

Fie, nay, prithee John

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



Fie, nay, prith- ee, John, Do not quar- rel, man! Let's be mer- ry and drink a- bout;



You're a rogue, you cheat- ed me! I'll prove be- fore this com- pa- ny, I caren't a farth- ing, sir, for all you are so stout!



Sir, you lie! I scorn your word or an- y man that wears a sword! For all your huff who cares a damn, and who cares for you?

Banbury Ale

Published by Thomas Ravenscroft in Pammelia (1609)



Ban- bu- ry ale, Where, where, where? At the black- smith's house, I would I were there!

The glass was just timed

Henry Purcell, 1659 – 1695



The glass was just tim'd to the cri- ti- cal hour When we heard the re- port of the guns of the



Tower; Thanks to kind heav'n who the bless- ing con- triv'd, No soon- er we drank it, but our Mon- arch ar-



riv'd. The theme lets con- tin- ue and our