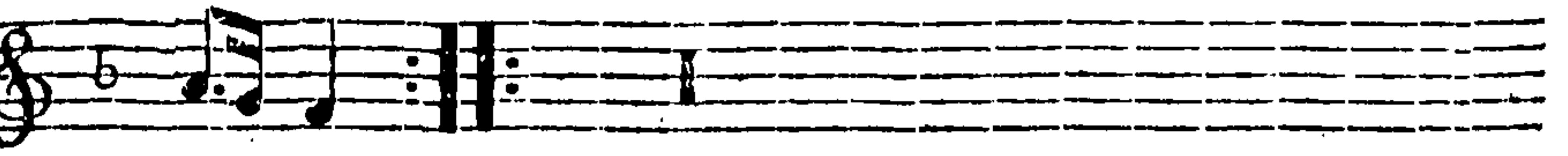
jolly, Like a jolly, Like a jol—ly and true happy



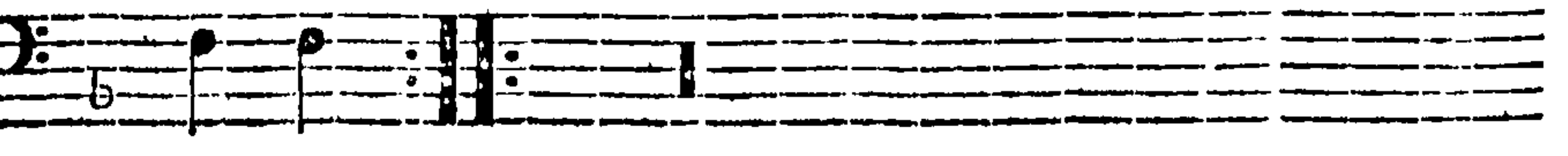
jolly, Like a jolly, Like a jol—ly and true happy



fel—low.



fel—low.



SONG. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Playford.

Comely gain, why fits thou so? Fa, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la: Folded arms are signs of woe, Fa, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

II.

If thy nymph no favour shew,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Chuse another, let her go,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

The ESSEX HARMONY. Vol. II.

GLEE. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Smart.

Con Spirituoso.

Piano.

To be jovial and gay, And be merry and wise, To

To be jovial and gay, And be merry and wise, To

Forte.

pafs time a—way, Is the boon that I prize;

pafs time a—way, Is the boon that I prize;

Piano.

With friendship and glee, To fill up the span,

With friendship and glee, To fill up the span,

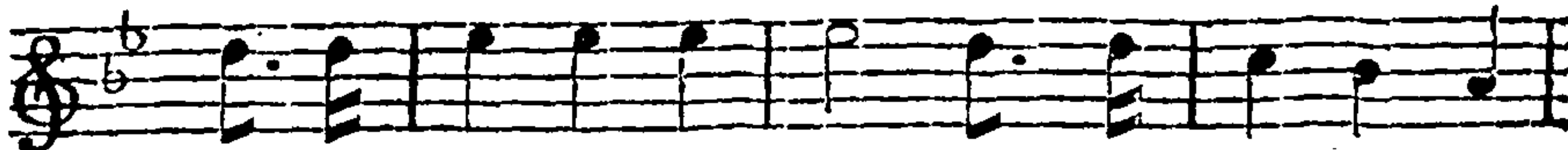
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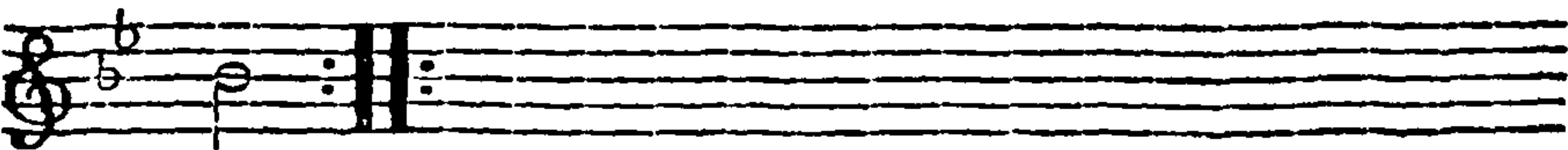
Forte.



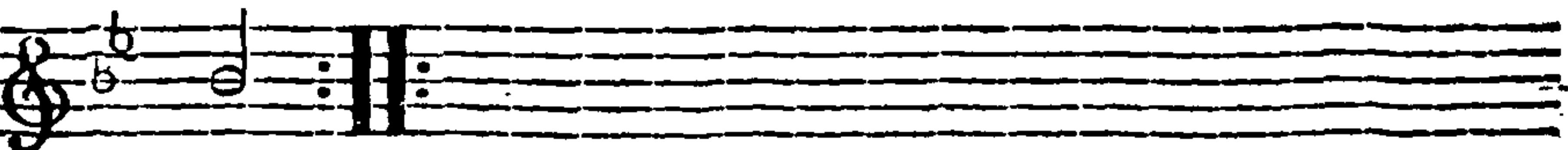
Is a life that suits me, And I will if I



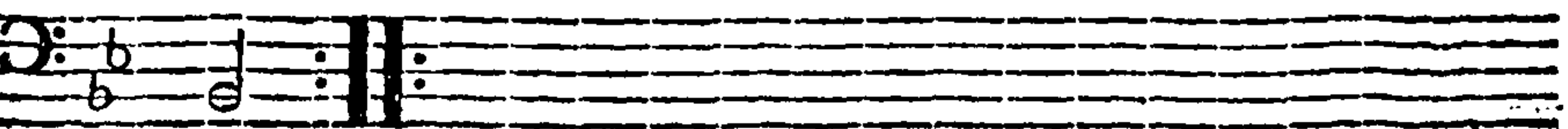
Is a life that suits me, And I will if I



can.



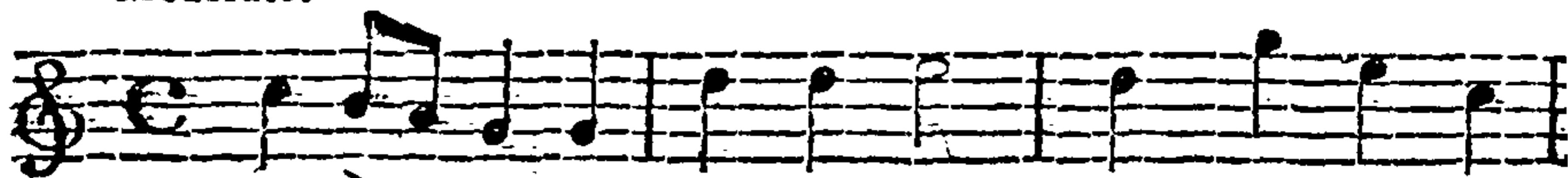
can.



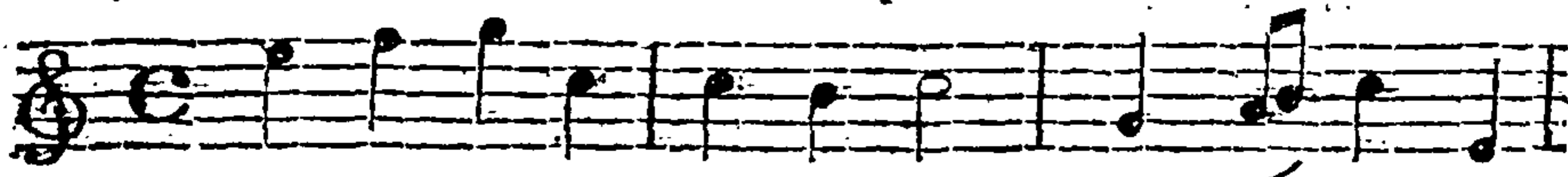
GLEE. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Rayner Taylor, Organist of Chelmsford, Essex.

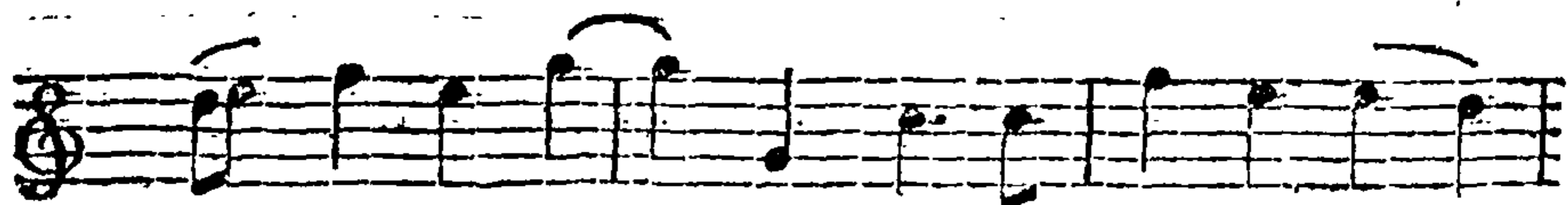
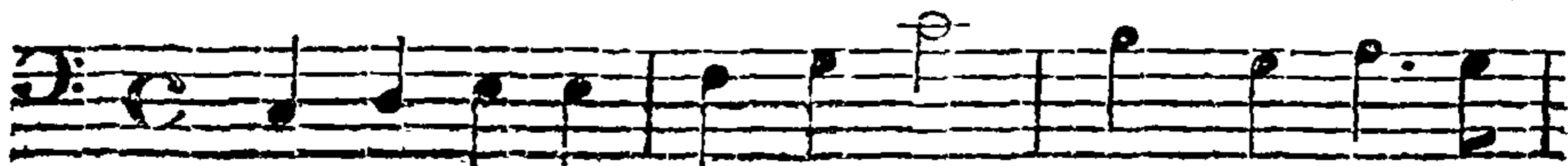
Moderato.



Farewell sorrow, farewell pain, We will now to



Farewell sorrow, farewell pain, We will now to



drink again, We will now to drink a—gain:



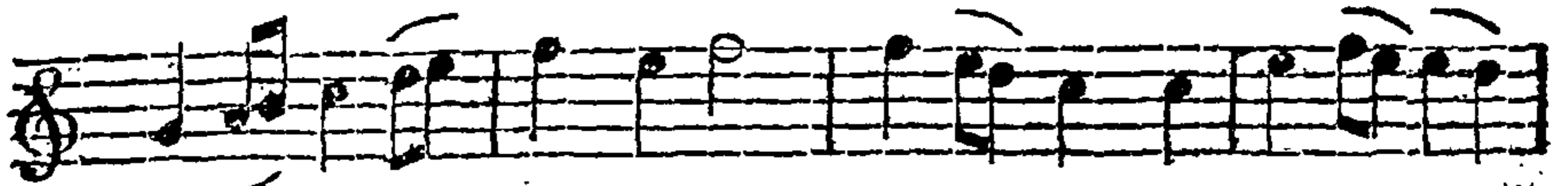
drink again, We will now to drink a—gain:



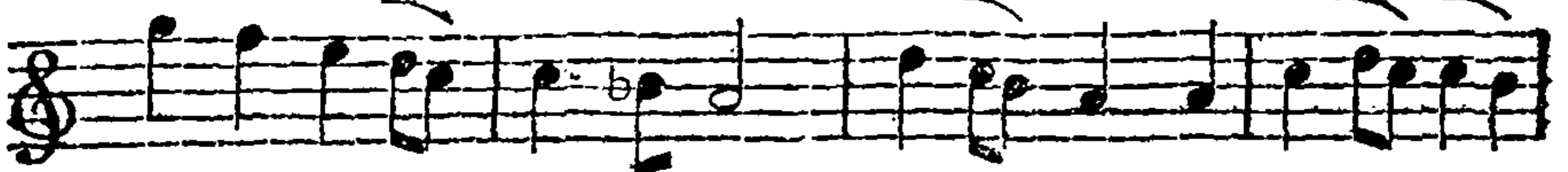
We

Continued.

Continued.



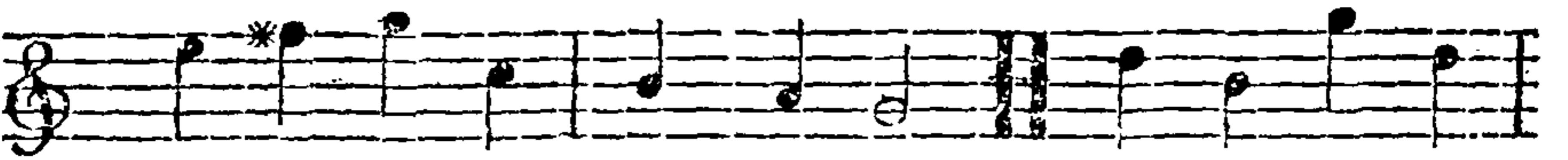
Discontent and haggard care, Find no entrance where we are,



Discontent and haggard care, Find no entrance where we are,



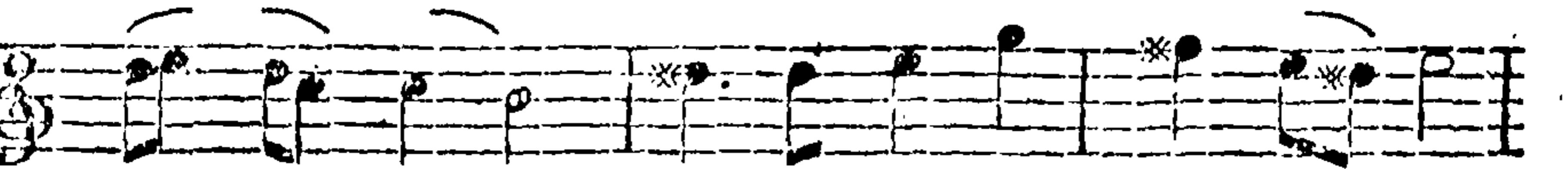
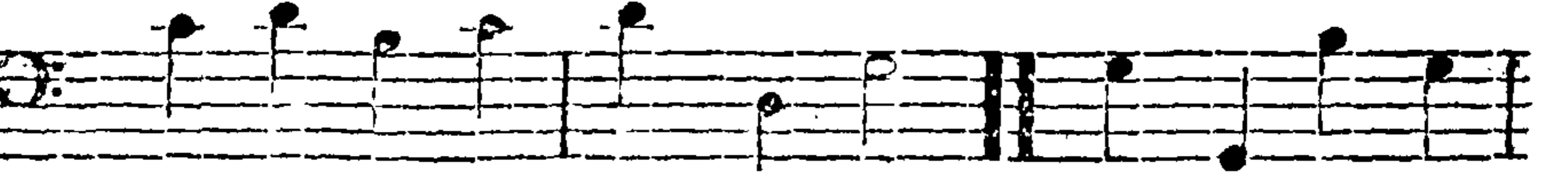
Dis-content and haggard care, haggard, haggard care,



Find no entrance where we are. Bacchus cheers the



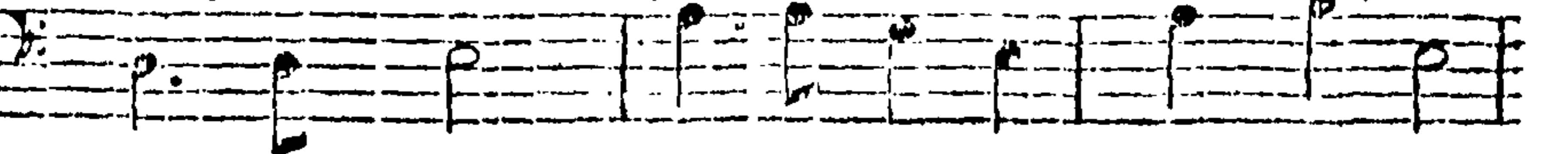
Find no entrance where we are. Bacchus cheers the



droop-ing heart, Joy and raptures can im-part,

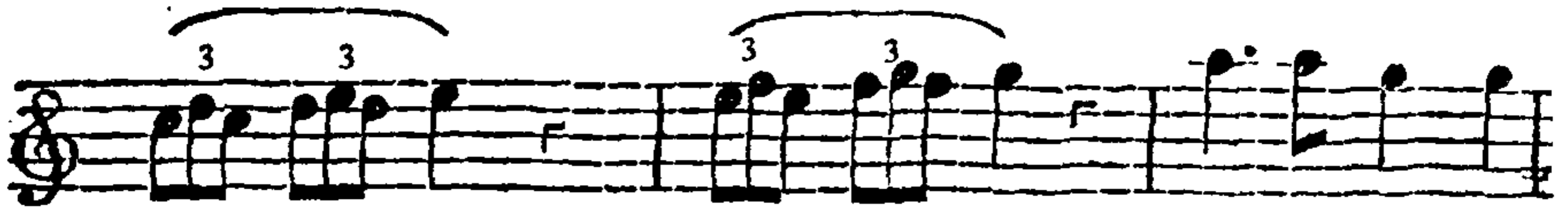


droop-ing heart, Joy and raptures can im-part,



Continued.

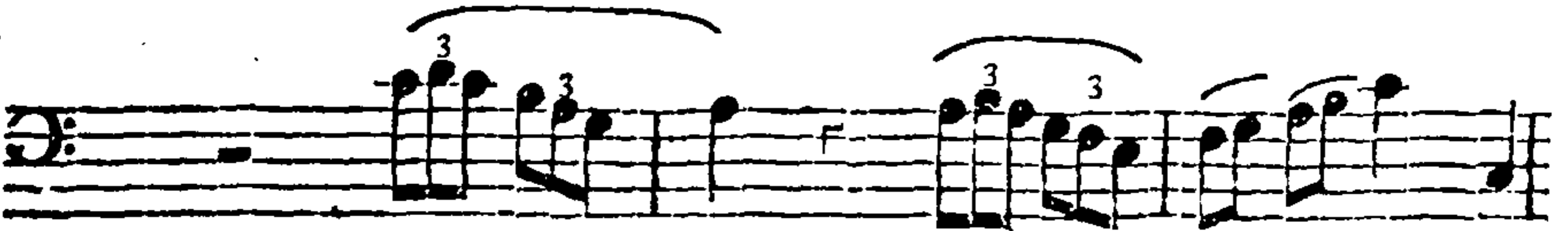
Continued.



Jo—y, Jo—y, as we empt the



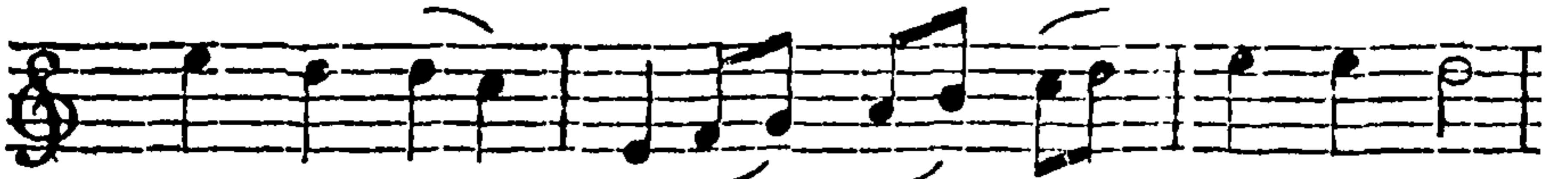
Jo—y, as we empt the



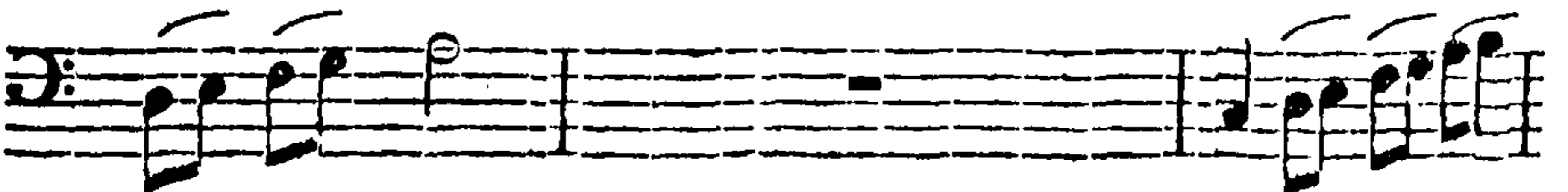
Jo—y, Jo—y, as we empt the



flow—ing bowl, We with transf—ports fill the soul,



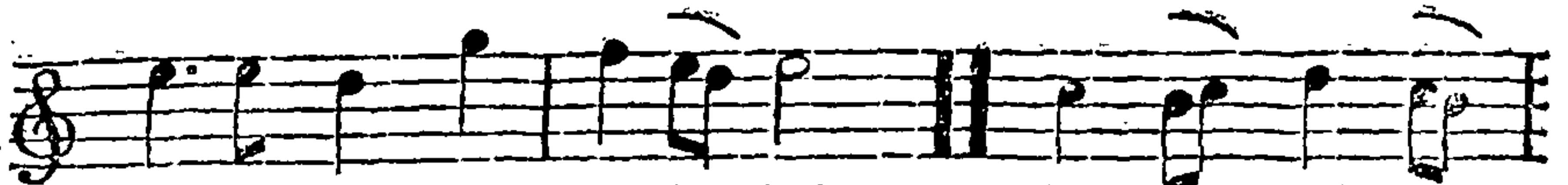
flow—ing bowl, We with transf—ports fill the soul,



We with transports

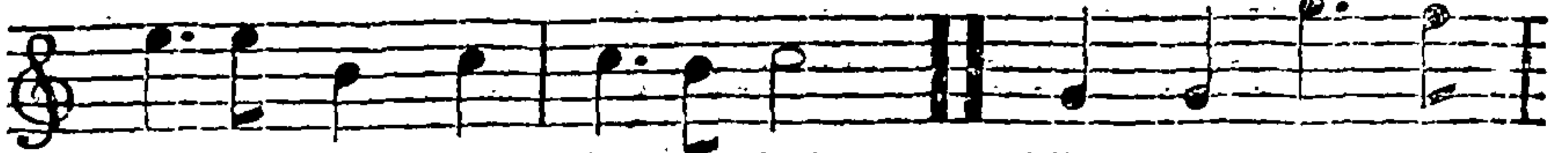
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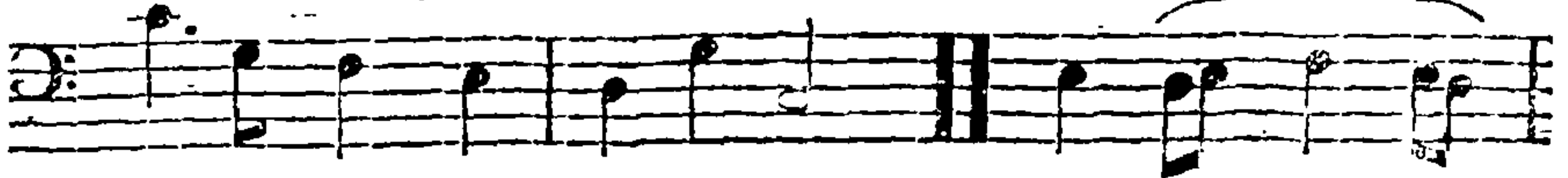
We with transports fill the soul:

Wine new spi—rits

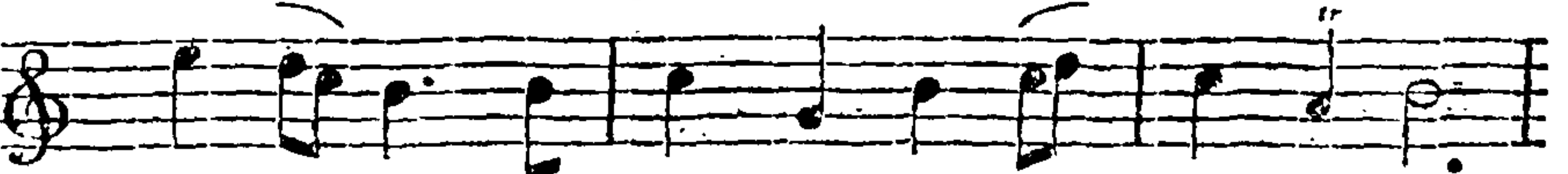


We with transports fill the soul:

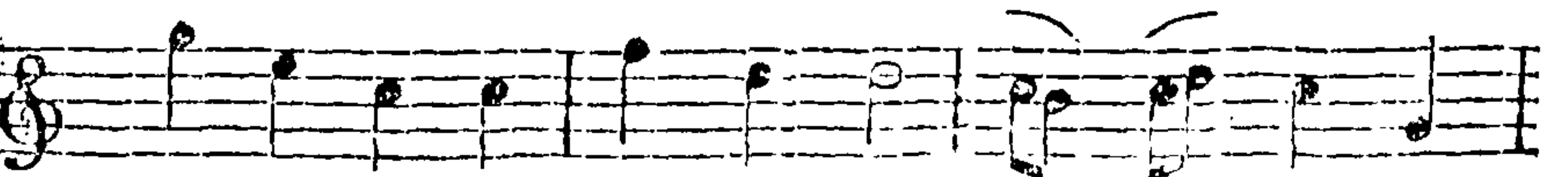
Wine new spi—rits



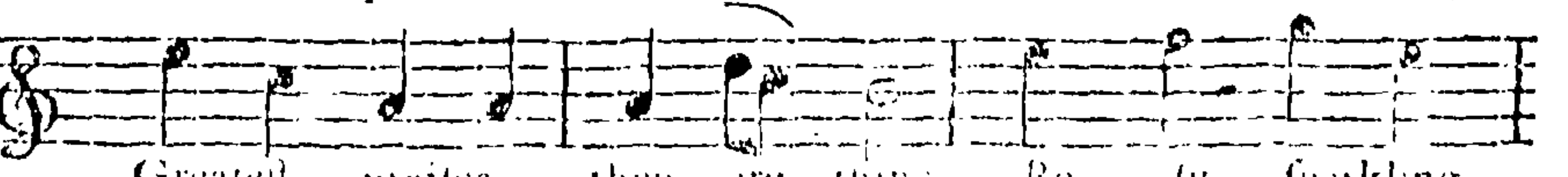
does create, The poor to kings does e—le—vate;



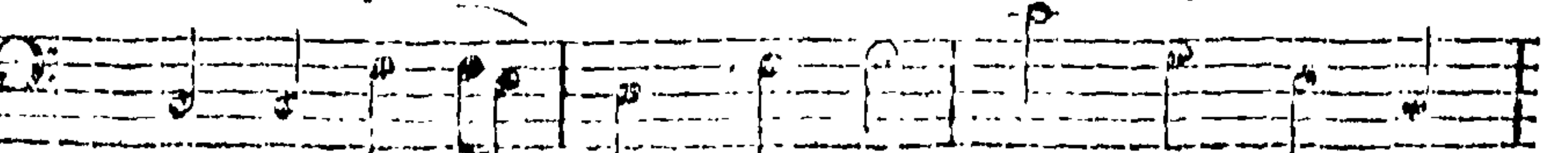
does create, The poor to kings does e—le—vate;



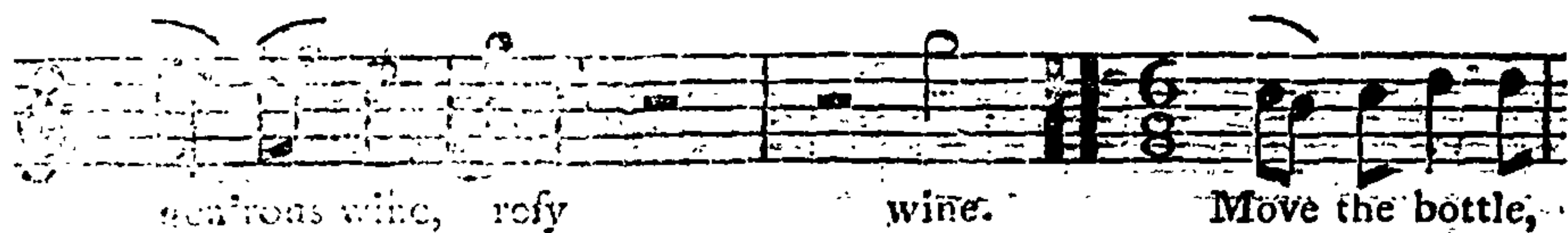
Greatest praises then are thine, Ro—ly sparkling



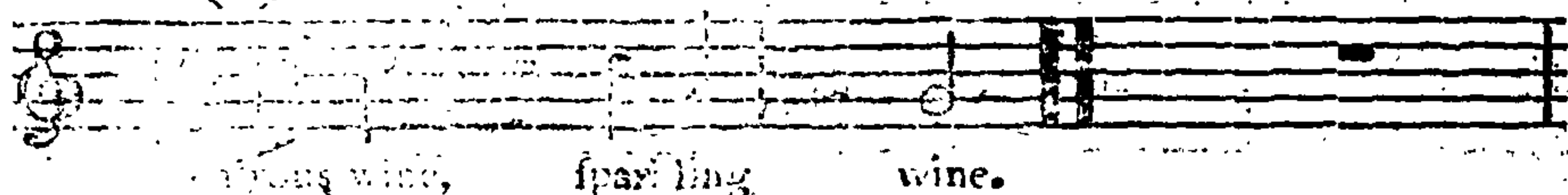
Greatest praises then are thine, Ro—ly sparkling



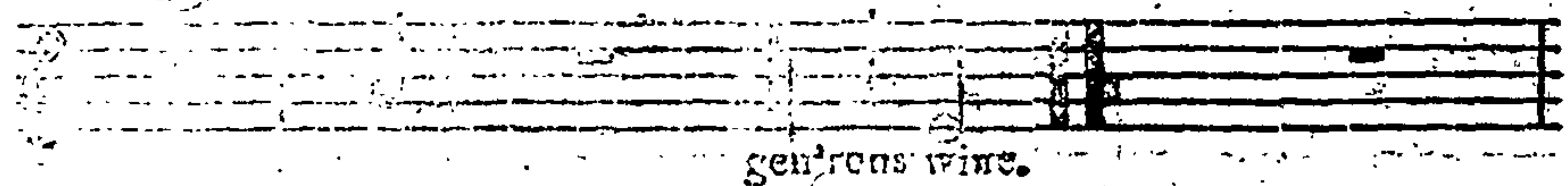
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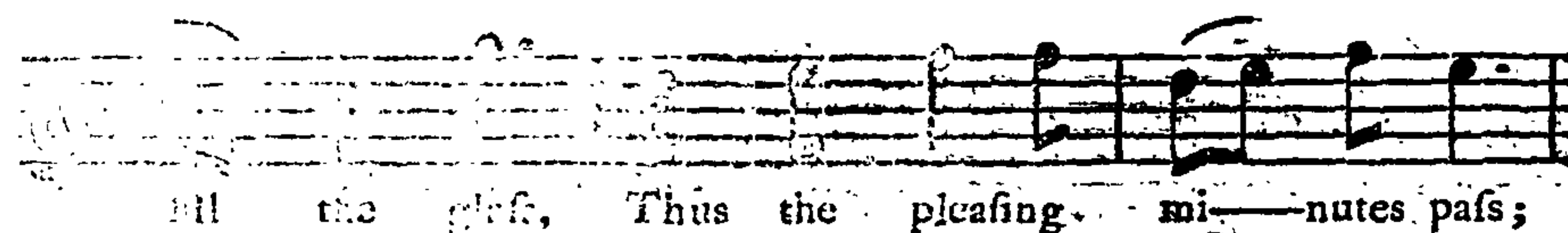
generous wine, rosy wine. Move the bottle,



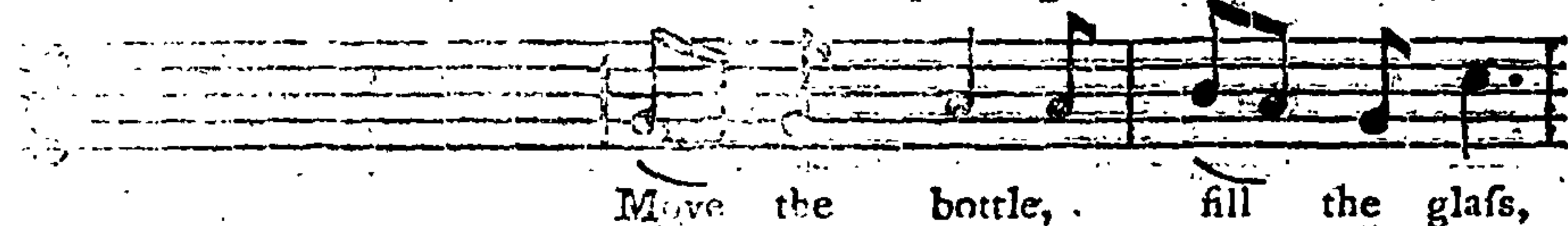
generous wine, sparkling wine.



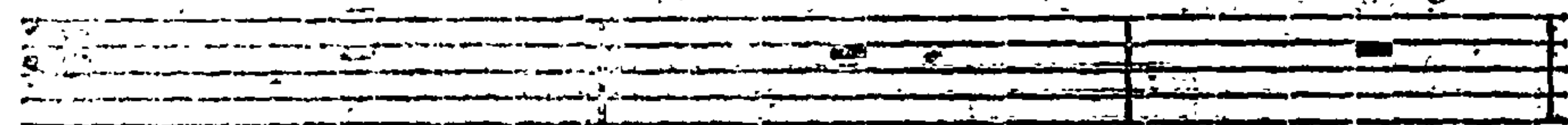
generous wine.



fill the glass, Thus the pleasing minutes pass;



Move the bottle, fill the glass,




Move the bottle, fill the glass, Thus the pleasing minutes pass:



Thus the pleasing minutes pass, Thus the pleasing minutes pass:



Move the bottle, fill the glass,

Continued.

Continued.

Jovial fellows, jovial fellows,
Jovial fellows, jovial fellows,
drink about, drink about,

We'll have more when this is out; Jovial fellows
We'll have more when this is out; Jovial fellows

drink about, drink about,
drink about, drink about,
Jovial fellows, jovial fellows,

Continued.

drink about, Jo-vial fel-lows drink a-bout,
 drink about, Jo-vial fel-lows drink a-bout,

We'll have more when this is out, We'll have more when
 We'll have more when this is out, We'll have more when

this is out.
 this is out.

SONG.

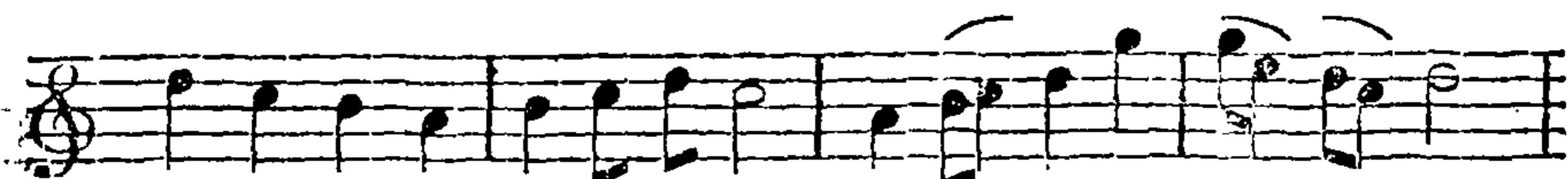
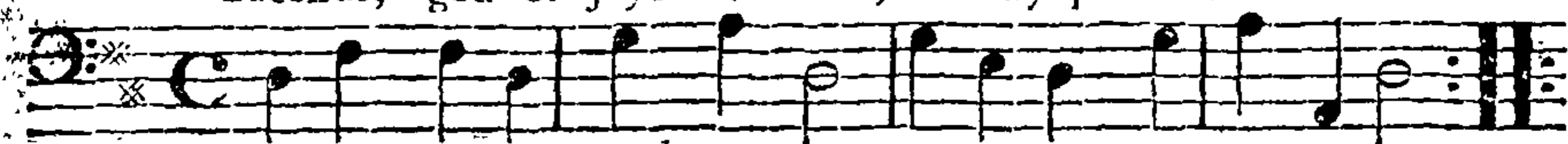
SONG. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Olive.

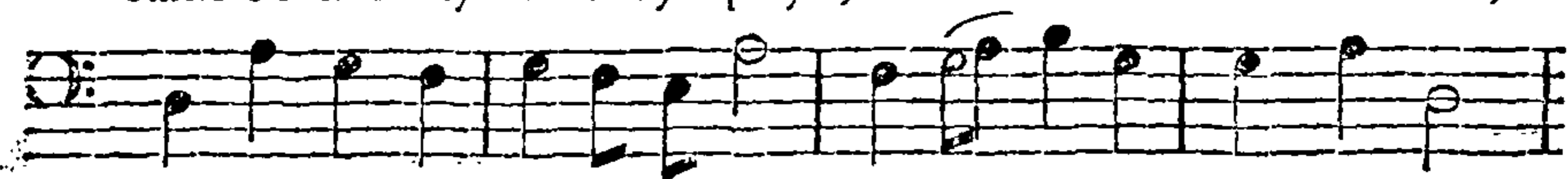
Allegro.



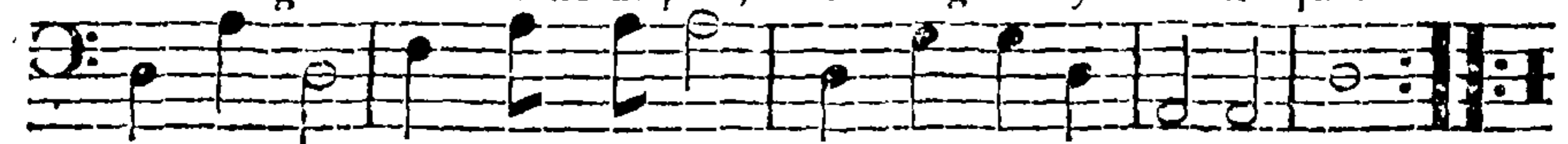
Bacchus, god of joys di—vine, Be thy pleasure e-ver mine:



Smile on this thy vo-ta-ry's pray'r, All be-fides not worth our care;



All our griefs brisk wine dispels, Drinking ev'ry trouble quells



II.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
 From the clust'ring vine distill'd;
 Then indeed I'm truly blest,
 And ev'ry anxious thought's at rest;
 While its potent juice I quaff,
 Still I sing, and dance, and laugh.

III.

Wou'd you be for ever gay,
 Mortals, learn of me the way;
 'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
 Will alone sufficient prove;
 If you'd raise and charm the soul,
 Deeply drain the spicy bowl.

SONG.

GLEE. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



Music, how pow'ful is thy charm, That can the fiercest rage disarm:



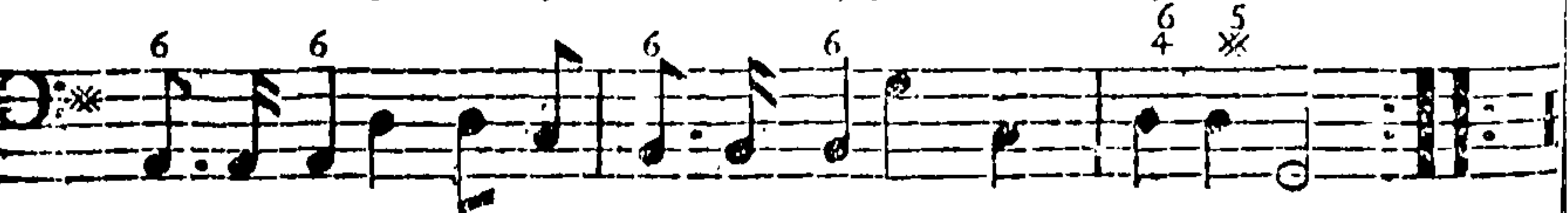
Calm passions in a human breast, And lull ev'n jea—lou—sy,



And lull ev'n



And lull ev'n jea-lou-sy, And lull ev'n jea—lou—sy to rest.



jea-lou-sy, And lull ev'n jea-lou—sy, jea—lou—sy to rest.

- II. For music is the voice of love, And doth awake the spheres above;
With am'rous thoughts the soul inspire, And kindle up a warlike fire.
- III. Sad Orpheus, thro' a dreary coast, Was seeking for his consort lost;
His music drew the ghosts along, And furies listen to his song.
- IV. His song could Charon's rage disarm, And Pluto and his consort charm;
And likewise, with his tuneful lyre, Cou'd rocks remove, and stones inspire.

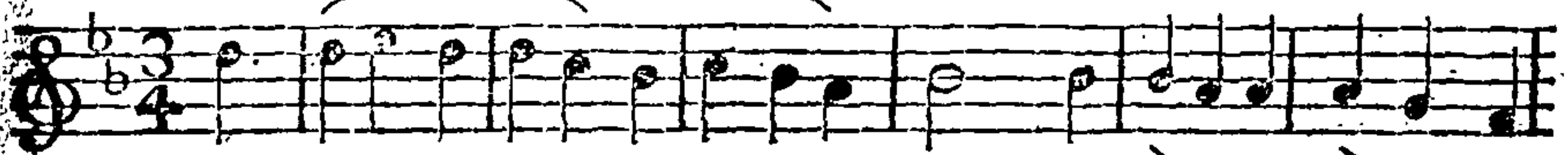
ARNO'S VALE. A GLEE.

Mr. Holcombe.

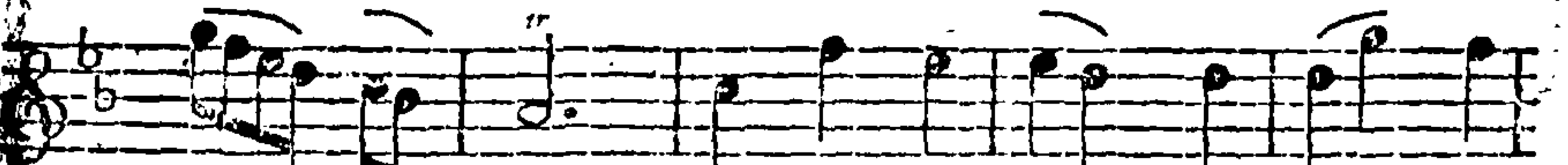
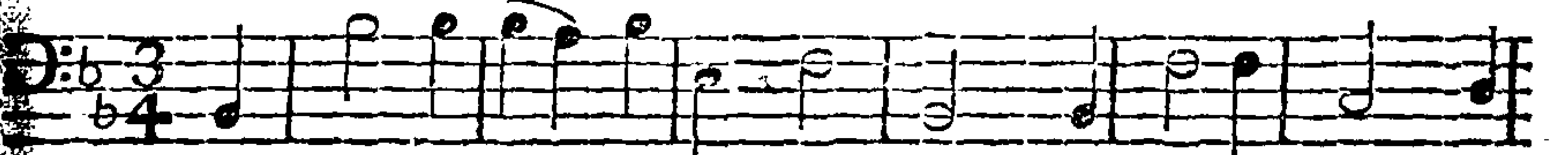
With three additional Parts by Dr. Hayes.



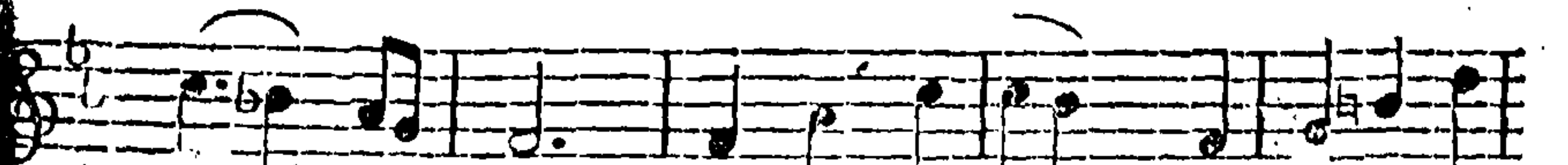
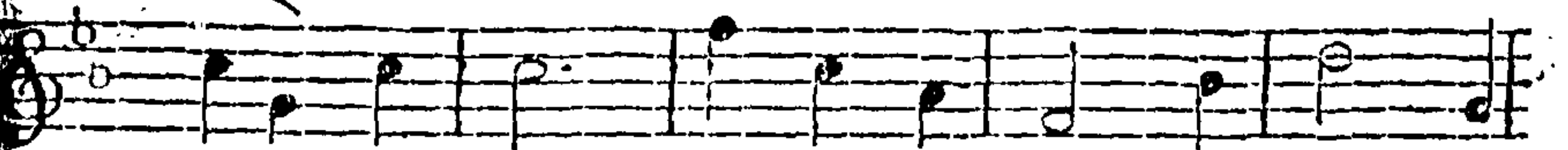
When here Lu-cin-da first we came, Where AR-no rolls his



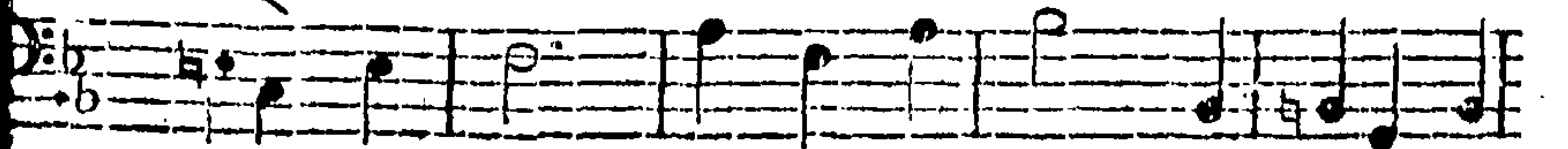
When here Lu-cin-da first we came, Where AR-no rolls his



fil-ver stream; How blest the nymphs, the swains how



fil-ver stream; How blest the nymphs, the swains how



Continued.

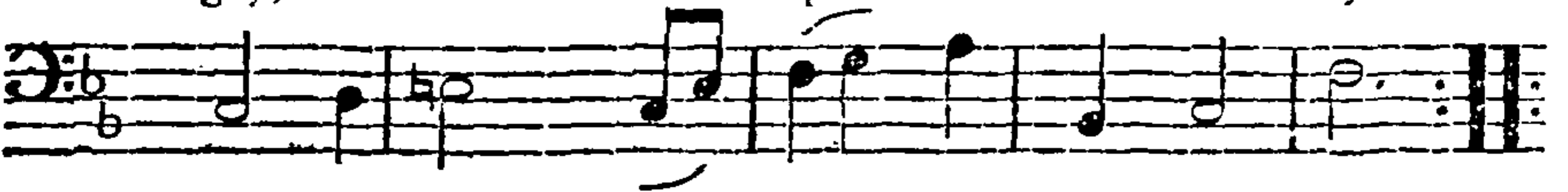
Continued.



gay, Con-tent in—spir'd each ru—ral lay.



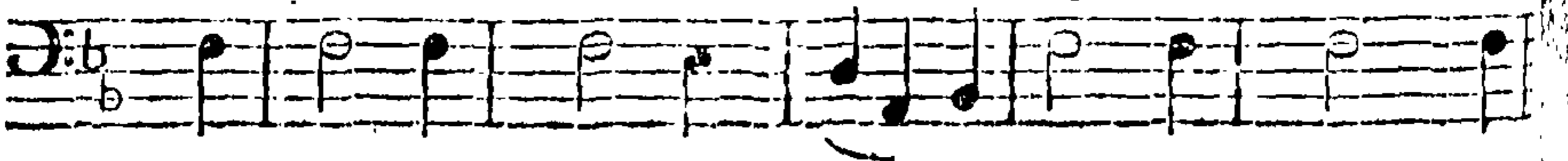
gay, Con-tent in—spir'd each ru—ral lay.



The birds in live—lier con-cert sung, The grapes in



The birds in live—lier con-cert sung, The grapes in



Continued.

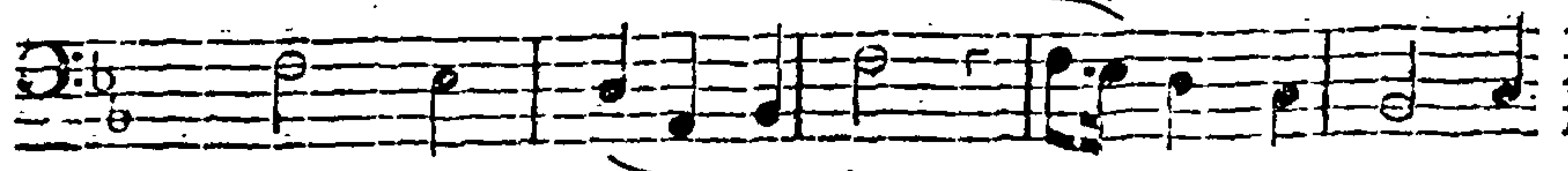
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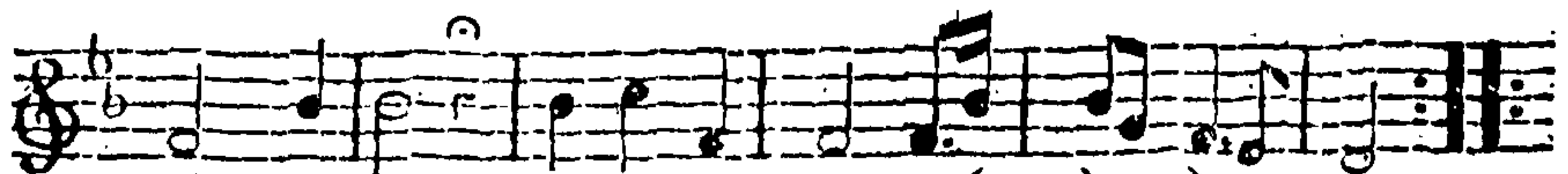
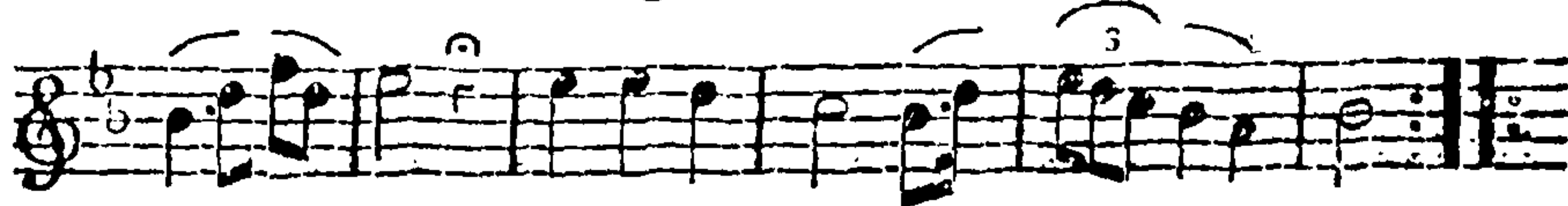
thick—er cluf—ters hung; All look'd as joy o d



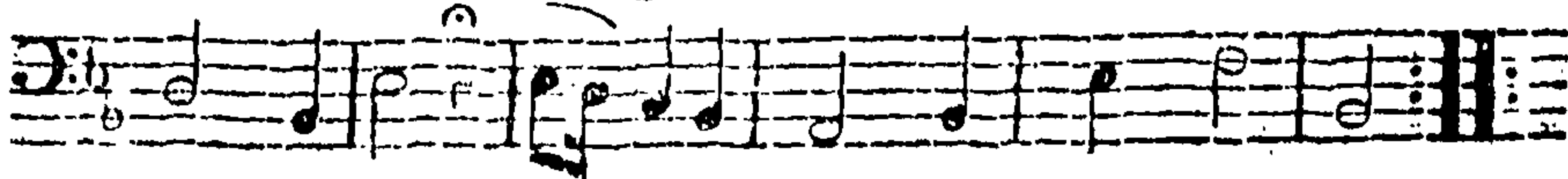
thick—er cluf—ters hung; All look'd as joy cou'd



ne—ver fail, Among the sweets of AR—NO's vale.



ne—ver fail, Among the sweets of AR—NO's vale.



Continued.

Piano.



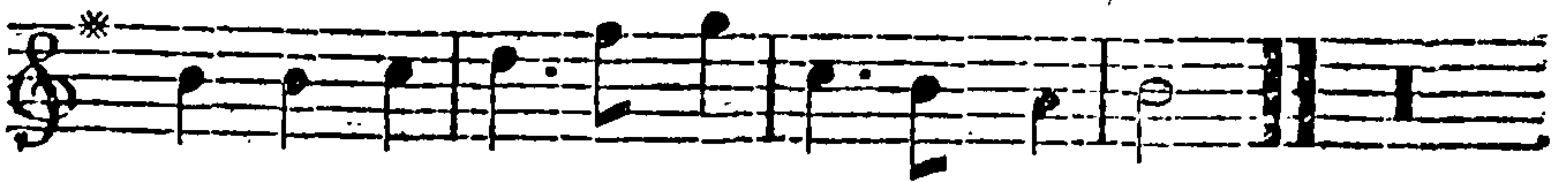
free, And none are more hap—py, more hap—py than we; And



free, And none are more hap—py, more hap—py than we; And



none are more hap—py, more hap—py than we.

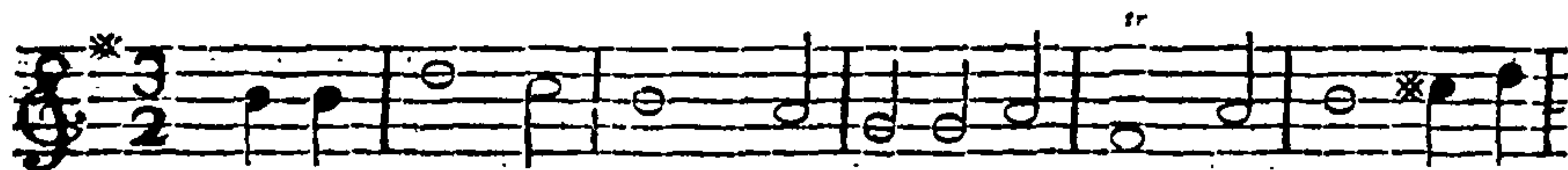


none are more hap—py, more hap—py than we.

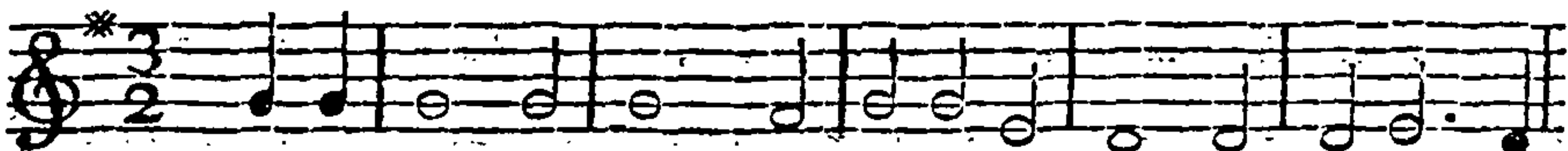
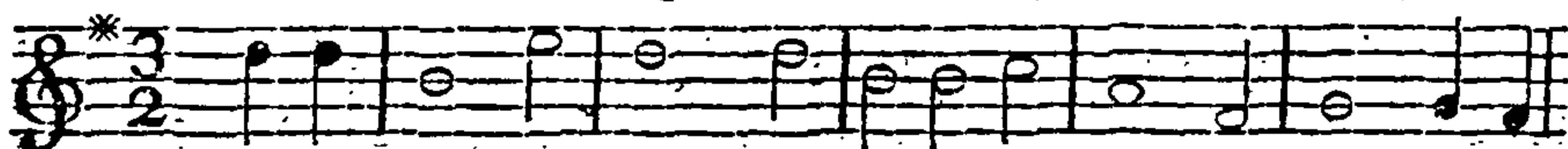


The Jolly Vicar. A GLEE. A. 4. Voc.

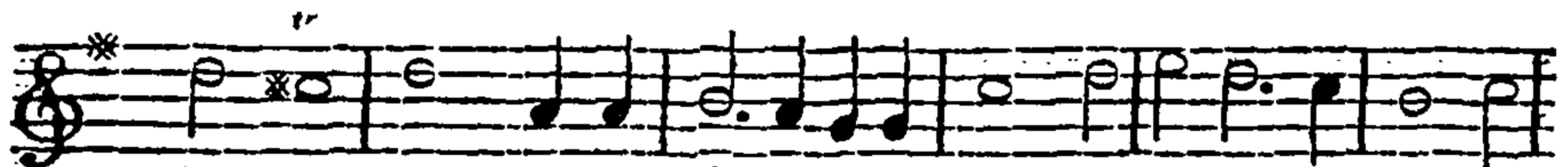
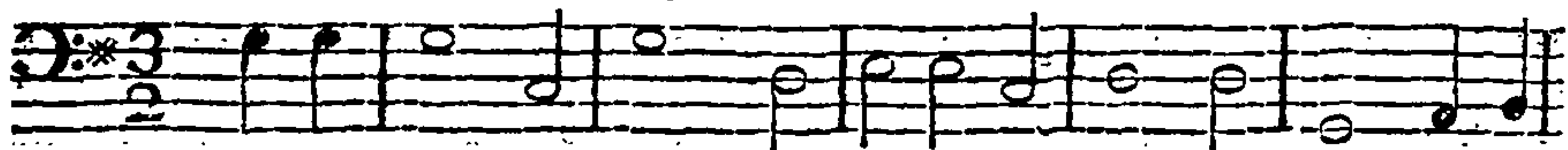
By Dr. Rogers.



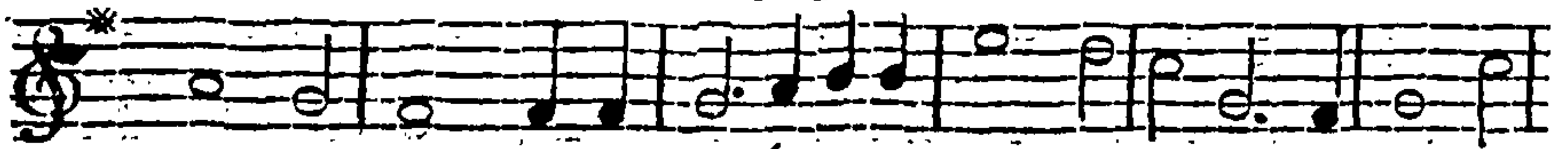
Let the bells now ring, And let the boys sing, The young las-fes



Let the bells now ring, And let the boys sing, The young las-fes



trip and play; Let the cup go a-bout, Until it be out, Our

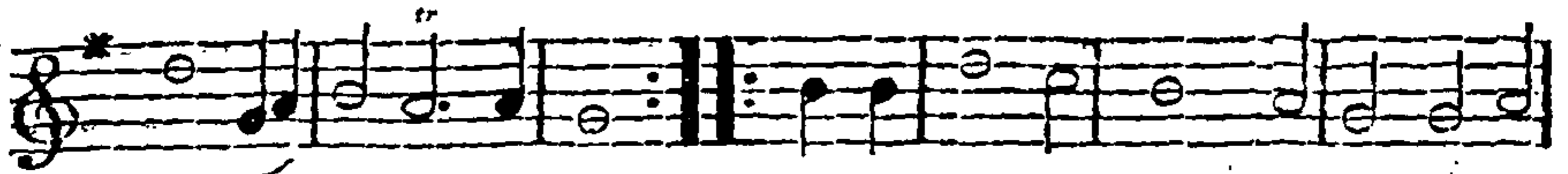


trip and play; Let the cup go a-bout, Until it be out, Our



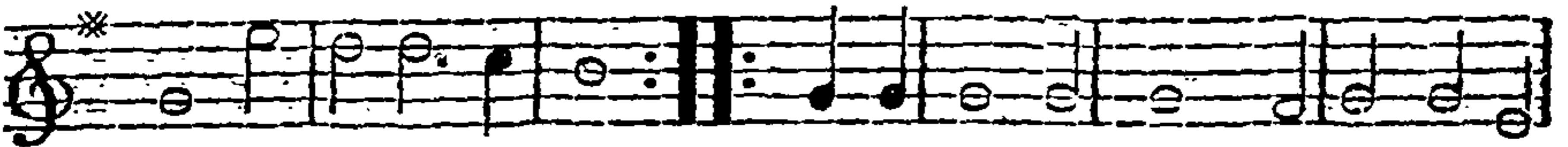
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Continued.



learn-ed vi-car we'll stay.

Let the pig turn round Hey mer-ri-ly

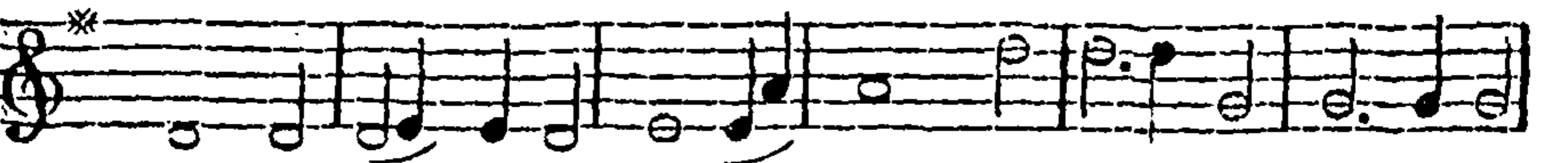
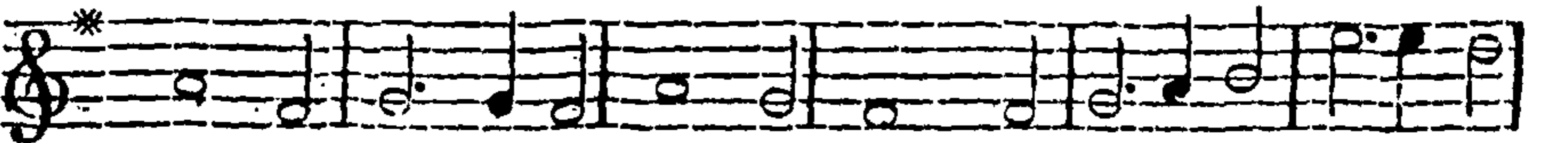


learn-ed vi-car we'll stay.

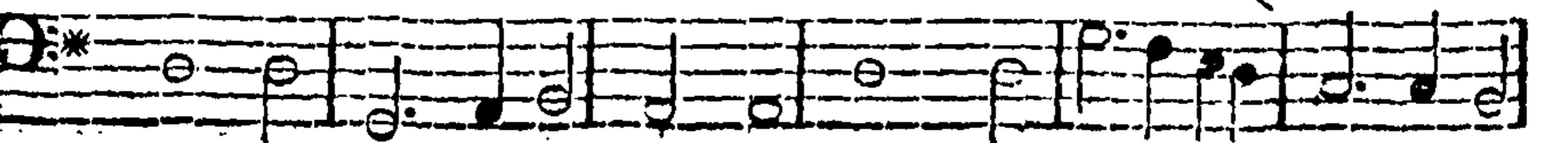
Let the pig turn round Hey mer-ri-ly



hey, And then the fat goose shall swim; For ve-ri-ly, ve-ri-ly,



hey, And then the fat goose shall swim; For ve-ri-ly, ve-ri-ly,

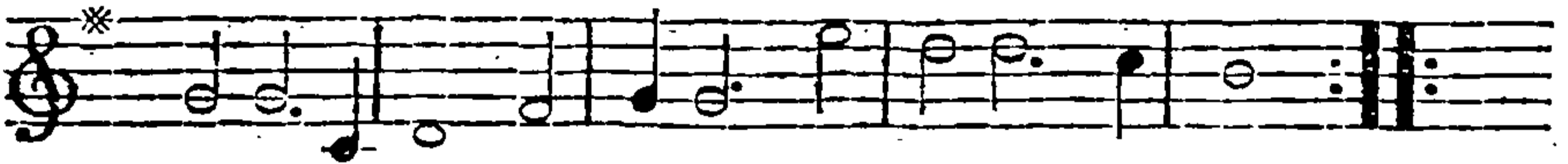


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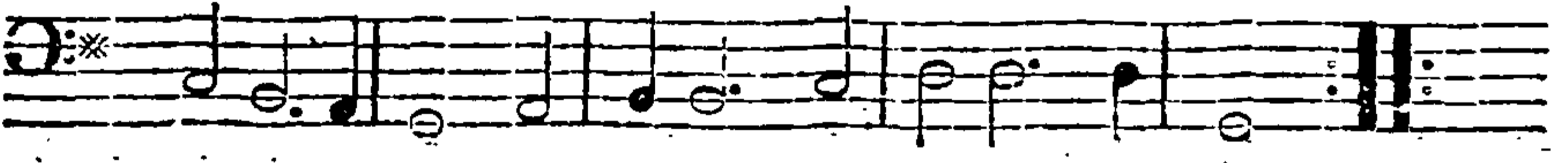
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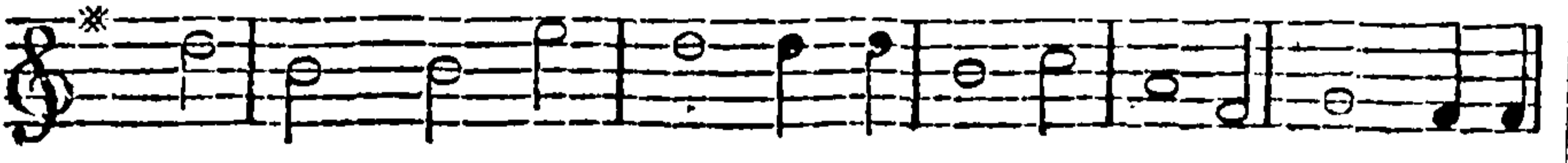
ve—ri—ly hey, Our vi—car this day shall be trim.



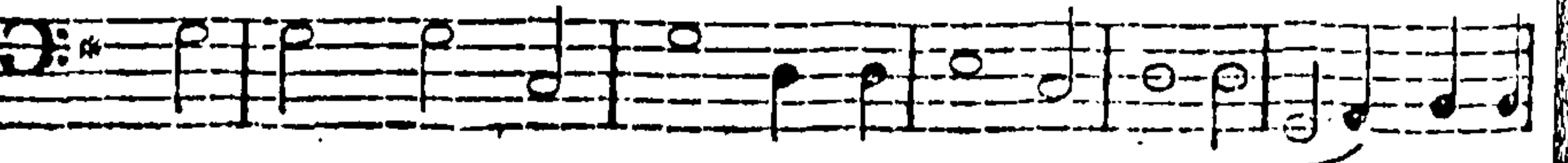
ve—ri—ly hey, Our vi—car this day shall be trim.



The stew'd cock shall crow, Cock a doo-dle doo, A-loud, cock a



The stew'd cock shall crow, Cock a doo-dle doo, A-loud, cock a

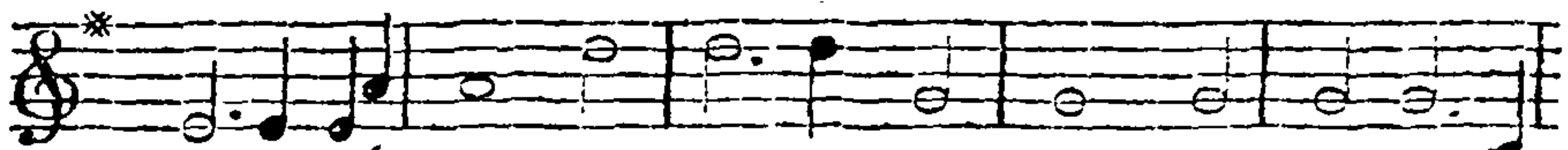


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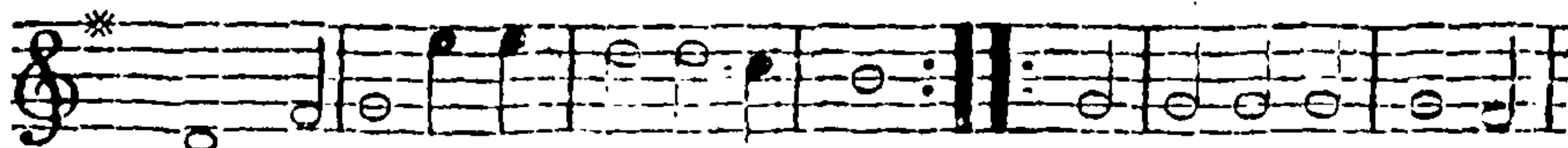
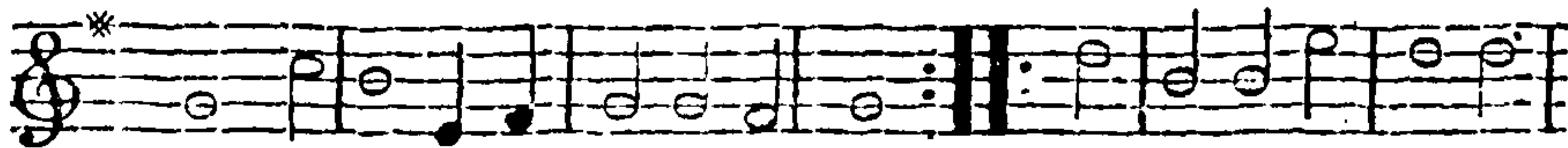
doo-die shall crow; The duck and the drake, Shall swim in a



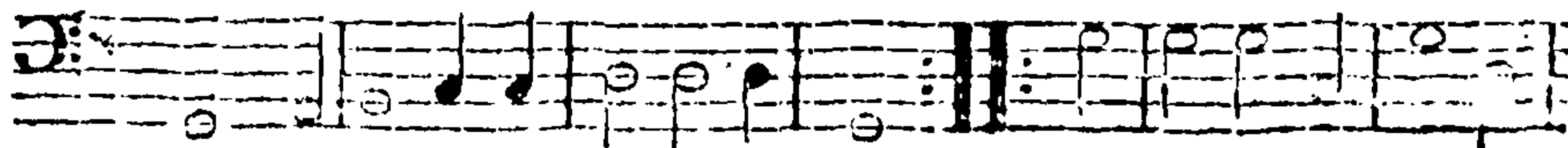
doo-die shall crow; The duck and the drake, Shall swim in a



lake, Of onions and cla-ret be-low. We'll labour and toil, To



lake, Of onions and cla-ret be—low. We'll labour and toil, To

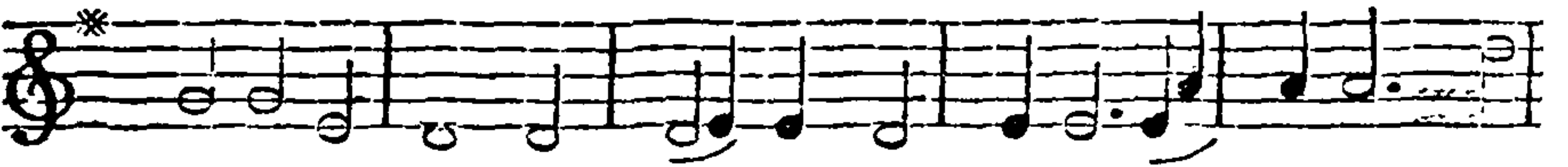


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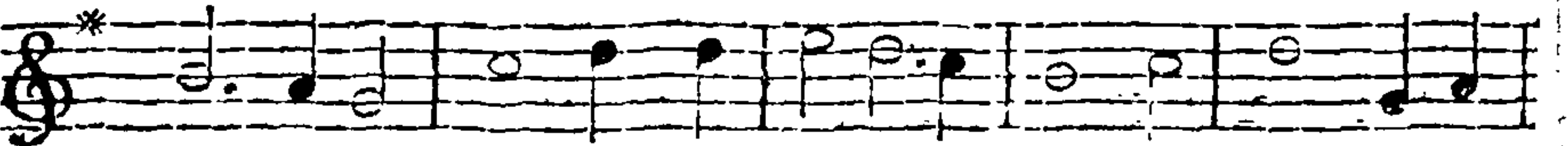
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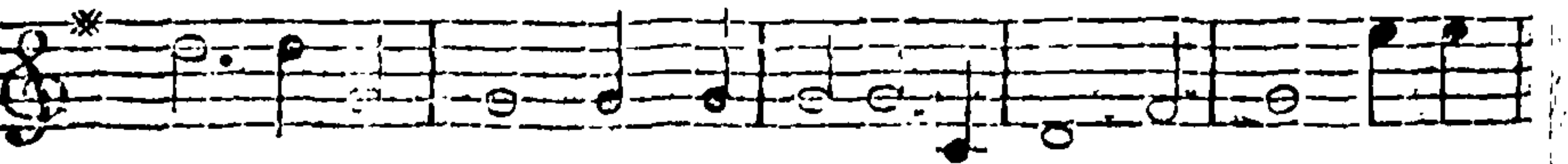
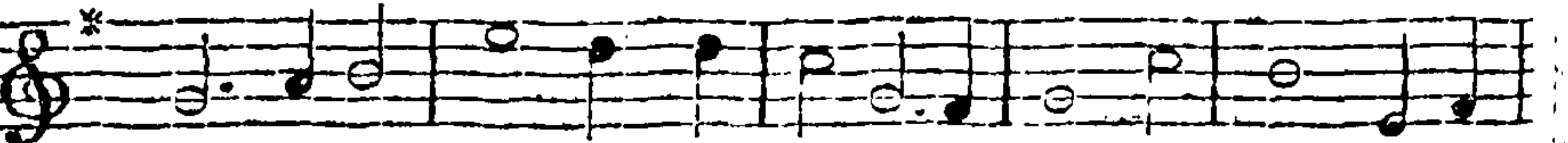
fer-tile the soil, And tithes shall come thicker, and thicker: We'll



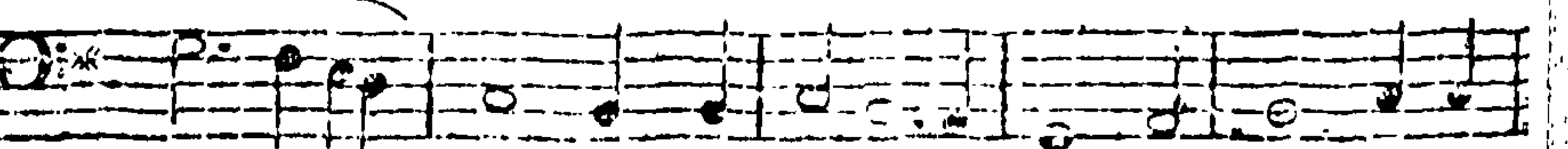
fer-tile the soil, And tithes shall come thicker, and thicker: We'll



fall to the plough, And get children enough, And thou shalt be



fall to the plough, And get children enough, And thou shalt be

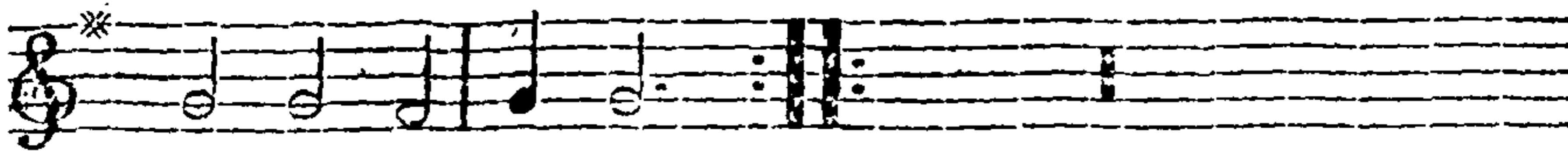


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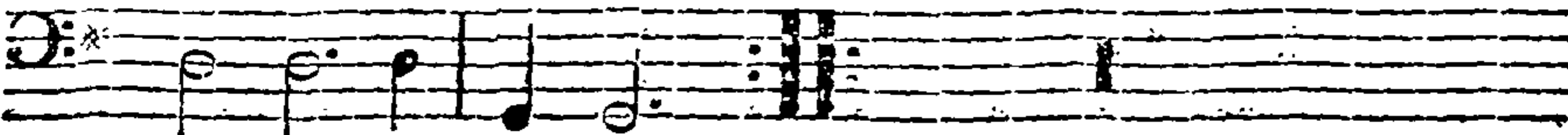
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learn—ed O vi—car.

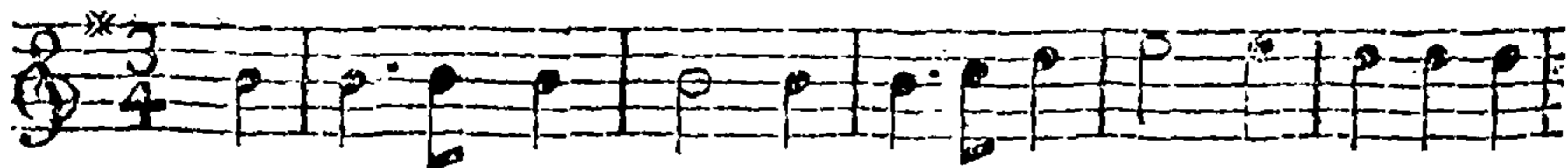


learn—ed O vi—car.

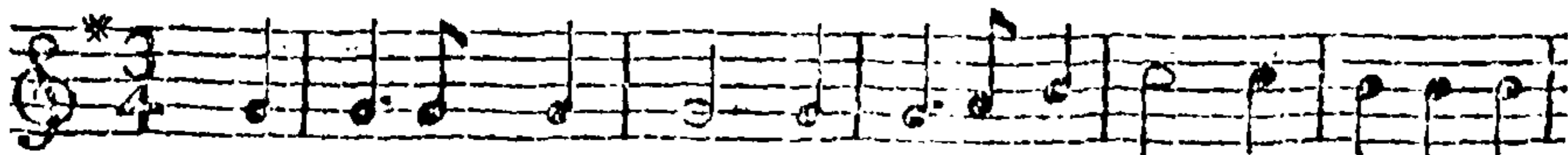


S O N G. A. 3. Voc.

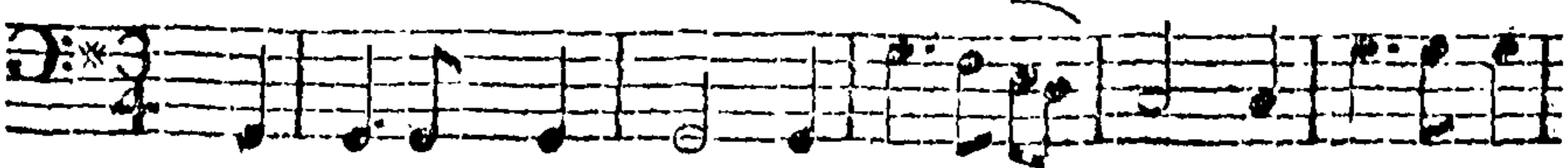
Mr. Freeman.



Of all the brave birds that e—ver I see, The owl is the



Of all the brave birds that e—ver I see. The owl is the



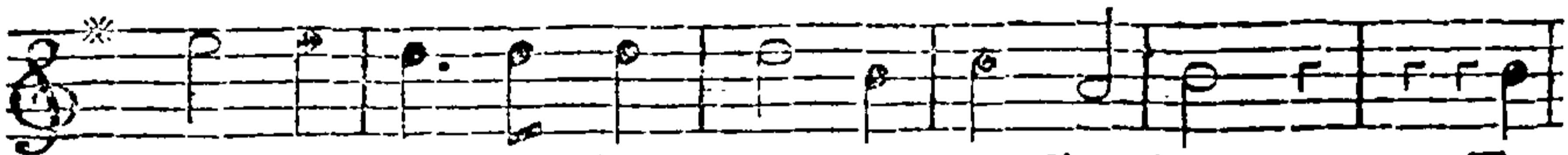
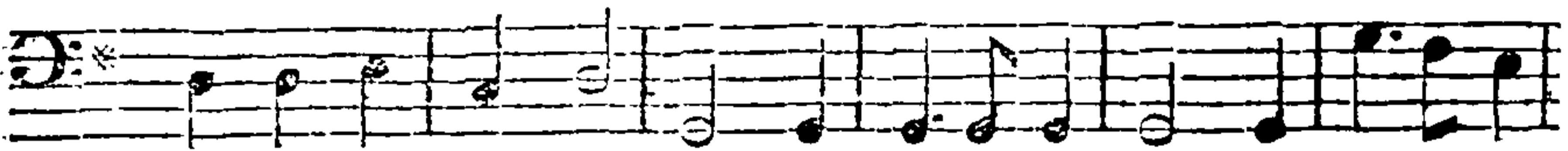
Continued.



fair—est in her de—gree; For all the day long she sits in a



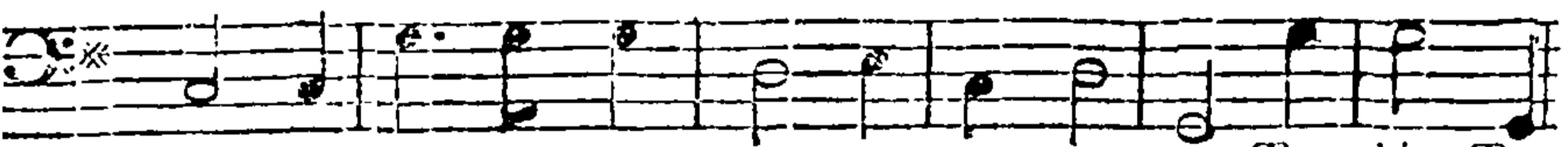
fair—est in her de—gree; For all the day long she sits in a



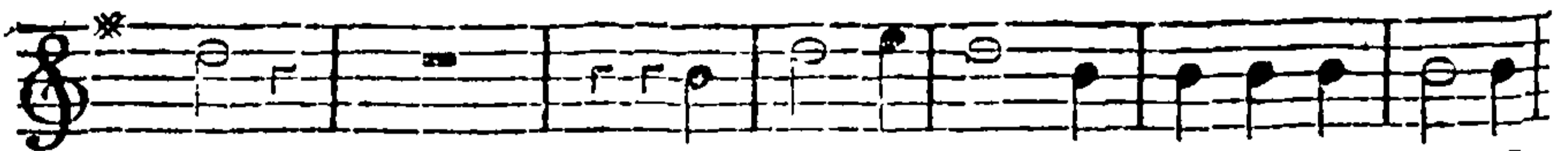
tree, And when the night comes, a—way flies she, Te



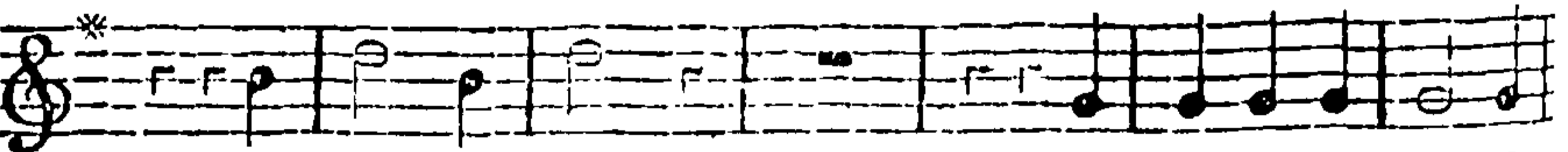
tree, And when the night comes, a—way flies she, Te whit



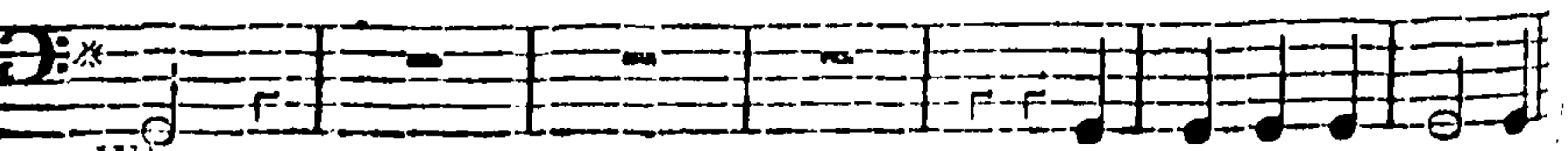
Te whit, Te



Who, Sir knave, to thou this song is well sung, I



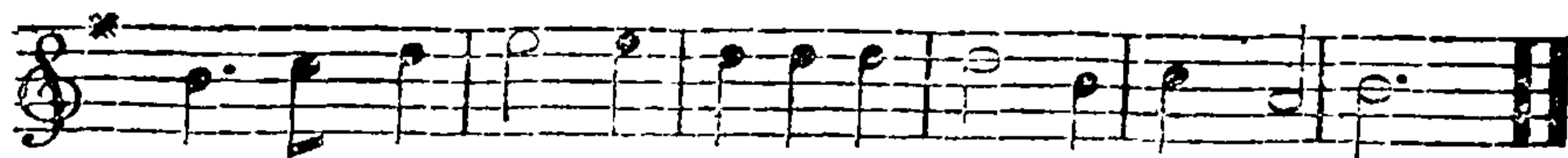
to whom drinks thou, this song is well sung, I



Who,

Continued.

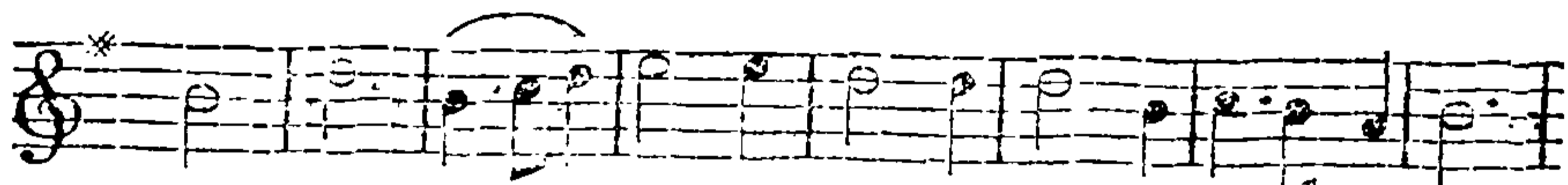
Continued.



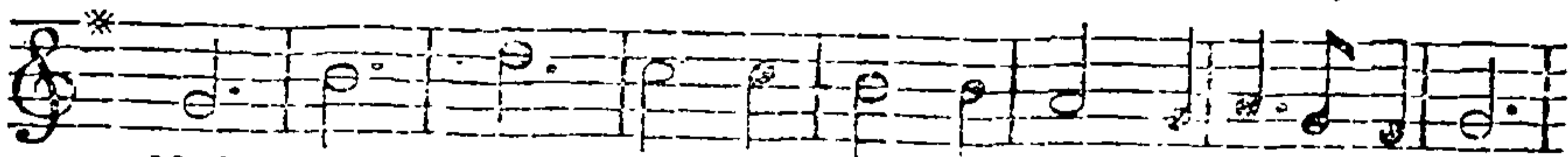
make you a vow, And he is a knave that drinketh now.



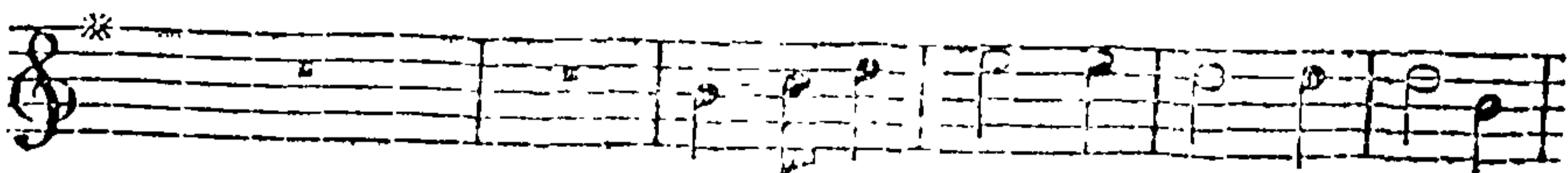
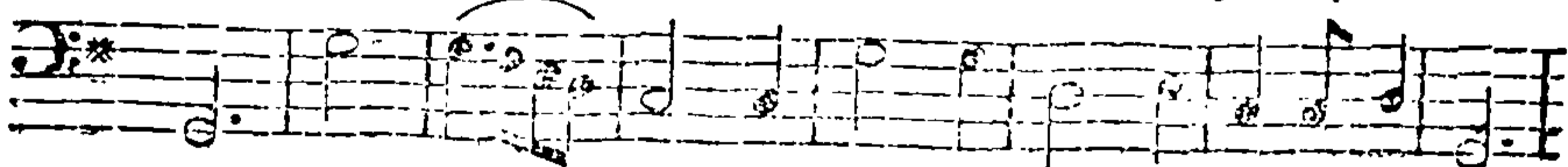
make you a vow, And he is a knave that drinketh now.



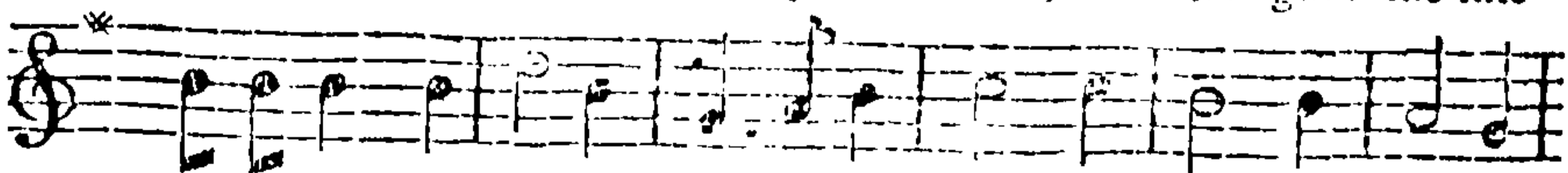
Nose, Nose, Nose, Nose, And who gave thee that jol—ly red nose?



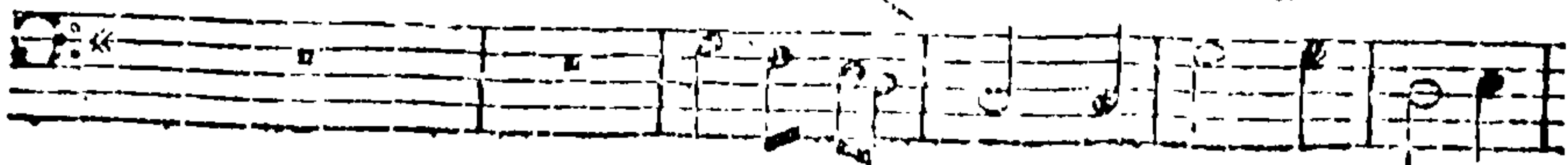
Nose, Nose, Nose, Nose, And who gave thee that jol—ly red nose?

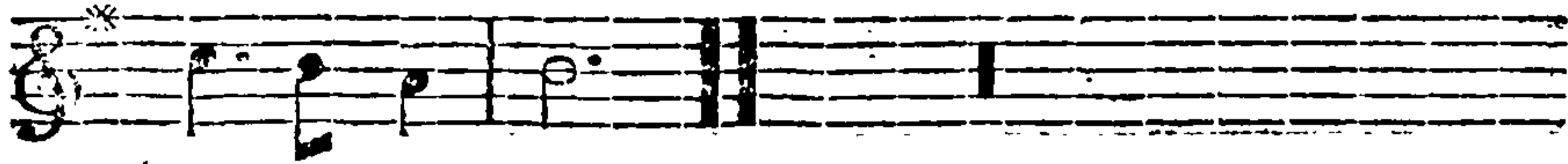


Nutmegs and cloves, And that gave me this

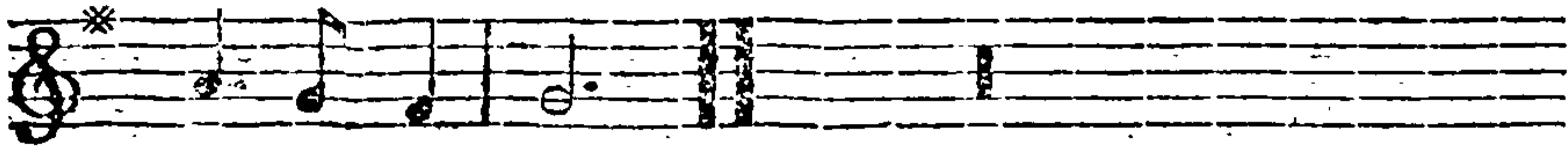


Ci-na-mon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves, And that gave me this

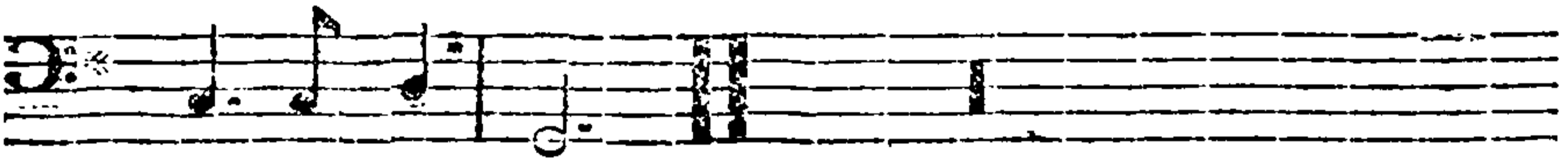




jol—ly red nose.



jol—ly red nose.



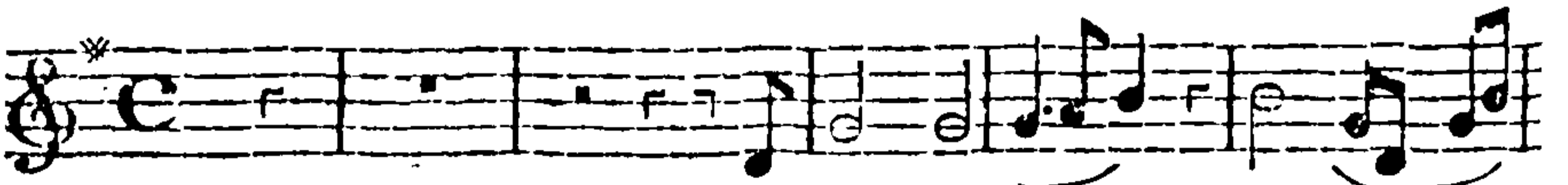
G L E E. *A. 3. Voc.*

Signor Palma.

Adagio.



When first I saw thee graceful move, Ah me, what



When first I saw, Ah me, what



When first I saw thee graceful move, Ah me, what

Continued.

Continued.



meant my throbbing breast; Say, soft con—fu—sion, art thou
meant my throbbing breast; Say, soft con—fu—sion, art thou
meant my throbbing breast; Say, soft con—fu—sion, art thou



love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.
love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.
love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.

II.

With gentle smiles allwage the pain,
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

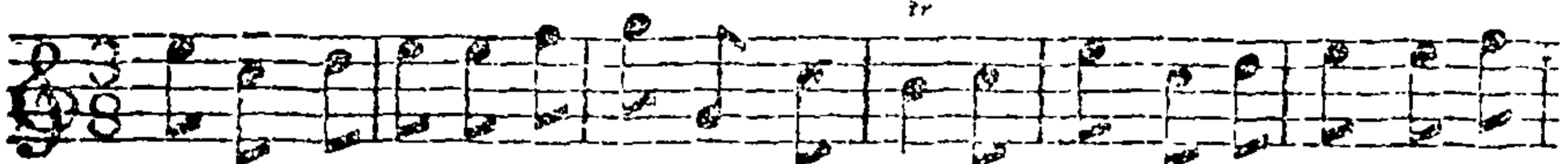
SONG. A. 3. Voc.

Signor Corelli.

Adagio.



Bacchus, as-sist us to sing thy great glo-ry, Chief of the gods, we ex-



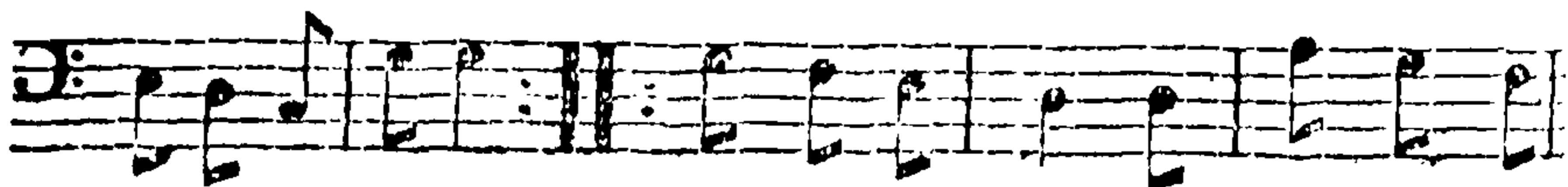
Bacchus as-sist us to sing thy great glo-ry, Chief of the gods, we ex-



ult in thy sto-ry: Wine's first pro—-jec—tor, Mankind's pro-

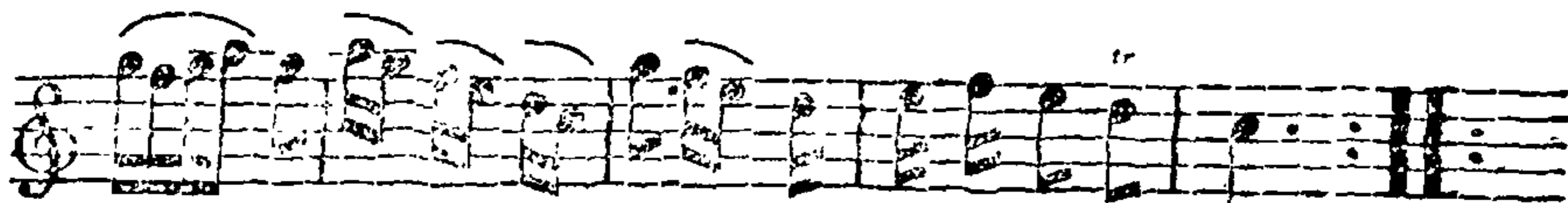


ult in thy sto-ry: Wine's first pro—-jec—tor, Mankind's pro-



Continued.

Continued.



tec—tor, Pa—tron to to—pers, how we do a—dore thee.



tec—tor, Pa—tron to to—pers, how we do a—dore thee.



II.

Friend to the muses, a whetstone to Venus,
Herald to pleasures, when wine wou'd convene us,
Sorrow's physician,
When our condition,
In wordly cares wants a cordial to skreen us.

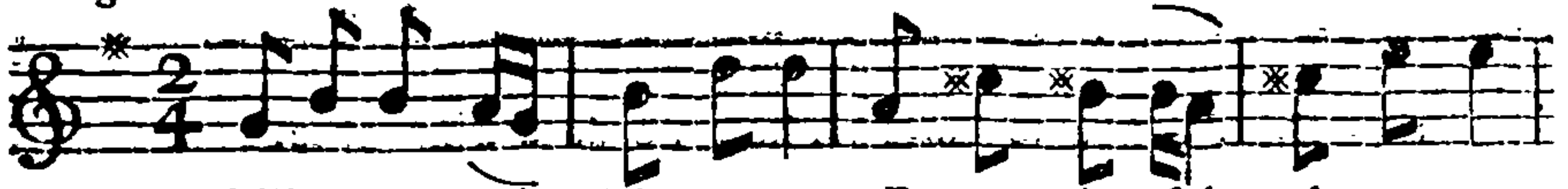
III.

Nature, she smil'd when thy birth it was blazed,
Mankind rejoic'd when thy altars were raised,
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilst the vine's growing,
And sober souls at our joys be amazed.

SONG. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.

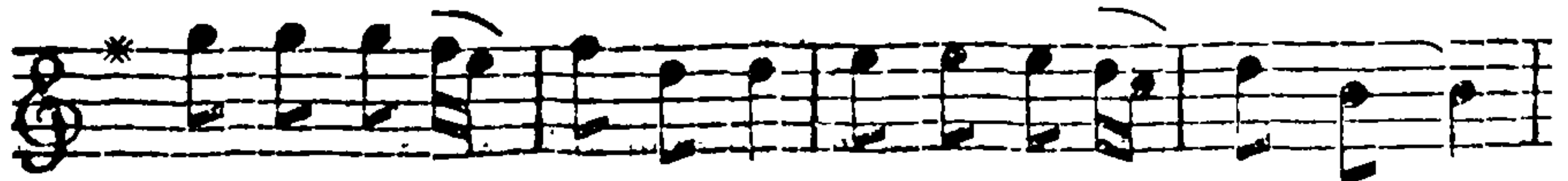
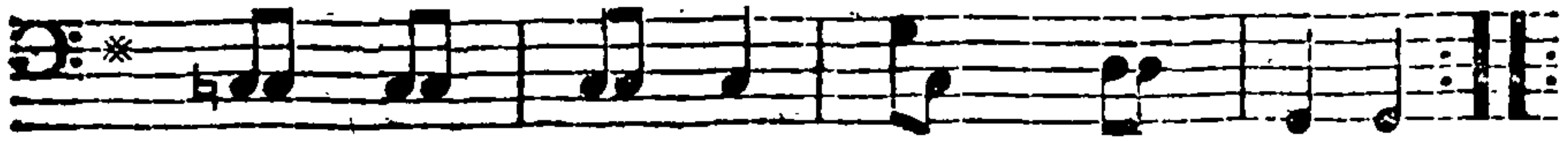
Allegro.



Fill a-bout, let's drink a-way, E—ver chearful, al-ways gay;



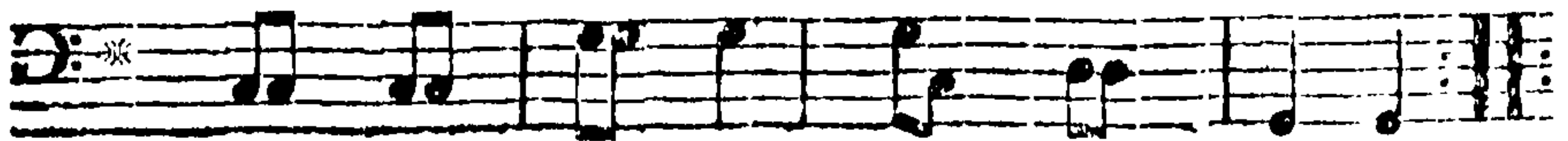
Let us now, since while we may; Drink to George our King, boys;



Likewise to his no-bles all, And his sub jects great and small,



that is, those who prove loy-al, Let us drink and sing, boys.



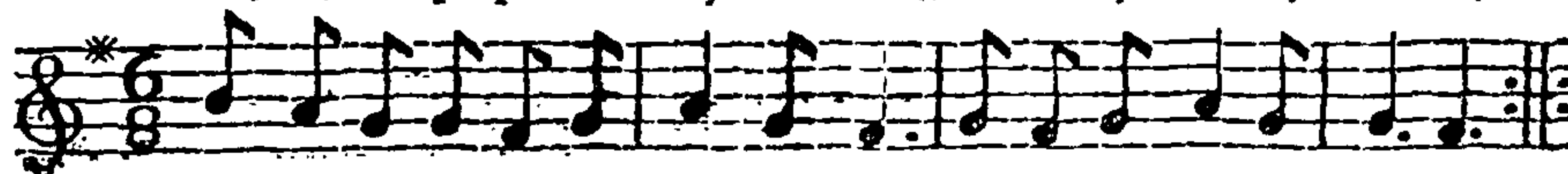
G L E E. A. 4. Voc.

Dr. Arne.

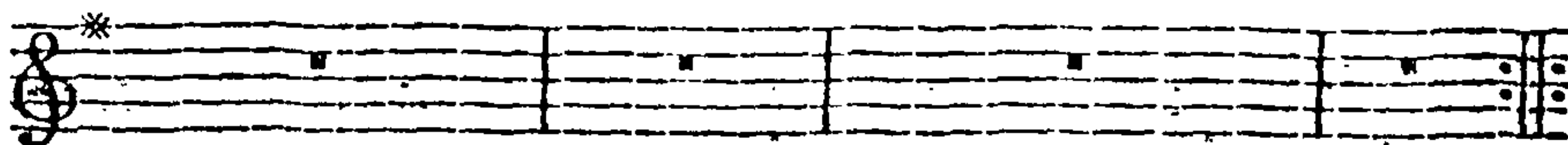
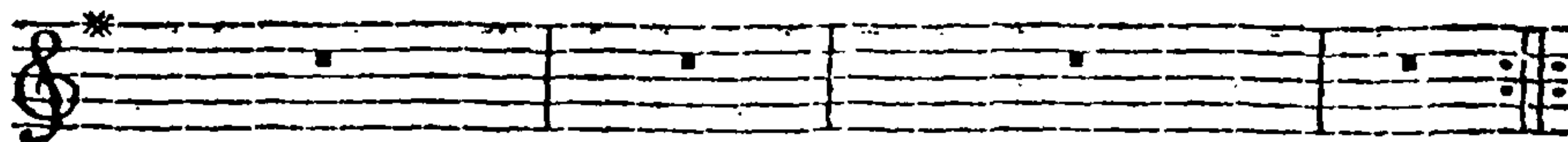
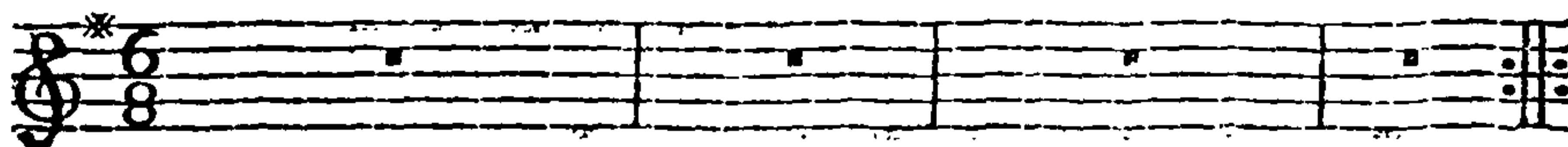
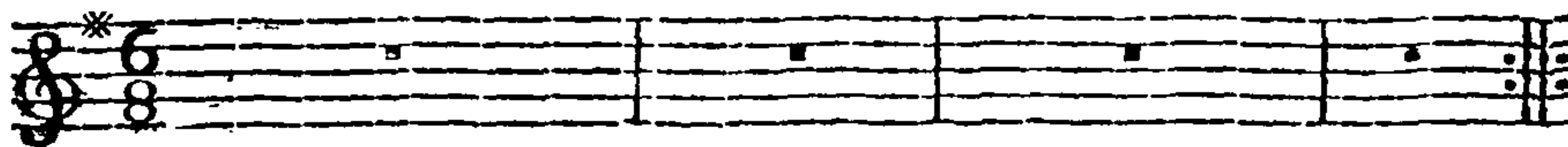
Si replica pia.



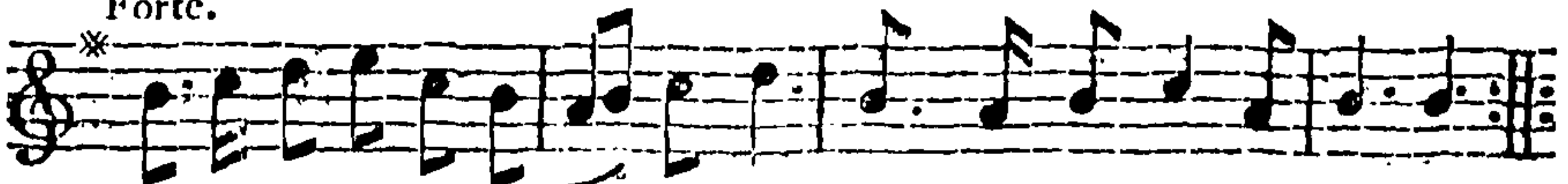
Which is the properest day to drink, Sa-turday, Sunday, Monday?



Which is the properest day to drink, Sat-urday, Sunday, Monday?



Forte.



Each is the properest day I think, Why shou'd I name but one day?



Each is the properest day I think, Why shou'd I name but one day?

N. B. The Performers are desired to observe, that this Tune is all in one Cliff.
Continued.

Forte.

Continued.

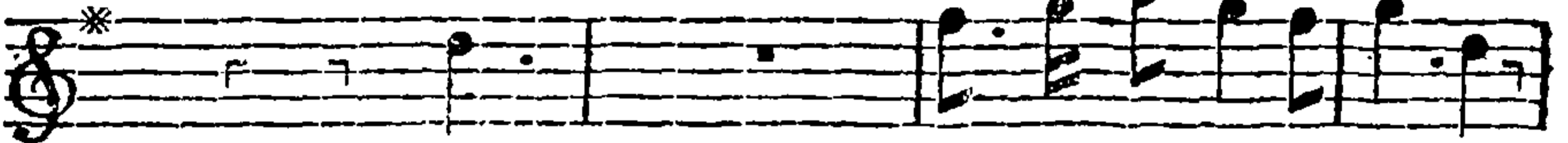


Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on some day.



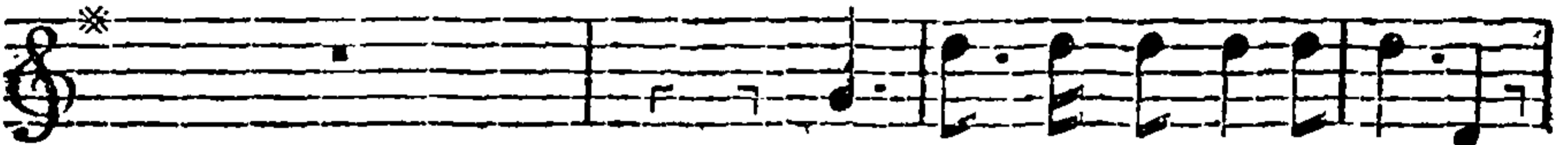
Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on some day.

Forte.



Why?

Why shou'd I name but one day?



Why? Why shou'd I name but one day?

Piano.

Forte.



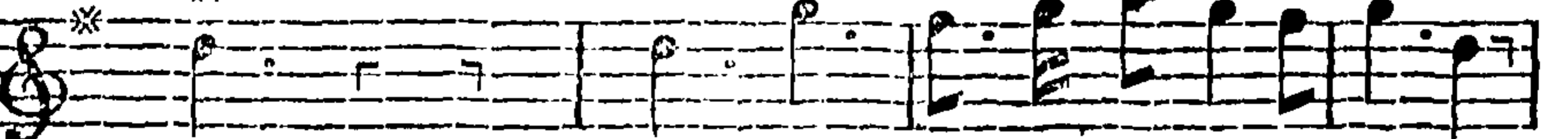
Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on some day.

Forte.



Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day; Let us but fix on some day.

Forte.



Why?

Why? Why? Why shou'd I name but one day?

Piano.

Piano.

Forte.



Why?

Why? Why shou'd I name but one day?

Continued.

Continued.

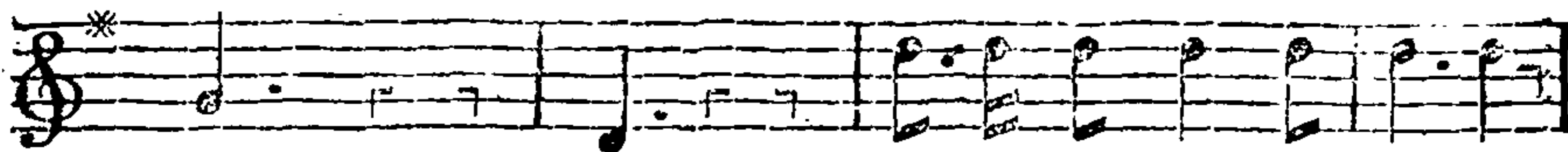
Piano.

Forte.



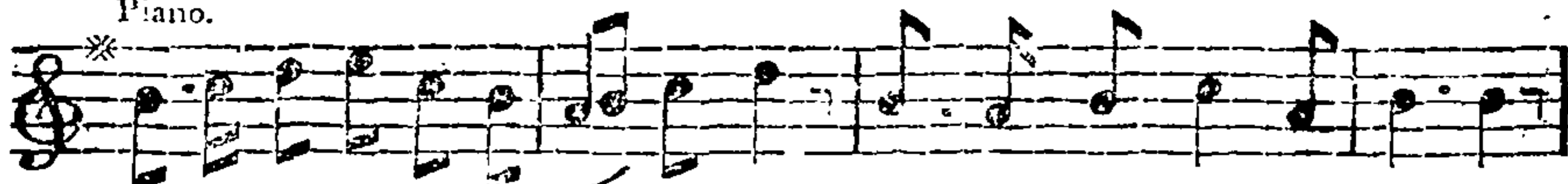
Which, Which, Let us but fix on some day.

Piano.



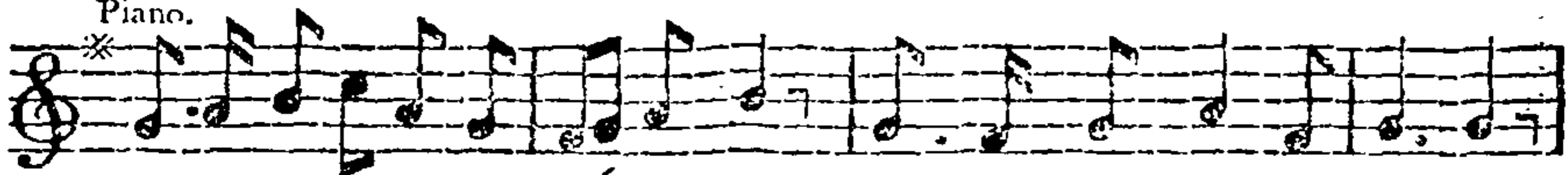
Which, Which, Let us but fix on some day.

Piano.



Each is the properest day, I think, Why shou'd I name but one day?

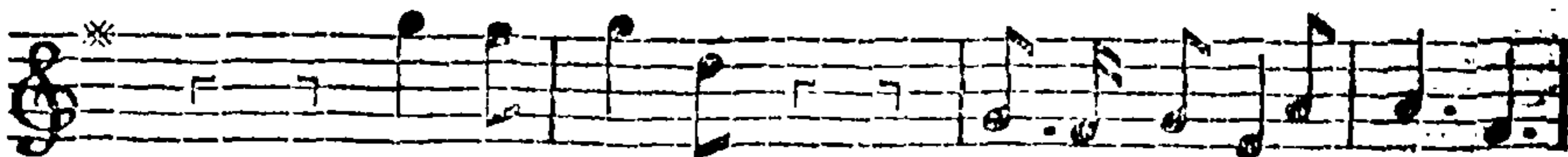
Piano.



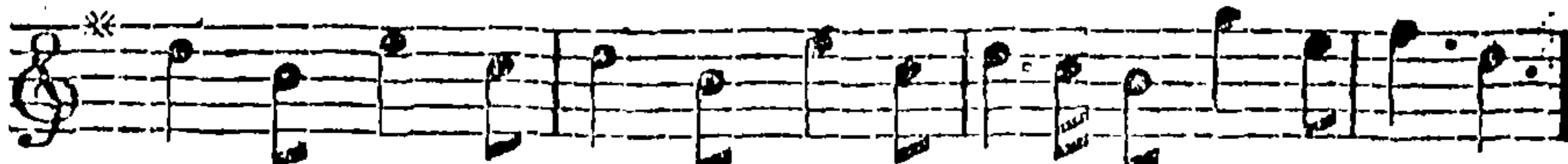
Each is the properest day I think, Why shou'd I name but one day?



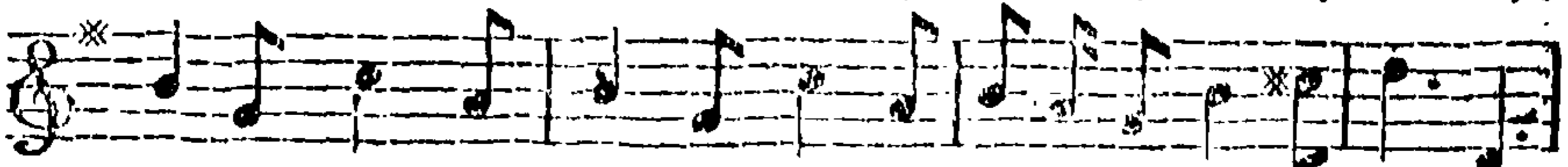
Bra-vo, Bra-vo,



Bra-vo, Bra-vo, Why shou'd I name but one day?

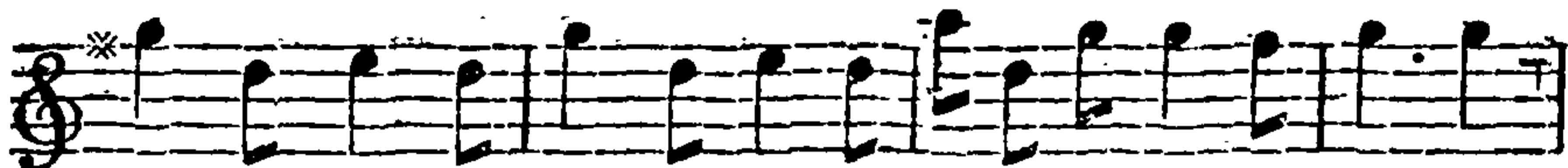


Tuesday, Wedn'fday, Thursday, Friday, Sa-turday, Sunday, Monday.

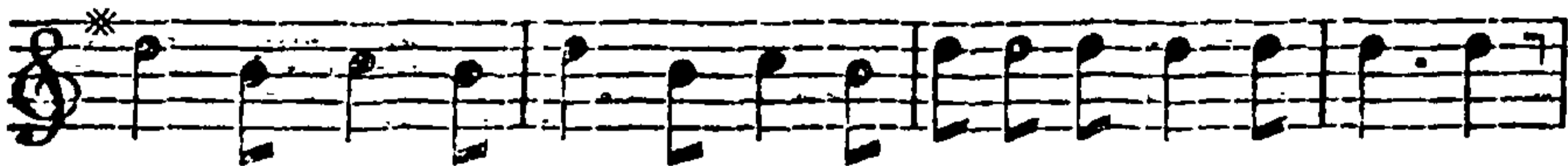


Tuesday, Wedn'fday, Thursday, Fri-day, Sa-turday, Sunday, Monday.

C H O R U S.



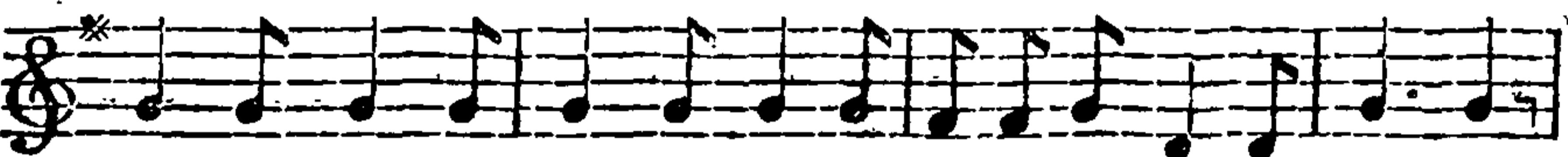
Tuesday, Wedn'sday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



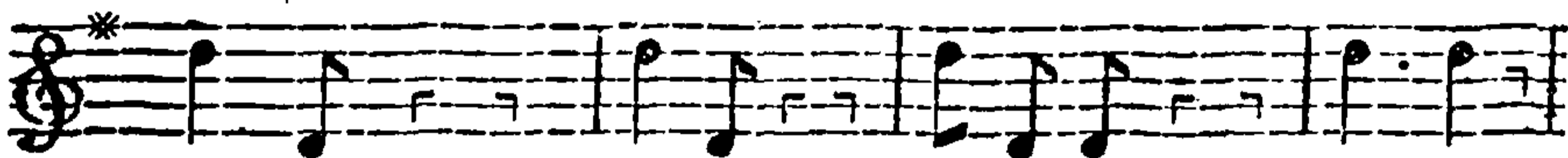
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



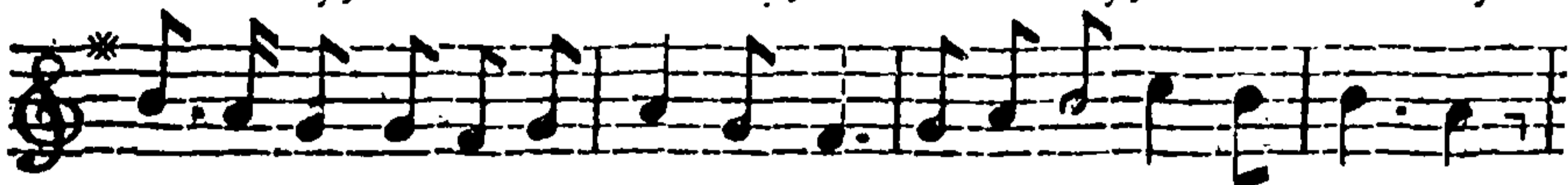
Tuesday, Wedn'sday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



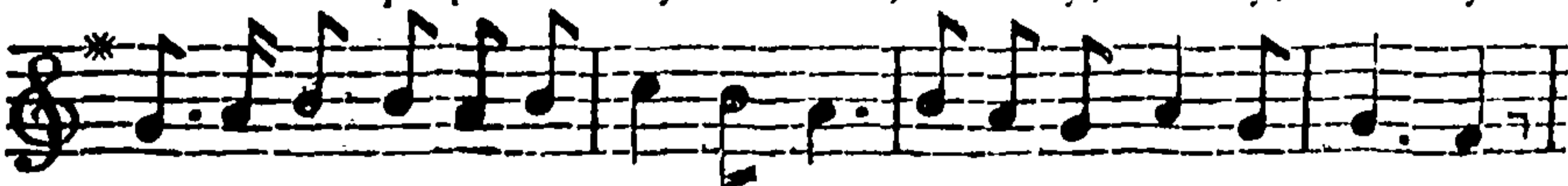
Tuesday, Wedn'sday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



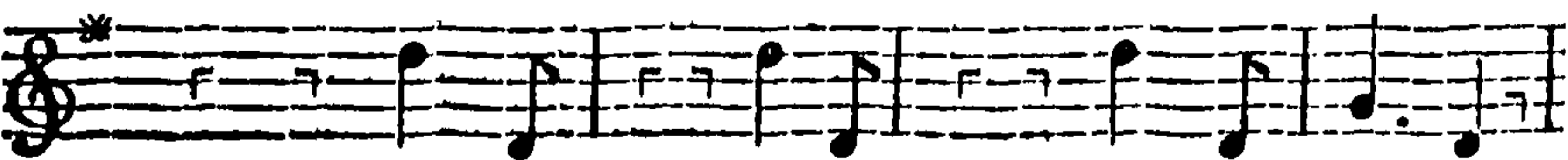
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Monday.



Which is the proper-est day to drink, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



Which is the proper-est day to drink, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



Wedn'sday, Friday, Sunday, Monday.

Continued.

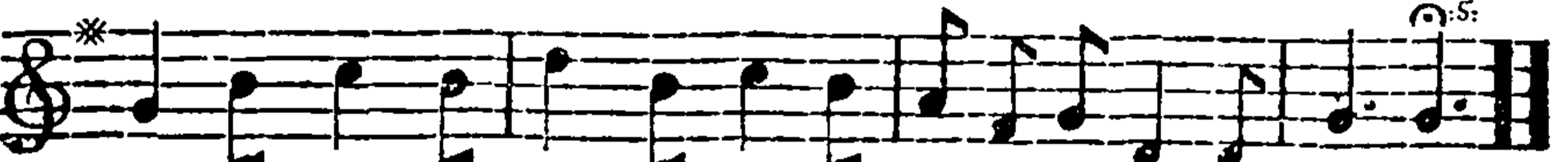
Continued.



Tuesday, Wedn'fday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



Tuesday, Wedn'fday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



Tuesday, Wedn'fday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

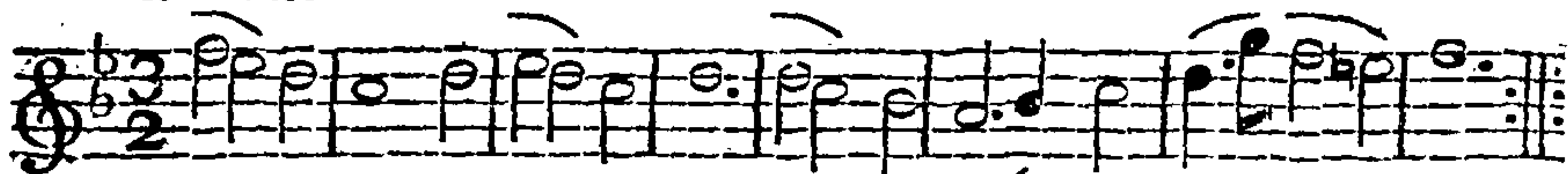


Tuesday, Wedn'fday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

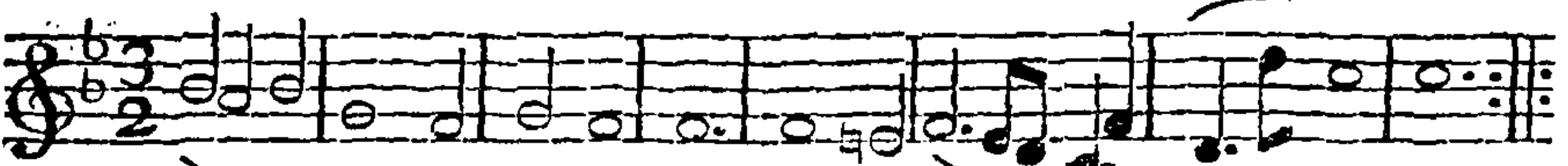
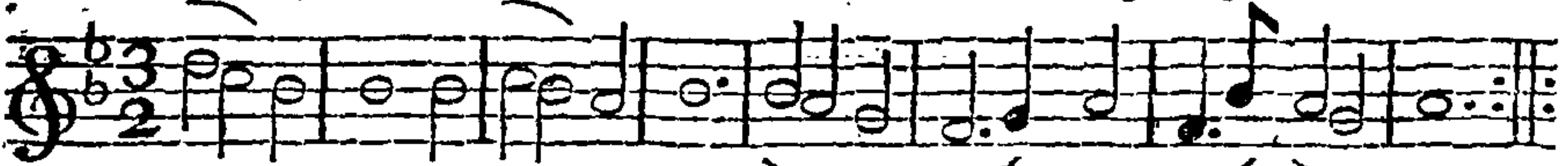
This Glee gain'd a Prize Medal, 1763.

GLEE. A. 4. Voc.

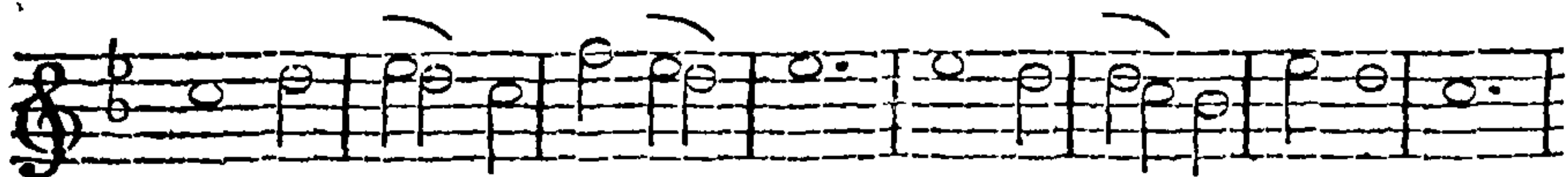
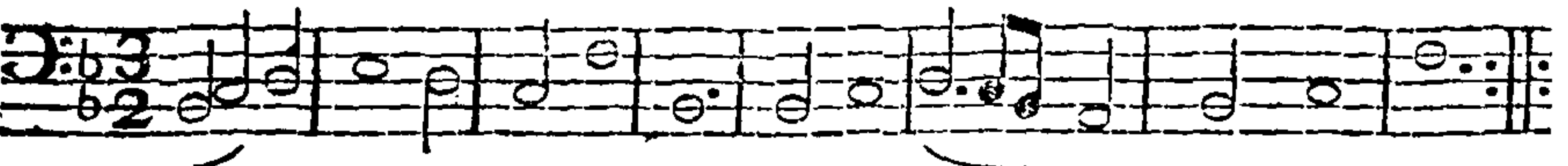
Dr. Hayes.

Affetuoso.

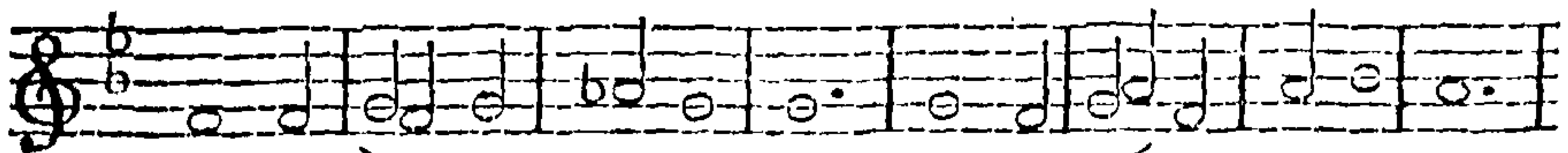
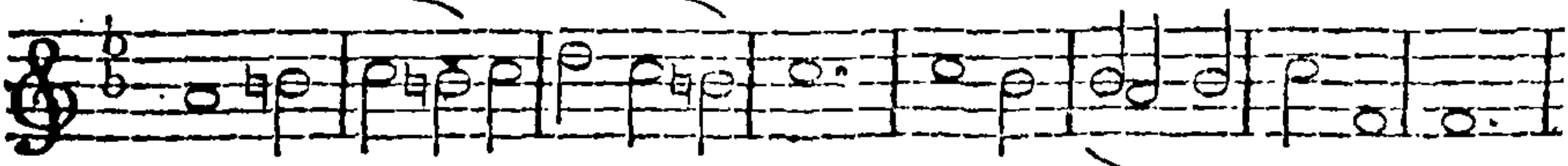
Melting airs soft joys in spire, Ains for droop-ing hope to hear;



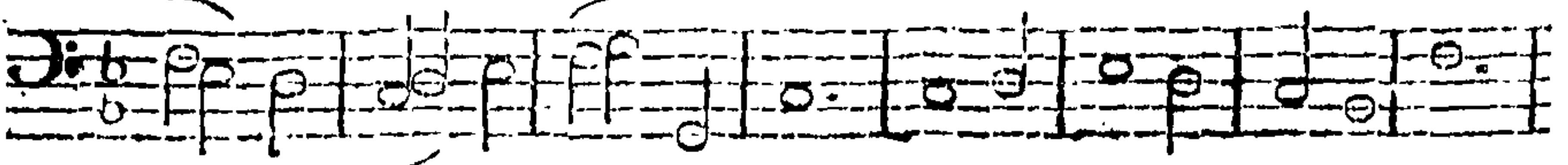
Melting airs soft joys in-spire, Ains for droop-ing hope to hear;



Melting as a lo-ver's pray'r, Joys to flat-ter dull de-spair.



Melting as a lover's pray'r, Joys to flat-ter dull de-spair,

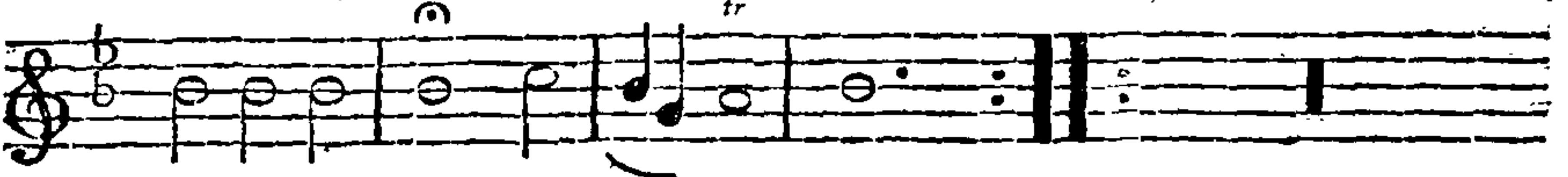


Continued.

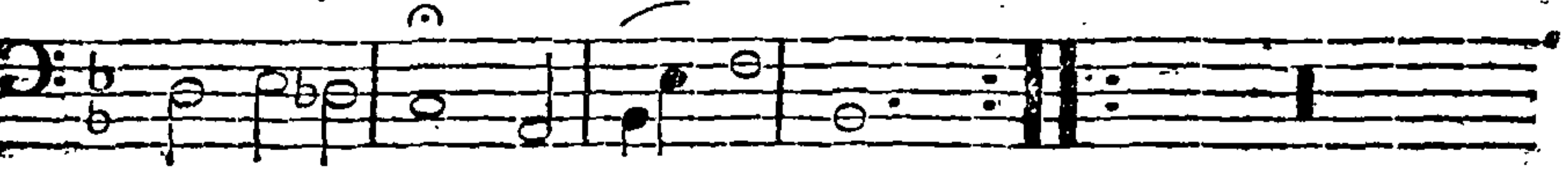
Continued.



And softly sooth the am'-rous fire.



And softly sooth the am'-rous fire.

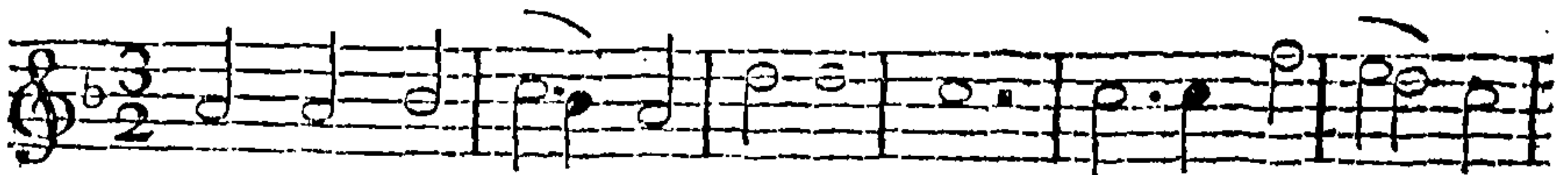


This Glee gain'd the second Prize Medal, 1763.

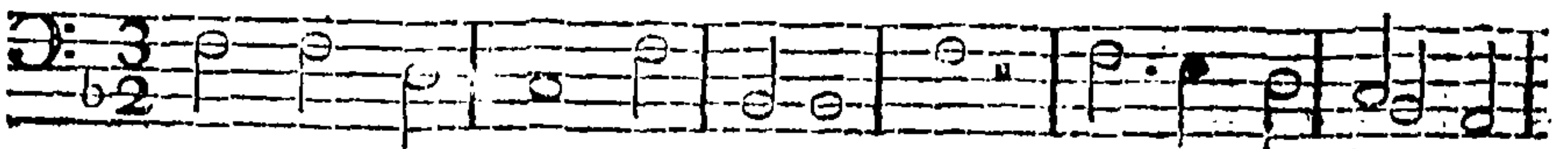
G L E E. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Battishill.

Not too slow.



A-midst the myr-tles as I walk, Love and my-self thus



A-midst the myr-tles as I walk, Love and my-self thus

Continued.

Continued.

en—ter talk : Tell me, said I, in deep dis—tress, Whe—

en—ter talk : Tell me, said I, in deep dis—tress, Where

—re I may find my shepherd—efs.

I may find my shepherd—efs,

Drinking S O N G. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Fletcher.

Vivaec.

A pox on re—flection, be jol—ly, be jol—ly, dis—passion—ate

A pox on re—flection, be jol—ly, be jol—ly, be

Continued.

Continued.



dulness, dis-passion-ate dulness de-spise.

Did you

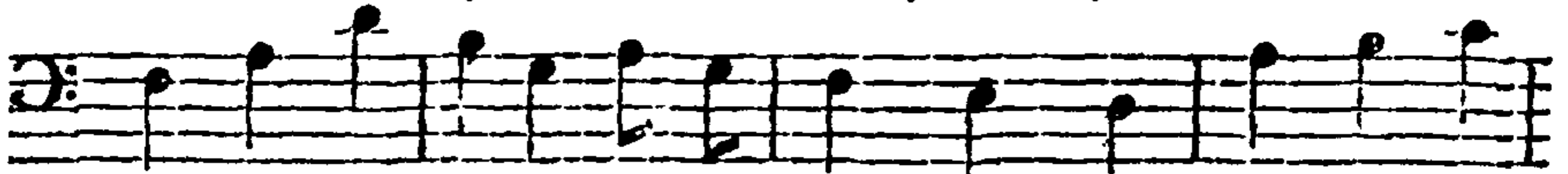


jol-ly, dis-passion-ate dulness de-spise.

Did you once know the



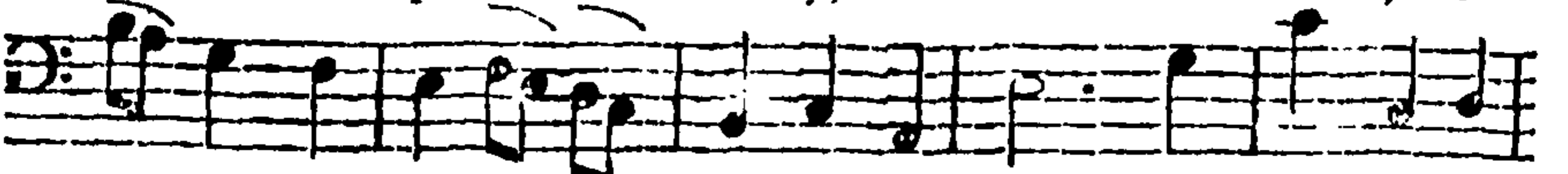
once know the pleasure of fol-ly, Did you once know the



plea-sure of fol-ly, Did you once know the plea-sure of



pleasure, the pleasure of fol-ly, You'd ne'er be so weak, so



fol-ly, You'd ne'er be so weak to be wise, You'd ne'er be so

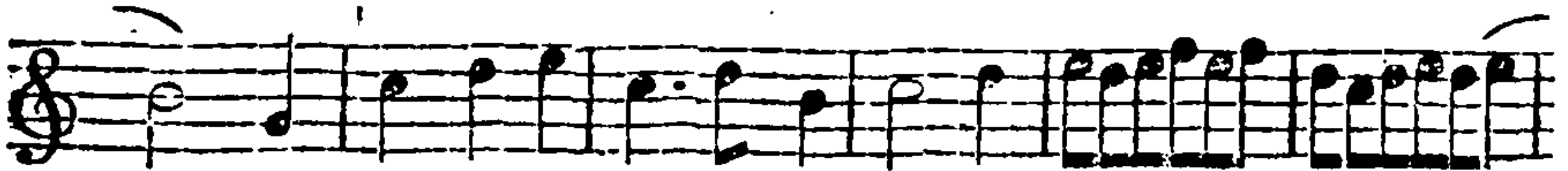
Continued.



wea ——— k, fo weak to be wise, fo wea ———



weak, fo wea ——— k, You'd ne'er be fo weak, fo



—— k, You'd ne'er be fo weak to be wise, fo wea ———



wea ——— k, fo weak to be wise, fo wea ———



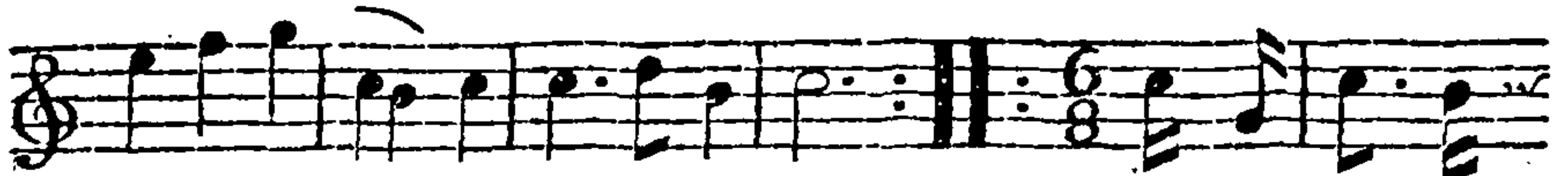
—— k, fo wea ——— k, You'd



—— k, fo wea ——— k, You'd

Continued.

Continued.



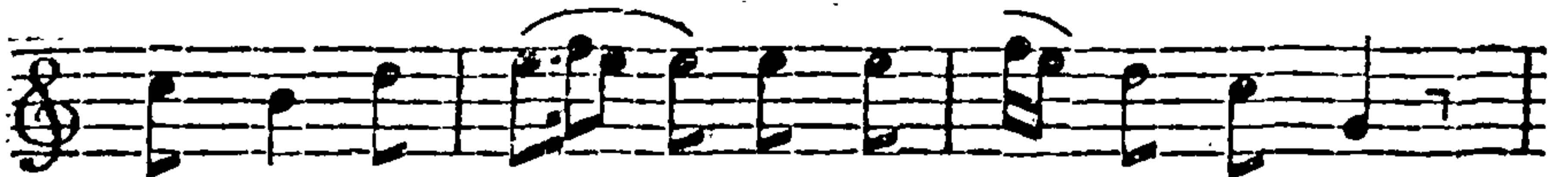
ne'er be so weak, so weak to be wise:

Let the trumpet



ne'er be so weak, so weak to be wise:

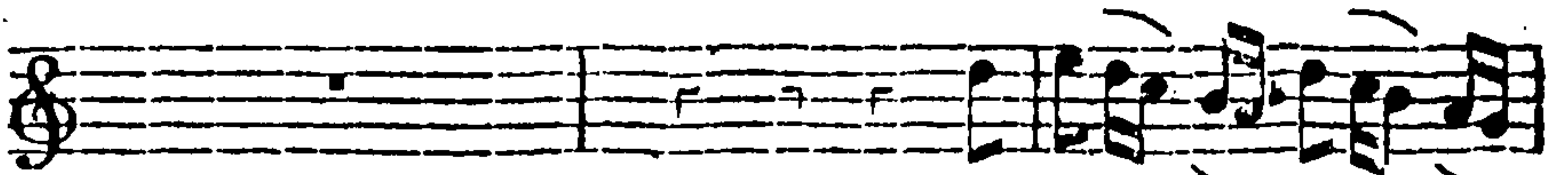
Let the trumpet



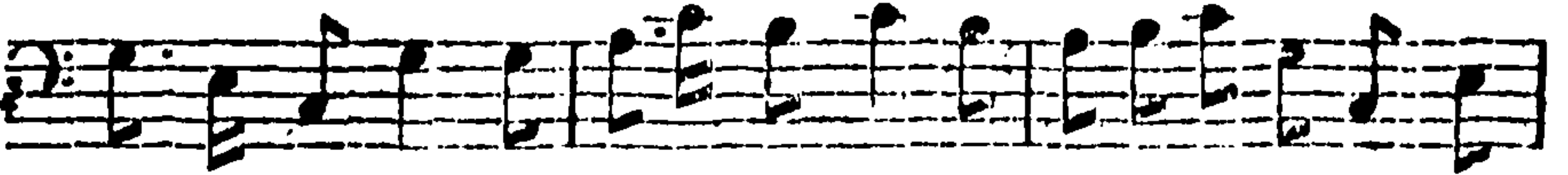
of fame, the trum — pet, the trum-pet of fame,



of fame, the trum — pet, the trum — pet, Let the

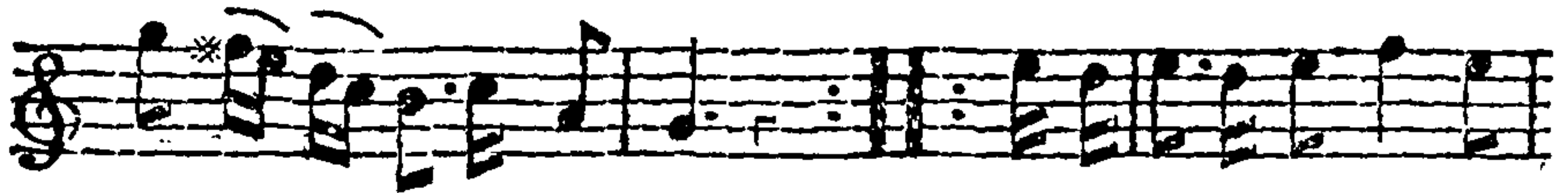


who never at canon balls,



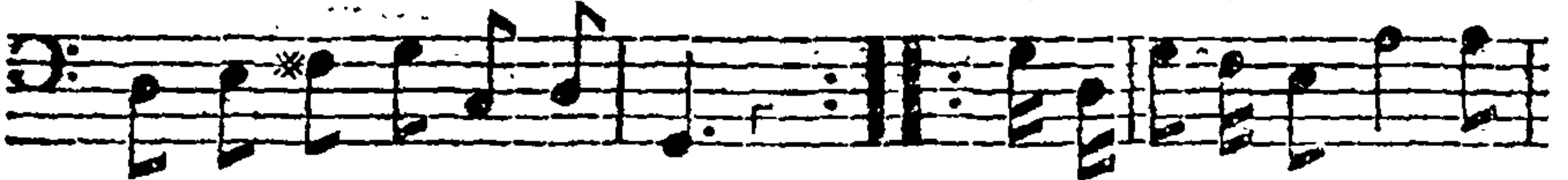
trumpet of fame, those heroes proclaim, Who never at canon balls,

Continued.



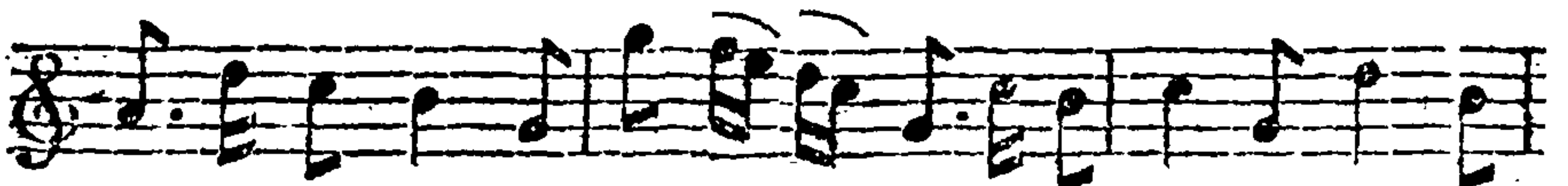
ne—ver at canon balls blink;

By the bu-fy in trade, be



ne--ver at canon balls blink;

By the bu-fy in trade, be



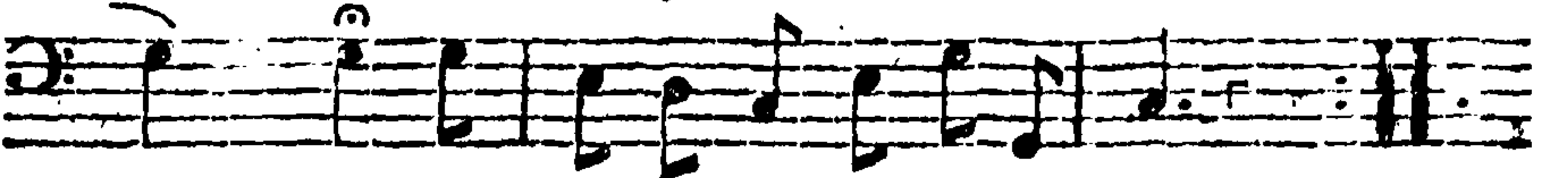
cent. per cent. made, 'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink, to drink, to



cent. per cent. made, 'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink, to dri —



drink. to drink, 'Tis cent. per cent. better to drink.

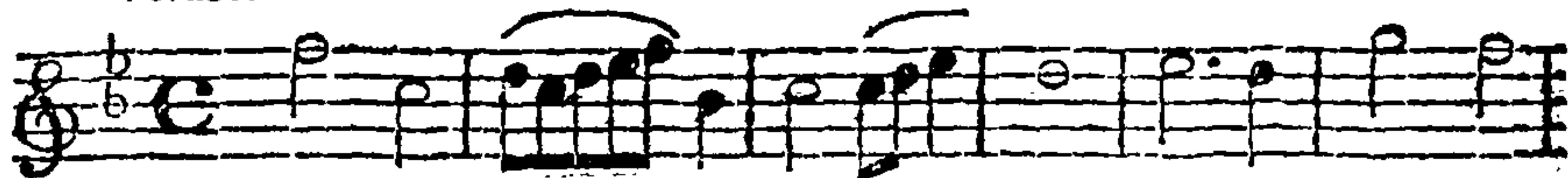


—nk, 'Tis cent. per cent. bet-ter to drink.

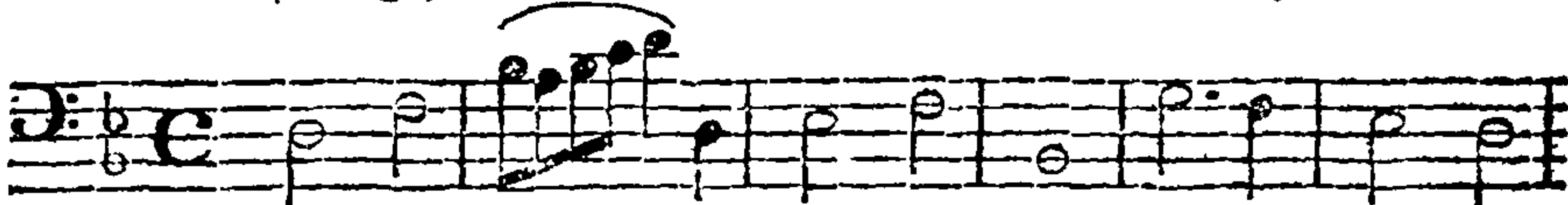
GLEE. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Jos. Baildon.

Vivace.



When gay Bac—chus fills my breast, All my cares are



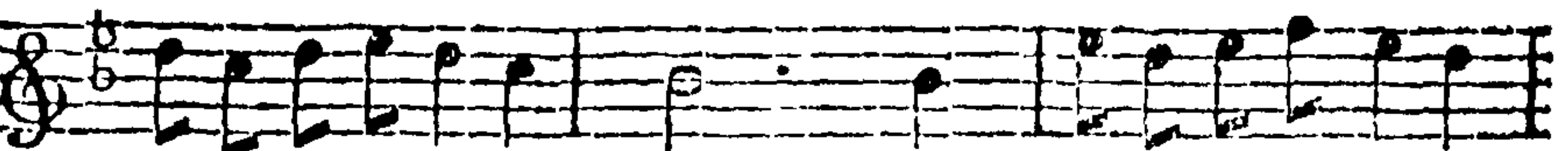
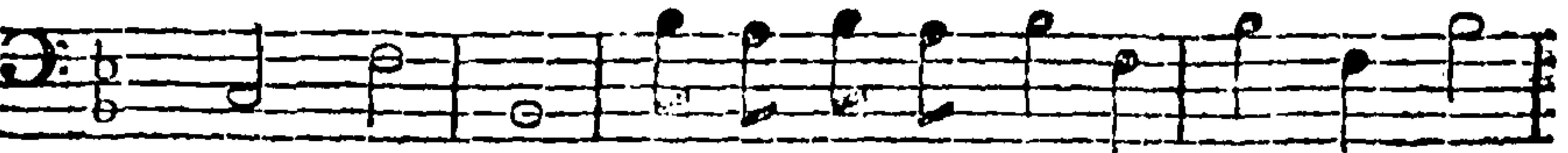
lull'd to rest, All my cares are lull'd to rest; Rich I seem as



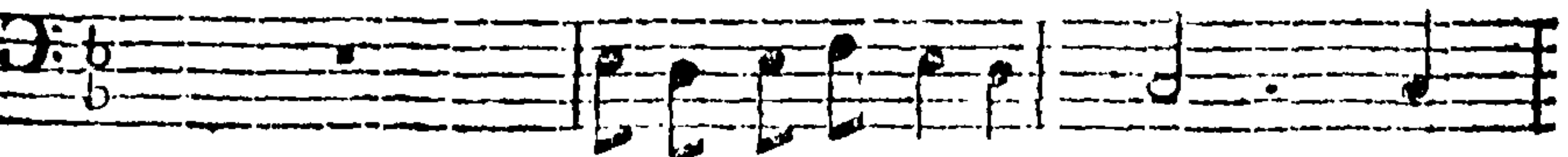
All my cares are lull'd to rest,



Ly—dia's king, Merry, merry catch, or bal—lad sing,



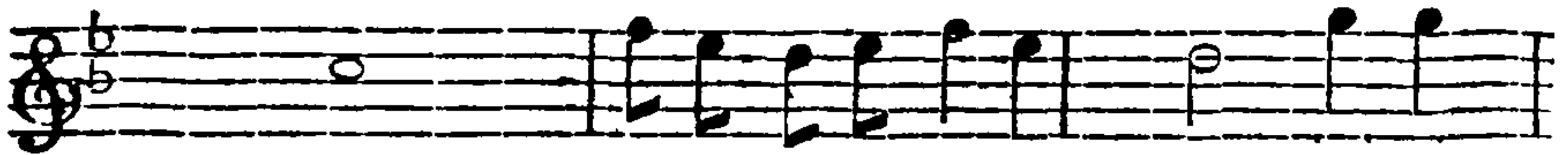
Merry, merry, merry catch, or merry, merry ballad



Merry, merry, merry catch, or

Continued,

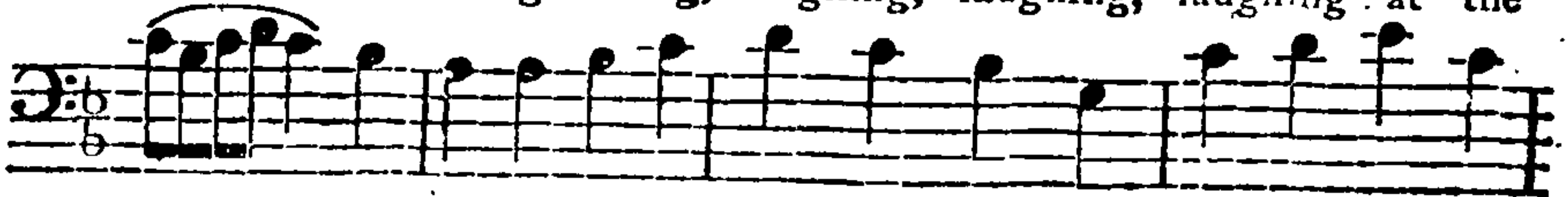
Continued.



Continued.

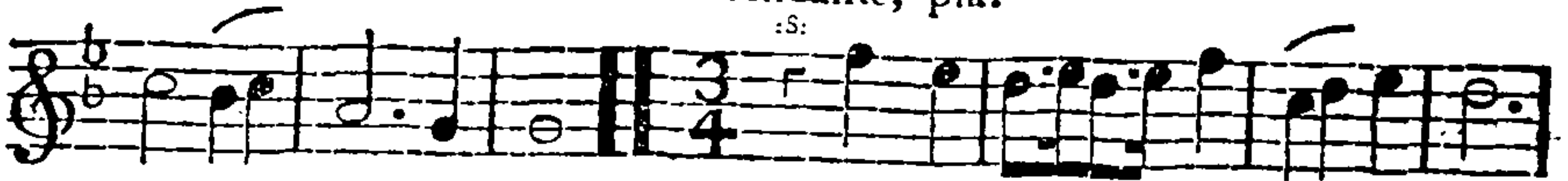


state, Laugh—ing, laughing, laughing, laughing at the



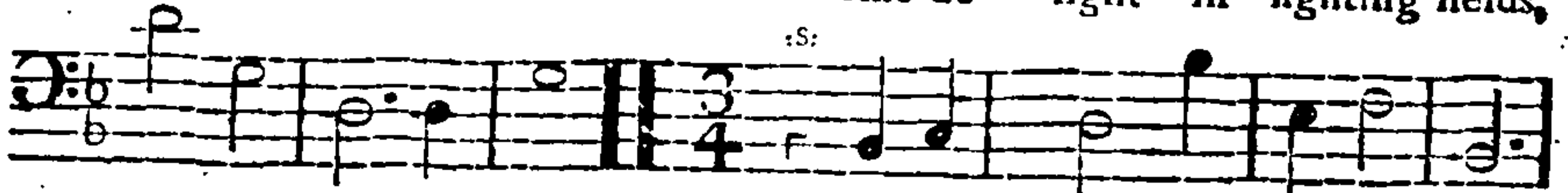
laugh—ing, laughing, &c.

Andante, pia.



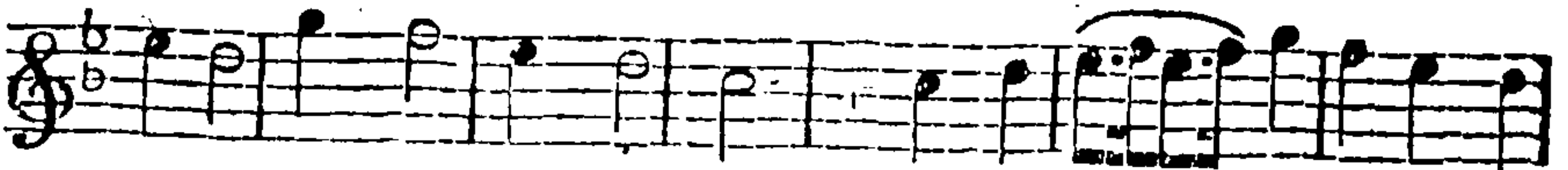
farce, the farce of state.

Some de—light in fighting fields,



Forte.

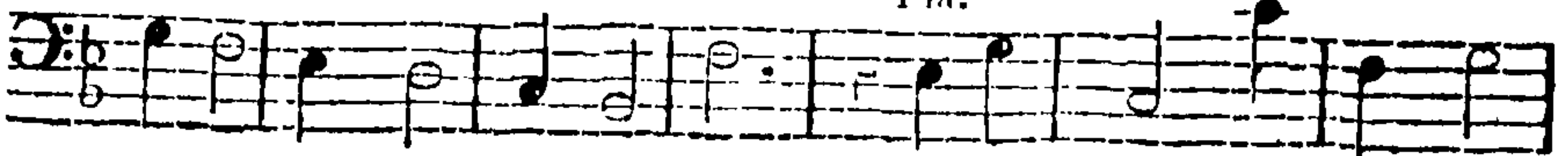
Pia.



Nobler transports Bacchus yields, Some de—light in fighting

Forte.

Pia.



Some de—light in fighting

Continued.

Continued.

Adagio.



fields, Nobler transports Bacchus yields. Fill, fill the



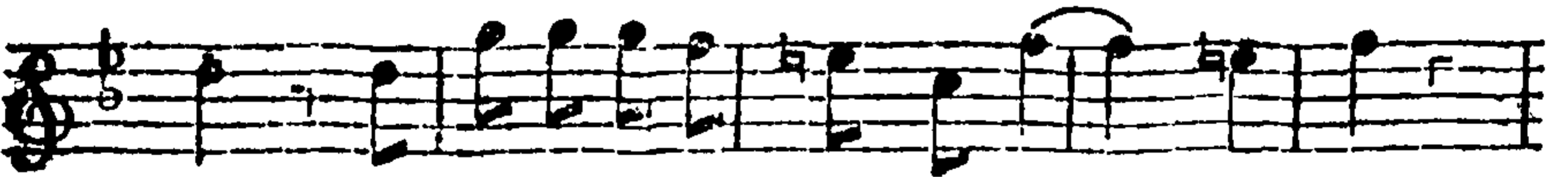
fields, Nobler transports Bacchus, Bacchus yields.



bowl, Fill the bowl, I e-ver said, I e-ver said, 'Tis better to lie



'Tis



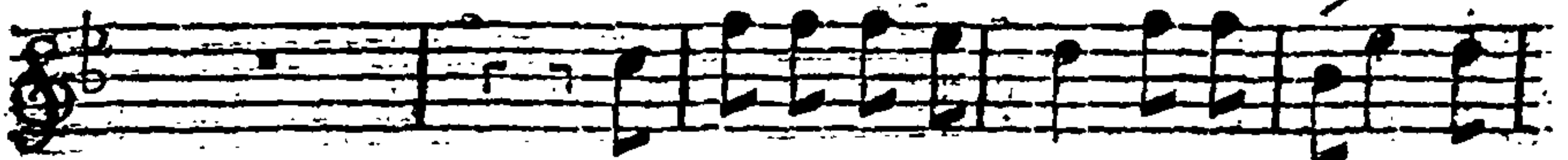
drunk, 'Tis better to lie drunk, lie drunk, than dead,



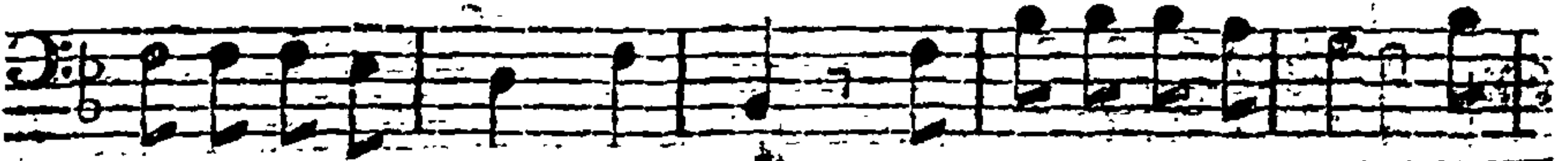
better to lie drunk, 'Tis better to lie drunk than dead, 'Tis

Continued.

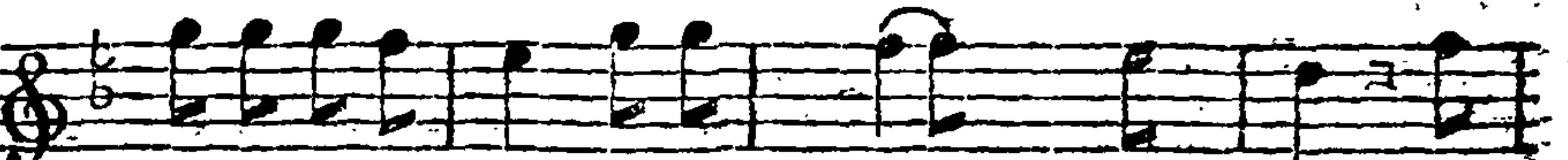
Continued.



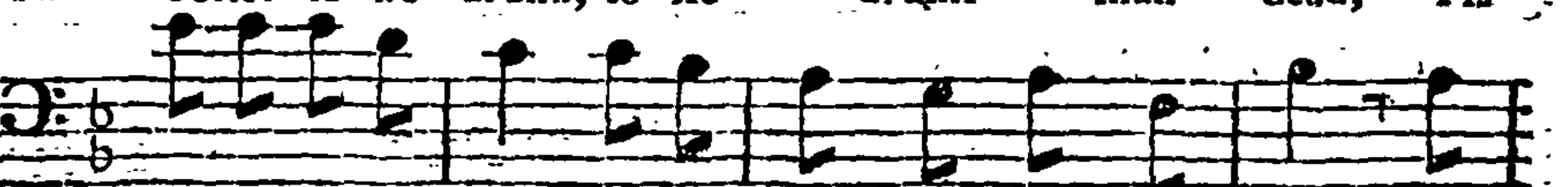
'Tis better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, 'Tis



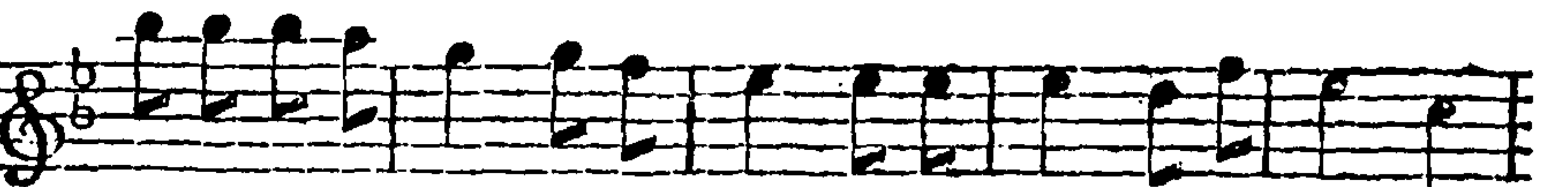
better to lie drunk than dead, 'Tis better to lie drunk, 'Tis



better to lie drunk, to lie drunk than dead, 'Tis



better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, lie drunk than dead, 'Tis



better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, to lie drunk, to lie drunk than



better to lie drunk, better to lie drunk, to lie drunk than



Continued.

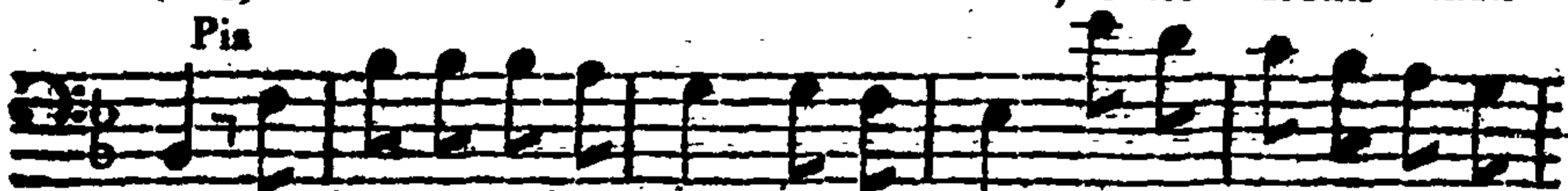
Continued.

Pia.



dead, 'Tis better to lie drunk, to lie drunk than

Pia



dead, 'Tis better to lie drunk, to lie drunk, better, better to lie

Forte.



dead, to lie drunk than dead.



drunk, to lie drunk than dead.

This Glee gain'd a Prize Medal, 1766.

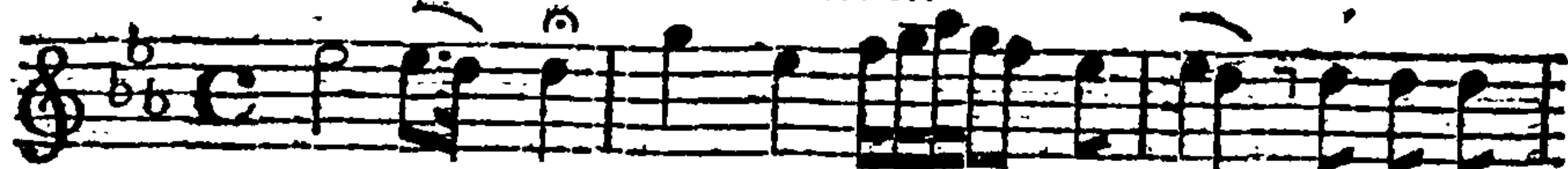
SONG.

S O N G. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Travers.

Slow.

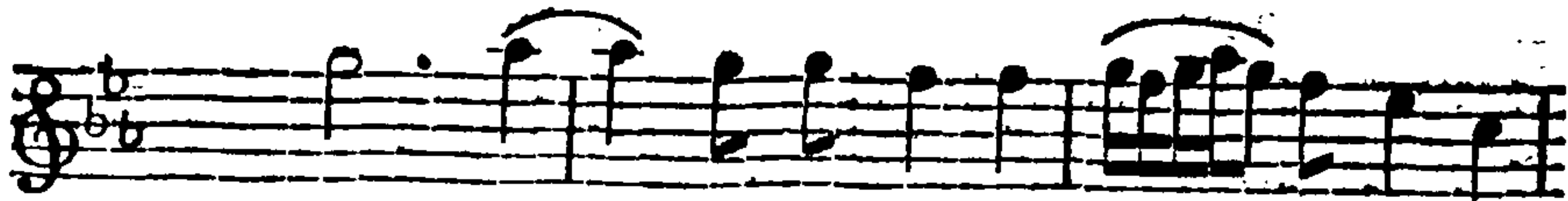
A little faster.



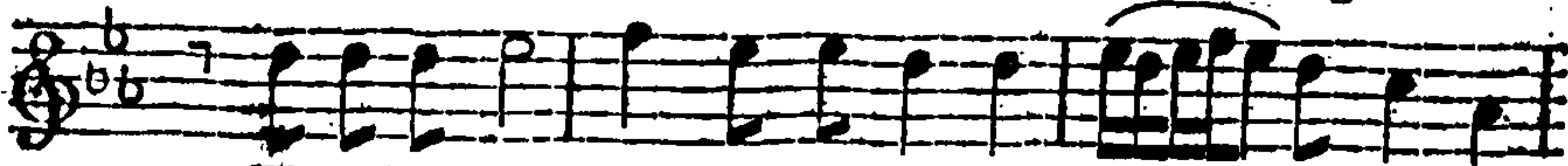
Soft Cu—pid, wan-ton, am'—rous boy, The o—ther



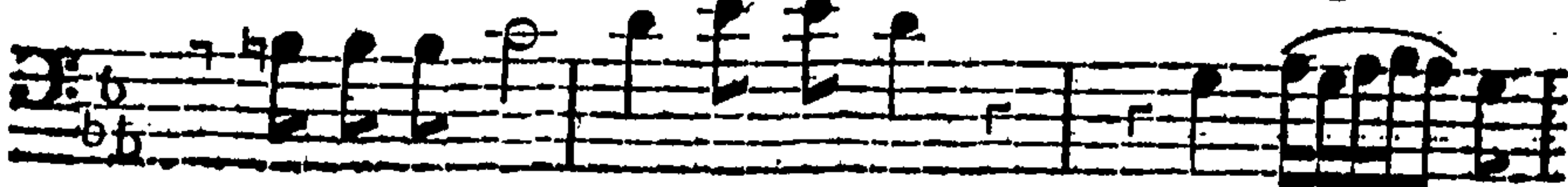
Soft Cu—pid, wan-ton, am'—rous boy,



day, mov'd with my lyre, In flatt'—ring accents



The other day, mov'd with my lyre, In flatt'—ring accents

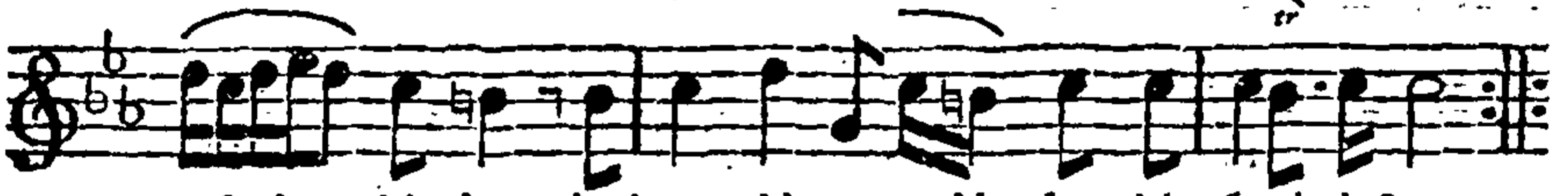


In flatt'—ring

Continued.



spoke his joy, And ut—ter'd thus his fond de-fire.



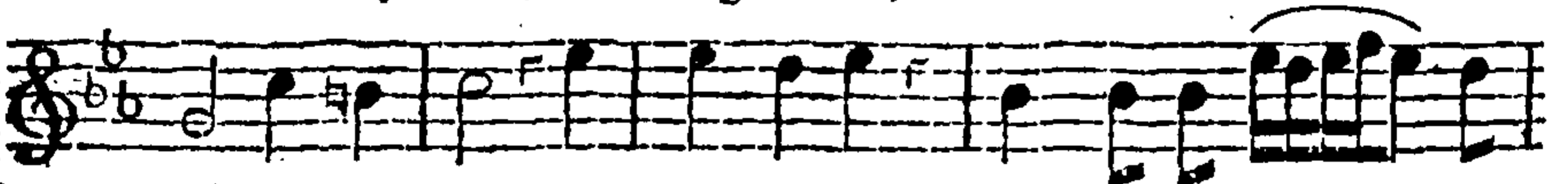
spoke his joy, And utter'd, ut-ter'd thus his fond desire.



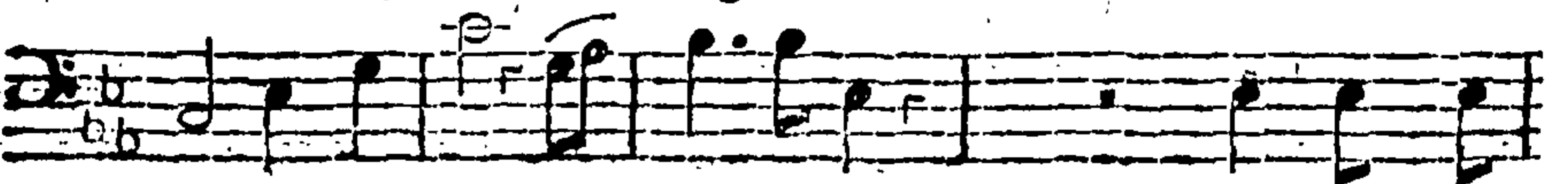
accents spoke his joy, And utter'd thus his fond de-fire.



O raise thy voice, one song I ask,



O raise thy voice, one song I ask, Touch then th' harmo—nious



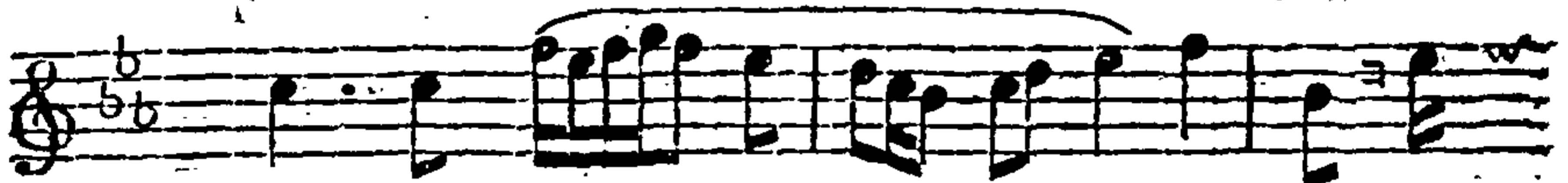
Touch then th' har-

Continued.

Continued.



Touch then th' har-mo—nious string, th' harmonious string, To



string, th' har—mo ————— nious string, To



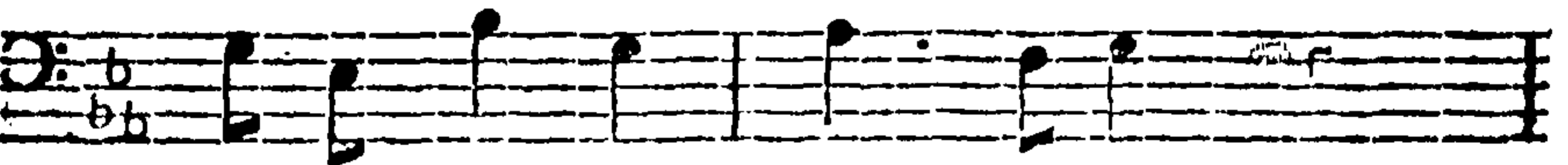
mo—nious string, th' har--mo ————— nious string, To



Thyrsis ea — fy i — s the task, Who can so



Thyrsis ea — fy i — s the task,



Thyrsis ea — fy is the task,

Continued.

Continued.

Faster.



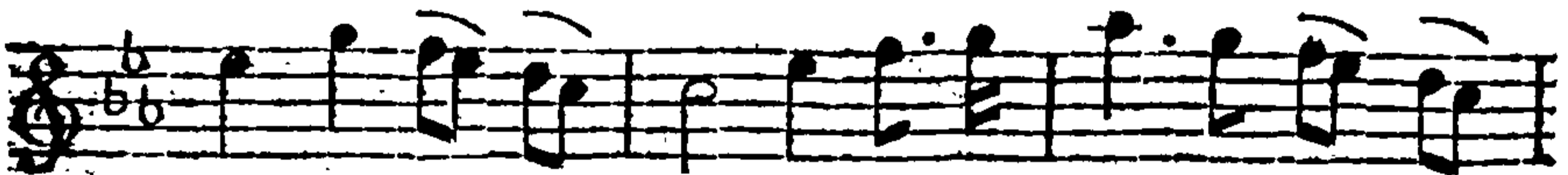
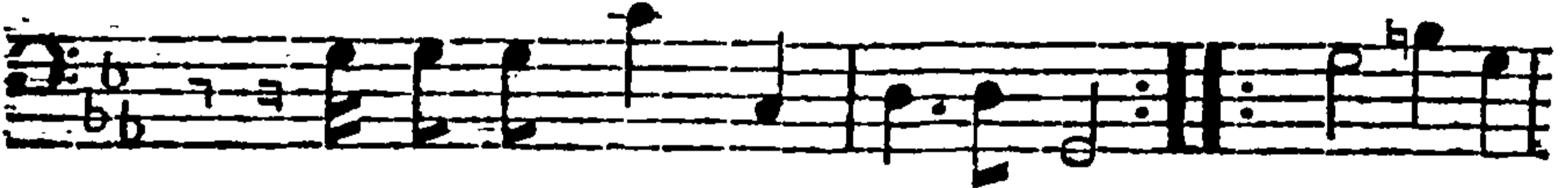
sweet-ly, so sweet — ly play and sing.

Two kiss-es

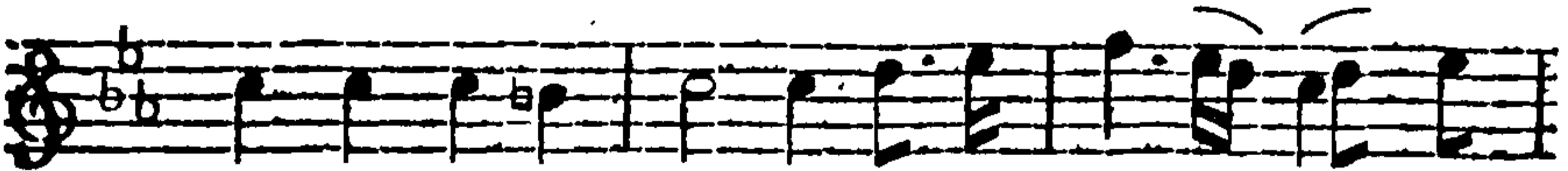


Who can so sweet — ly play and sing.

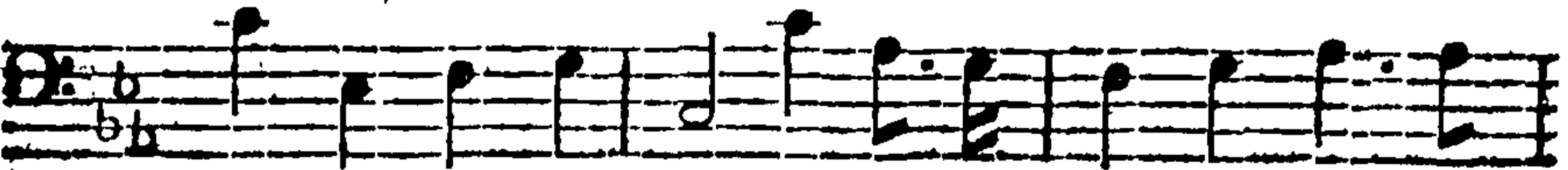
Two kiss-es



from thy mo—ther dear, Thyrsis thy due re—ward shall



from thy mother dear, Thyrsis thy due re—ward shall



Continued.

Continued.



be; None, none, none, none like beau—ty's queen is fair;



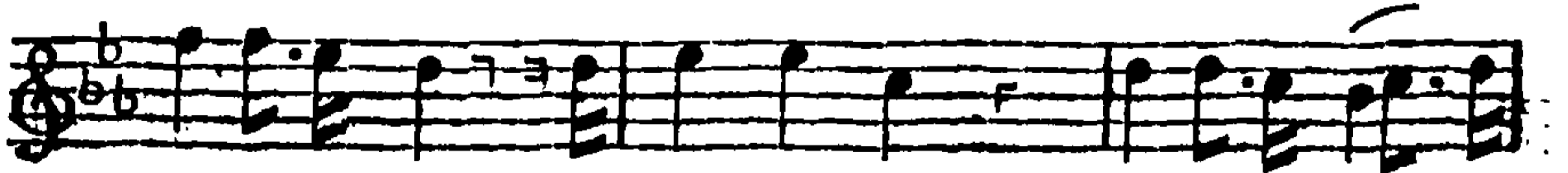
be; None, none, none, none like beau—ty's queen is fair;



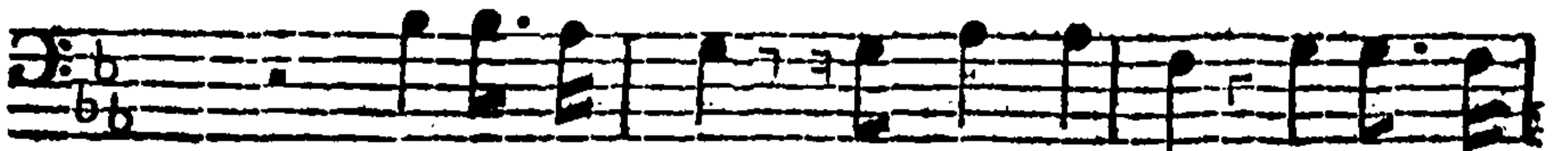
be; None, none, none, none like beauty's queen is fair;



Paris has vouch'd this truth for me, Paris has vouch'd this



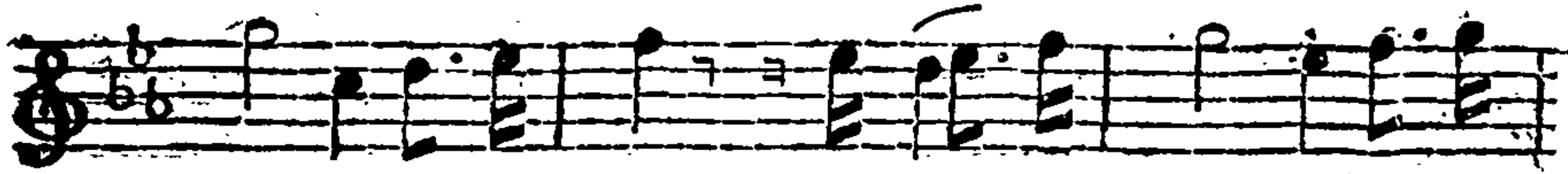
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me, Paris has vouch'd this



Paris has vouch'd this truth for me, Paris has

Continued.

Continued.



truth, Paris has vouch'd this truth for me, Paris has



truth, Paris has vouch'd this truth for me,



vouch'd this truth, Paris has vouch'd this truth for me,

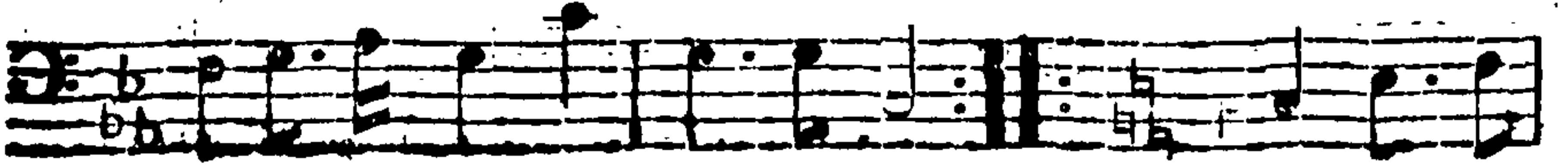
Slower.



vouch'd, has vouch'd this truth for me. I straight re-

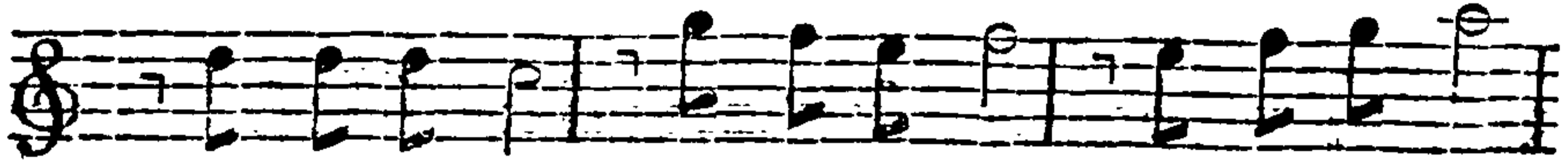


Paris has vouch'd this truth for me. I straight re-

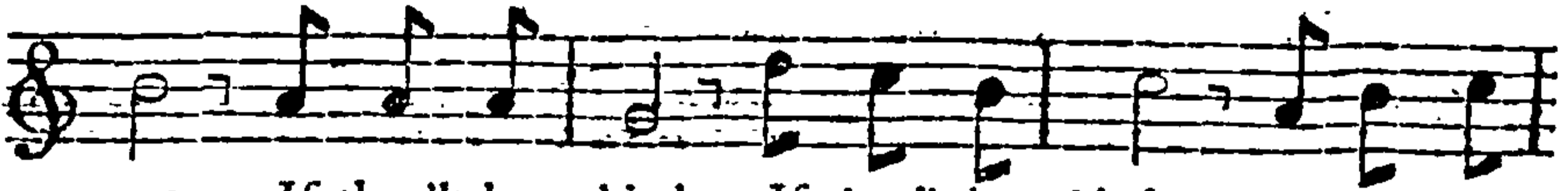


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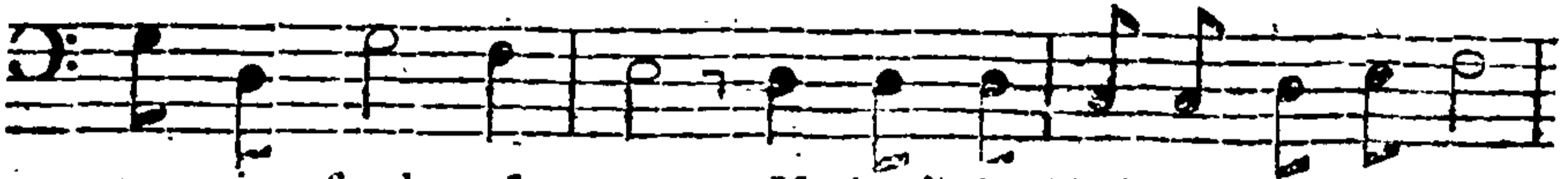
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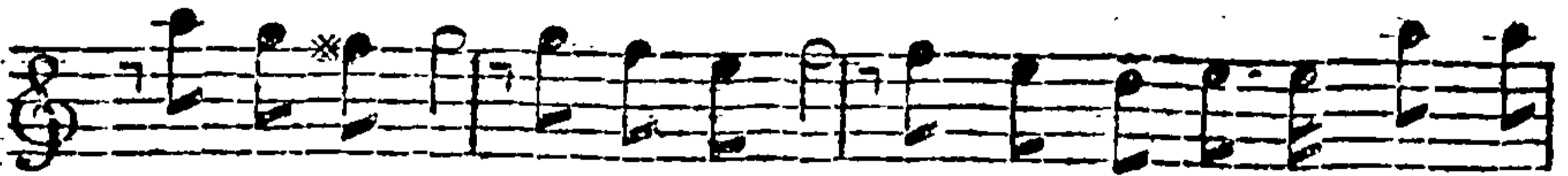
If thou'lt be kind, If thou'lt be kind, If thou'lt be kind,



one, If thou'lt be kind, If thou'lt be kind, and make me



two in—stead of one, If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.



I'll sing thee two instead of one, If thou'lt be kind and make me



blest, I'll sing thee two instead of one, If thou'lt be



I'll sing thee two instead of one, If thou'lt be kind, be

Continued.

Continued.

Slow and soft.



blest, and make me blest. One kifs from Cloe's lips, no more I

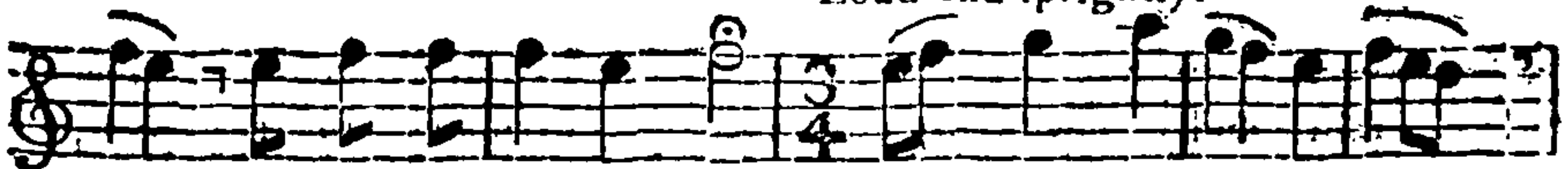


kind, and make me blest. One kifs from Cloe's lips, no more I



kind, and make me blest.

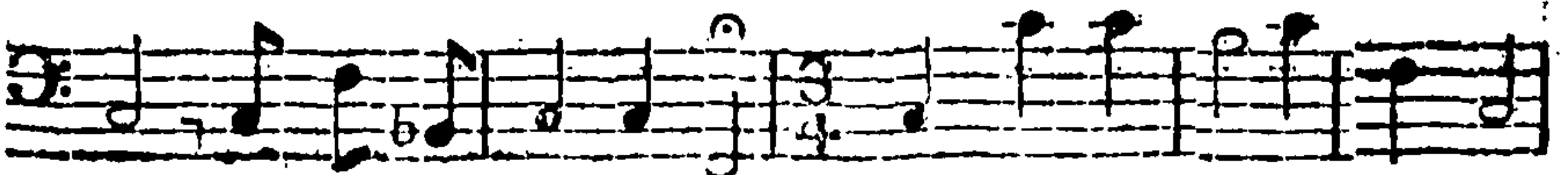
Loud and sprightly.



crave, he promis'd me suc-cess; I play'd with all my skill and



crave, he promis'd me success; I play'd with all my skill and



Continued.



pow'r, My glowing pas-sion to ex-prefs. I play'd with all my



pow'r, My glowing pas-sion to ex-prefs. I play'd with all my



skill and pow'r, My glow-ing pas-sion to ex-prefs,



skill and pow'r, My glow-ing pas-sion to ex-prefs,

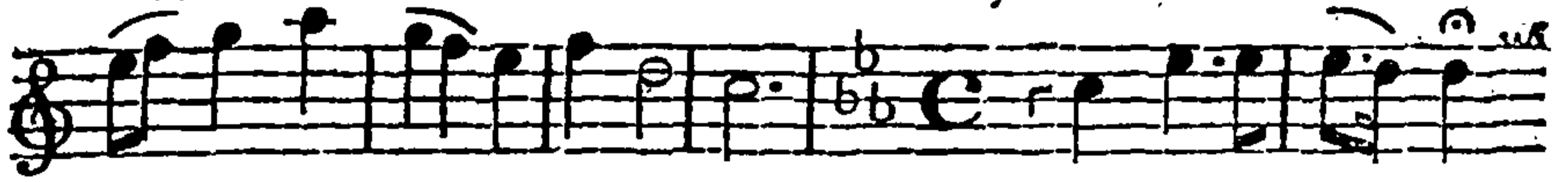


Continued.

Continued.

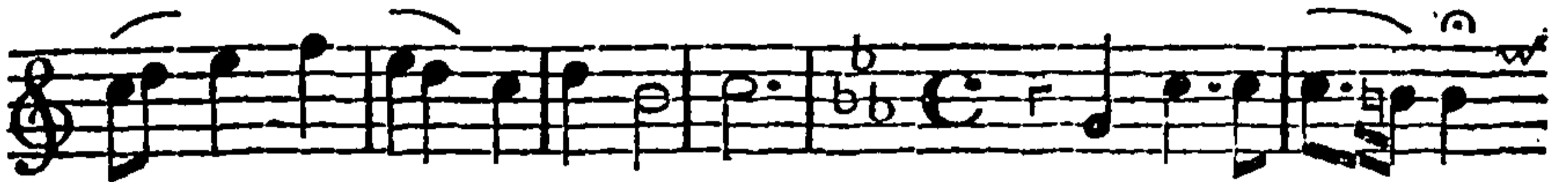
Soft.

Tenderly.



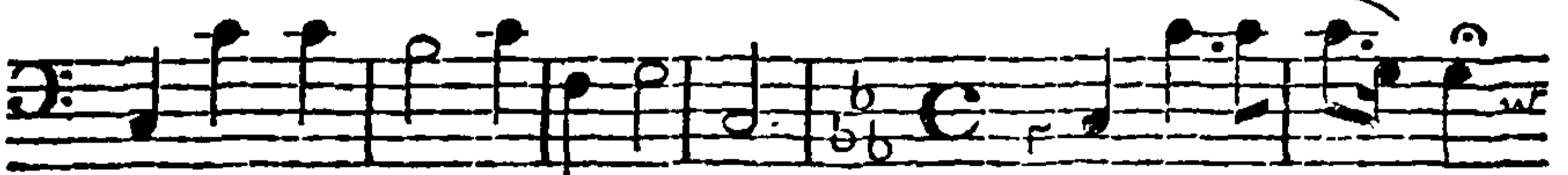
My glowing passion to express.

But, O! my Clo-e,

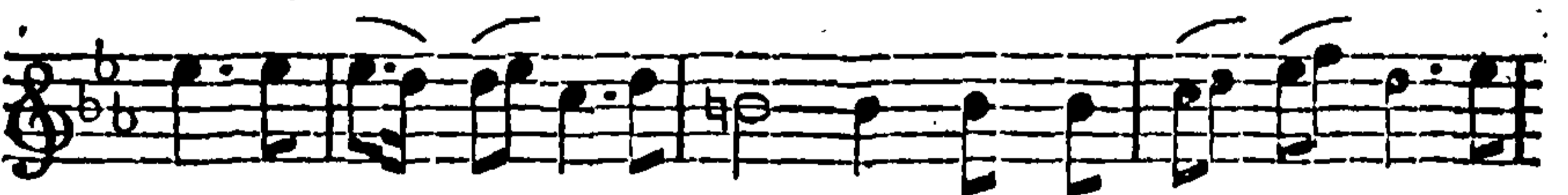


My glowing pas-sion to express.

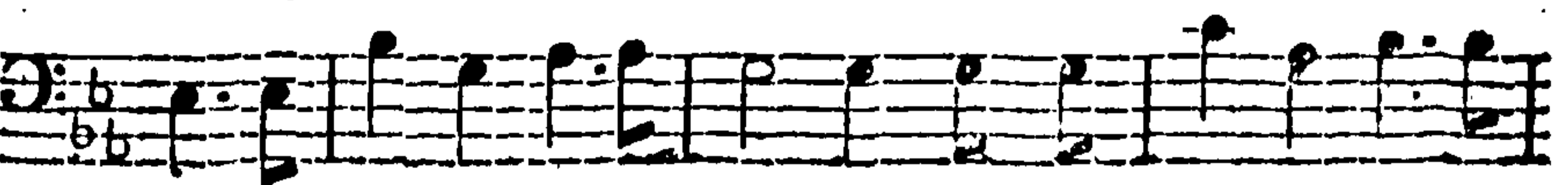
But, O! my Clo-e,



O! my Cloe, beaute-ous maid, Wilt thou the wish'd re-ward be-



O! my Cloe, beauteous maid, Wilt thou the wish'd re-ward be-



Continued.

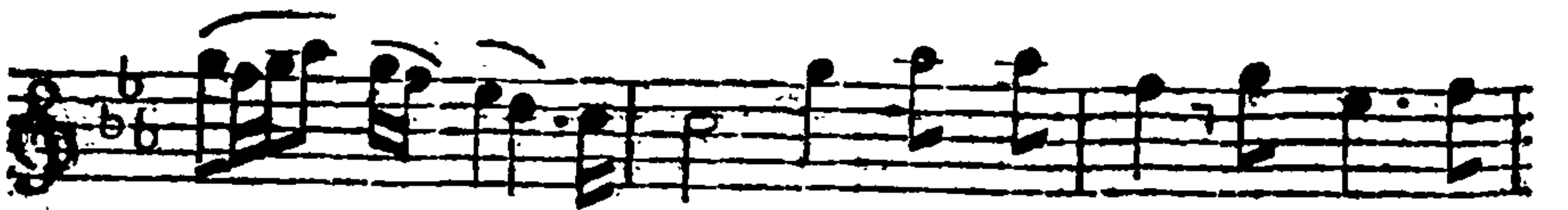
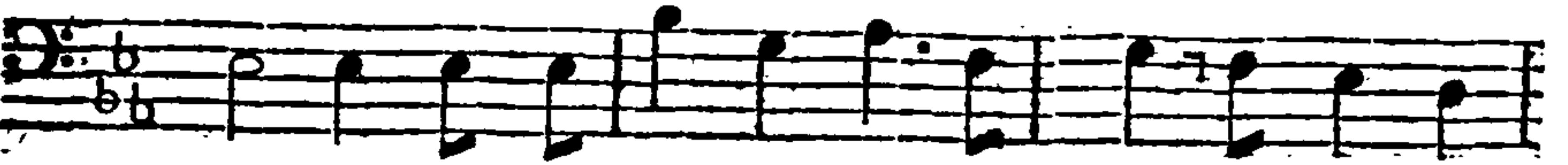
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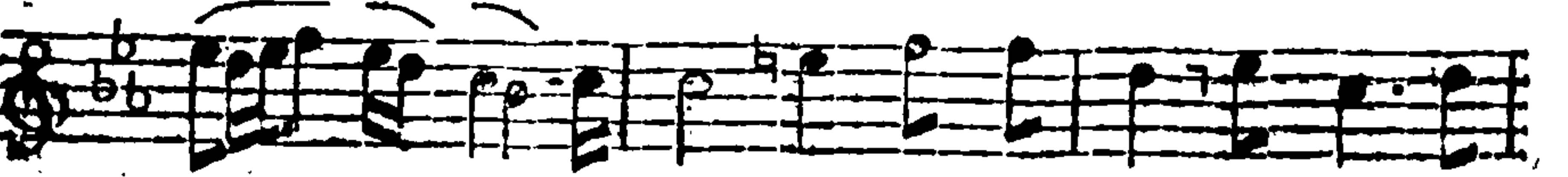
stow, Wilt thou make good what thou hast said, And by thy



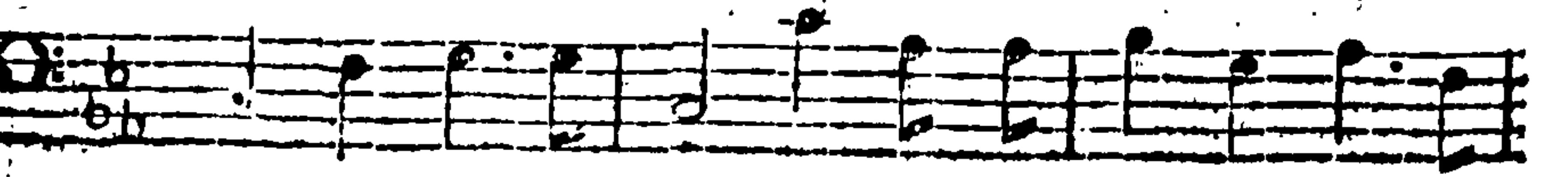
stow, Wilt thou make good what thou hast said, And by thy



grant his power shew. Wilt thou make good what thou hast



grant his power shew. Wilt thou make good what thou hast



Continued.

Continued.



faid, And by thy grant his pow-er shew.

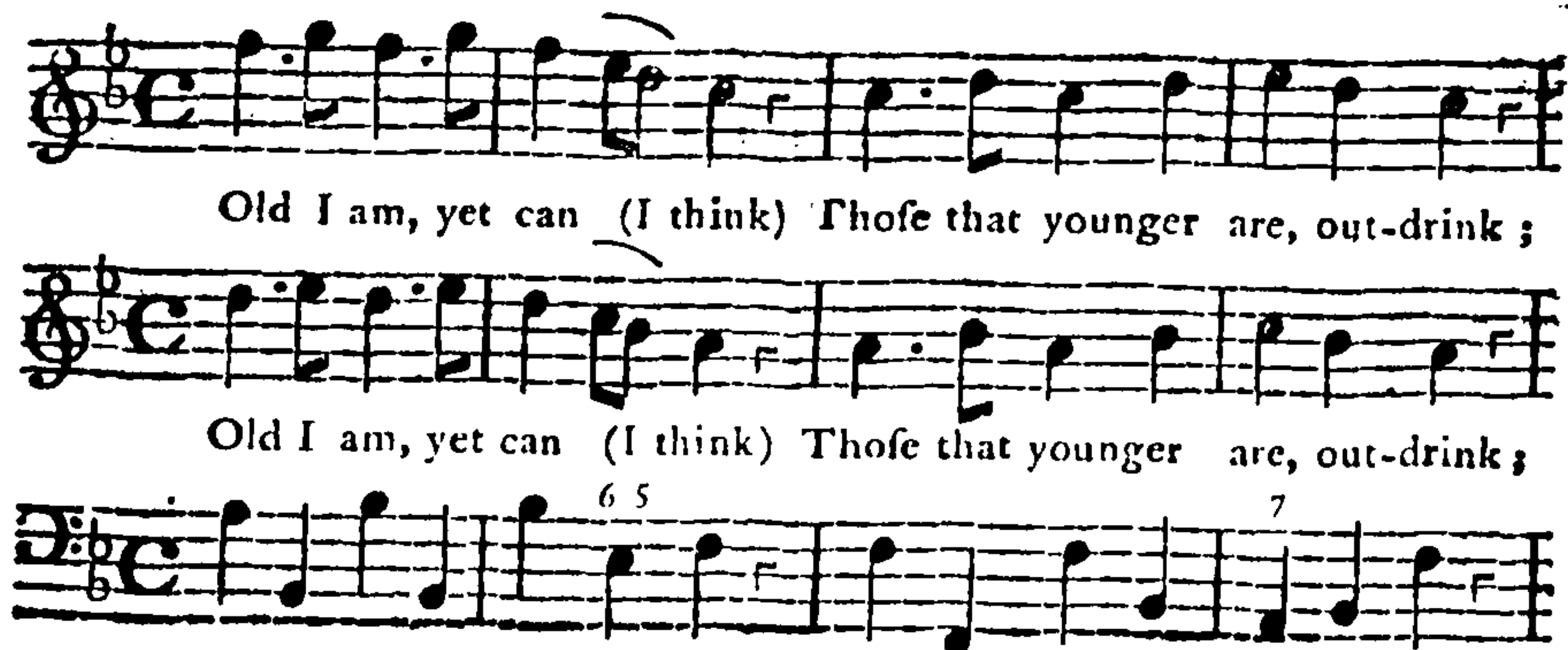
faid, And by thy grant his pow-er shew.

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics 'faid, And by thy grant his pow-er shew.' are written below the first two staves. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents.

The Old Bacchanalian.

A Canzonette. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Travers.



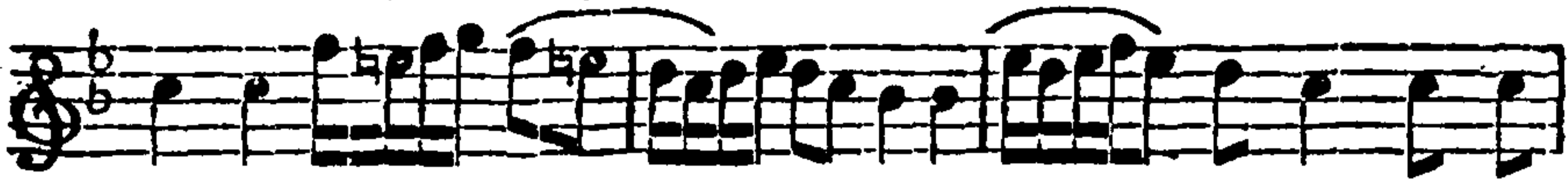
Old I am, yet can (I think) Those that younger are, out-drink ;

Old I am, yet can (I think) Those that younger are, out-drink ;

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics 'Old I am, yet can (I think) Those that younger are, out-drink ;' are written below the first two staves. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents. There are some numbers '6 5' and '7' written below the bottom staff.

Continued.

Continued.



When I da - - - - - nce, no staff I take, When I



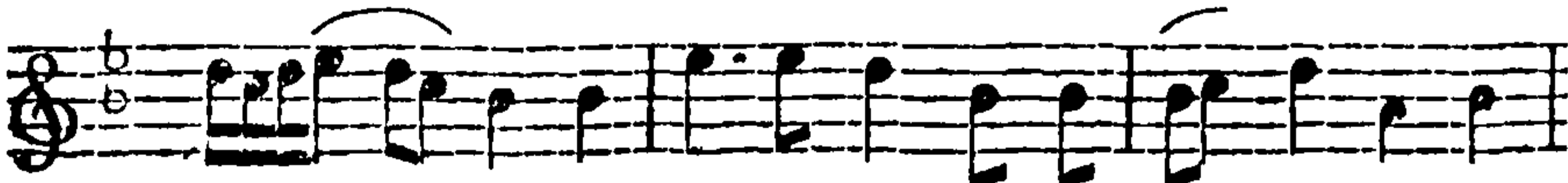
When I da - - - - - nce, no staff I take, When I



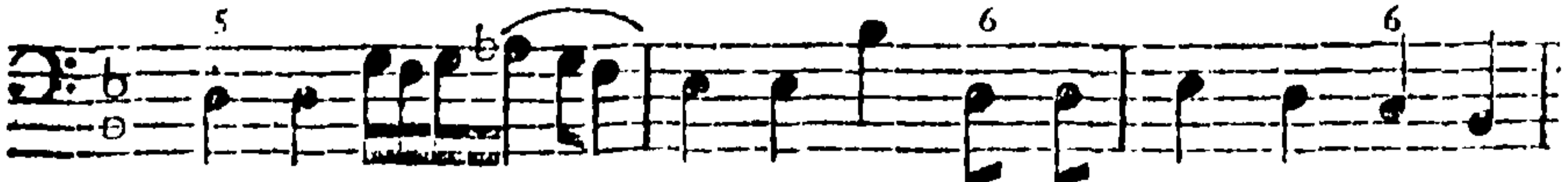
When I da - - - - - nce, no staff I



da - - - - - nce, no staff I take, But a well fill'd bot-tle



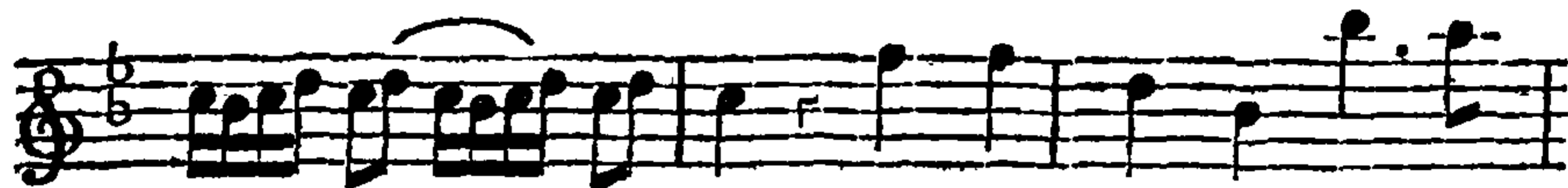
da - - - - - nce, no staff I take, But a well fill'd bot-tle



take, no sta - - - - - ff, I take, But a well fill'd bot-tle

Continued.

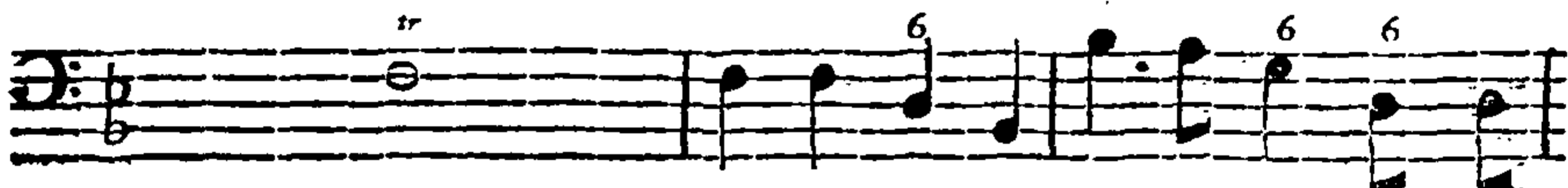
Continued.



sha ————— ke. Old I am, yet can (I



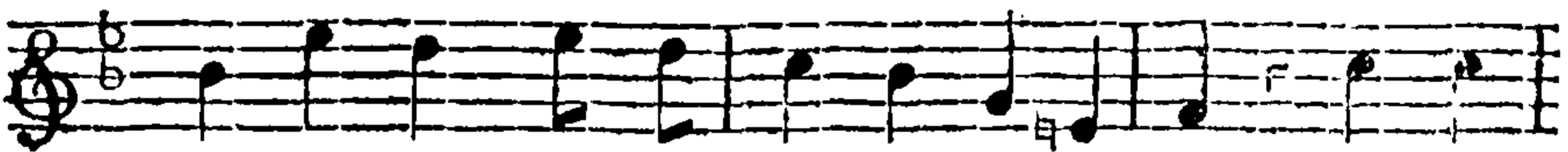
sha ————— ke. Old I am, yet



shake, Old I am, yet can (I think) Those that



think) Those that younger are, out-drink;



can (I think) Those that younger are, out-drink; When I



younger are, Those that younger are, out-drink;

Continued.



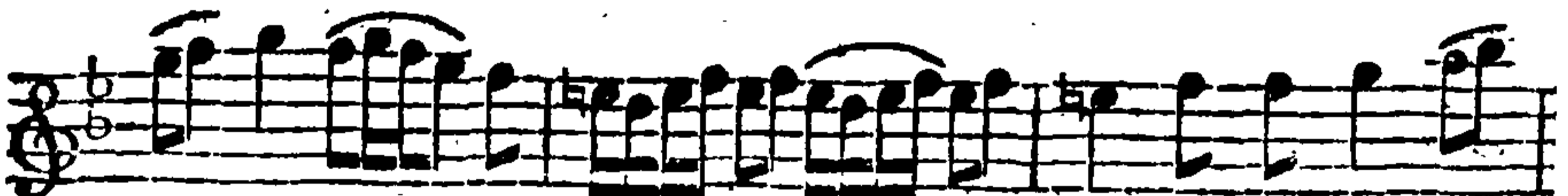
When I da — nce, no staff I take, But a



da — nce, no staff I take, no staff I take, But a



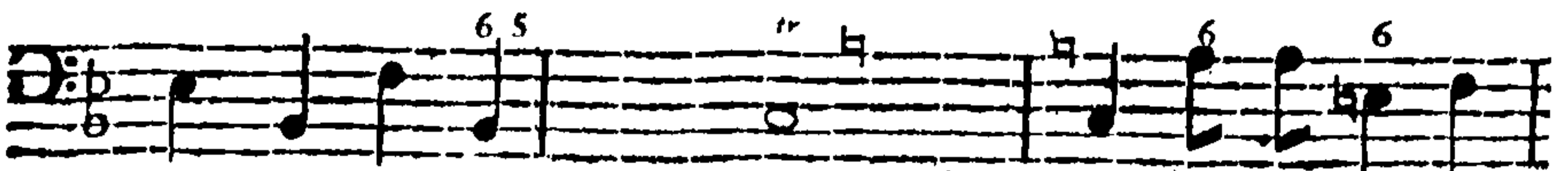
When I da — nce, no sta — ff I take, But a



well fill'd bot — tle sha — ke, But a well fill'd



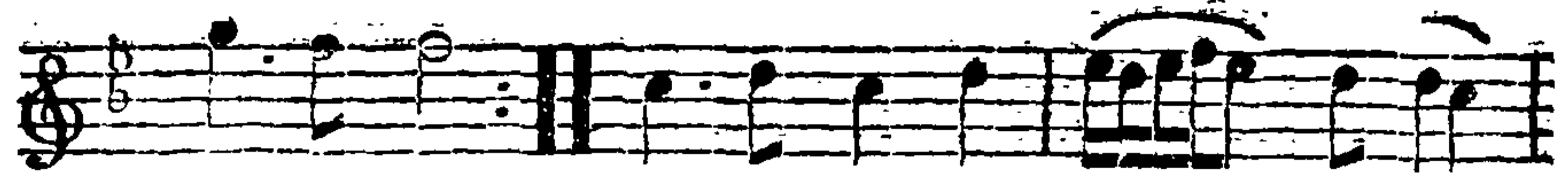
well fill'd bot — tle sha — ke, But a well fill'd



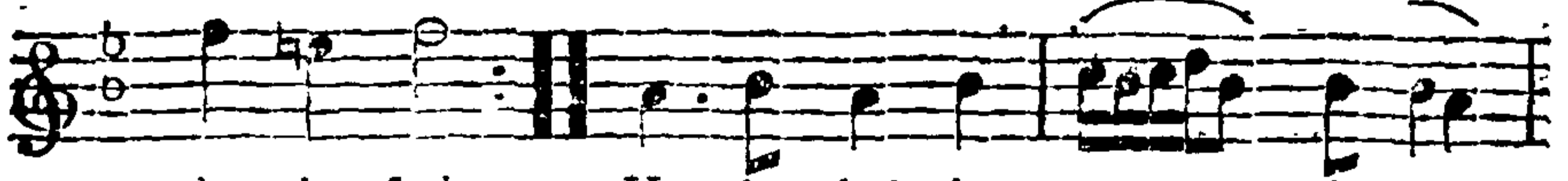
well fill'd bot-tle sha — ke, But a well fill'd

Continued.

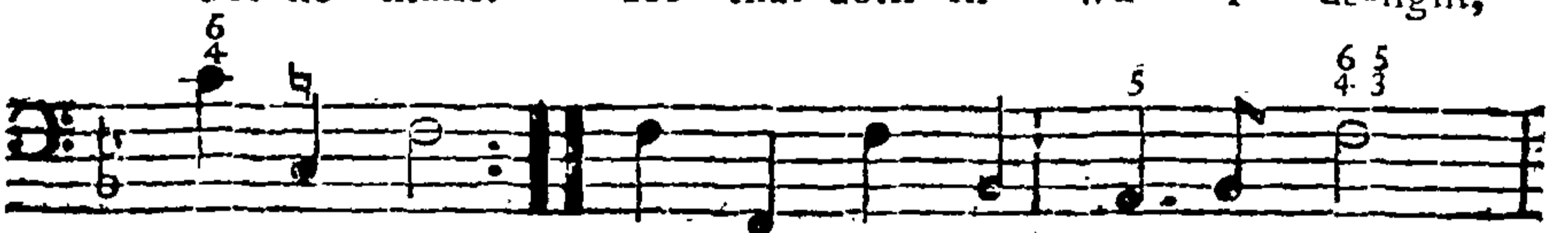
Continued.



bot-tle shake. He that doth in wa—r de—light,



bot-tle shake. He that doth in wa—r de-light,



bot-tle shake. He that doth in war de—light,



Come, and with these ar—ms let's fight,



Come, and with these arm—s let's fight.

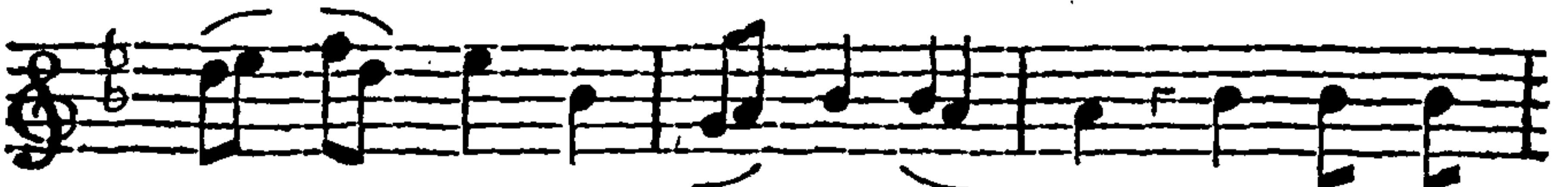


Come, and with these arms let's fight.

Continued.



He that doth in war de-light, Come, come, and with



He that doth in war de-light, Come, come, and with



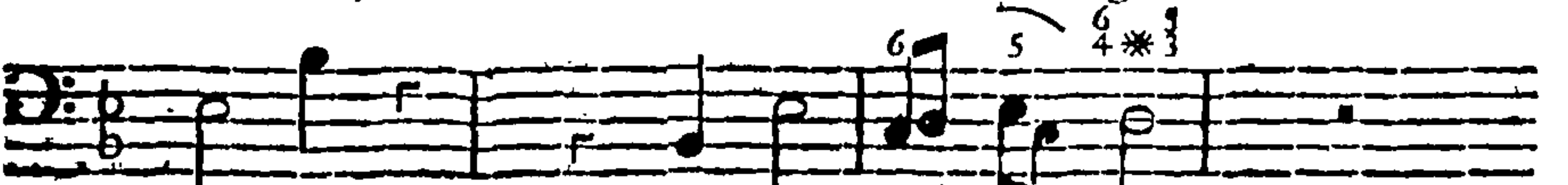
He that doth in war de-light, Come, come, and with



these arms, with these ar—ms let's fight.



these arms, with these ar—ms let's fight. Fill



these arms, with these arms let's fight.

Continued.

Continued.



Fi — ll the cup, let loo — se a flood Of



the cup, let loose a flood, Fill the cup, let loose a



Fi — ll the cup, let loose a flood, a flood Of



the rich grape's luscious blood. Old I am, and therefore may,



flood Of the rich grape's luscious blood. Old I am, and therefore may,



the rich grape's luscious blood. Old I am, and therefore may,

Continued.



Like Si—le—nus drink and play, Like Si-le-nus drink and play;

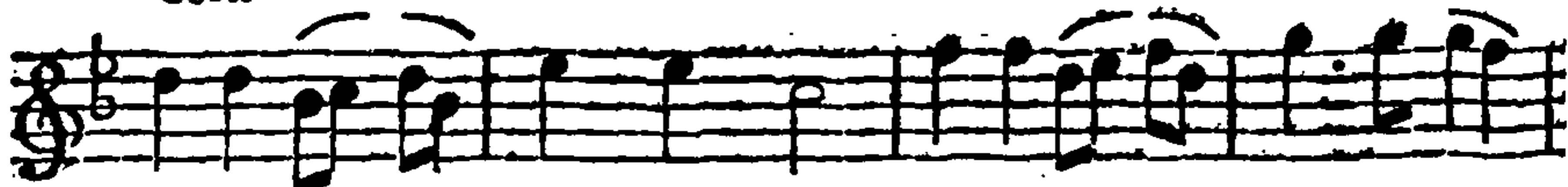


Like Si—le—nus drink and play, Like Si-lenus drink and play;

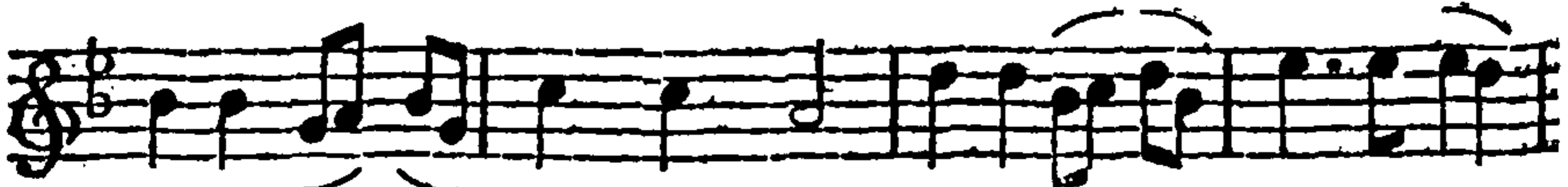


Like Si—le-nus drink and play, Like Si—lenus drink and play;

Soft.



Old I am, and there-fore may, Like Si-le—nus drink and play,



Old I am, and there-fore may, Like Si-le—nus drink and play,

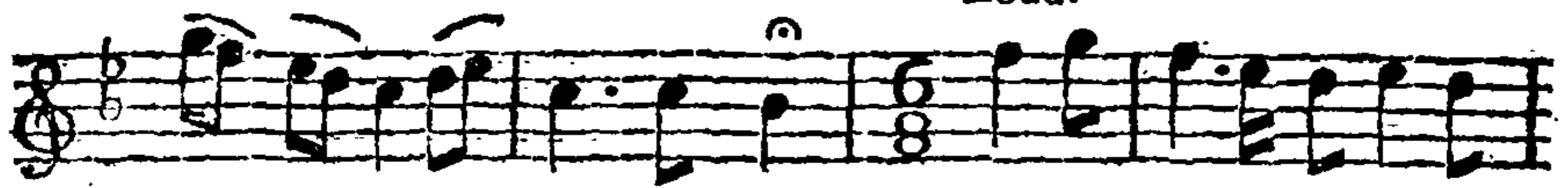


Old I am, and therefore may, Like Si—le—nus,

Continued.

Continued.

Loud.



Like Si—le-nus drink and play. Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,



Like Si—le-nus drink and play. Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



Like Si—lenus drink and play. Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,

Continued.

Continued.



la. Old I am, and there-fore may, Like Si—le-nus drink and



la. Old I am, and there-fore may, Like Si—le-nus drink and



la, fa, la, la. Old I am, and therefore may, Like Si—lenus drink and



play, fa, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la.



play, fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la.



play, fa, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la.

G L E E. A. 2. Voc.

Mr. Berg.

Vivace.



I marry'd a wife on Sunday, She call'd me cuckold on Monday, I



bought a cudgel on Tuesday, To bang her hide on Wedn'sday,



Pia.

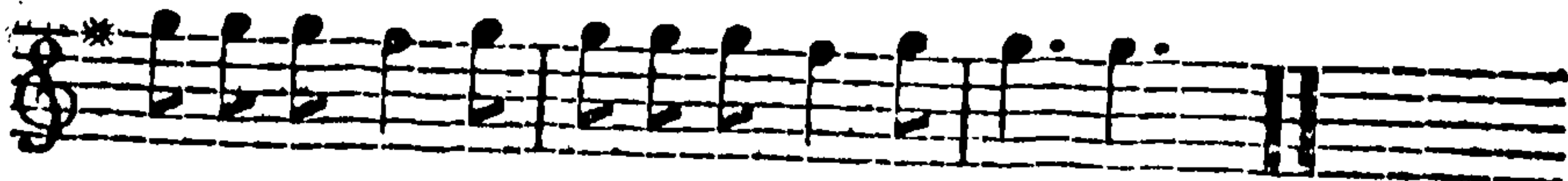
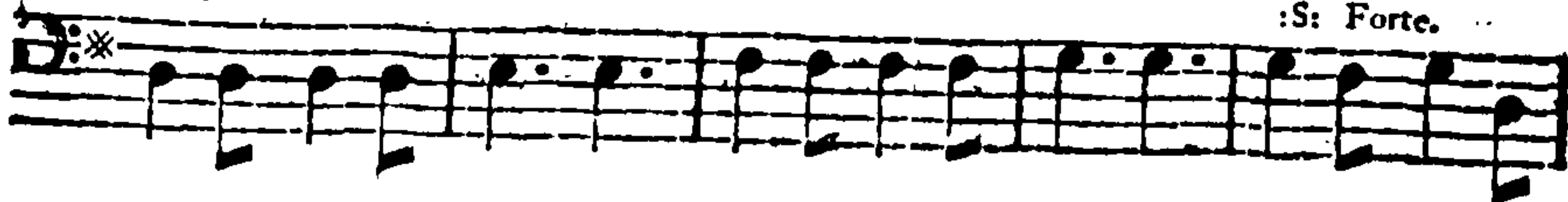
:S: Forte.



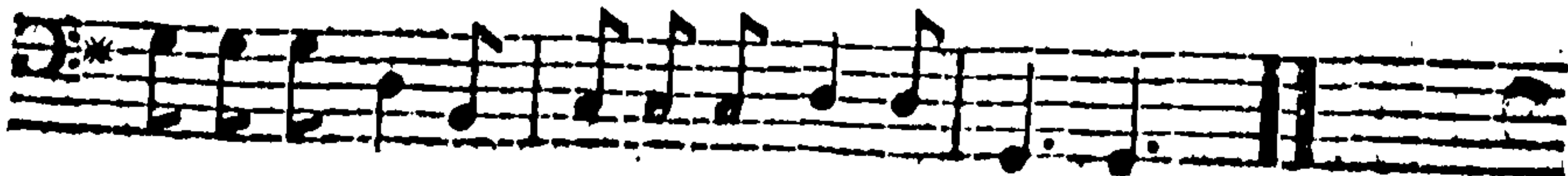
She fell sick on Thursday, Die she did on Fri-day, Glad was I on

Pia.

:S: Forte.



Saturday night, To bu-ry my wife on Sun-day.



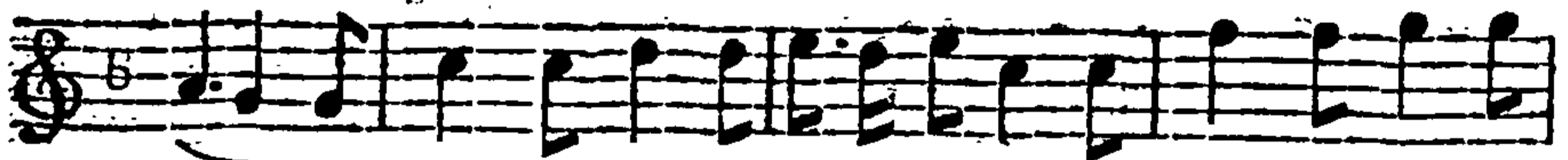
The ESSEX HARMONY. Vol. II.

A New Favorite Hunting Song. A. 2. Voc.

Bass by Mr. Arnold.



The dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers in the



morn; The hounds all make a jo-vi-al cry, The hounds all make a

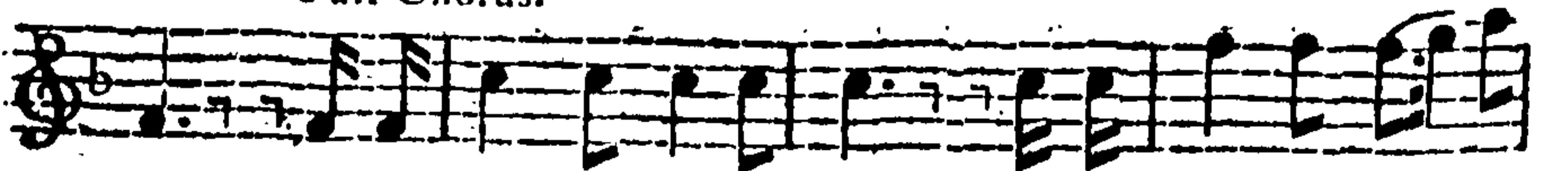


jo-vi-al cry, The huntsman winds his horn, The huntsman winds his



jo-v'al cry.

Full Chorus.

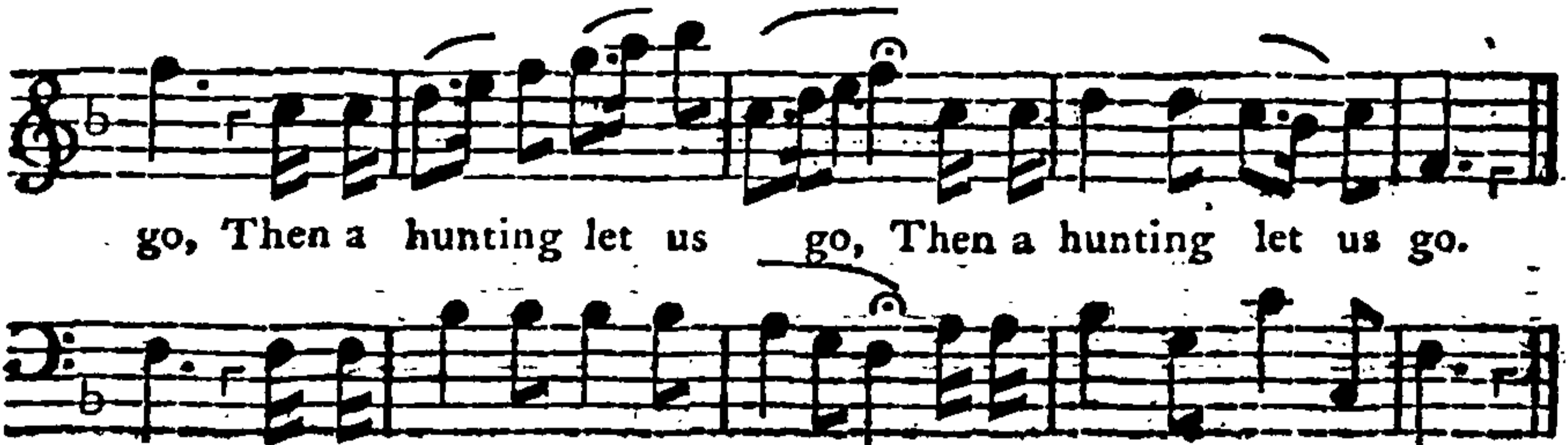


horn. Then a hunting let us go, Then a hunting let us



Continued.

Continued.



II.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, to make him stay :
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

III.

Th' uncavern'd fox like light'ning flies,
His cunning's all awake ;
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life's at stake.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

IV.

Arous'd, e'en Echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy :
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns ;
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

V.

Despairing, mark, he seeks the tide,
His art must now prevail :
Hark ! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

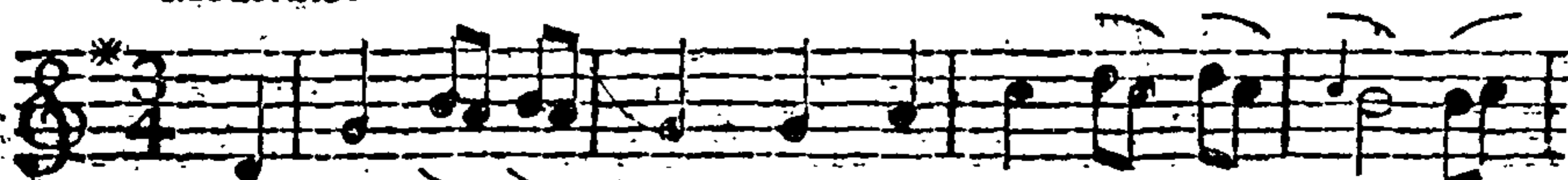
VI.

For, lo ! his strength to faintness turns,
The hounds arrest his flight :
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

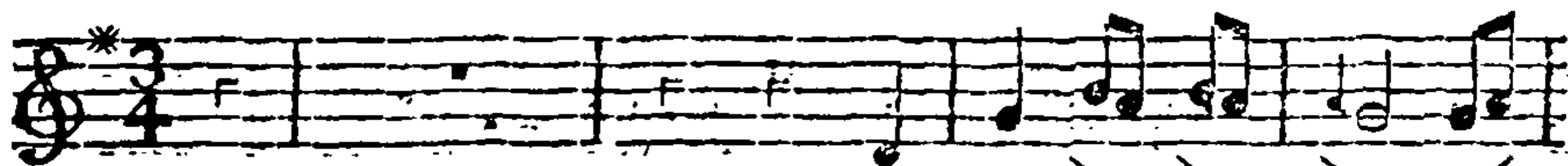
DUETTO.

Mr. Harrington, of Bath.

Moderato.



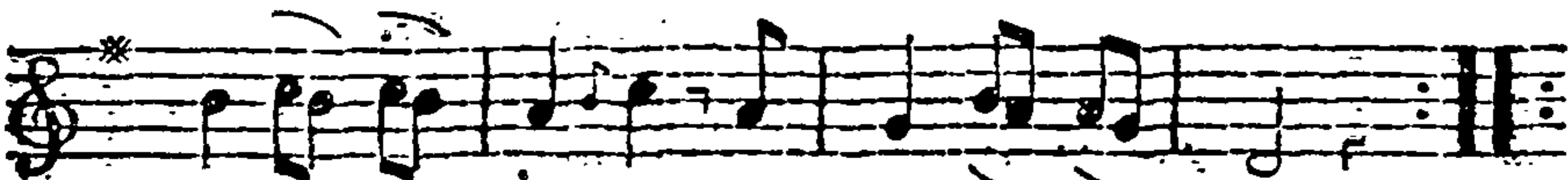
How sweet in the woodlands with fleet hounds and horn, To



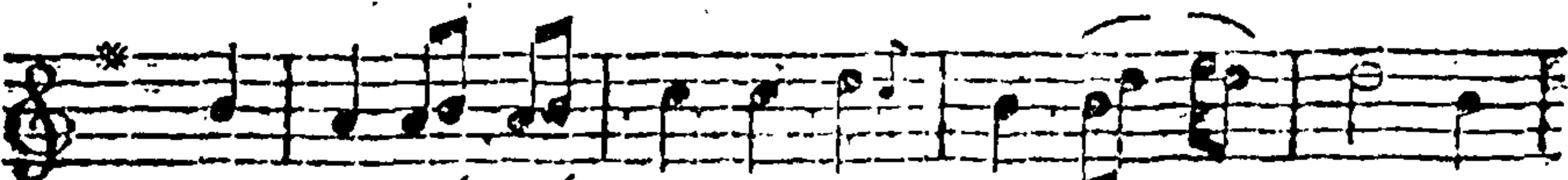
With fleet hounds and horn, To



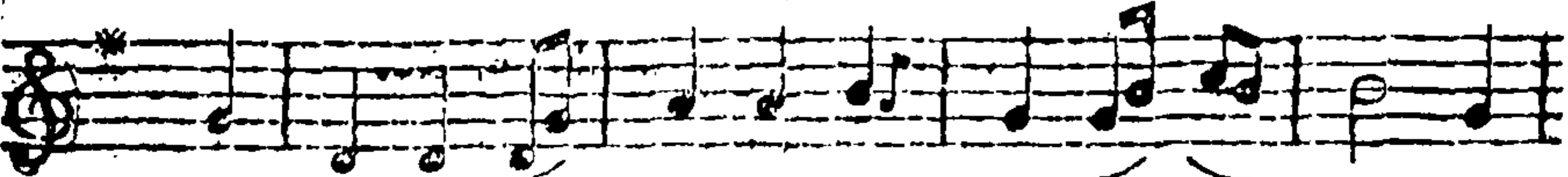
wa-ken shrill Ec—ho, and taste the fresh morn;



wa-ken shrill Ec—ho, and taste the fresh morn;



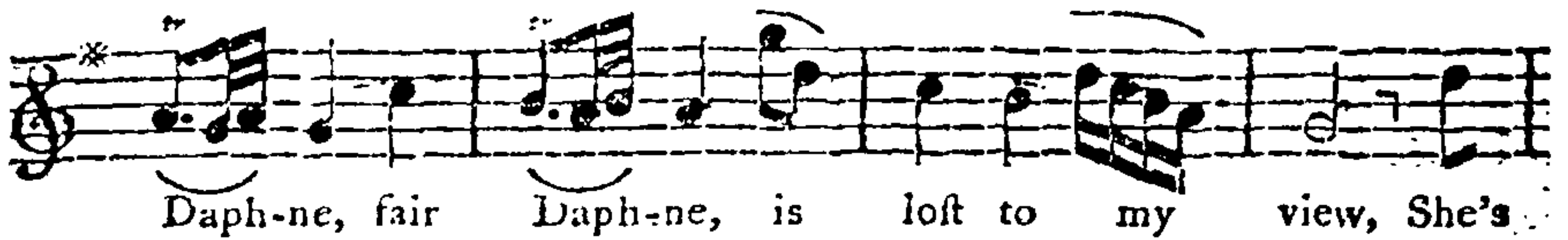
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pur—sue, For



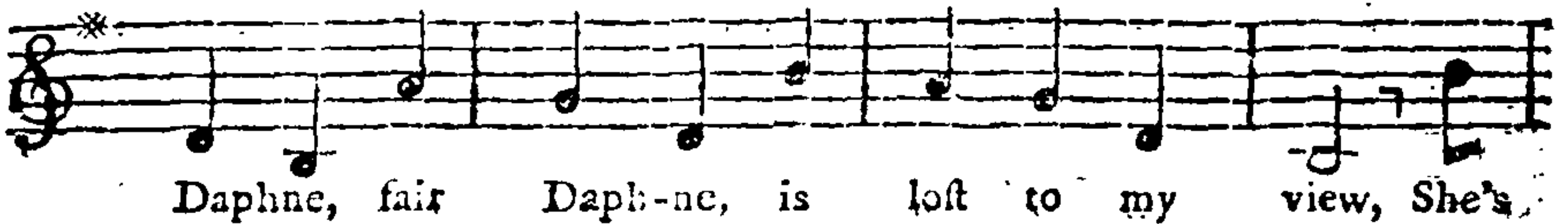
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pur—sue, For

Continued.

Continued.



Daph-ne, fair Daph-ne, is lost to my view, She's



Daphne, fair Daph-ne, is lost to my view, She's

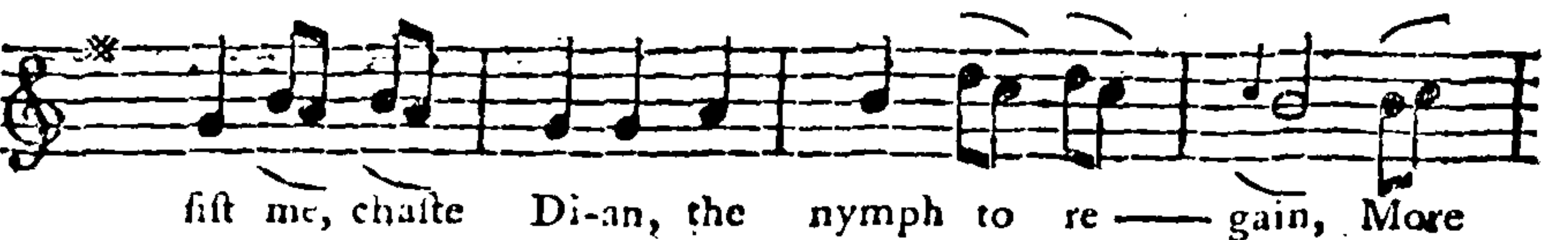
Adagio.



lost, fair Daphne is lost to my view. Af-



lost, fair Daphne is lost to my view.



silt me, chaste Di-an, the nymph to re-gain, More



the nymph to re-gain, More



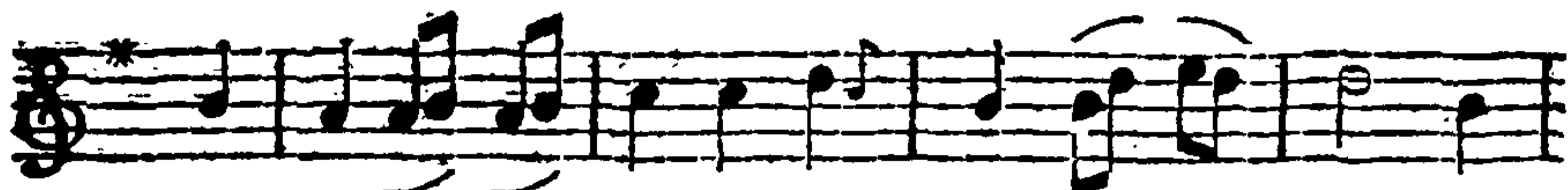
wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with dis-dain;



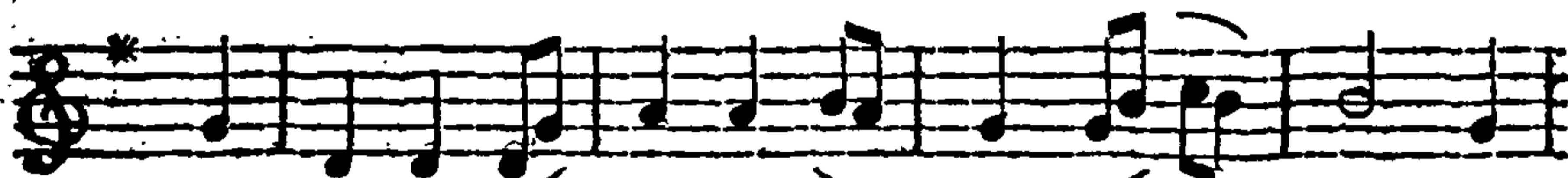
wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with dis-dain;

Continued.

Continued.



In pi-ty o'er-take her who wounds as she flies, Tho'



In pi-ty o'er--take her who wounds as she flies, Tho'



Daphne's pur--su'd, 'tis Mir--til--lo that dies, that



Daphne's pur--su'd, 'tis Mir--til--lo that dies, That



dies, that dies, 'tis Mir--til--lo that dies.



dies, that dies, 'tis Mir--til--lo that dies.

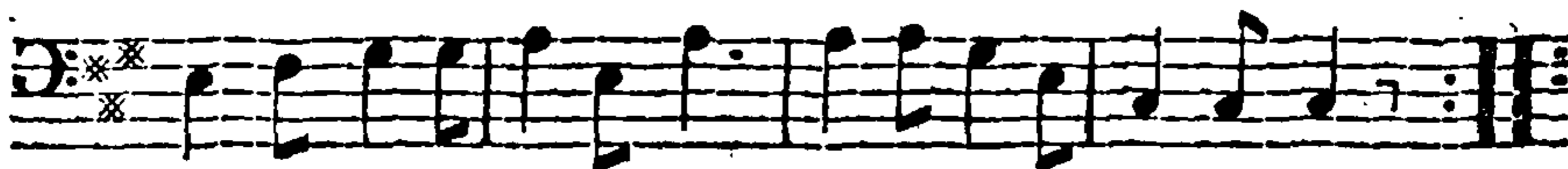
A Favorite Glee. A. 2. Voc.



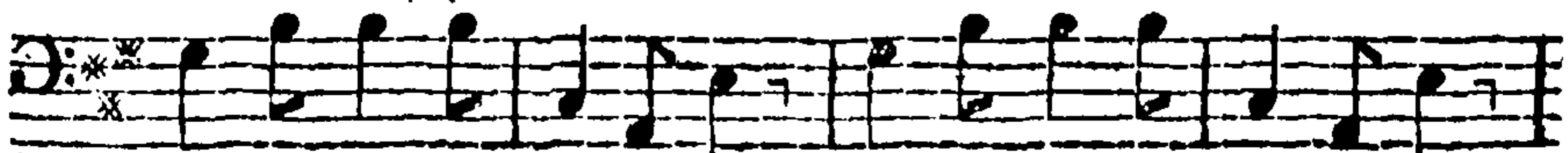
Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'-ry heart-felt joy;



Leave the blissful bow'r a-while, Paphos and the Cyprian isle;



Vi-sit Britain's rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore;

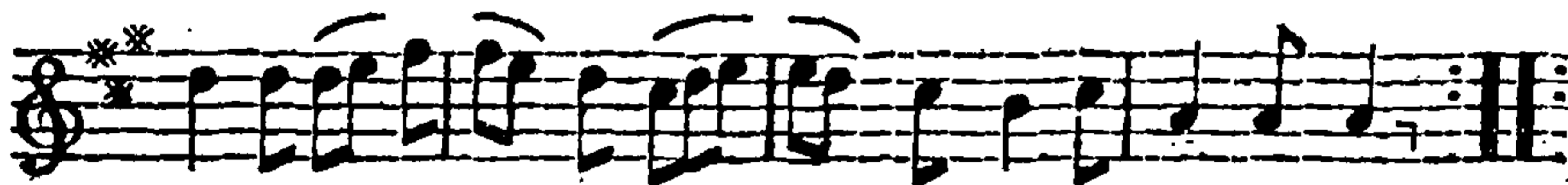
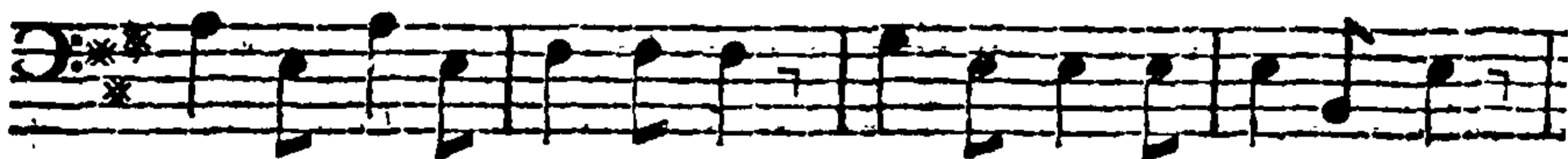


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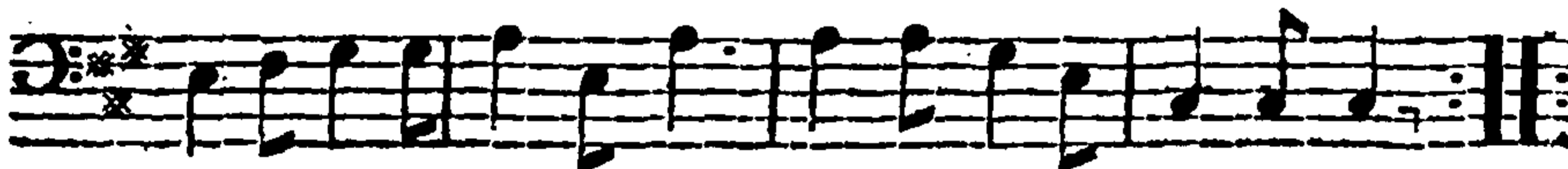
Continued.



Britons, hearty, bold and free, Own thy laws, and yield to thee.



Source of ev'-ry heart-felt joy, Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.



II.

Only while we love, we live ;
 Love alone can pleasure give :
 Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel'd state,
 Those false pageants of the great ;
 Crowns and titles, envied things,
 And the pride of eastern kings,
 Are but childish, empty toys,
 When compar'd with love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give ;
 Only while we love, we live.

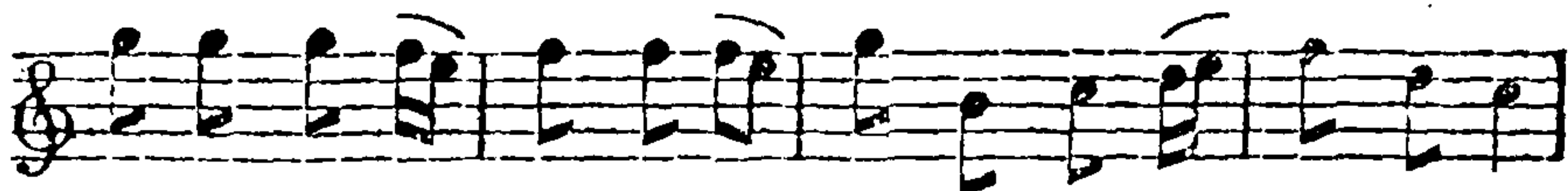
C A T C H.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



Women shou'd their time divide, 'Twixt work and pleasure to grow rich;



Playing when they ought to play, Stitching when they ought to stitch.



Men their time shou'd likewise share, Be-twixt a mistress and a friend;



Sparing when they ought to spare, Spending when they ought to spend.



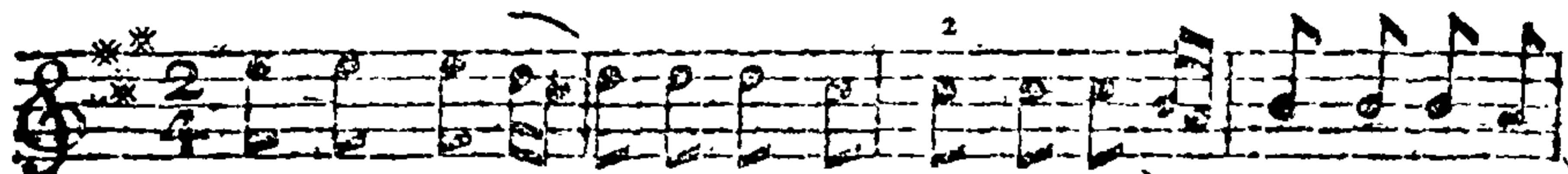
Men their time shou'd likewise share, Be-twixt a mistress and a friend;



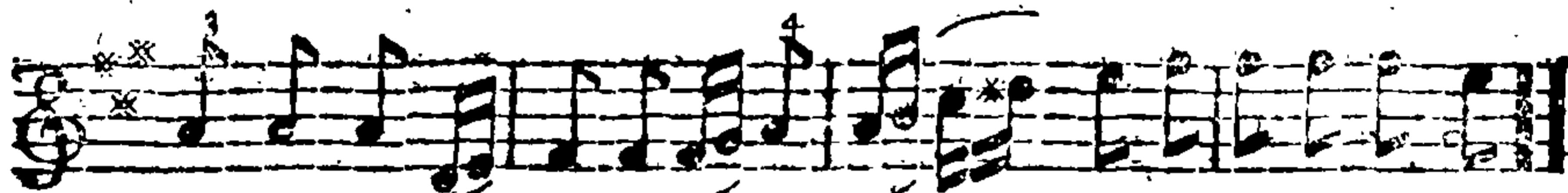
Sparing when they ought to spare, Spending when they ought to spend.

C A T C H, A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



She that thinks upon her honour, Needs no o-ther guard u-pon her.



She that has a man u-pon her, Ne-ver thinks upon her honour.

C A T C H, A. 3. Voc.

Wrote under a Sign at a Public House.

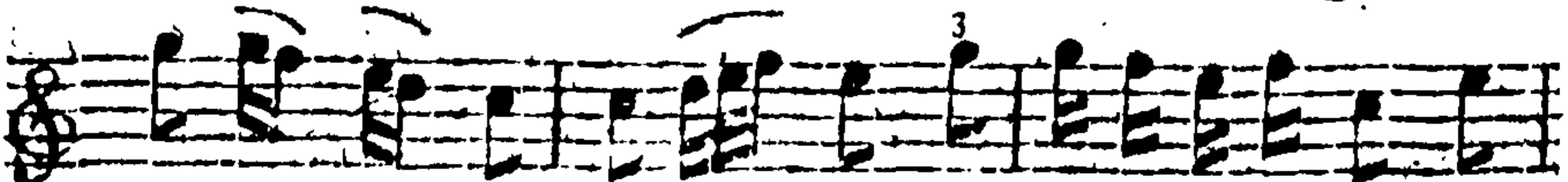
Mr. Arnold.



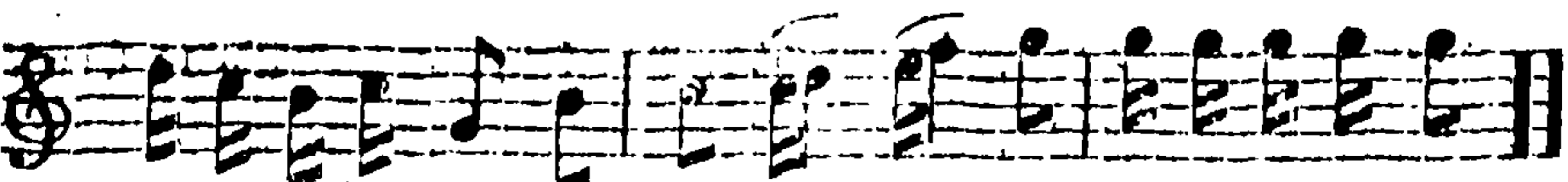
My beer is stout, my ale is good, Pray stay and drink with



Ro-bin Hood; If Ro-bin Hood a-broad is gone, Pray



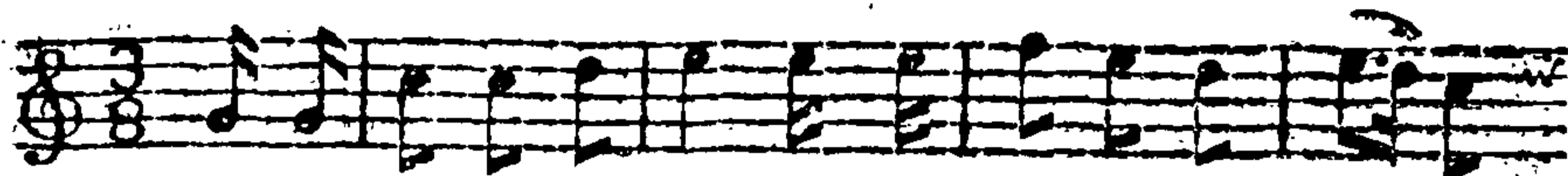
stay and drink with lit-tle John, with lit-tle, lit-tle John, with



lit-tle, little John, Pray stay and drink with lit-tle, lit-tle John.

EPIGRAM. A. 3. Voc.

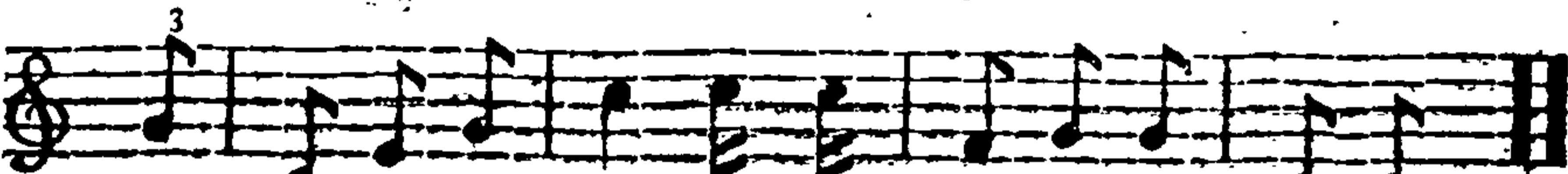
Mr. Arnold.



Such a ly-ar is Tom, There is few can lye fas-ter,



Ex-cept-ing his maid, And she'll lye with her mas-ter,

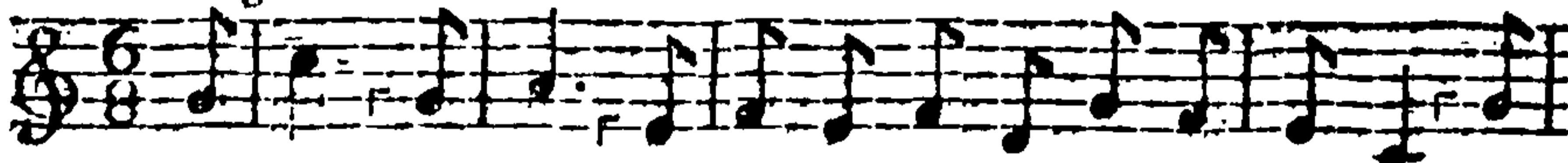


Ex-cept-ing his maid, And she'll lye with her mas-ter.

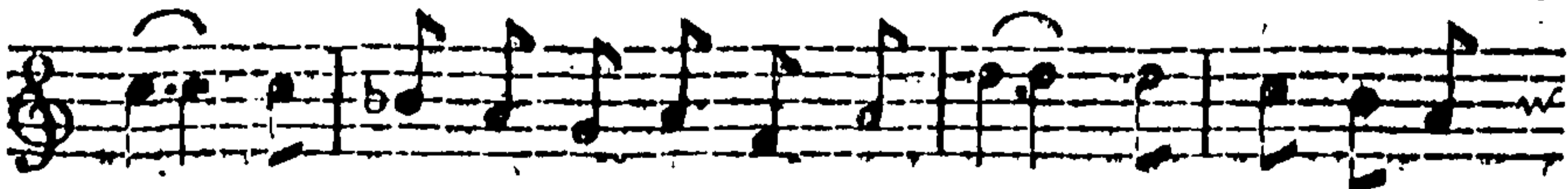
The Comical Fellows. A. 3 Voc.

Mr. Bates.

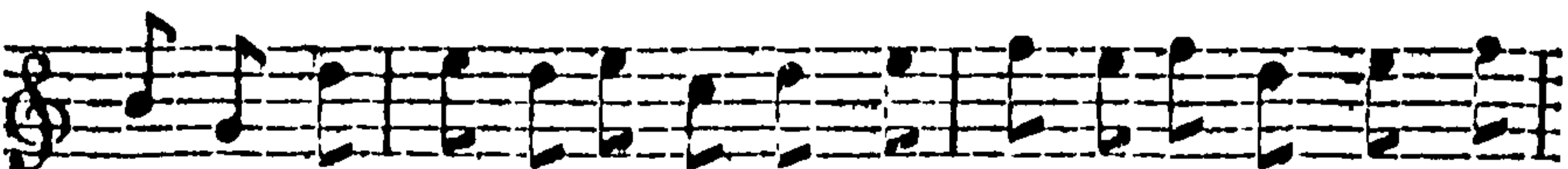
Allegro.



Sir, you, Sir, you, Sir, you are a co-mi-cal fel-low, Your

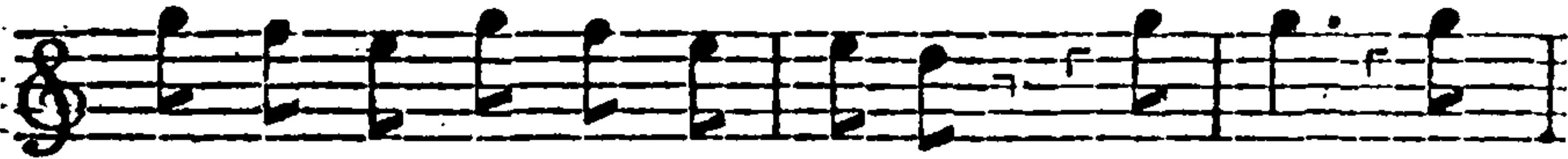


nose, your nose it is hooked, Your back, your back it is

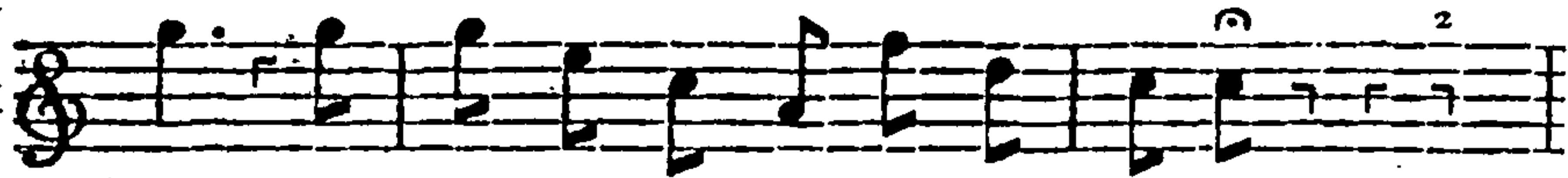


crooked, Your nose it is hooked, Your back it is crooked, And

Continued.



you are a co—mi—cal fel-low. What, I? no,



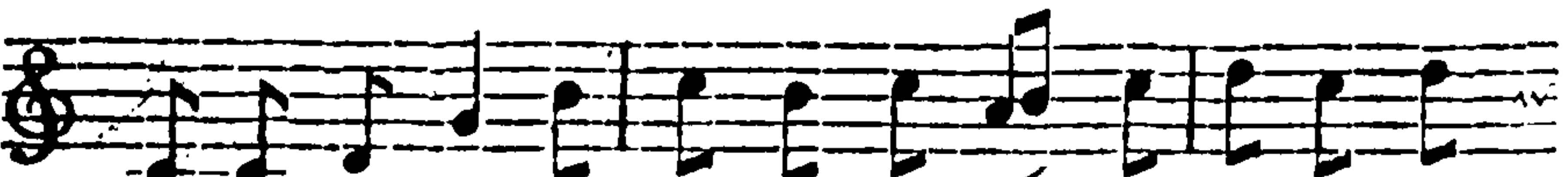
you, yes you are a co—mi—cal fel-low,



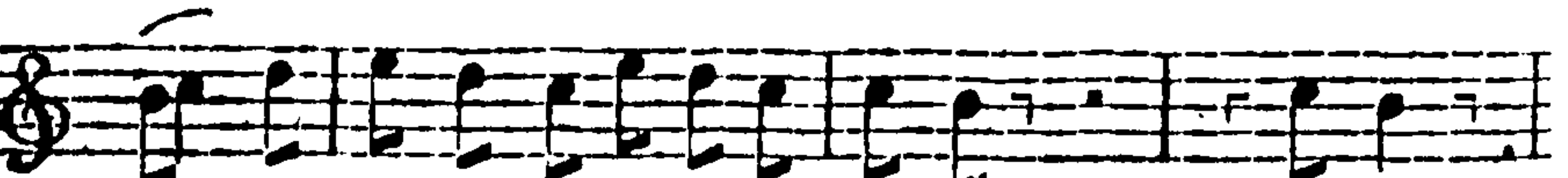
Nay you, nay you, you are a co-mi-cal fel-low,



You squint, you squint with such grace, So red, So



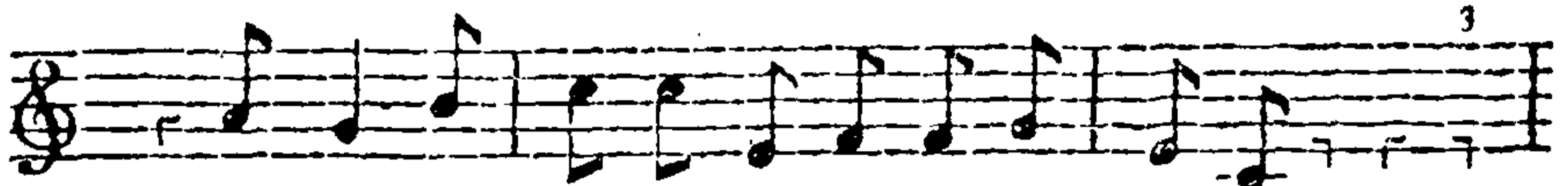
red is your face, You squint with such grace, So red is your



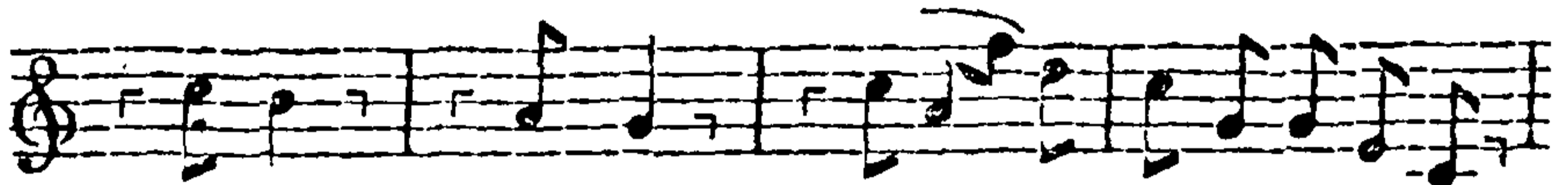
face, 'Tis you are a co-mi-cal fel--low, Yes you

Continued.

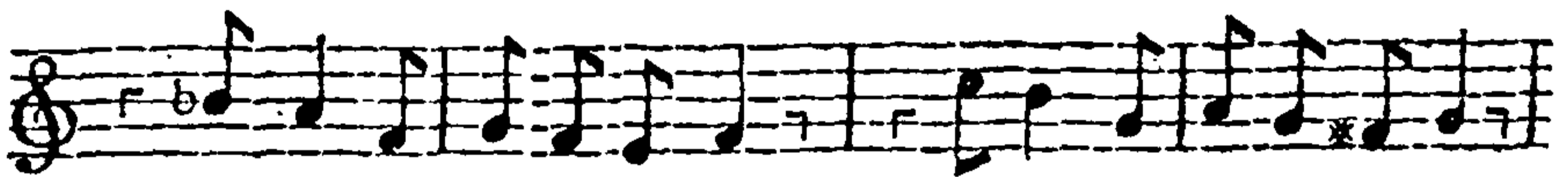
Continued.



yes you, yes you are a co-mi-cal fel-low.



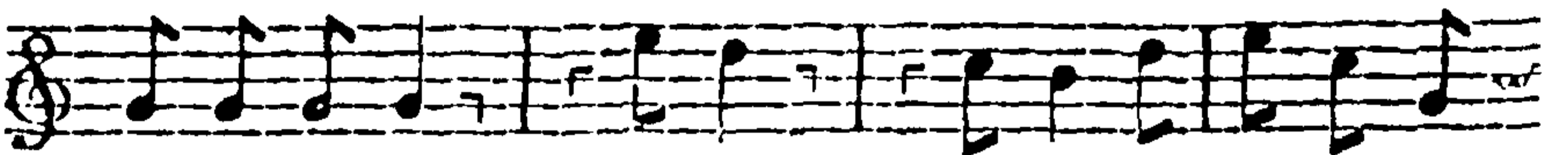
What I? What I? am I a co-mi-cal fel-low?



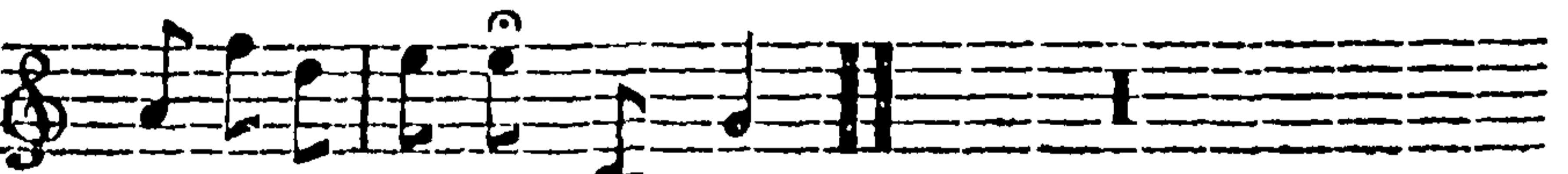
No, no, pray do not say so, No, no, pray do not say so,



No, pray do not say so, pray do not say so, No,



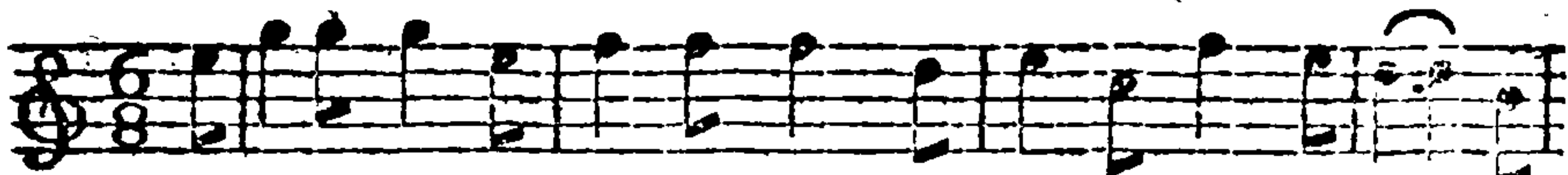
pray say not so, No, no, no, no, I'm sure I'm no



co-mi-cal fel-low. What I?

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



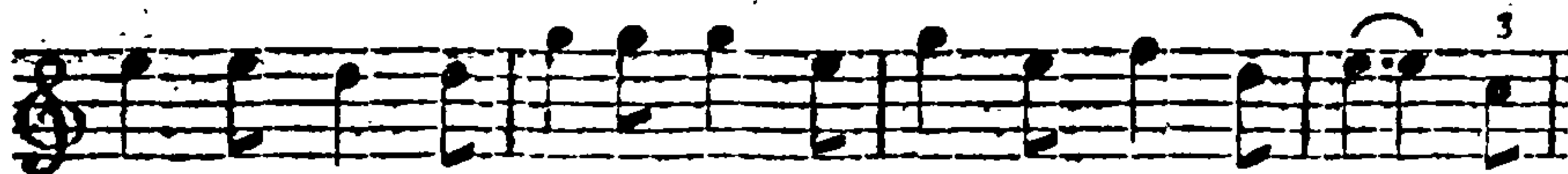
As Celia with her catcher play'd, Young Damon standing by, With



am'rous looks the wanton maid, Gave Damon it to try. He



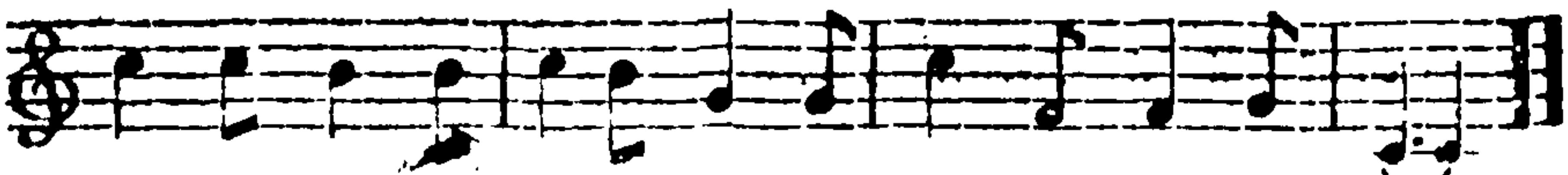
toss'd the ball the picked way, But cou'd not stick it on; Fumb-



ler, cry'd she, I'll better play With two, than you with one. He



toss'd the ball the picked way, but cou'd not stick it on; Fumb-

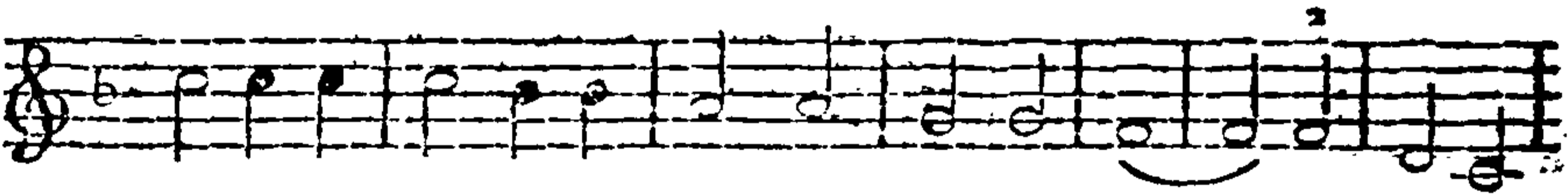


ler, cry'd she, I'll better play With two, than you with one.

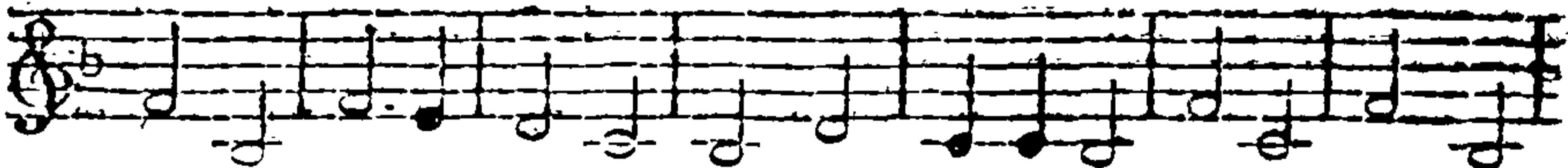
C A T C H. A 3. Voc.



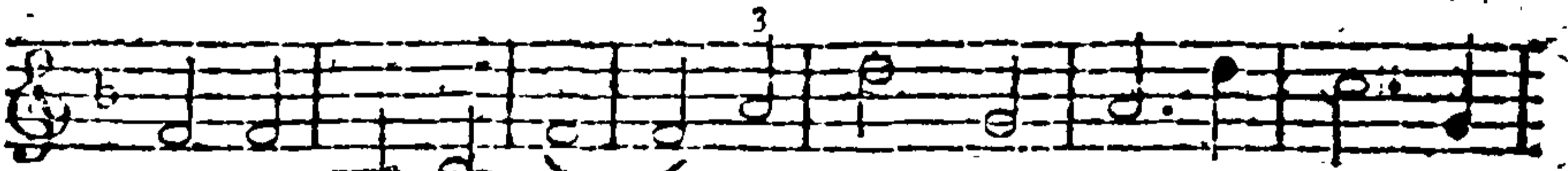
Now God be with old Si-me-on, For he made cans for



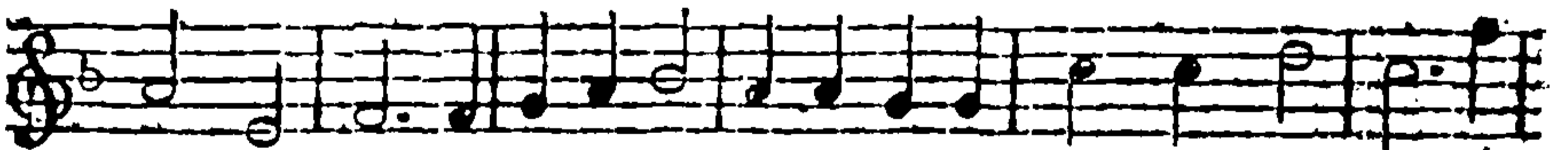
many a one, And a good old man was he. And Jenkin



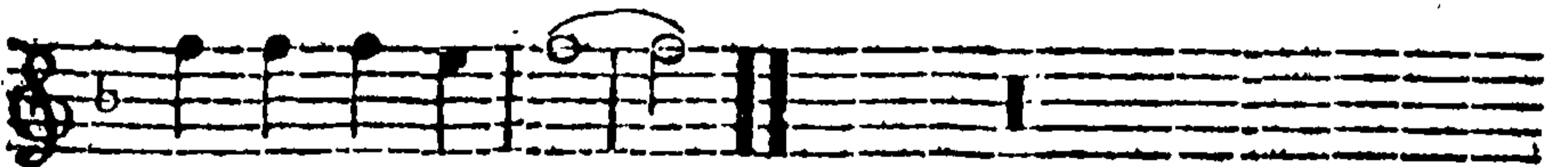
was his journeyman, And he cou'd tipple of ev'-ry can, And



thus he said to me: To whom drink thou, Sir Knave? To



you, then, hey ho, jol-ly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking, Come



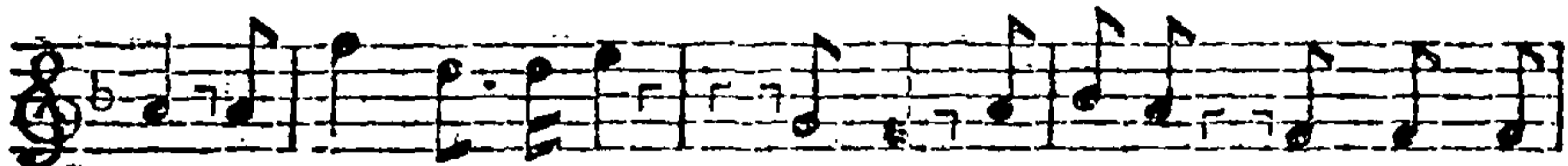
trole the bowl to me.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

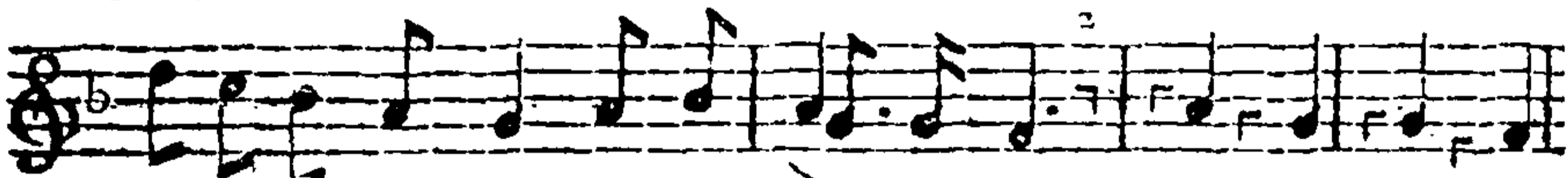
Mr. Webbe.



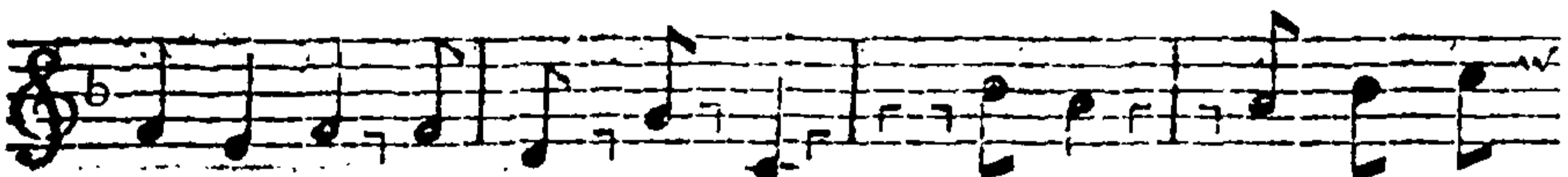
The moon and woman, the moon and woman in these points a-



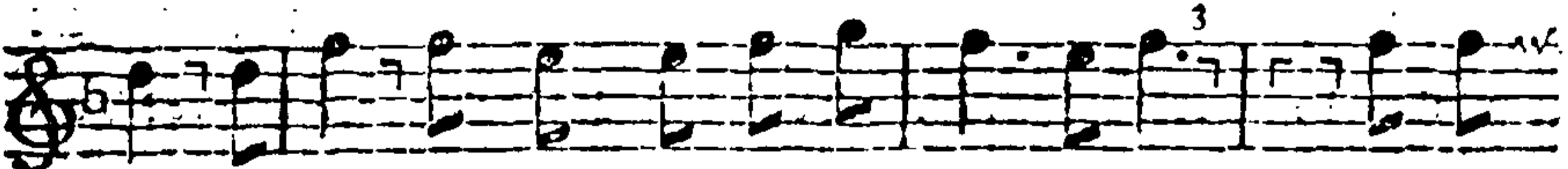
gree, in these points agree, The moon and woman, the moon and



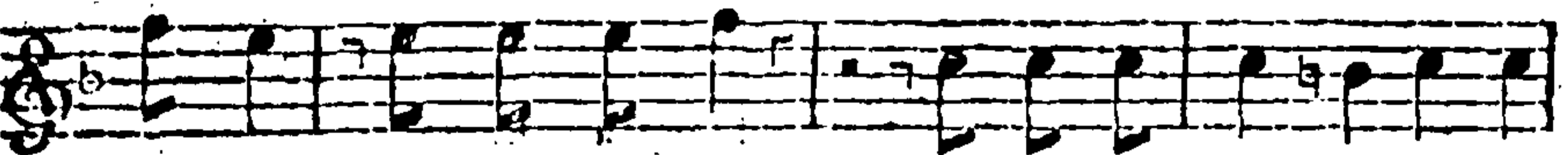
woman in these points, in these points a-gree, Pale, red, big, big,



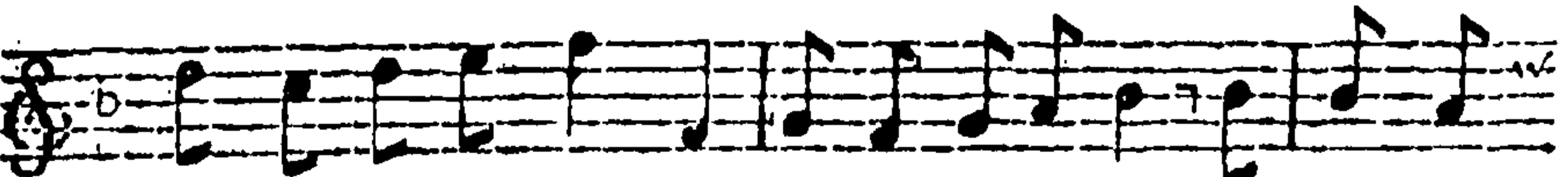
small by turns, by night they stray, by night, by night they



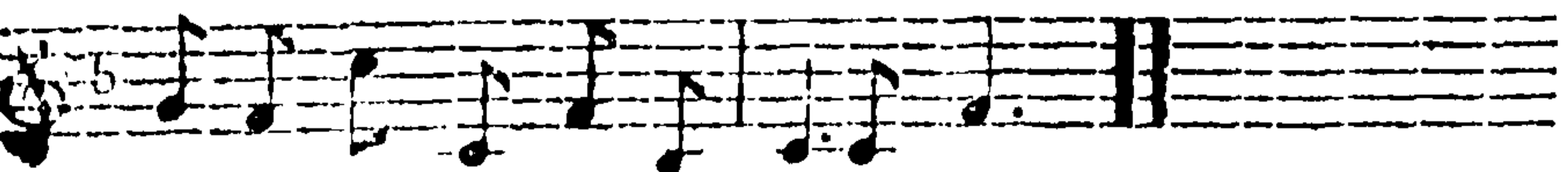
stray; They both give horns, and both will change we see, They both



give horns, they both give horns, and both will change we see; The



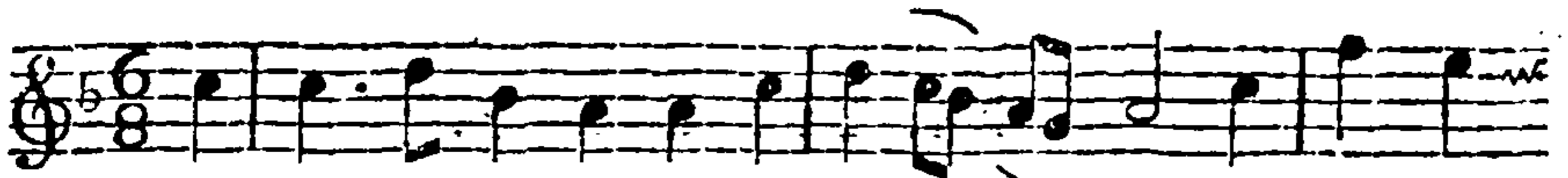
moon but once a month, but woman ev'-ry day, The moon but



once a month, but woman ev'-ry day.

C A T C H. A. 3. *Voc.*

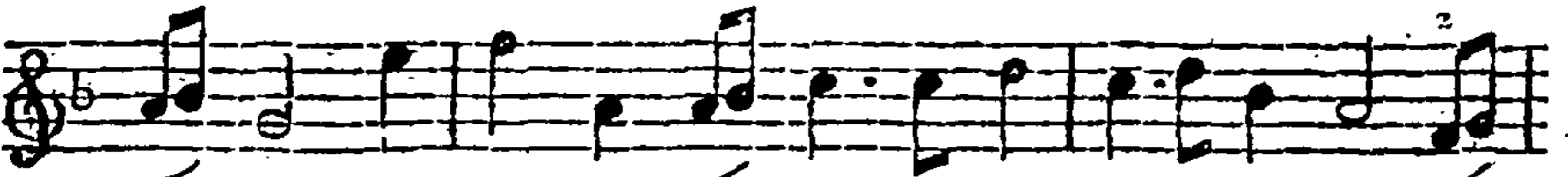
Mr. Berg.



Come friends and companions, let's take a full glass, And each drink



a health to his fa-vorite lasfs, And each drink a health, And each drink



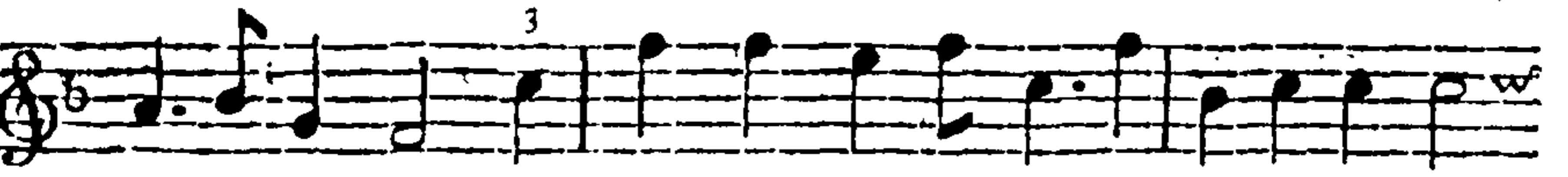
a health, And each drink a health to his fa-vorite lasfs, And



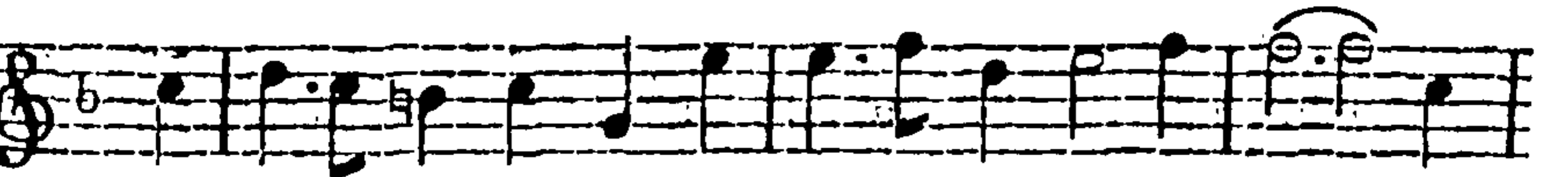
each drink a health to his fa-vorite lasfs. With wine and



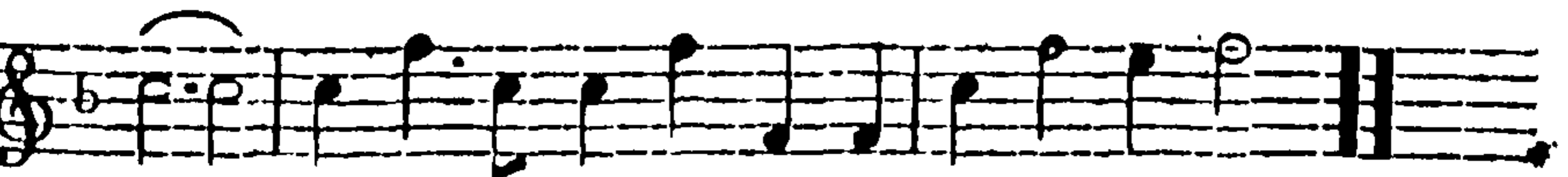
with love let this ev'-ning be crown'd, Let no envy or discord a-



mong us be found; With hearts free from trouble we chearfully sing,



Huz-za for our country, Huz-za for our king, Huz—za, huz—

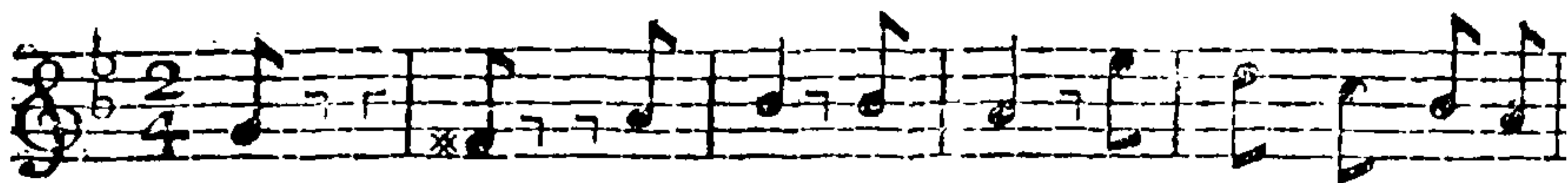


za, Huz-za for our country, Huz--za for our king.

The AMOROUS PARLEY.

A CATCH. A. 4. Voc.

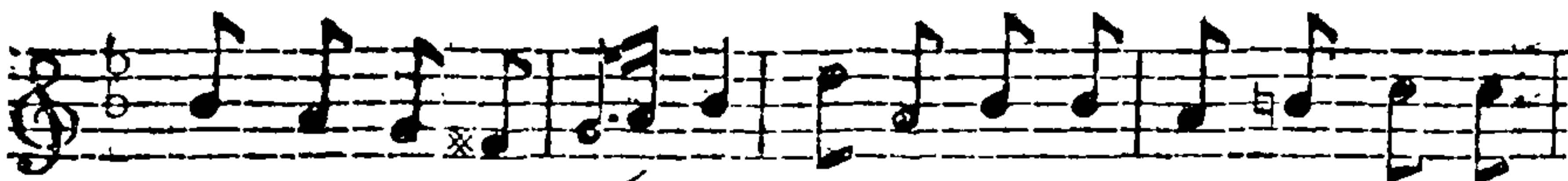
Mr. Edward Mulfo.



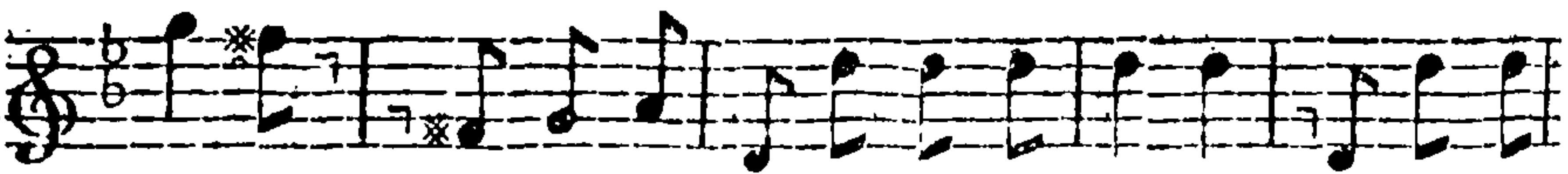
Don't, don't, don't push, don't push, don't push my tender



pas-sion; You hurt, you hurt, you hurt, you hurt, you



hurt my re—pu—ta—tion; Go no further, I'll cry murther,



murther, no fur-ther, I'll cry murther, murther; Lie still, lie

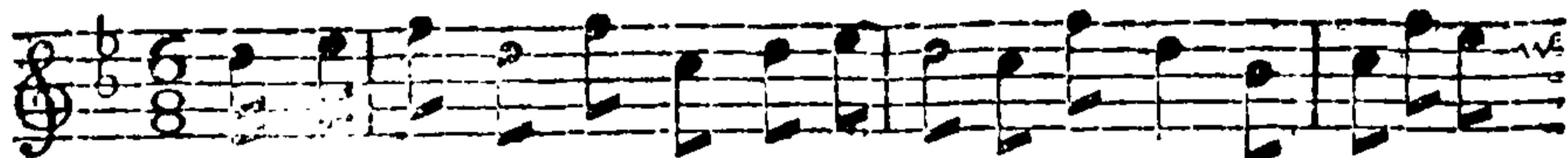


still, lie still, lie still, lie still fond in—cli—na—tion.

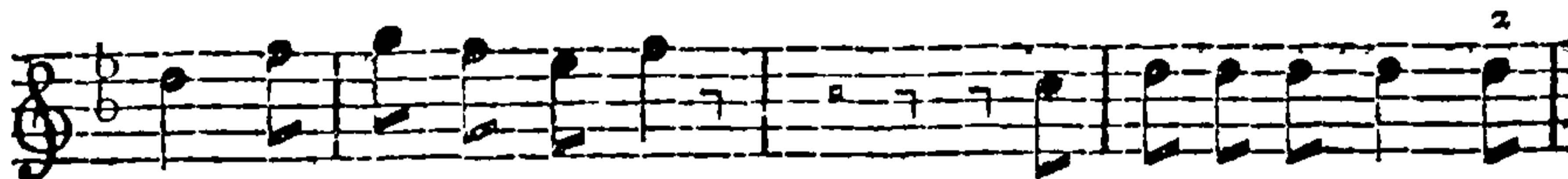
This CATCH gain'd a Prize Medal, 1766.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc,

Mr. Thomas Wood,



Prithee is not Miss Clo-e's a co-mi-cal case, a comical



case, She lets out her tail, a co-mi-cal case, She



lets out her tail, and she borrows her face, She



borrows her face, a co-mi-cal case, a co-mi-cal case, Prithee



is not Miss Clo-e's a co-mi-cal case, a co-mi-cal case, a

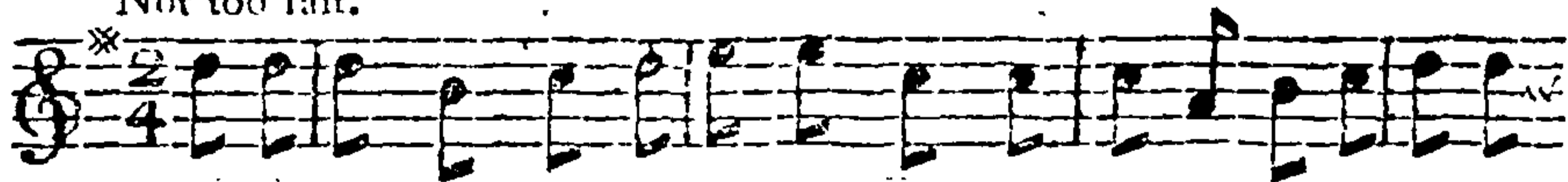


co-mi-cal case, a co-mi-cal case, a co-mi-cal case.

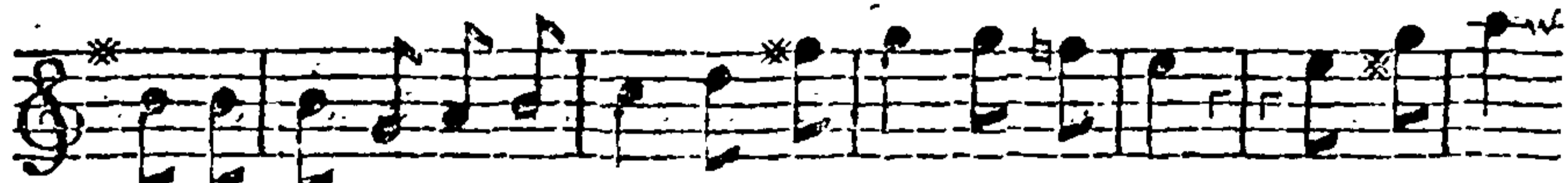
C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Charles Lampe.

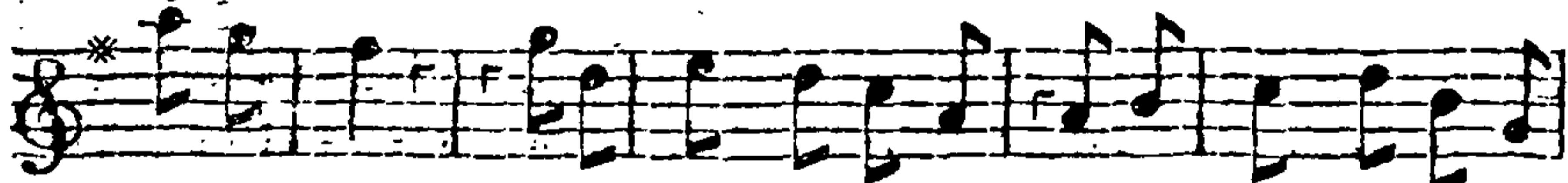
Not too fast.



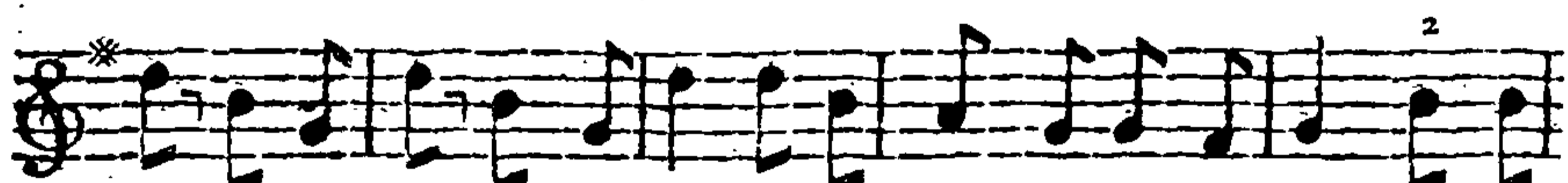
Jack, I hear you're good at pinking, But you're bet-ter far at drinkings;



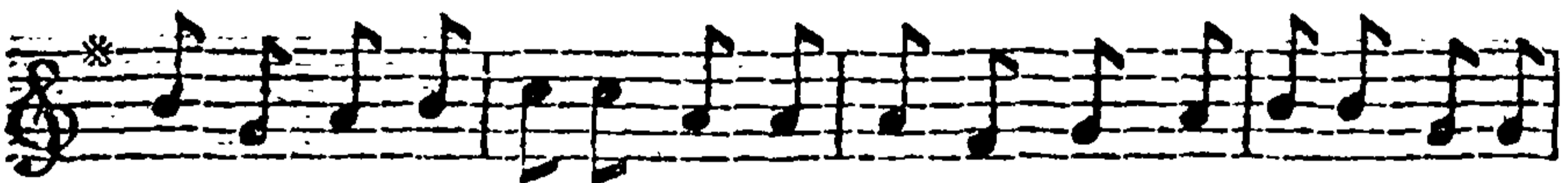
And I'll lay you, if you durst, if you durst, if you durst, if you durst,



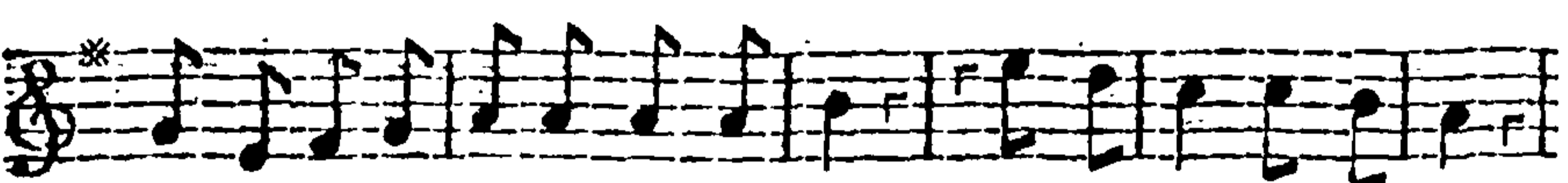
if you durst, Fifty pounds I hit you Fif-ty pounds I hit you



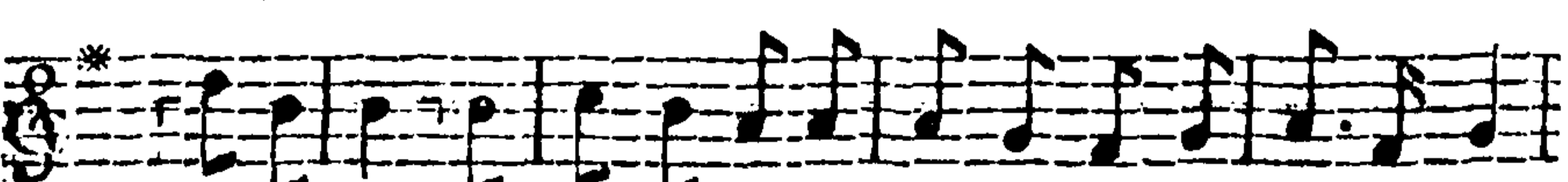
first, hit you first, hit you first, Fif-ty pounds I hit you first. You're a



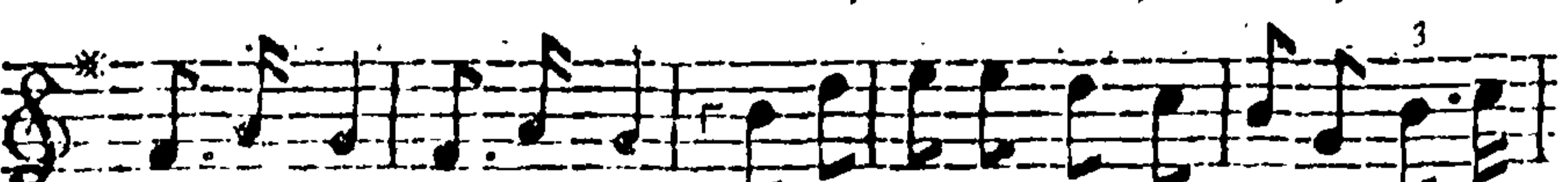
fool, and brag of doing, But 'tis time we shou'd be going; Do but



look up at the di-al, 'Tis too late, 'tis too late, 'tis too late,



'tis too late to make a tri-al, 'tis too late, too late, too late,



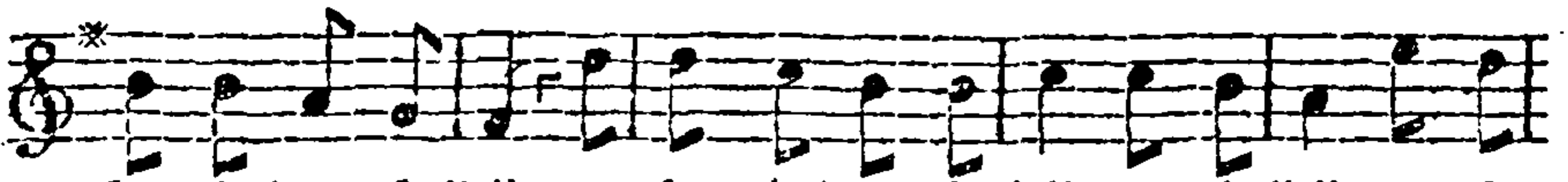
'tis too late, 'tis too late, 'tis too late to make a tri-al. To be

Continued.

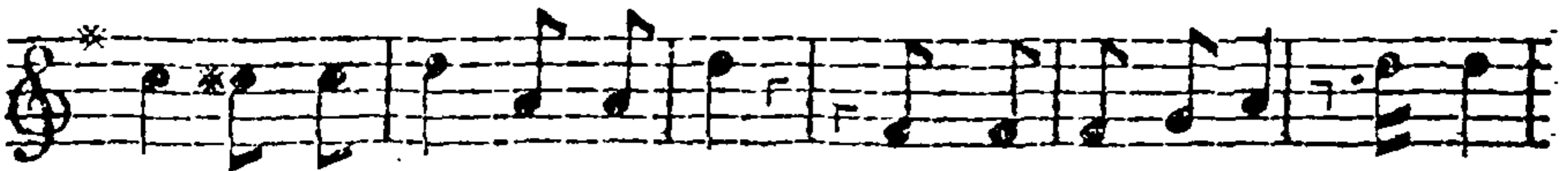
Continued.



treated in this fashion, By a coward, stirs my passion; Zounds, you



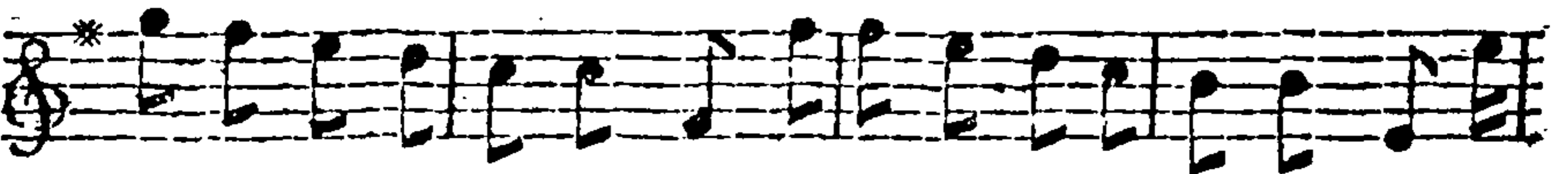
scoundrel, you shall die, you scoundrel, you shall die, you shall die, you shall



die, you shall die, you shall die. Damn me, fir, I say you lye,



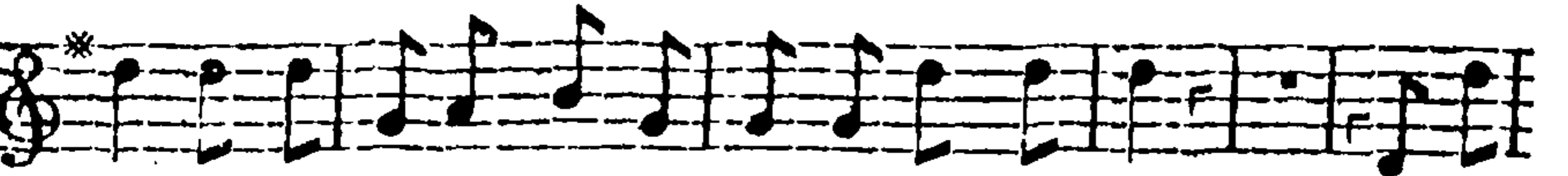
you lye, you lye, Damn me, fir, I say you lye: 'Tis quite



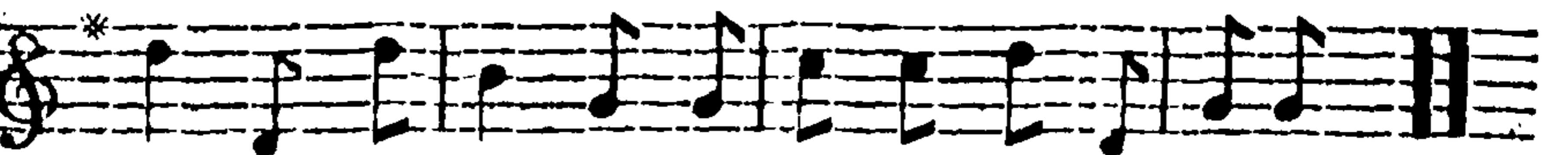
wrong to give the lye, fir; Drink about, and let it die, fir, Drink a-



bout, and let it die, fir; Zounds, fir, you lye, zounds, fir, you



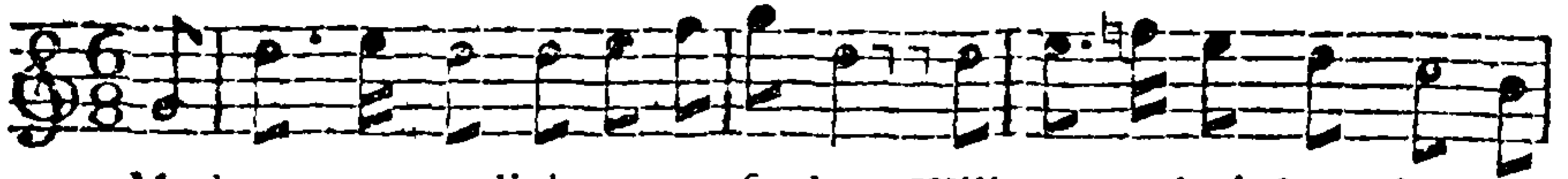
lye: Hark, ye, fir-rah, hark ye, Meet me, and we'll fight, and we'll



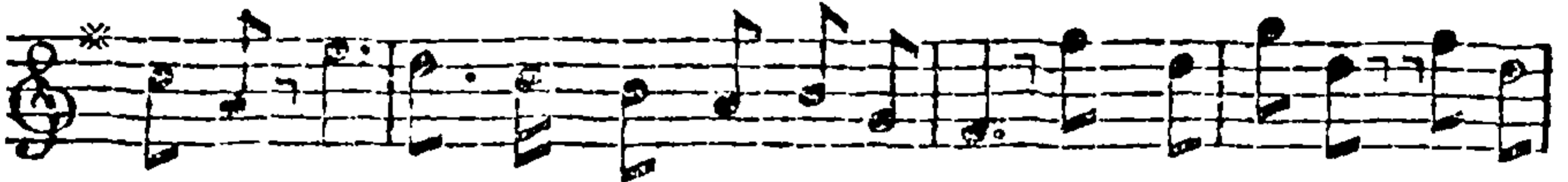
fight, and we'll fight, Meet me, and we'll fight to-morrow.

C A T C H.

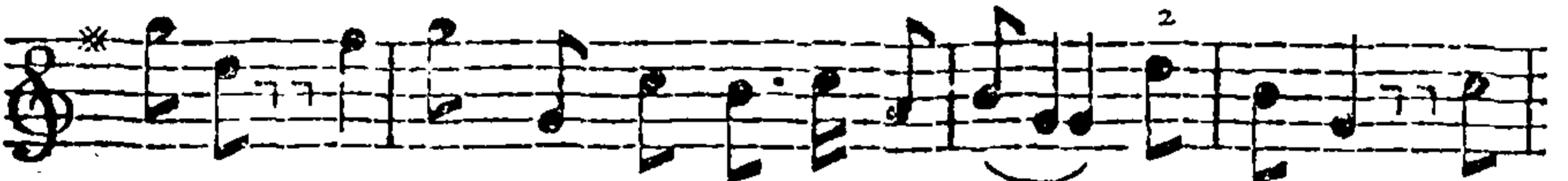
C A T C H. A 3. Voc.



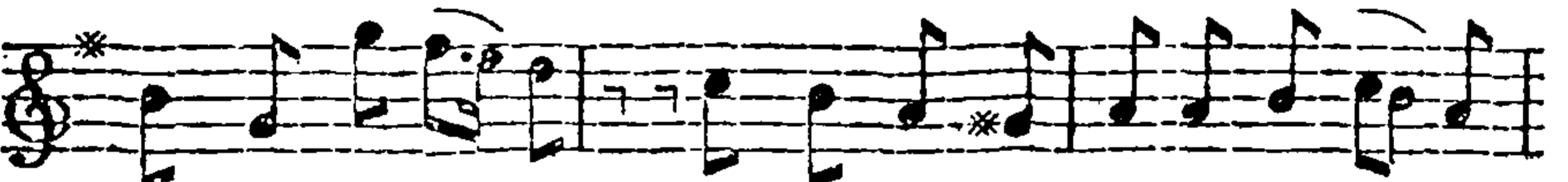
My heart, once as light as a feather, Will now, a-las! scarce hang to-



gether, O Love, thou hast rent it in twain, thou hast rent it, thou hast



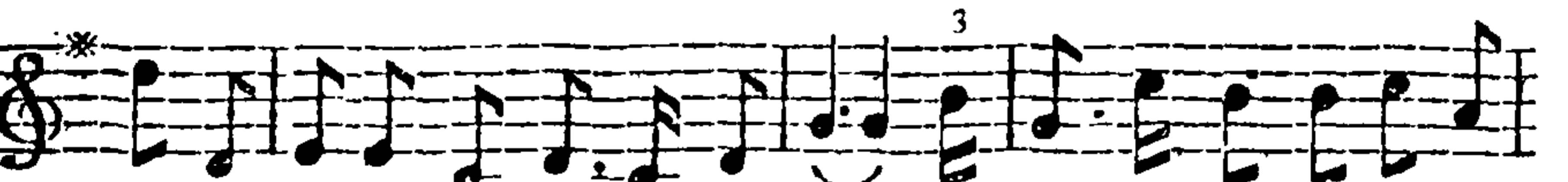
rent it, O Love, thou hast rent it in twain; Sweet Jenny, how



canst thou en-dure it? Quoth Thomas, I'm ready to cure it,



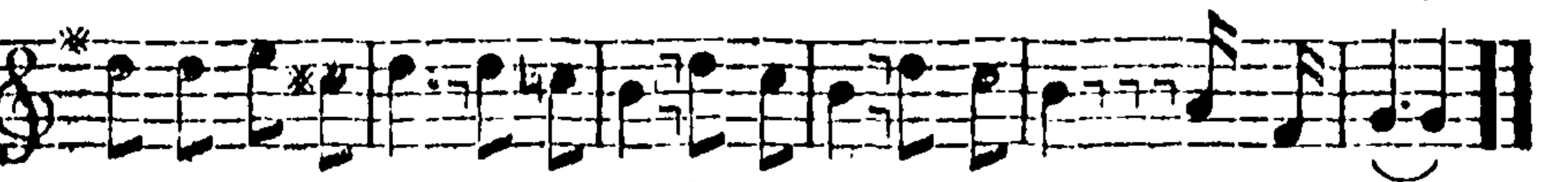
my needle will stitch it amain, will stitch it, will stitch



it, My needle will stitch it a-man; She yielding with little per-



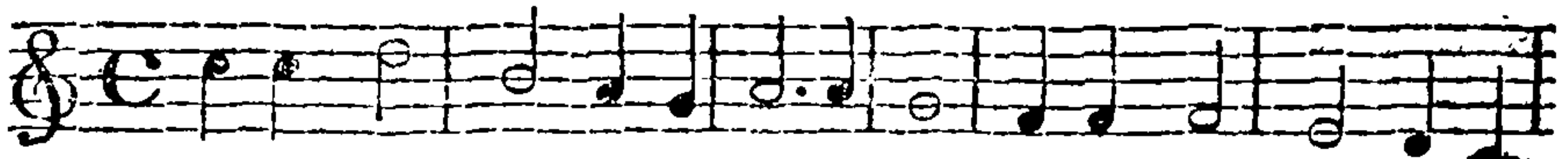
suasion, Young Thomas perform'd th' o-peration; She cry'd it



will do once again, it will do, it will do, it will do once a-gain.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Baidon.



Adam catch'd Eve by the fur-be-low, Adam catch'd Eve by the



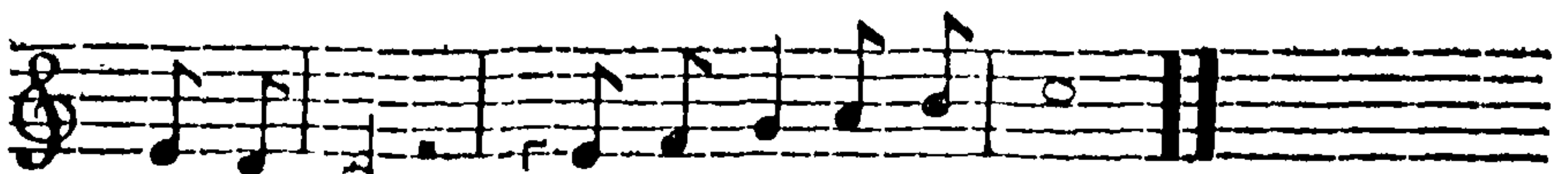
fur-be-low, And that's the old-est catch I know, And that's the



old-est catch I know, And that's the old-est catch I know:



Oh! ho! did he fo, did he fo, did he fo, did he fo,



did he fo. did he fo, did he fo.

C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Richard Woodward, jun.



Quoth Roger to Nelly, suppose I were dead, suppose I were



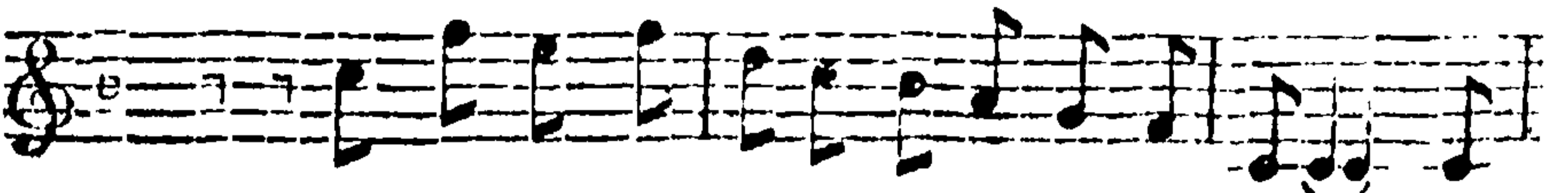
dead, Quoth Roger to Nelly, suppose I were dead, Wou'd you get a-



no-ther, Wou'd you get a—no—ther good man in my stead, in my



stead, Wou'd you get a—no-ther good man in my stead?

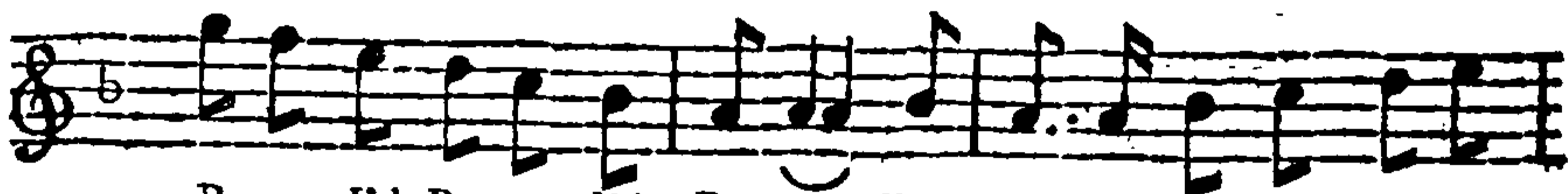


Yes, that I wou'd Roger, I'd Ro-ger, I'd Ro-ger; Pray

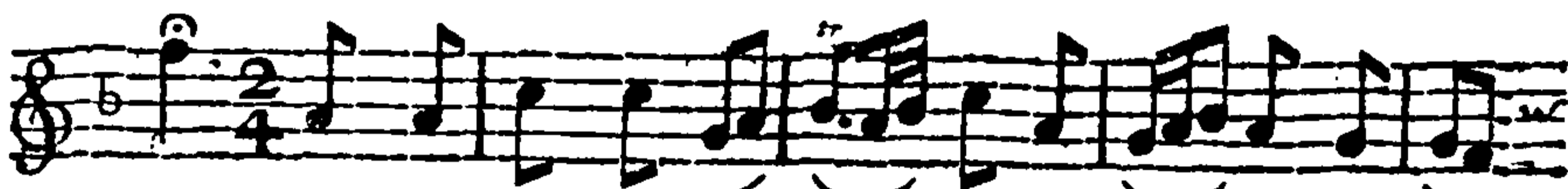
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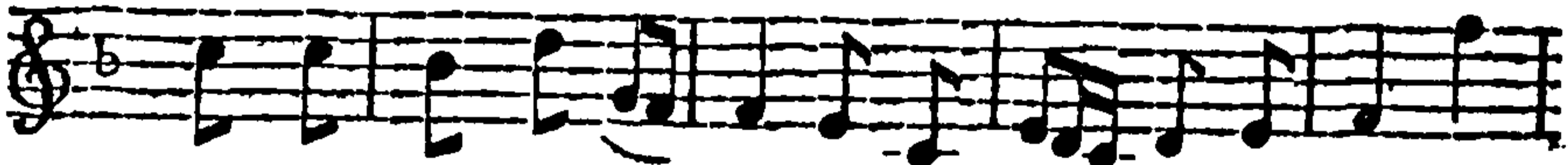
man do not stare, do not stare, do not stare; Yes, that I wou'd



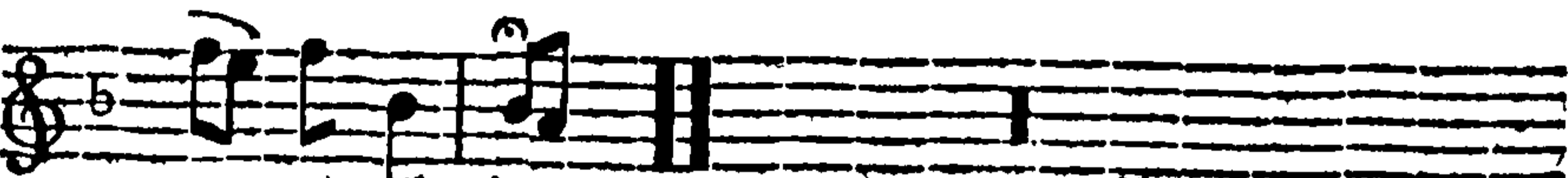
Roger, I'd Roger, I'd Ro-ger; Pray man do not stare, do not



stare; Wou'd you have me hug pil—low and bol—ster, my dear?



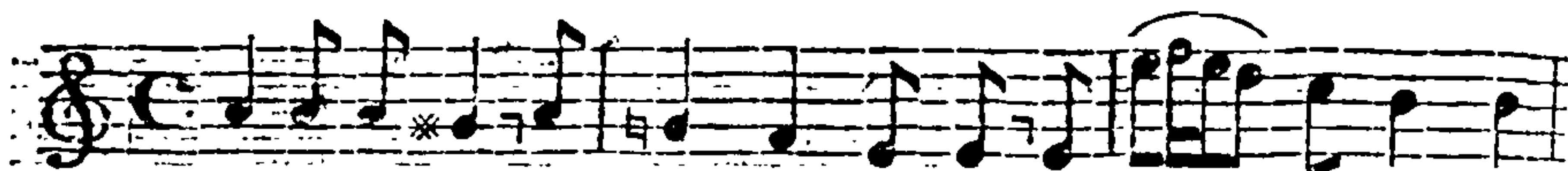
Wou'd you have me hug pil-low and bol—ster, my dear, and



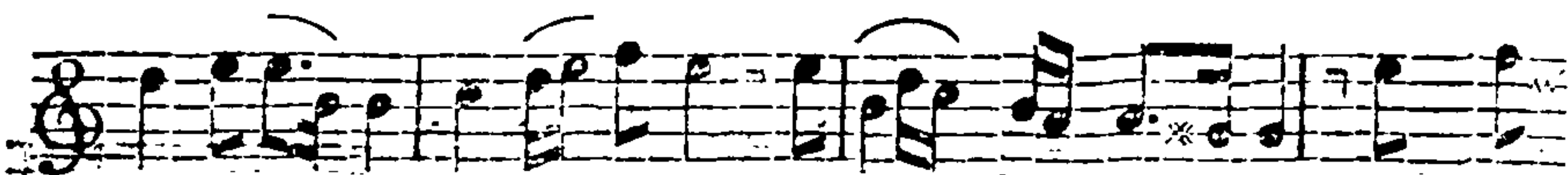
bol-ster, my dear?

C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.

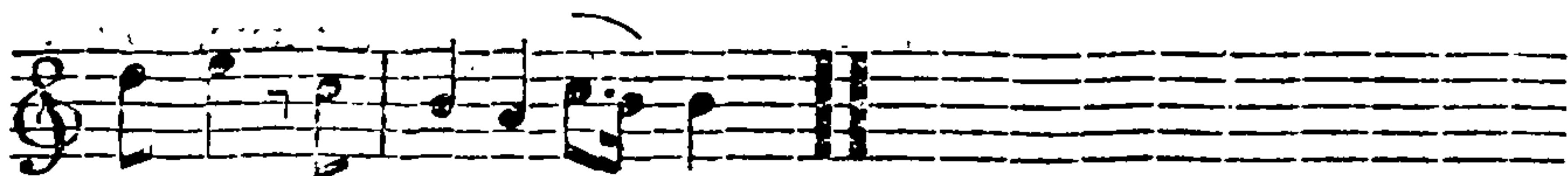
Mr. Travers.



Life is a jest, and all things show it; I thought so once, but



now I know it. Life is a jest, and all things show it; I thought

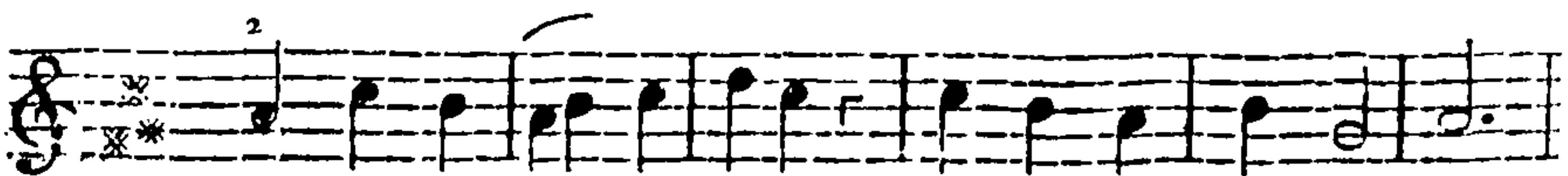


so once, but now I know it.

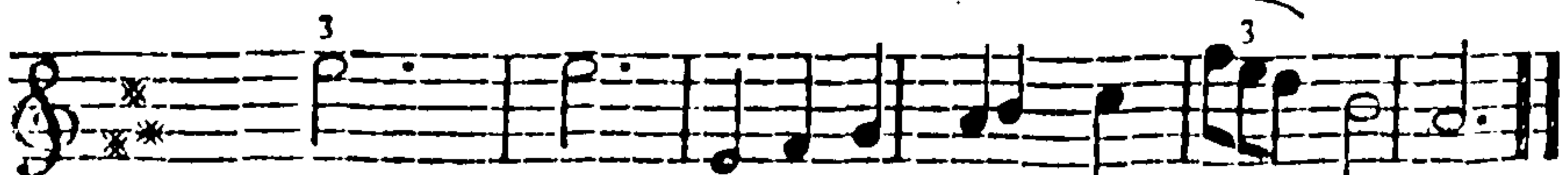
C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.



O beautiful eyes discover, Why so much cruelty,



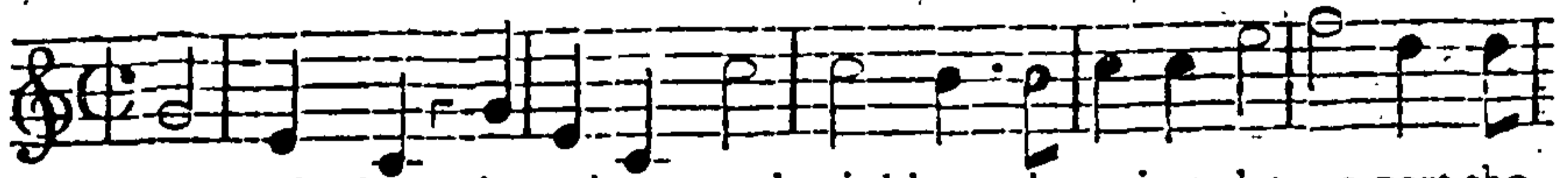
You'll never find a lover, Not one that loves like me;



No, no, no, never one that loves like me.

The FAMILY QUARREL. A. 4. Voc.

Dr. Arne.



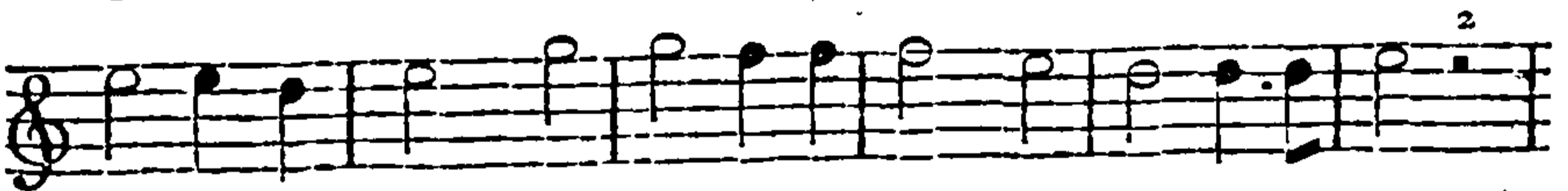
Good neighbours be qui-et, good neighbours be qui-et, let-me part the



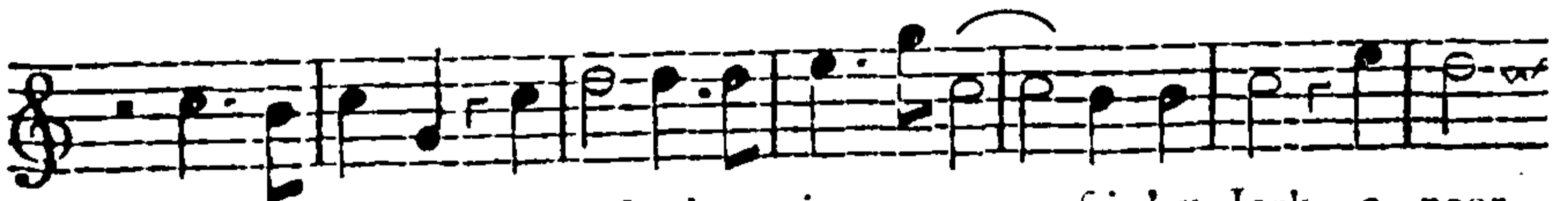
fray, let me part the fray; Good neighbours be qui-et, good neighbours be



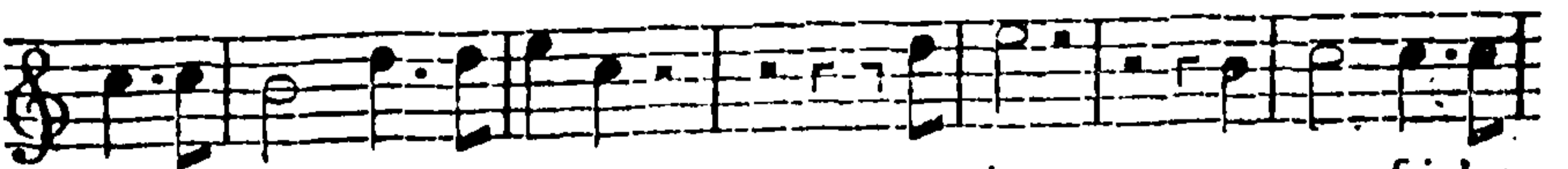
qui-et, be qui——et, be quiet, Come kifs and be friends, kifs,



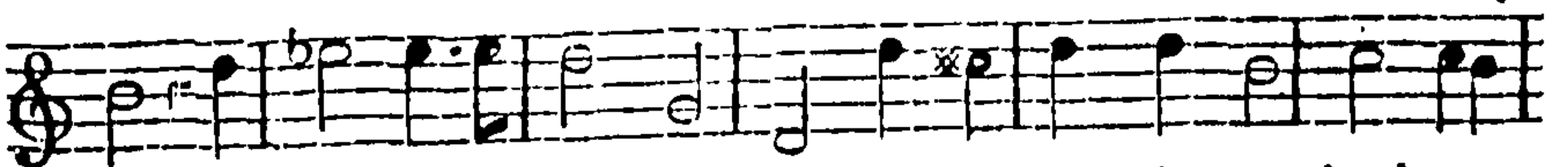
kifs and be friends, drive dis-cord a--way, drive dis-cord a--way.



He's a raf-cal, a raf-cal, a pimp, a poor frip'ry Jack, a poor



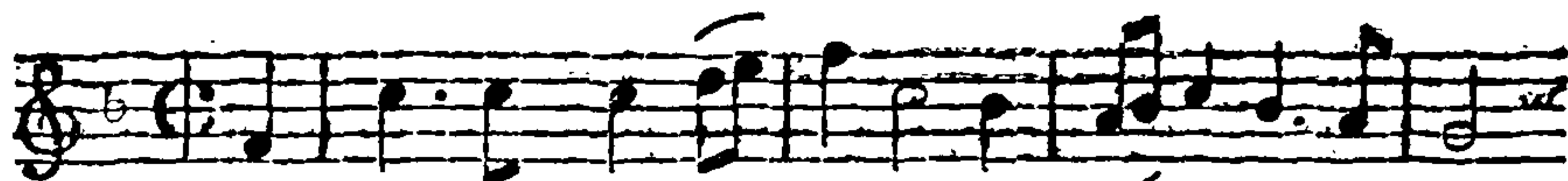
frip'ry Jack, He's a rascal, a pimp, a poor frip'ry



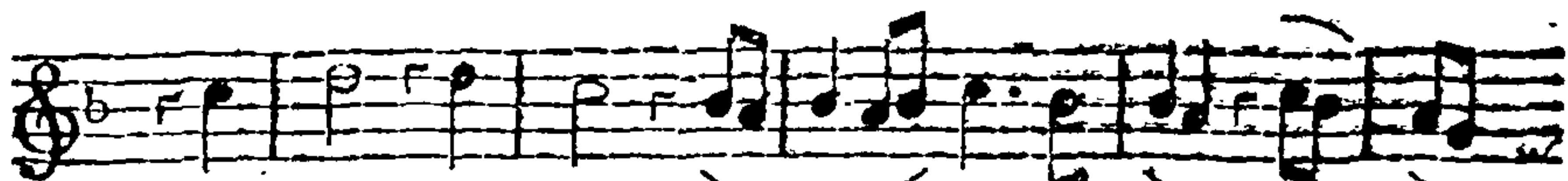
Jack, a poor frip'ry Jack, That gives me no victuals, nor cloaths to

CATCH. A. 3. Voc.

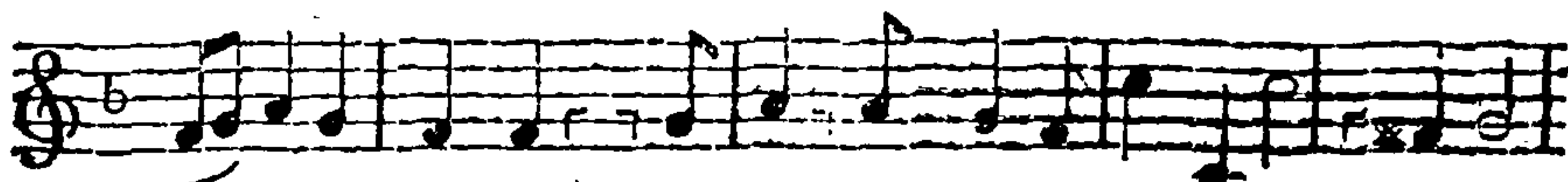
Mr. Atterbury.



With horns and hounds in chorus, Let's usher in the day,



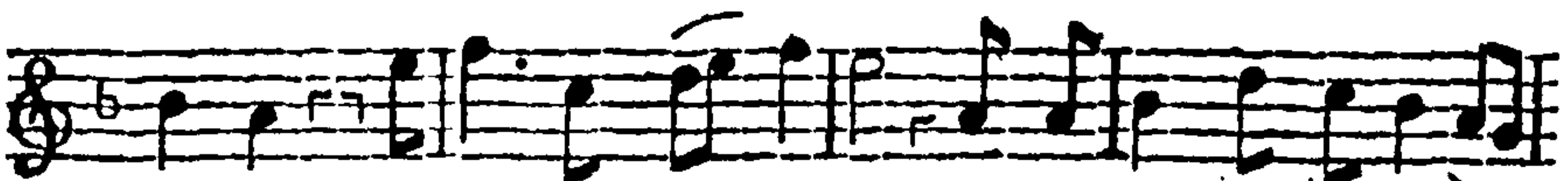
With horns, with hounds, Let's usher in the day, The sport's



exceeding glorious; A--rise, make no de-lay, a-rise, a-rise,



a-rise, a-rise, make no de-lay, Now the stag is rous'd be-



fore us; Away, come, come a-way, Come a-way, come away, The



stag is rous'd, a--way, Come, come a--way.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Holmes.



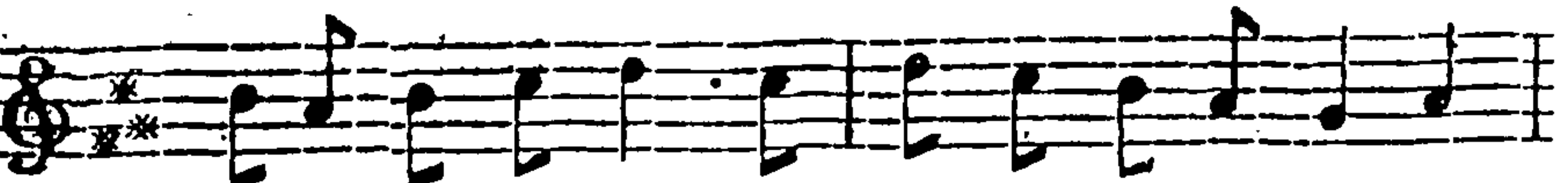
Do not say me no, For further yet I'll go, To try if I can



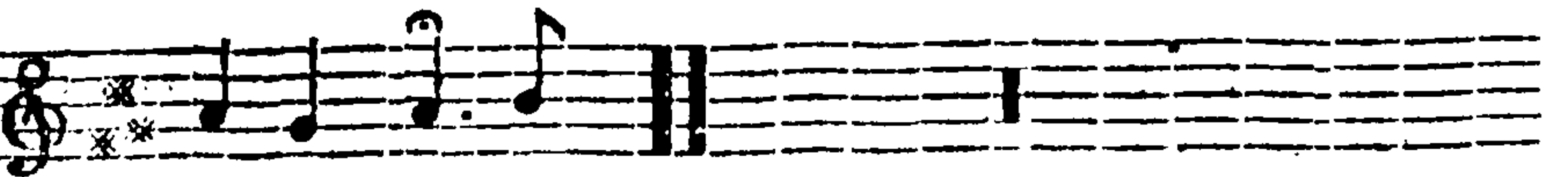
know What love commands; Suppose that I go To Cerbe-rus



below, Or meet my foe At Callis sands; I care not a f--t For



Cu-pid with his dart, Though he hath got my heart in-



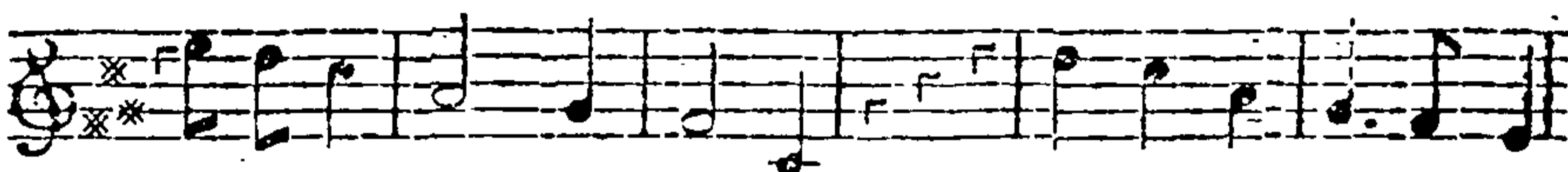
—to his hands. O!

C A T C H. A 3. Voc.

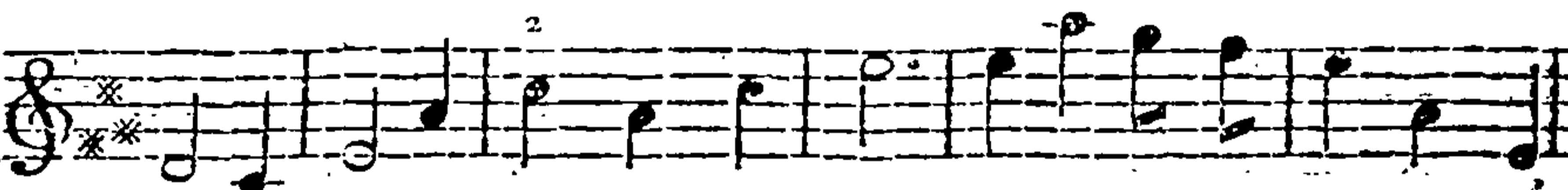
Mr. Holmes.



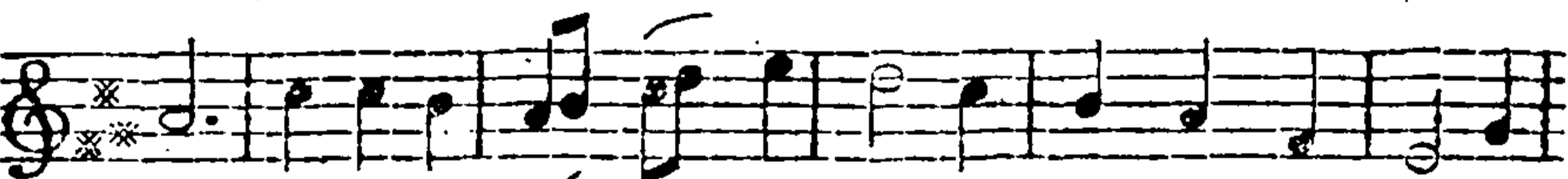
What are we met? come, let's see If here's enough to sing this glee:



Look about, count your numbers, 1, 2, 3, Singing will keep us from



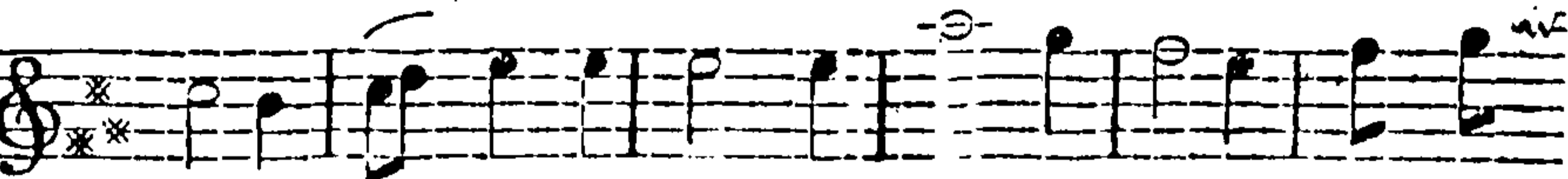
cra-zy slumber, One, two, and three, So many they be that can



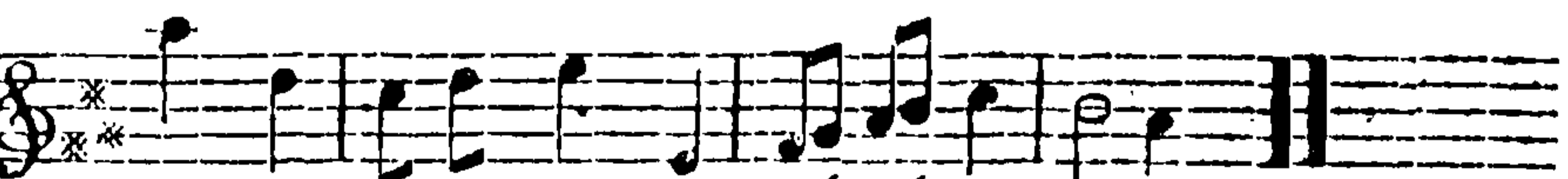
sing, The rest for wine may ring. Here is Tom, Jack, and Harry,



sing away, and do not tar-ry, Merrily now let's sing, carouse and



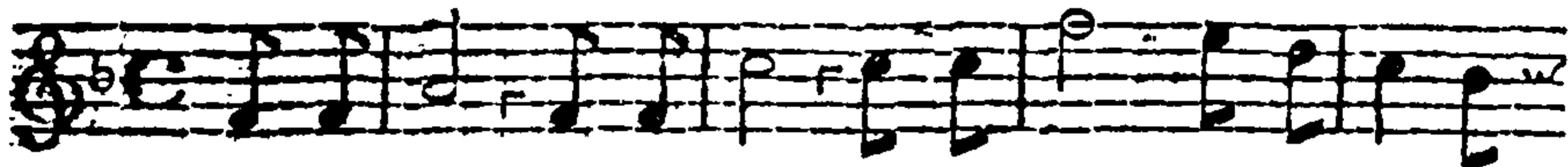
tipple, Here's Bristow milk, come suck this nipple, There's a



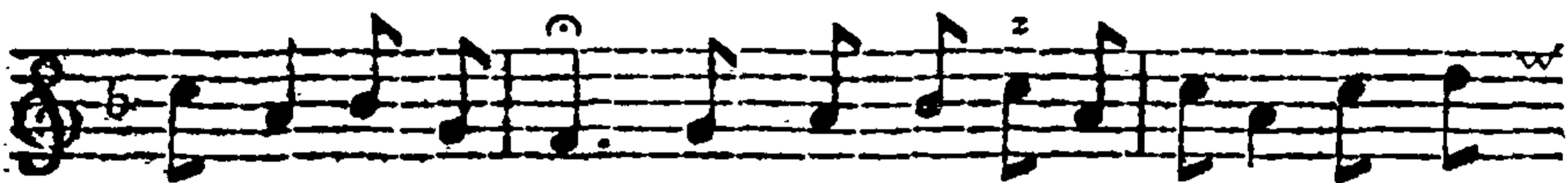
fault, fir, Never halt, fir, Be-tore a cripple.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Holmes.



Shew a room, shew a room, shew a room, Here's a knot of



good fel-lows are come, That mean for to be merry, With cla-



ret and with sherry, Each man to mirth himself dis-po-ses, And



for the reck'ning tell no-ses; Give the red nose some white, and



the pale nose some cla-ret; But the nose that looks blue, give him a



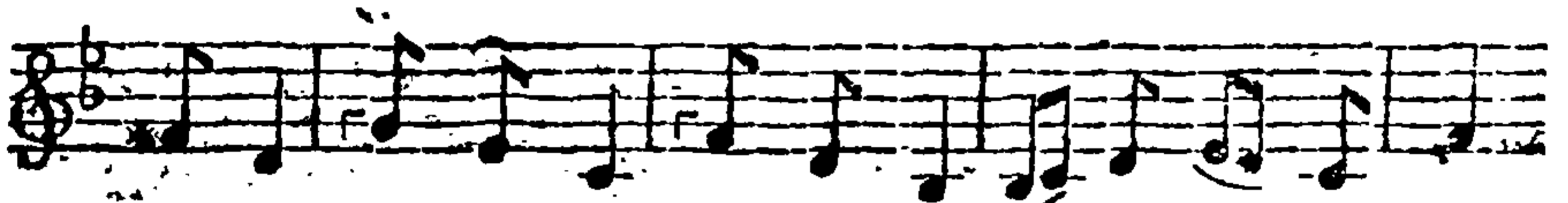
cup of sack, 'Twill mend his hue.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

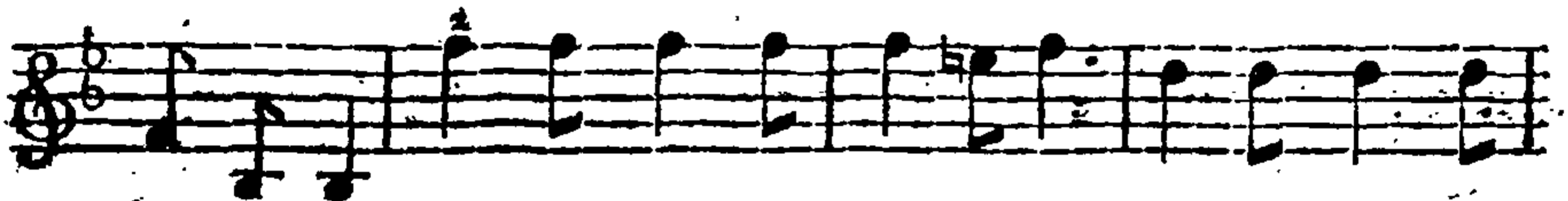
Mr. Charles Burney.



Mortals learn your lives to measure, Not by length of time, but



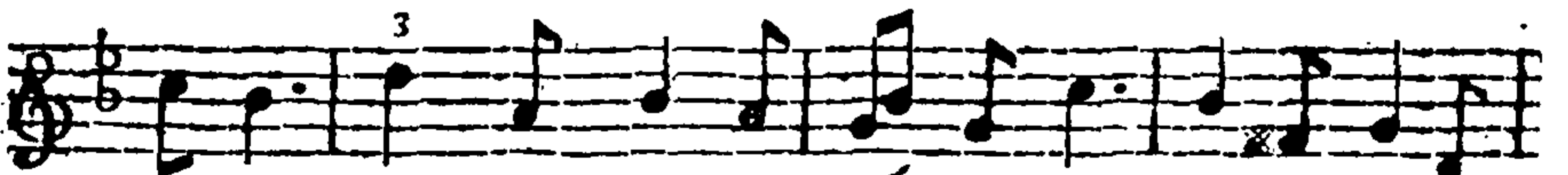
pleasure, your plea-sure, your plea-sure, Not by length of time,



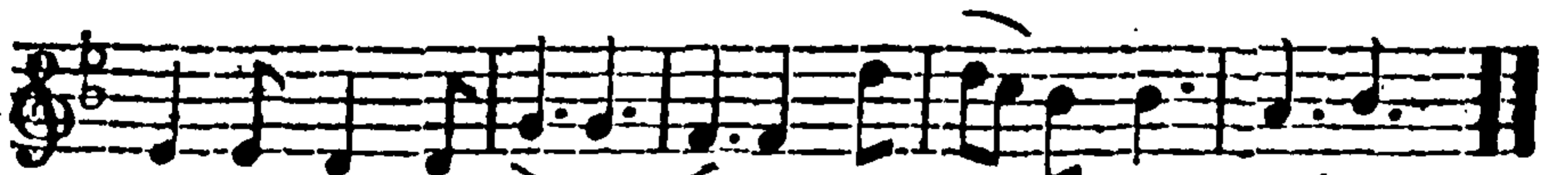
but pleasure; Soon your spring must have a fall, Loosing youth is



loosing all, is loosing all, is loosing all, Loosing youth is loo-



sing all. Then you'll ask, but none will give, You may linger,



but not live; may lin — ger, may linger, but not live.

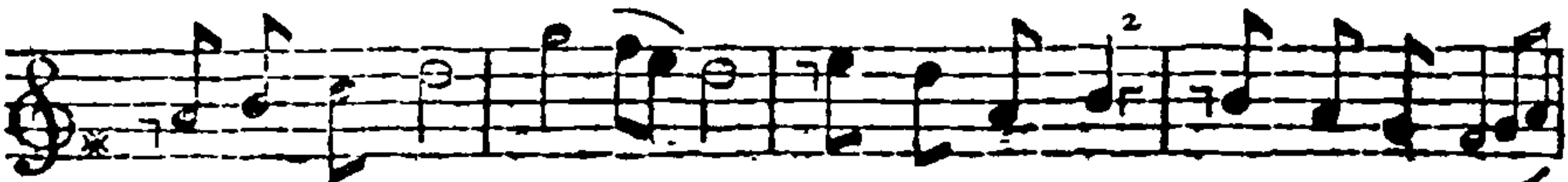
The MAIDEN ROSE.

CATCH. A. 3. Voc.

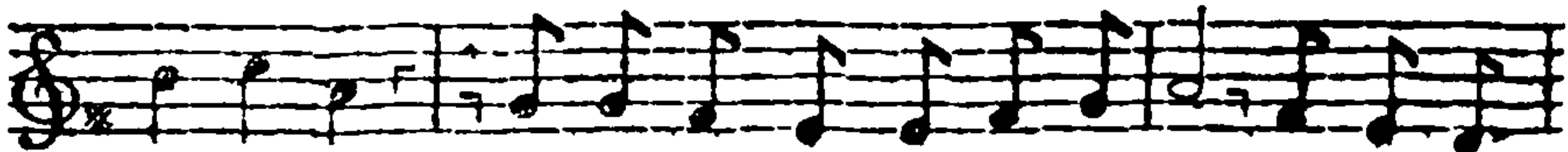
Dr. Boyce.



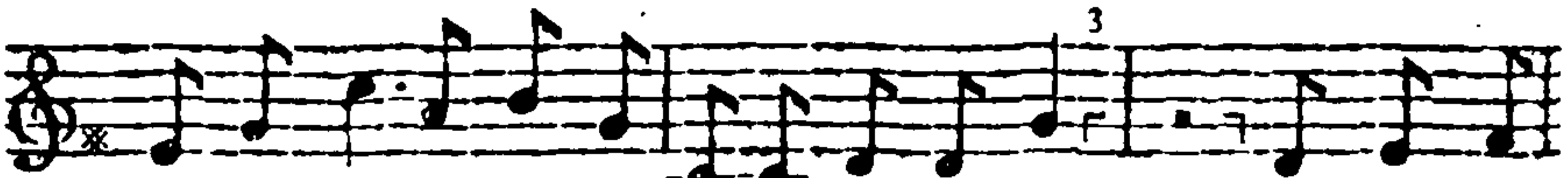
'Mongst e-ther roses thorns grow thick, But Moll's a rose



without a prick, Moll's a rose without a prick. I went the other



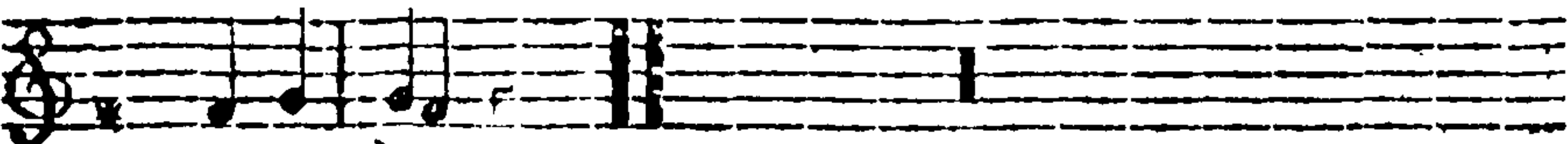
day to woo; Says she, my dear, it will not do, it will not



do, my dear, it will not do, it will not do. Then since she



scorns her am'rous swain, Still as she is, may she remain, may



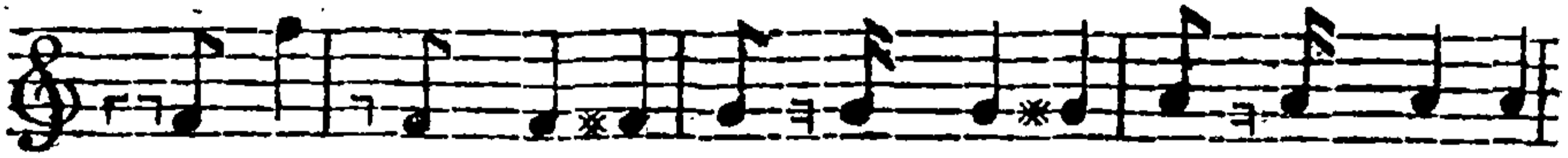
she re-main.

CATCH.

Continued.



you're quite too low ; ... Hold, hold, you're now too slow :

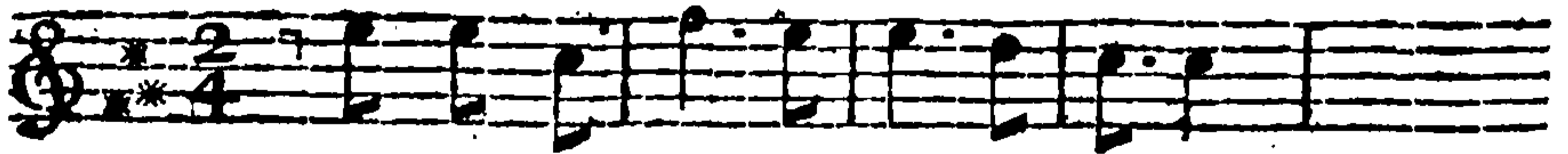


Oh! stay, you're got too high, you're got too high, you're got too



high, you're got too high, Good sir, pray let me try.

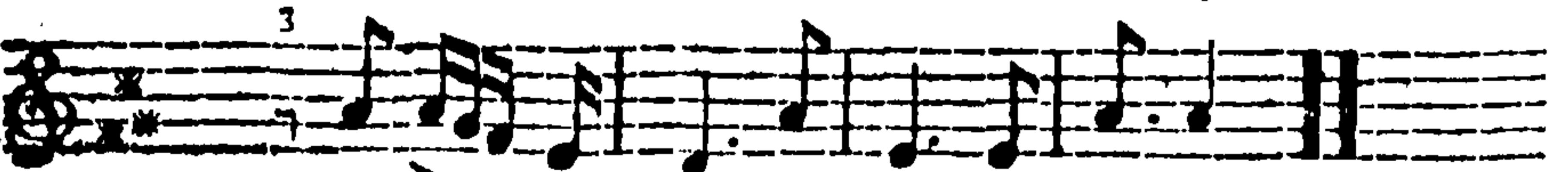
C A T C H. A. 3. Voc



A boat, a boat, haste to the fer-ry,



For we'll go o-ver to be mer-ry,



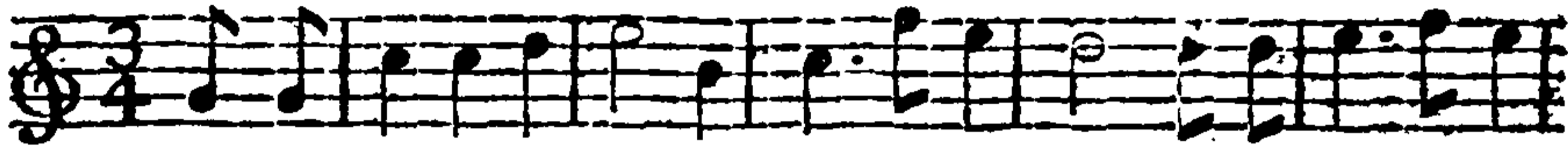
To laugh and quass, and drink old sher-ry.

C A T C H.

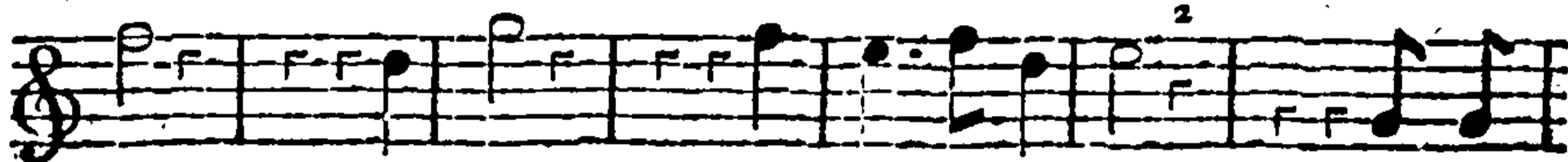
C A T C H, A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Clark

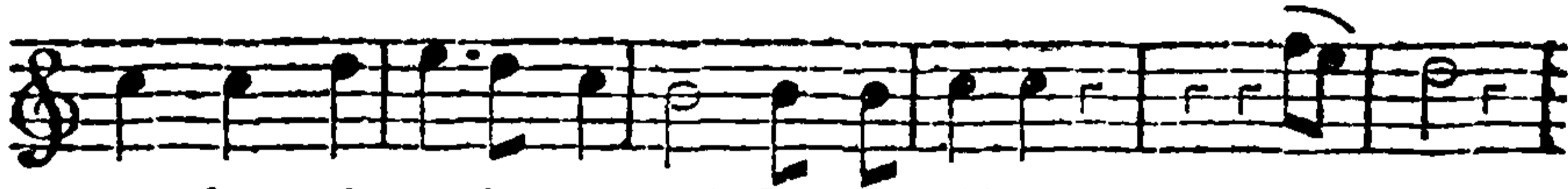
Moderato.



Since my Phillis is fall'n, is fall'n to my share, In a bumper I'll



drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to the fair, And the



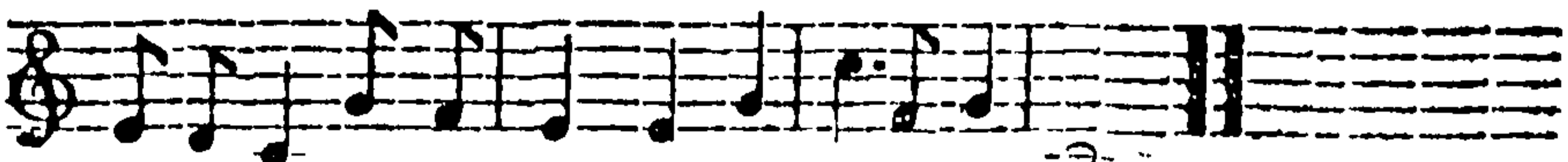
man here who envies me most, Let him bid me say more,



say more, say more to that toast, For a lar-ger I'll soon, soon



change my cup, To the brim full, to the brim fill, fill the consta-ble, fill the



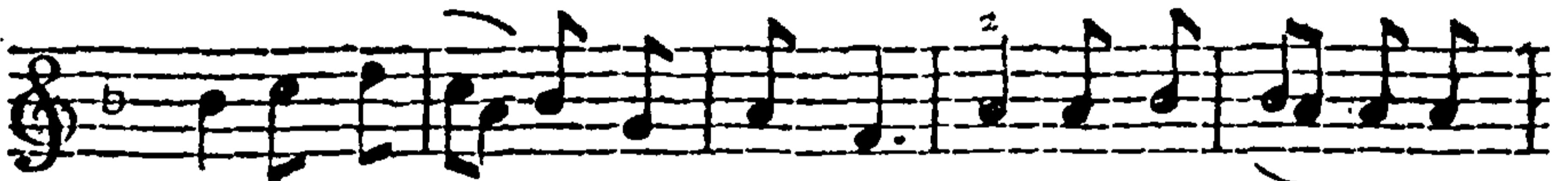
consta-ble, to the brim, fill the constable ups

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

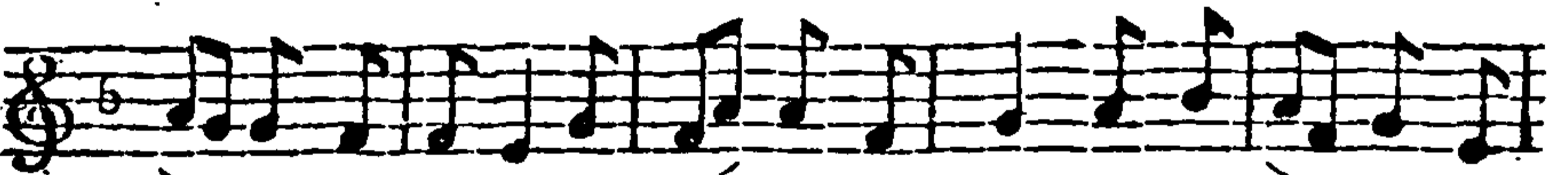
Dr. Hayes.



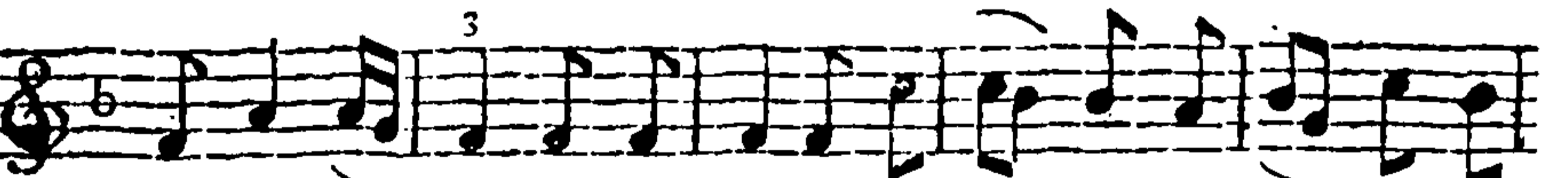
Phillis, my fair-est, how can you de-ny me! So constant a



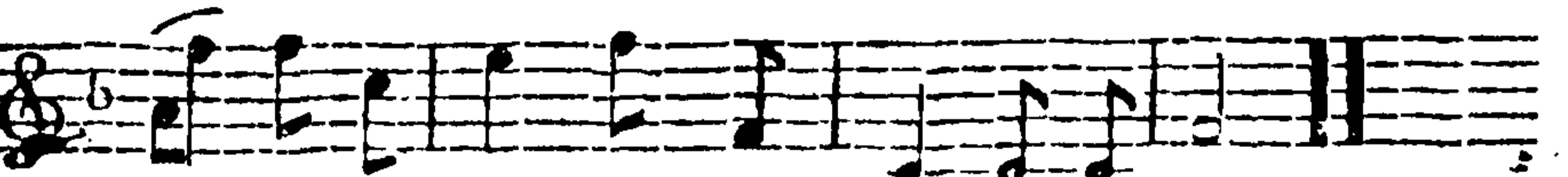
lo-ver sure ne-ver came nigh thee; Constant in love, e--ver



faithful in du-ty, Bewitch'd by thy charms, and en-slav'd by thy



beauty. Nay such is thy power, I vow and de-clare, That I'm



rais'd up to heav'n, or plung'd down to ac--spair.

CATCH. A 3. Voc.

Phil. Hayes, B. M.

Larghetto.



Un-bend thy working mind, a-while and play, Hard i-ron



e-ver wear-ing will de-cay; Here's essence for thy hair, and



store of wine, Chaplets of ro-ses, and of lil—lies



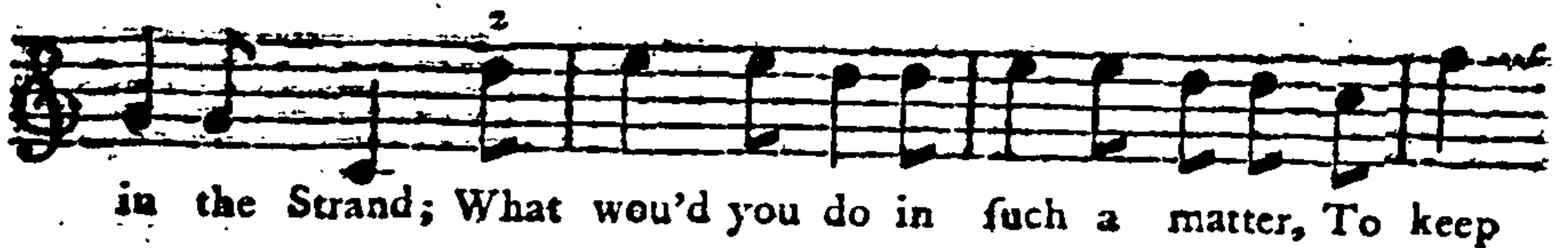
fair, Wait thee, and drooping hang their heads and pine, And



'till you come, in vain per-fume the air.

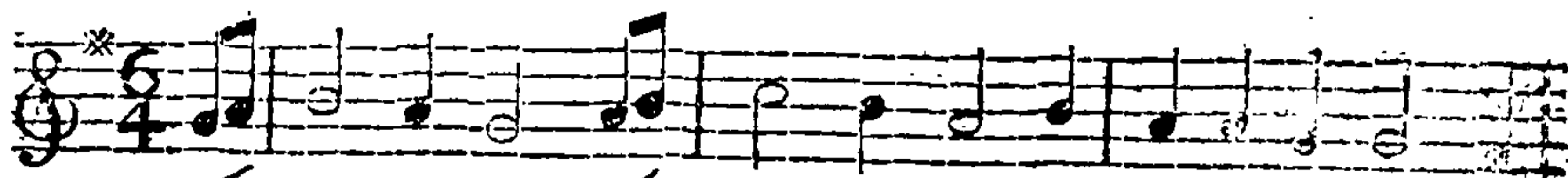
C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



C A T C H. A. A. Voc.

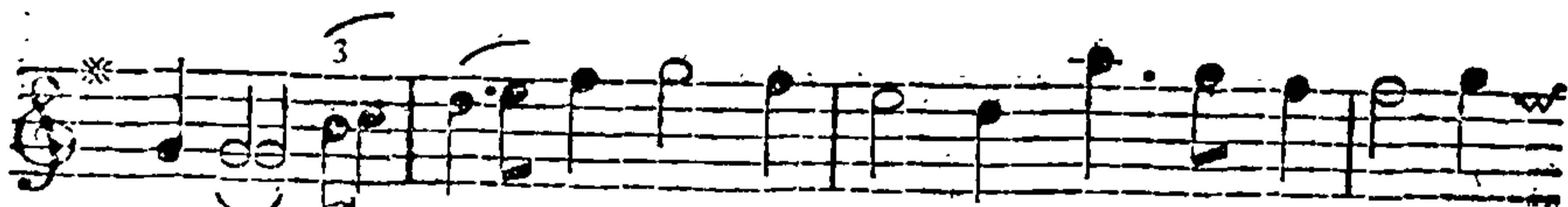
Mr. Brewer.



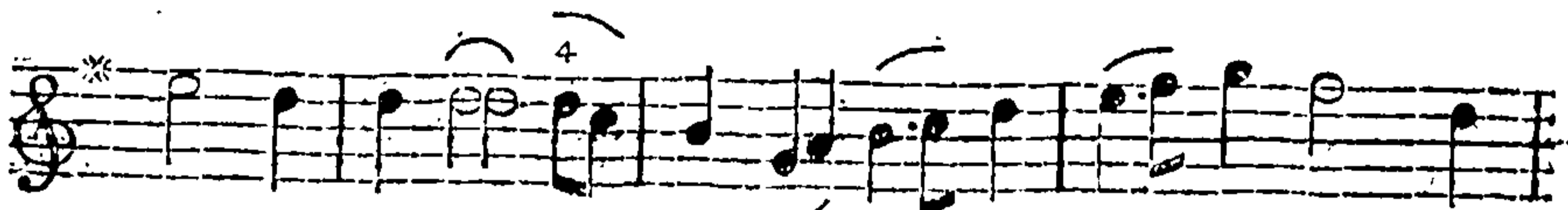
A fig for care, Why shou'd we spare, The pa-rish is bound to



find us; For thou and I, And all must die, And leave this world be-



hind us. The clerk shall sing, The bell shall ring, And the old, the



old wives wind us: Sir John shall lay Our bones in clay, Where

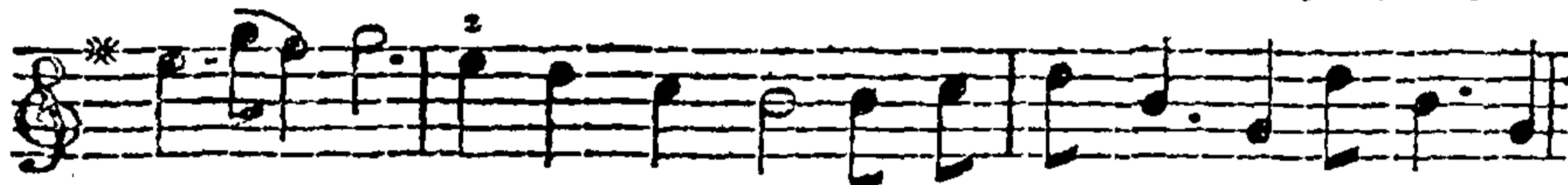


no bo-dy means to mind us.

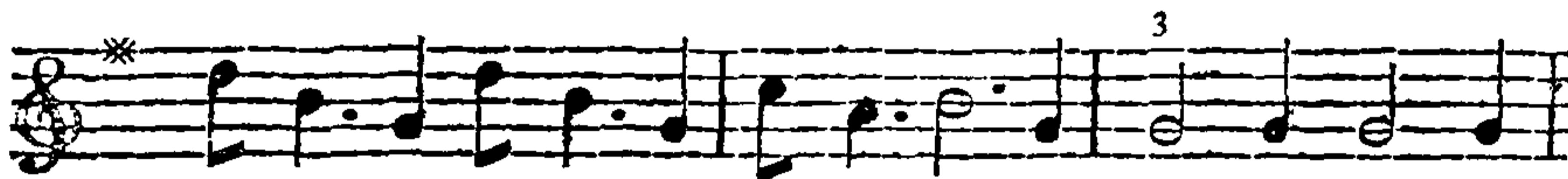
C A T C H. A. 3. Voc. Mr. Hilton.



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



to and fro; The bells shall ring, and the cuckow, the cuckow, the

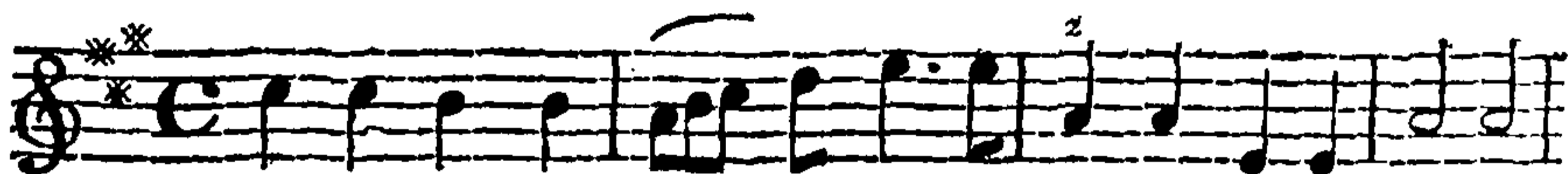


cuckow, the cuckow, the cuckow fing, The drums shall beat, the



fe shall play, And so we'll spend our time a-way.

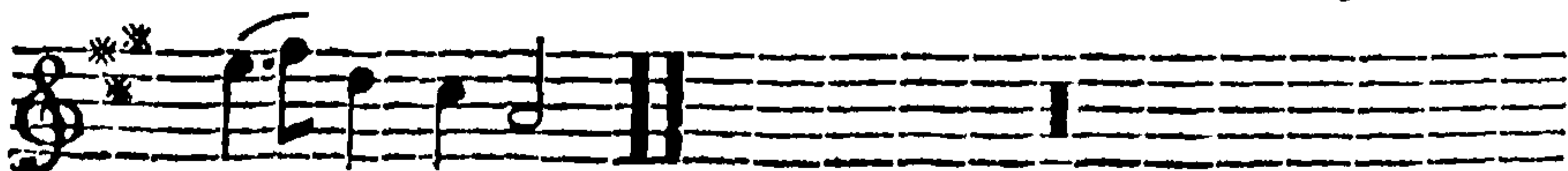
C A T C H. A. 4. Voc. Mr. Charles Burney.



Jack and Jill Went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa-ter;



Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came



tumbling af-ter.

C A T C H.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Brewer.



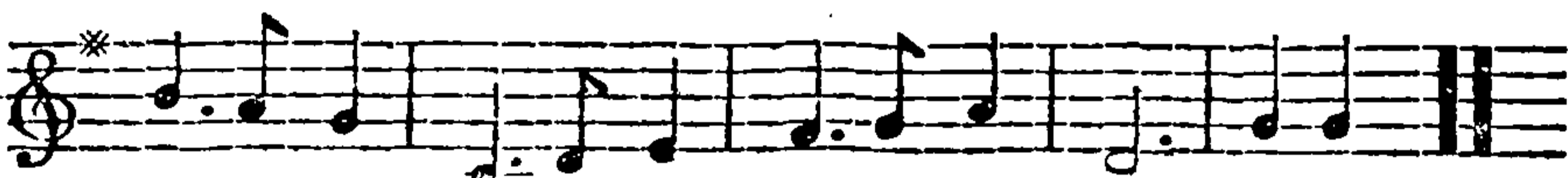
Why shou'd not we three be merry? Our ale is as brown as a



ber-ry; What then shou'd be the thing, Shou'd hin-der us to



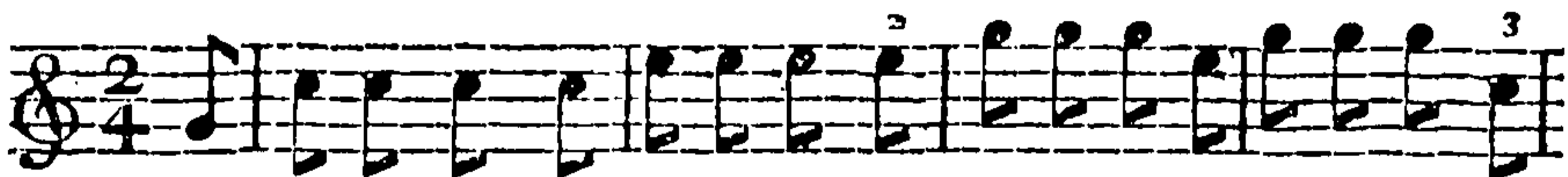
ing, hey down der-ry, down der-ry, hey down a down der-ry, hey



down a down, down a down, down a down, down der-ry.

E P I G R A M. A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.



John run so long, and run so fast, That he run out his all at last: He



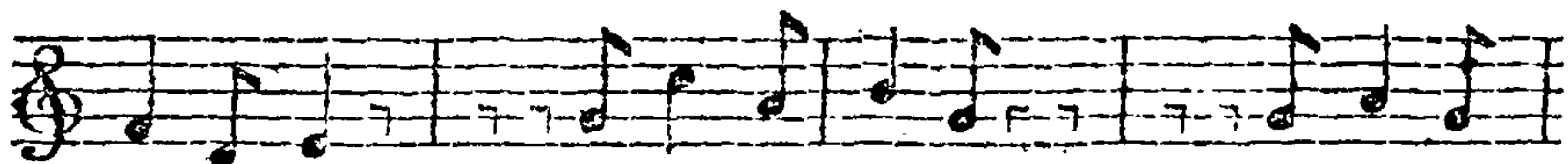
run in debt, and then, to pay, Took to his heels and run a-way.

CATCH. A. 3. Voc.

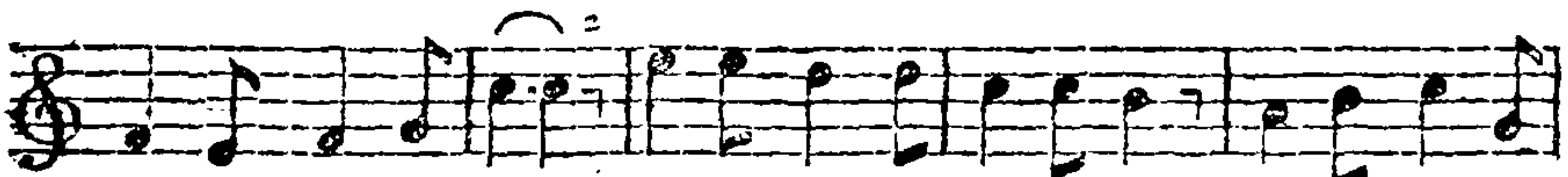
Dr. Hayes.



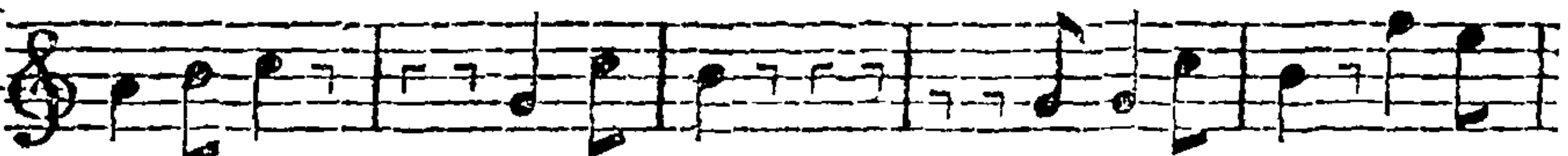
A—like in temper, and in life, A drunken, husband,



Scottish wife, A drunken husband, A drunken



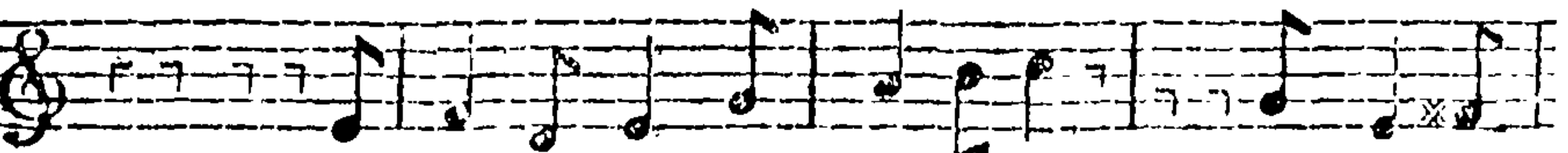
husband, Scot-tish wife; She a scold, a bul-ly he, She a scold, a



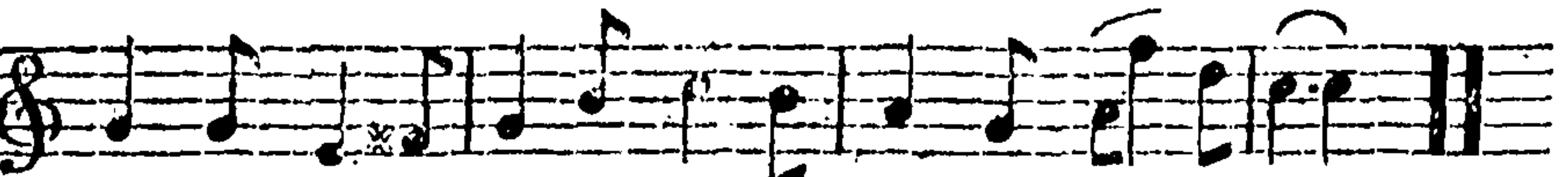
bul-ly he, She a scold, a bul-ly he, She a



scold, a bul-ly he. The duce is in't, they don't a-gree,

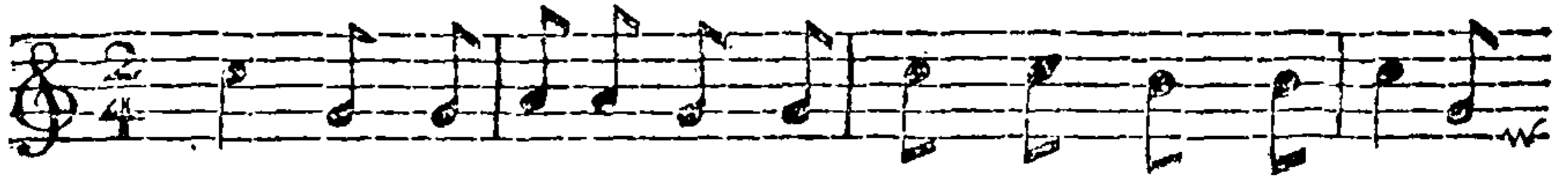


'The duce is in't, they dont a-gree, 'The duce is

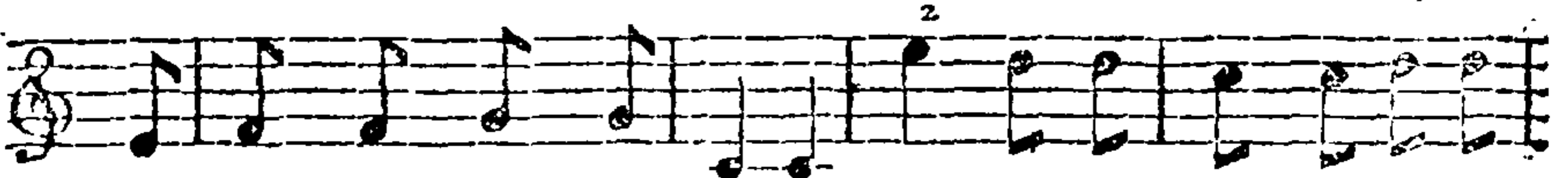


in't, they don't a-gree, The duce is in't, they don't a-gree.

CATCH. A. 3 Voc. Mr. Arnold.



Moll, Doll, the dai-ry maid, She made good cheefe and but-ter,



She made good cheefe and but-ter; She clapt her hands upon her



arfe, And call'd the hogs, And call'd the hogs to supper; She clapt her

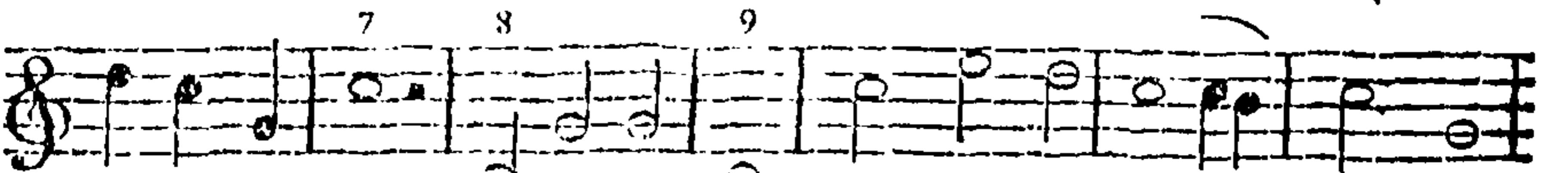


hands upon her arfe, And call'd the hogs, And call'd the hogs to supper.

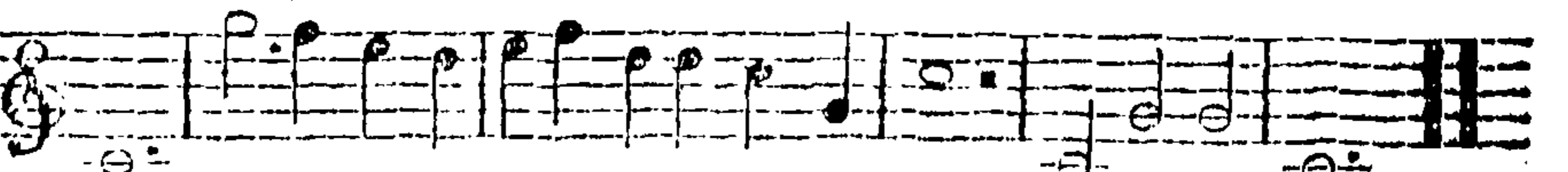
CANON. *Nine in One.*



Let's have a peal for John Cook's soul, For he was a ve-ry, ve-



ry ho-nest man, an honest man; Let's have a peal for John Cook's



soul, For he was a ve-ry, ve-ry ho-nest man, an honest man.

C A T C H.

C A N O N. *Three in One.*

Dr. Hayes.



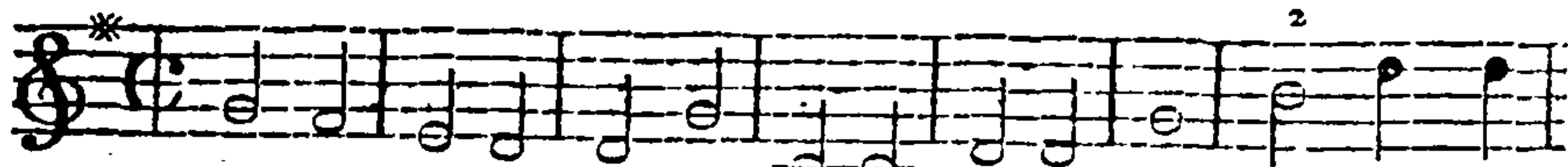
Tipple away, tipple a-way, This is my granum's wedding day,



fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

E P I T A P H. *A. 3. Voc.*

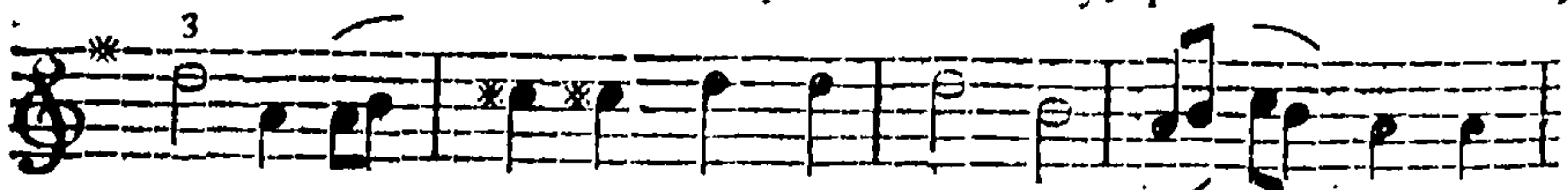
Mr. Arnold.



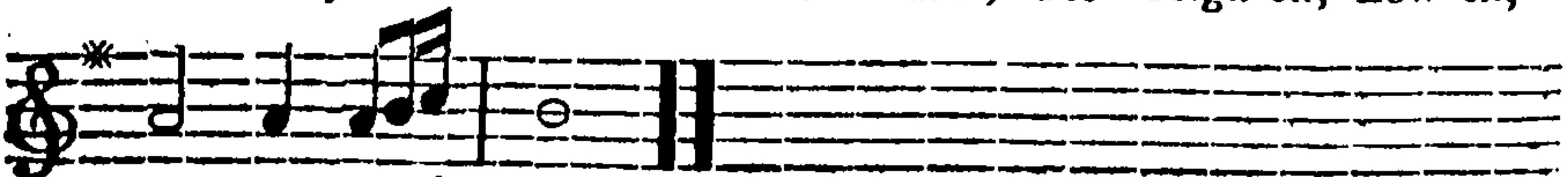
Here lies the bo-dy; the bo-dy of all fours, Who spent his



mo-ney, pawn'd his cloaths, spent his money, pawn'd his cloaths;



And if you want to know his name, 'Tis High-est, Low-est,



Jack, and the Game.

C A T C H.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Arnold.

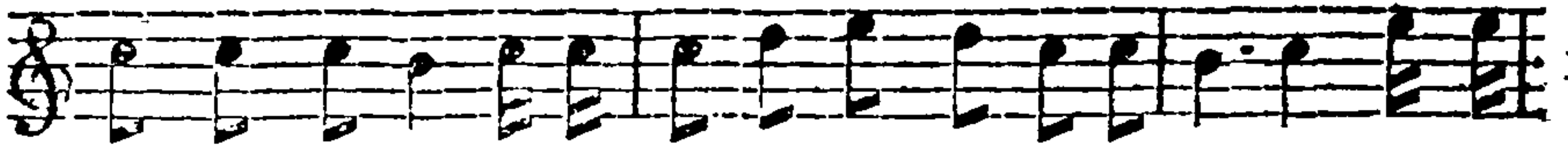
Brisk.



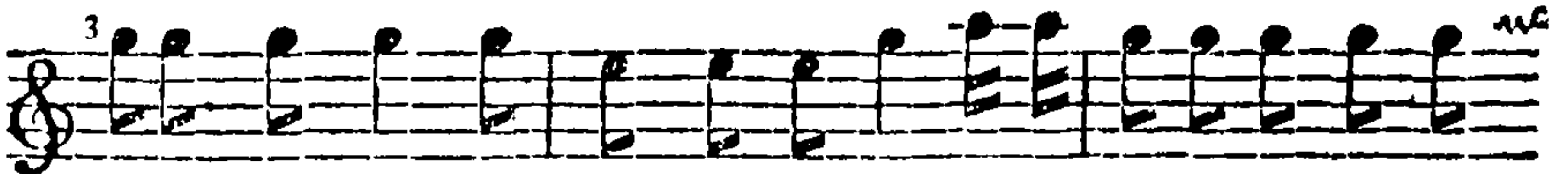
At the Cross Keys, You may have what you please, A pret-ty



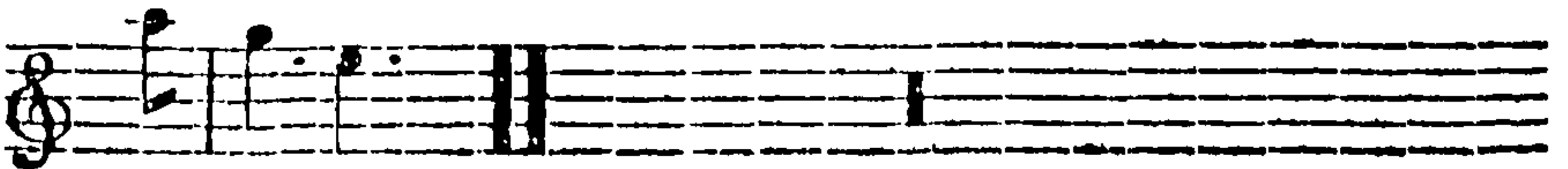
young girl If you're willing; With a li-ly white thigh, And



something just by, But I will not tell what for a shilling; With a



li-ly white thigh, And something just by, But I will not tell what for



a shilling.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Atterbury.

Moderato.



Joan said to John when he stopt her t'other day, Pray John let me



go, you know I cannot stay, Pray let me go, pray let me go,



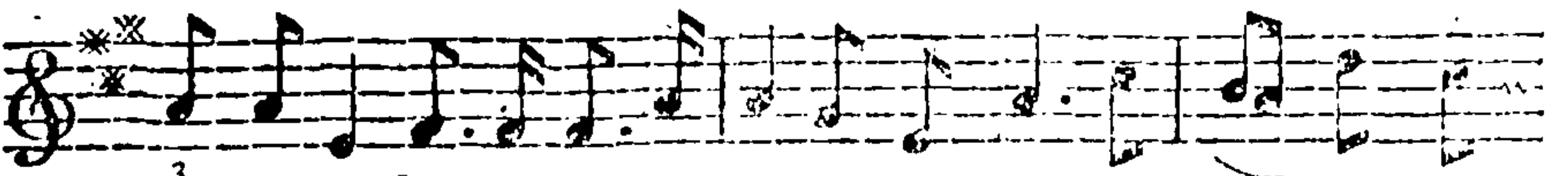
pray let me go, I cannot stay; You always so teize me, and want



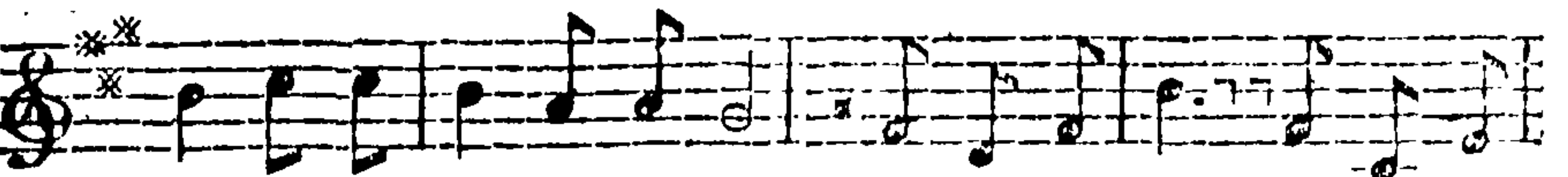
me to stay, But teize me no more, for now I must away, teize me



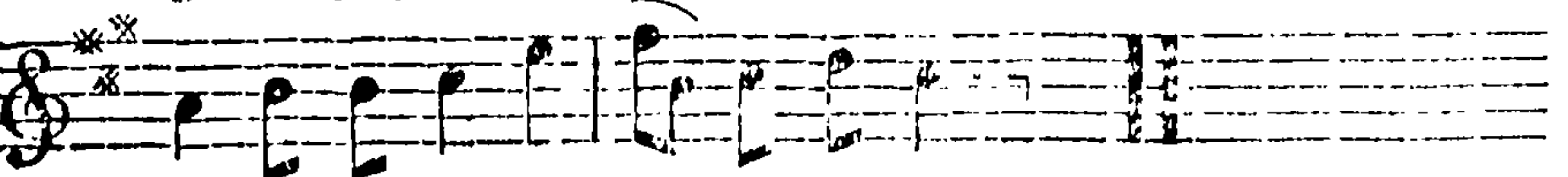
no more, teize me no more, teize me no more, I must away; So she



left him in spite of all, of all he could say; Who then could say



nought but pray Joan, prithee stay, nay, pri-thee stay; nay, pri-thee



stay, prithee stay, nay, Joan, prithee stay.

C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Webbe.



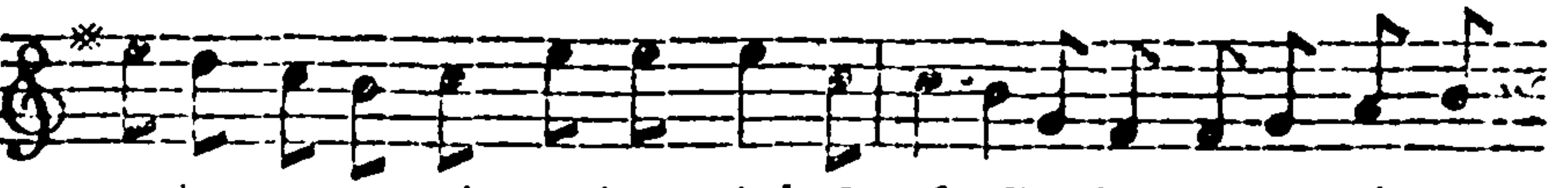
I love to be merry and wise, To drink and cajole with a friend;



I love to assist in a song, And mirth with my troubles to



blend: To sing with the merry, to grieve with the sad, To tofs off



a bumper to make my heart glad, To tofs off a bumper to make my



heart glad. Mirth with my troubles to blend, I love to assist in a

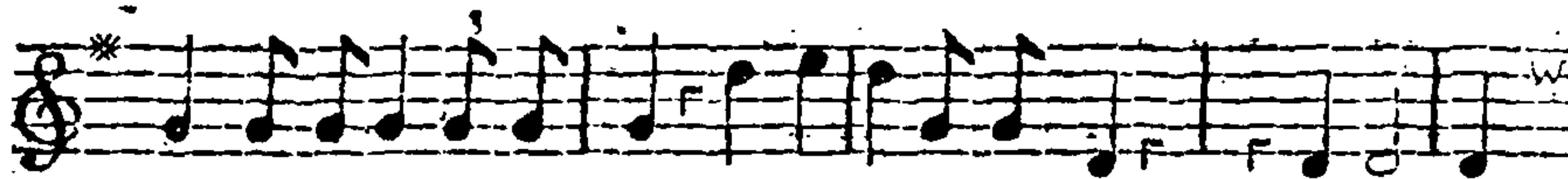


song, And mirth with my troubles to blend, And mirth with my



troubles to blend, I love to as-sist in a song, I love to assist in a

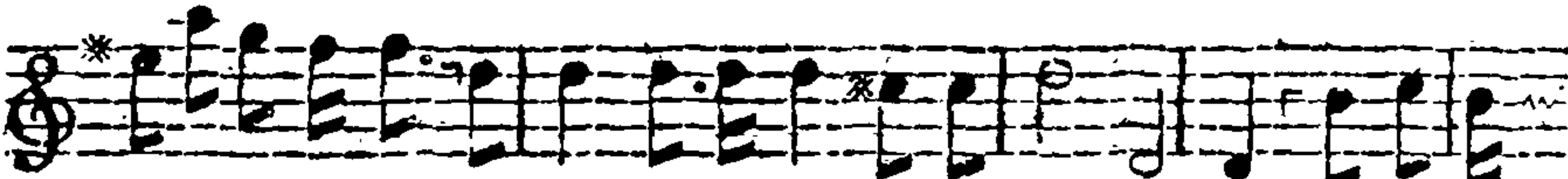
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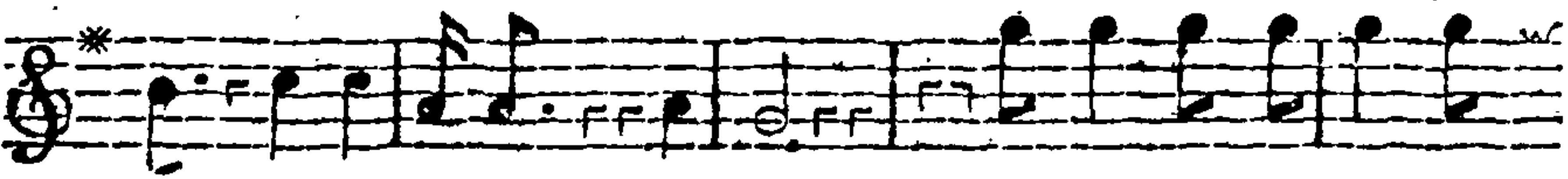
song, to as-sist in a song, to as-sist in a song, I love



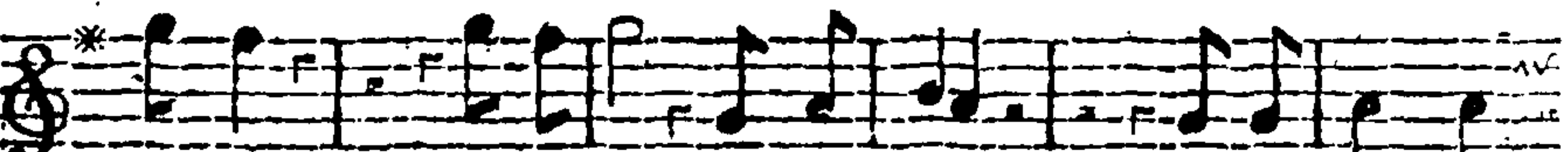
to be merry, to be merry and wise, I love to be mer-



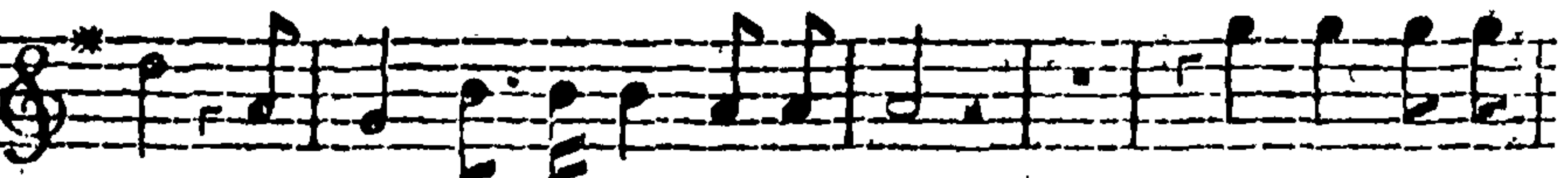
ry, to be merry, To drink and cajole with a friend; I love to be mer-



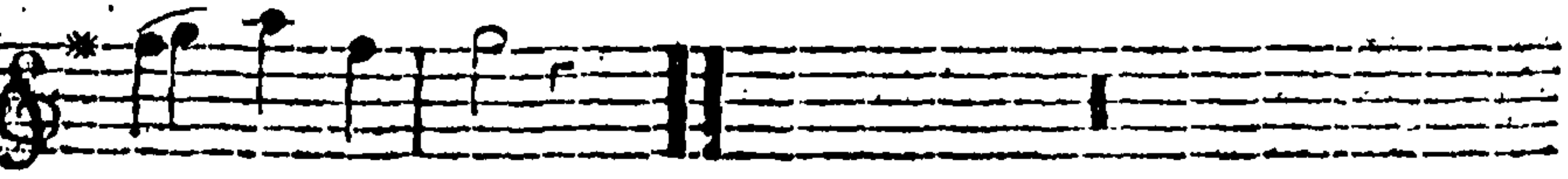
ry, to be merry and wise, To drink and ca-ajole with



a friend, and ca-jole with a friend, with a friend, To



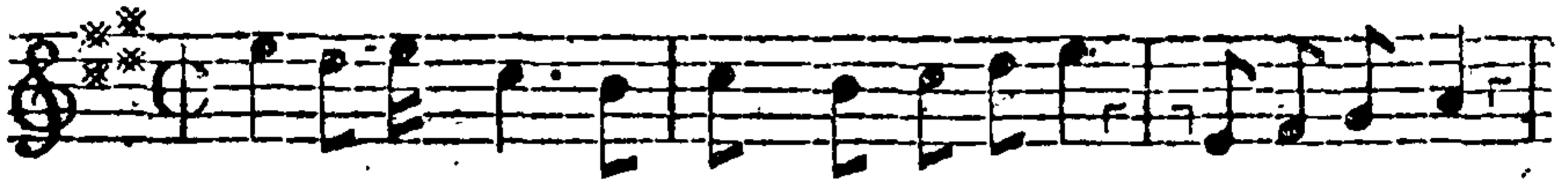
drink, To drink and ca-jole with a friend, To drink and-ca-



jole with a friend.

C A T C H. A 3. Voc.

Mr. Webbe.



Tell me ye pow'rs, ye pow'rs, what can surpass, An honest friend;



a chearful glafs, what can surpass, An honest friend, a chearful



glafs, what can sur-pafs, An ho-nest friend, a chearful glafs;



Tell me ye pow'rs, ye pow'rs, what can sur-pafs; Tell me, tell



me ye pow'rs, what can surpass, An honest friend, a chearful

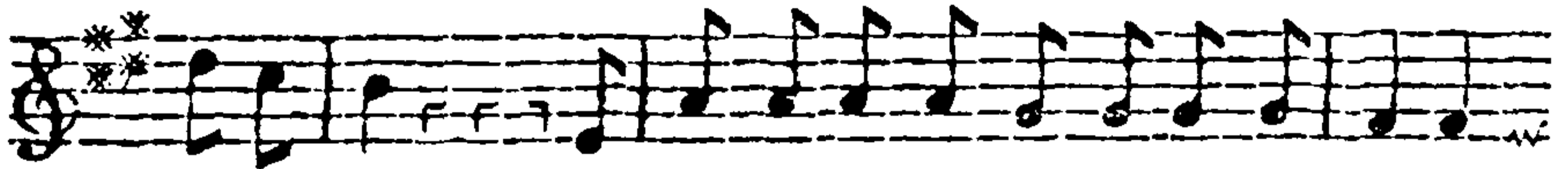


glafs, what can sur-pafs, An honest friend, a chearful, chearful

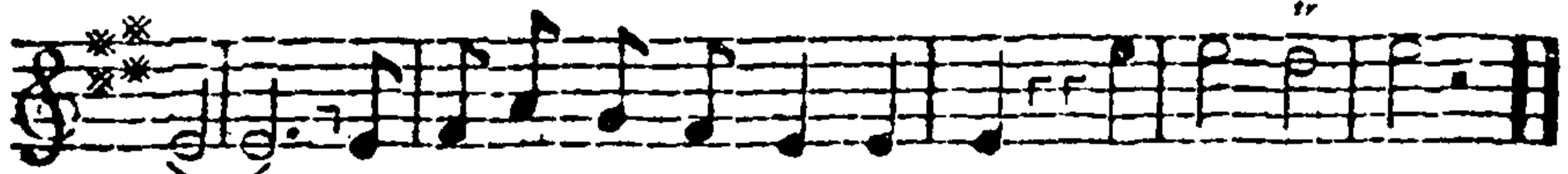


glafs, a chearful glafs; Tell me ye pow'rs, what can sur-pafs, Tell

Continued.



me ye pow'rs, what can surpass, what can surpass, An honest



friend, An honest friend, a chearful glass, a chearful glass.

C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.

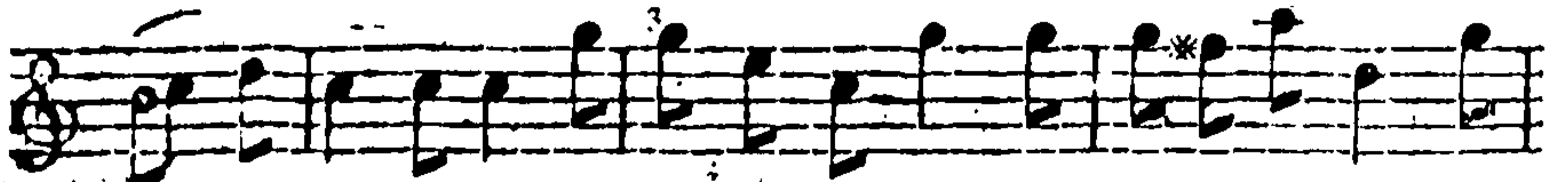
Mr. Charles Burney.



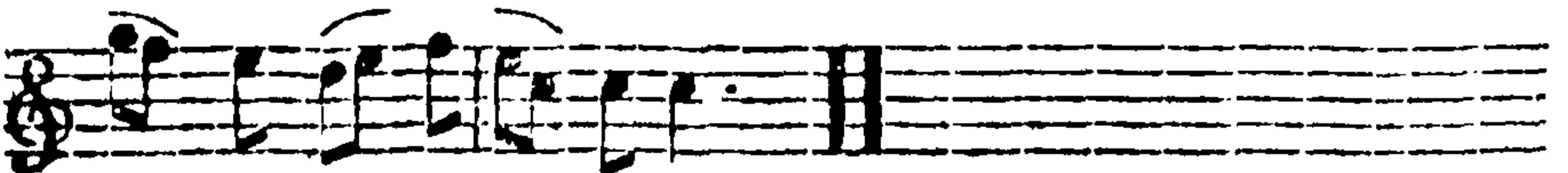
Pe-er White, who ne-ver goes right, Wou'd you know the reason



why; He follows his nose, Where-ever he goes, And that stands



all a-wry, awry; He follows his nose, where-e-ver he goes, And

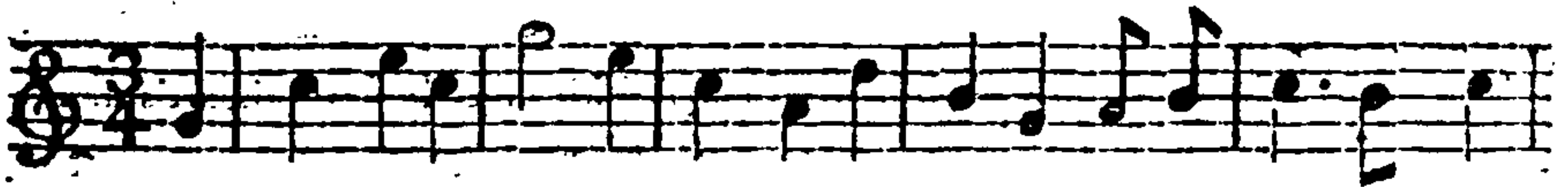


that stands all a--wry, :-wry.

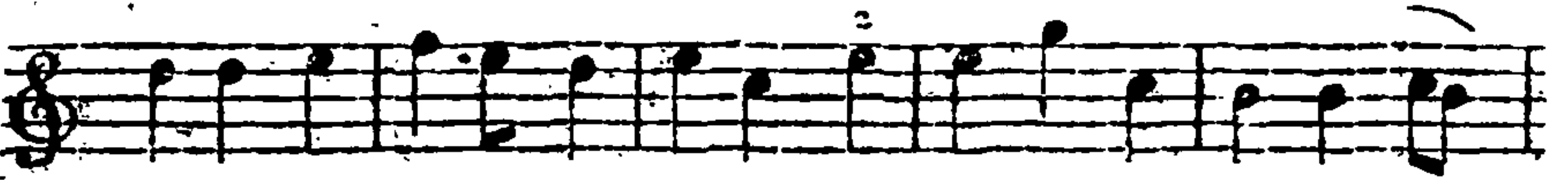
C A T C H.

C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Morgan.



Quoth Jack on a time to Tom, I'll declare it, I've a mind we shou'd



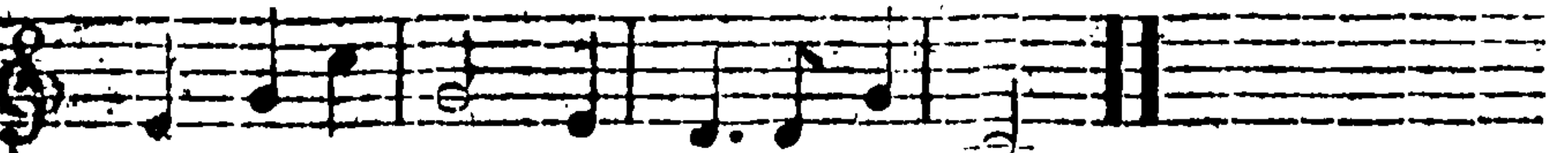
fuddle our no-ses with clā-ret: Says Tom, it will do you more



harm than you think; Fie on you, says Jack, who can live without



drink? I'll ne'er baulk my wine, here's to thy dis-posal: Tom pre-

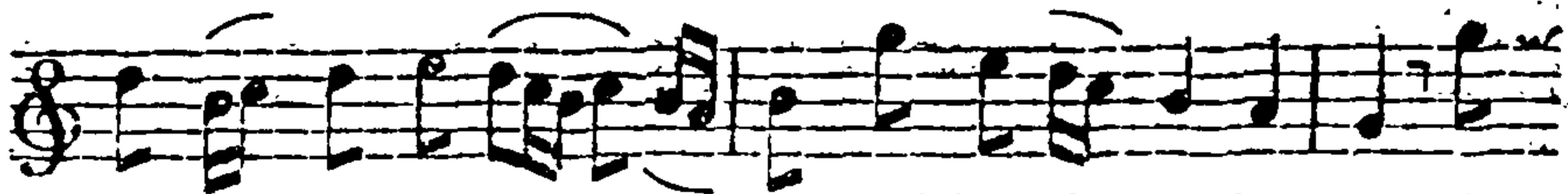


tends not to drink, pray look at his nose.

C A T C H. A. 4. Voc.



Fye! what mean you drunken, you drunken elves, To quarrel thus a-



mong yourselves, To quarrel thus, and beat the candles out; I



prithee then be still, I prithee then be still, Let each man take his



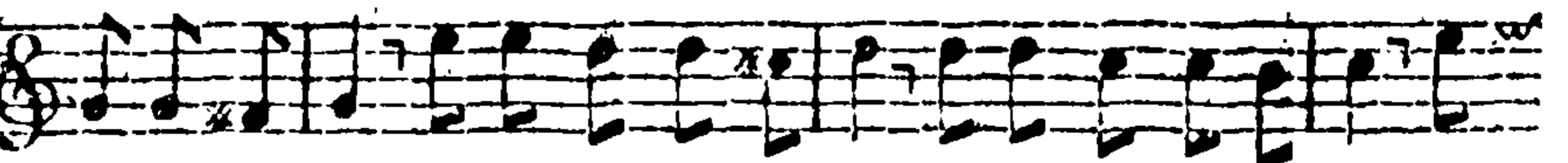
fill, And put the glafs about, And put the glafs about, And put the



glafs, And put the glafs about. Fye! what mean you drunken



elves, To quarrel thus among yourselves, To quarrel thus, And beat



the candles out; I prithee then be still, I prithee then be still, Let



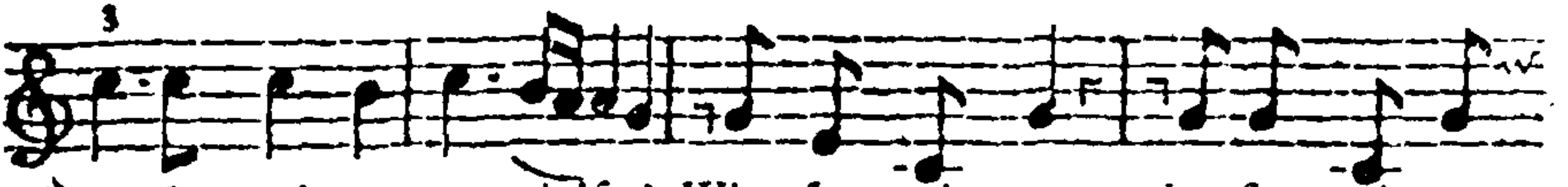
each man take his fill, And put the glafs, and put the glafs, and put

Continued

Continued.



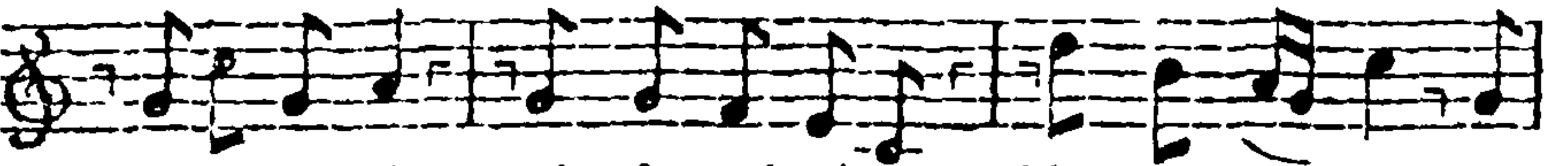
the glafs about, And put the glafs about, And put the glais about.



Who, fir, made you our adviser? Who, fir, made you, who, fir, made you,



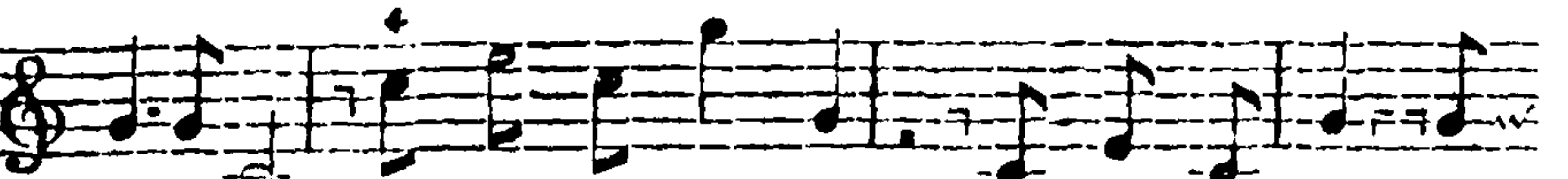
who, fir, made you, who, fir, made you our ad-viser, our ad-vi-ser?



Is it because you're so much wi-ter, That thus, that thus, that



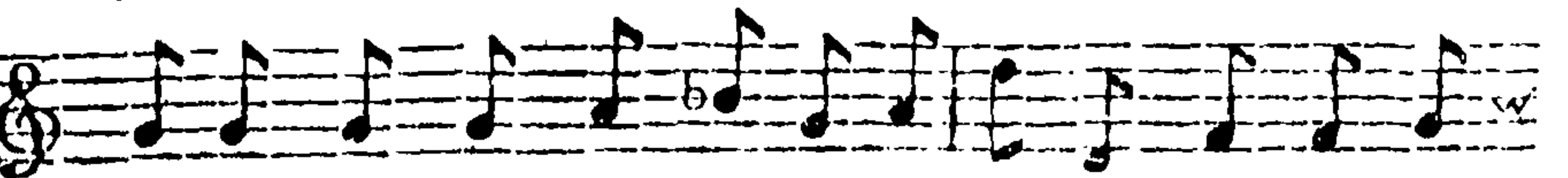
thus you in-terfere, that thus you in-terfere, that thus you



in-tertere? We've just got drunk, fir, we've just got drunk, we've



just got drunk, we've just got drunk, and that, and that's the



rea-son; Wine and blows are sure no rea-son, Wine and blows

Continued.

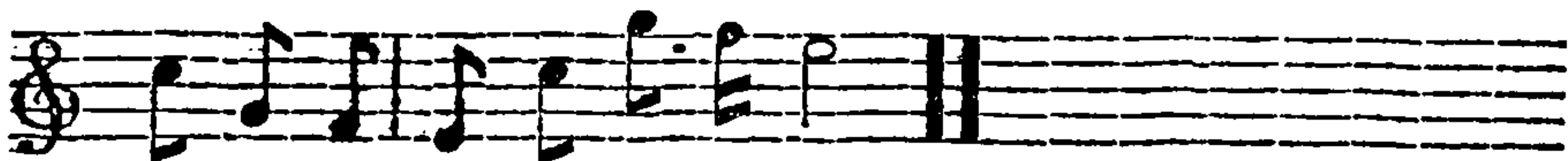
Continued.



are sure no treason, Wine and blows are sure no trea-son, are



sure no treason; We fight be-cause we dare, We fight, we fight



because we dare, because we dare.

CATCH. A. 3. Voc. Mr. Baildon.

Moderato.



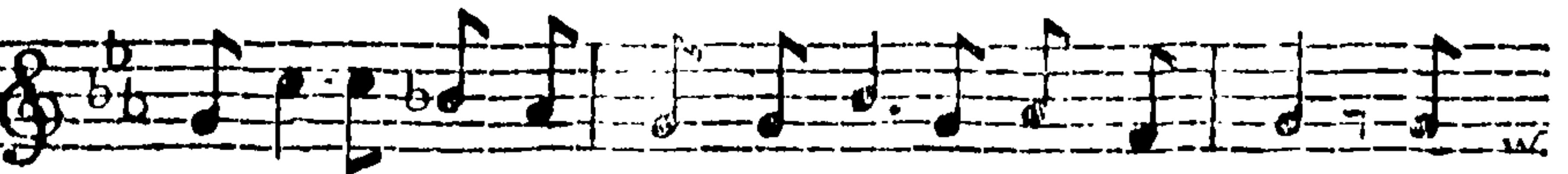
Cry'd Strephon, panting in dear Cloe's arms, I die, bright



nymph, I die amidst your charms, I die amidst your charms,



I die, I die a-midst your charms, I die, bright nymph,



I die a-midst your charms, I die a-midst your charms, bright

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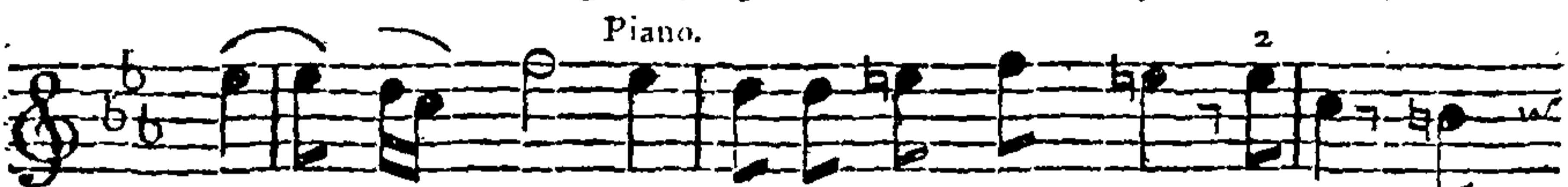
Continued.



nymph, I die, I die a-midst your charms, I die a-midst your



charms, I die, bright nymph, I die a-midst your charms, I



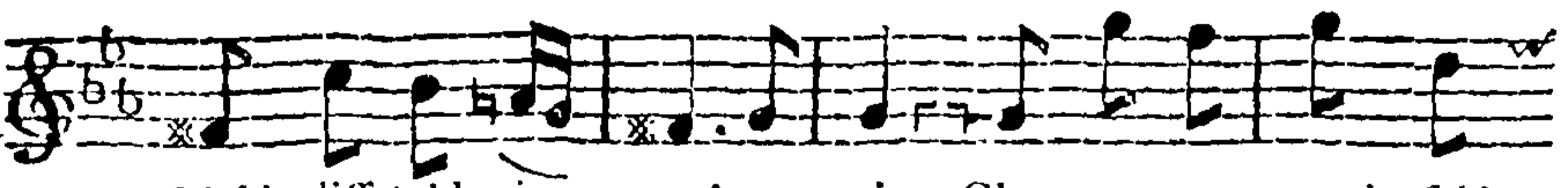
die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms. A-las! a-



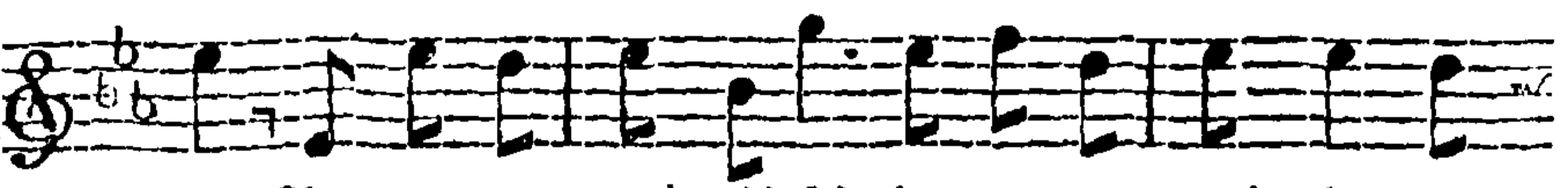
las! chear up poor youth, said she, chear up poor youth, said



she, Dissolv'd in am'rous pain, Chear up poor youth, said she, Dis-



solv'd, dissolv'd in am'rous pain; Chear up poor youth, said



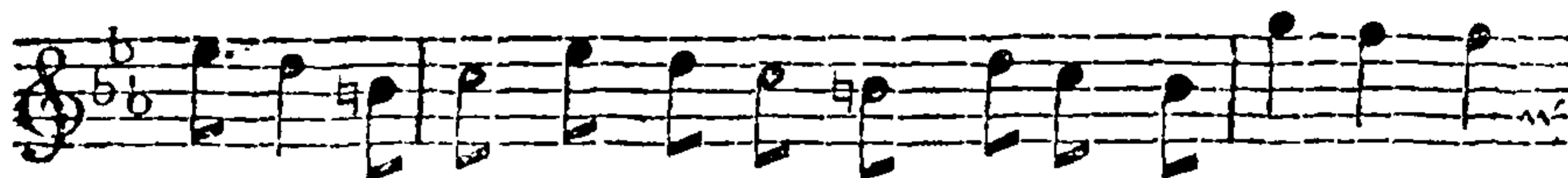
she, Chear up poor youth, Alas! chear up poor youth, chear up



poor youth, said she, In am'rous pain, A-las! chear up poor youth,

Continued.

Continued.



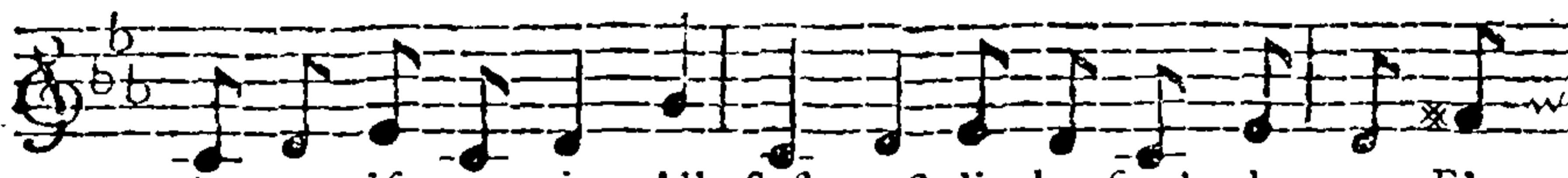
said she, A-las! chear up poor youth, Alas! chear up poor youth,



Dis-solv'd in am'rous pain, Dissolv'd in am'rous pain.



All flesh must die by fate's de-cree, E'er it can rise a--gain, E'er



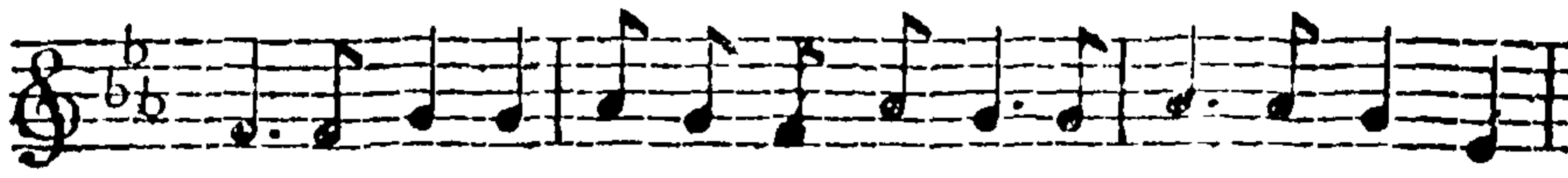
it can rise a--gain; All flesh must die by fate's de--cree, E'er



it can rise a--gain; All flesh must die, all flesh must die, all



flesh must die, all flesh must die, must die, E'er it can rise, can



rise a-gain; All flesh, all flesh must die by fate's de-cree, E'er



it can rise, can rise a--gain.

C A N O N. *Three in One.*

Dr. Hayes.

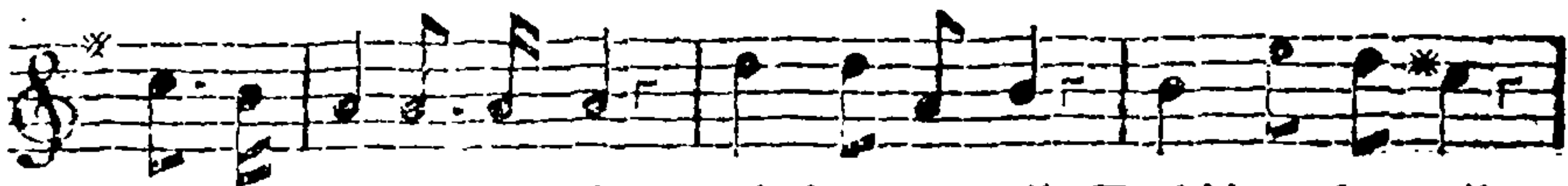
Come fol-low me To the greenwood tree, Where the well-ton'd horn
 Sounds sweet in the morn, While the stag is in view, And the hunters pur-
 sue With a tal--lihoo, And our horses dart fire from their eyes; O'er
 hills and o'er dales, Their ardour, their ardour pre--vails; What
 concert can vie With the hounds in full cry, Whilst we hollow And fol-
 low The game 'till it pants, 'till it dies, 'till it pants, pants, 'till
 it pants, 'till it dies, 'till it dies.

The WEEDERS. CATCH. A. 4. Voc.

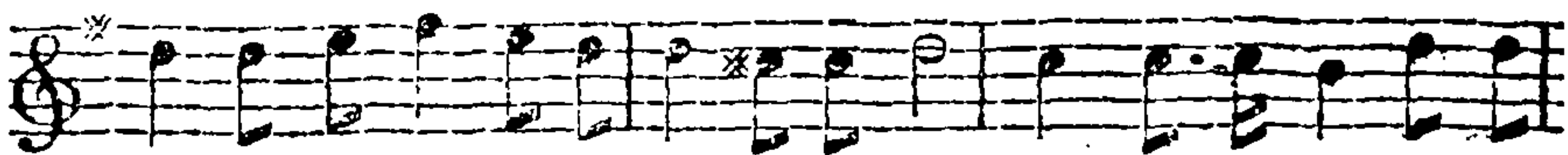
Dr. Arne.



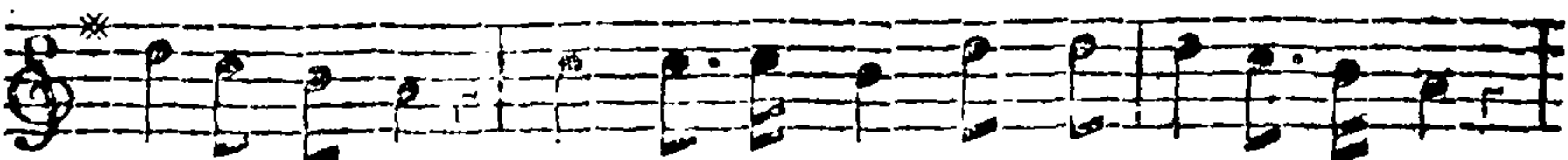
Joan marching forth, Joan marching forth, Joan marching forth



with an old rus-ty knife, Tuck'd up her tail, Tuck'd up her tail,



Tuck'd up her tail in the garden to weed; Ralph who an hour had been



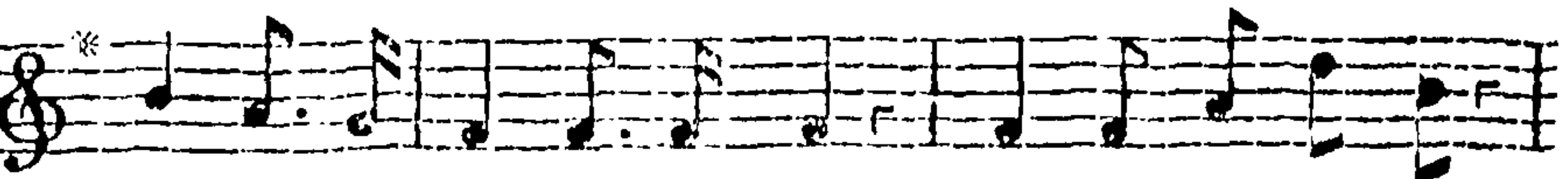
toiling for life, Ralph who an hour had been toiling for life,



Call'd on the de-vil, Call'd on the de-vil, Call'd on the de-vil to



quicken her speed: Rot you, said he, rot you, said he, where the



duce, where the duce have you been? Plague on your conscience,

Continued.

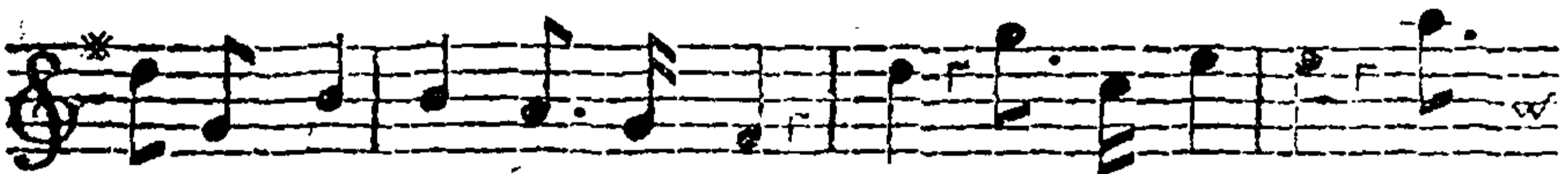
Continued.



plague on your conscience, plague on your conscience, must I work alone;



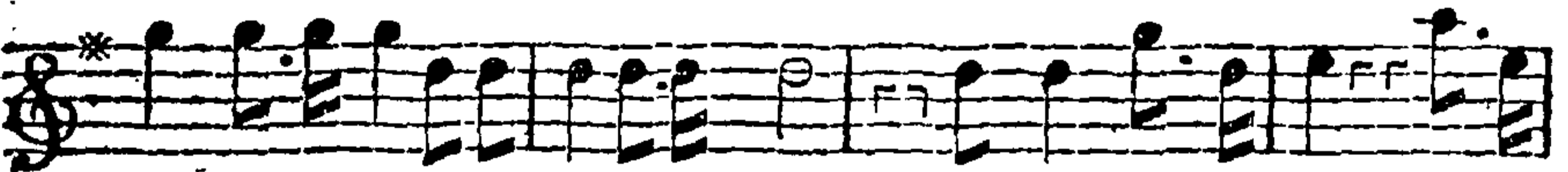
Down with that thistle, those coleworts between, Down, down with that



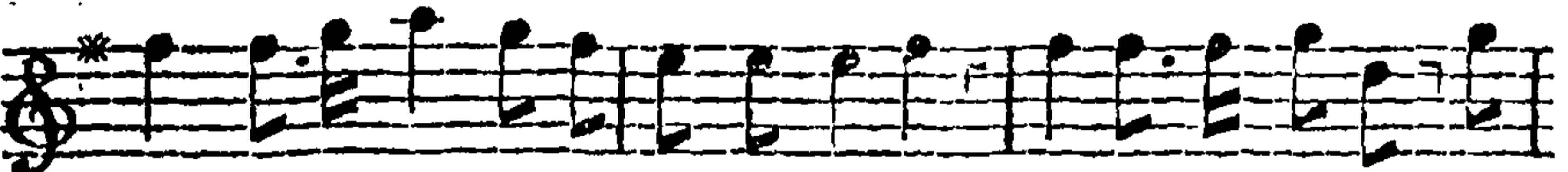
thistle, those coleworts between: Mind, mind you old whore, mind



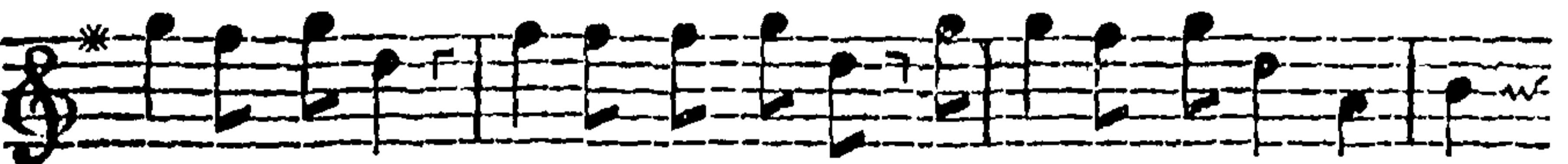
you old whore, or I'll tip you, I'll tip you a stone, Oh! she cry'd



out with a terrible, terrible squall, I've had such a prick, such a



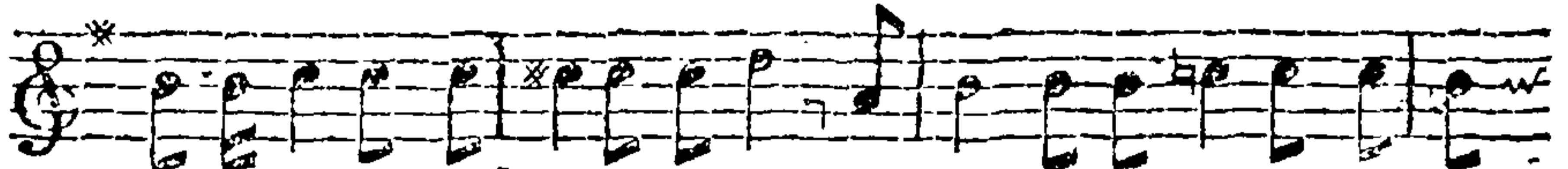
prick, such a prick as will make me run mad: Pox on this thistle, the




garden and all, Pox on this thistle, the garden and all, No sting

Continued.

Continued.



of a hornet was e-ver so bad, No sting of a hornet was e-



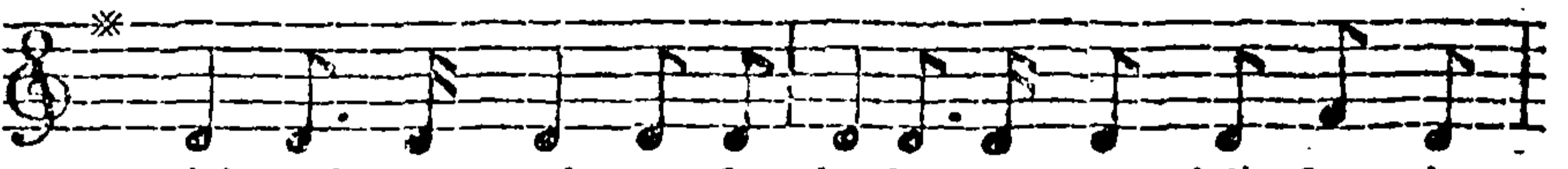
ver so bad. Plague on your bawling, plague on your bawling, what



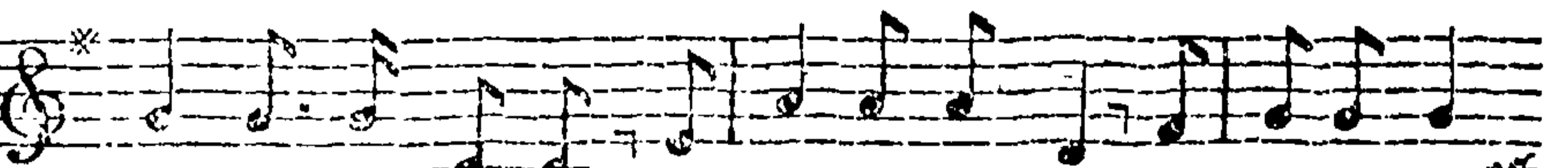
ails you, what ails you, come here, come here, come, No prick, no



prick cou'd have made you so loudly to ro—ar, No prick, no



prick cou'd have made you so loudly to roar; 'Tis shamming,



shamming the cripple, for hark in your ear, You ne-ver yet



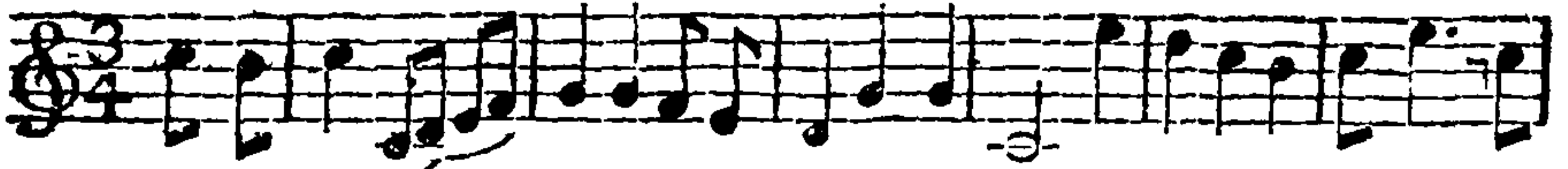
squak'd at a hundred or more.

C A T C H.

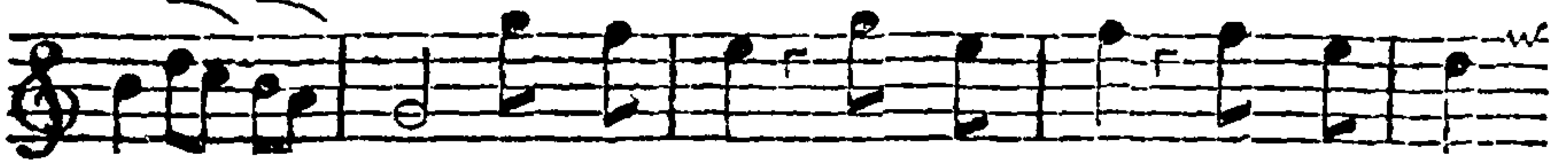
C A T C H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Jof. Baildon.

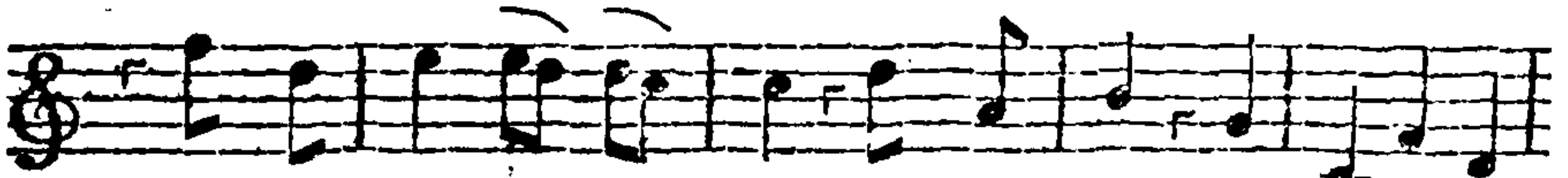
Andante.



Says my lord to his la-dy as to—gether they sat, Shall we go to sup-per, or



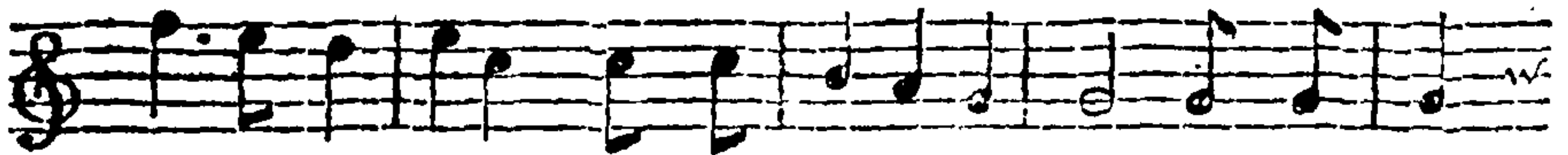
do you know what, you know what, you know what, you know what,



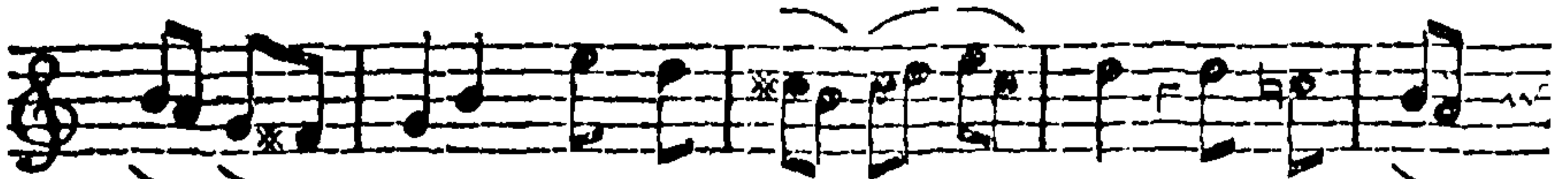
you know what, you know what, you know what, Shall we go to



supper, or do you know what; With an in—nocent smile, then re-



ply'd the good la-dy, With an in—nocent smile, then re—ply'd



the good la-dy, With an in—no—cent smile, then re—ply'd



the good la-dy, re—ply'd the good la-dy, With an in—nocent

Continued.

E P I T A P H. A. 3. Voc.

Mr. Brewer.



Wind gentle e-ver-greens to form a shade, A-round the



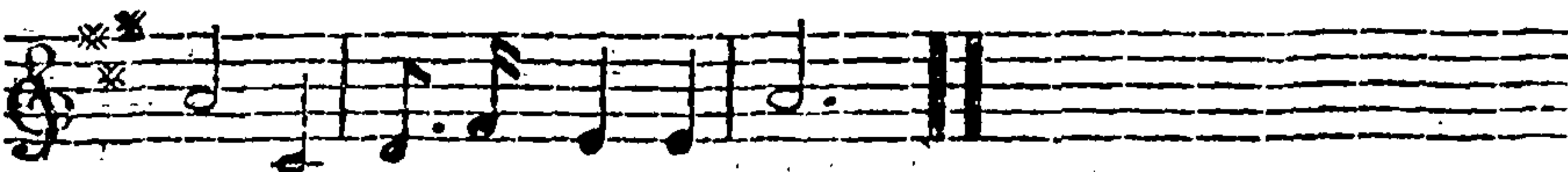
tomb where Sopho-cles is laid; Sweet i - vy lend thine aid,



and inter - twine, With blushing ro-ses and the clust'ring vine:



So shall thy lasting leaves with beauty hung, Prove grateful



emblems of the lays he sung.

F I N I S.

*Just published, Price Five Shillings.***CATCH CLUB HARMONY:**Being an entire new Set of near One Hundred Catches, Songs and Glees,
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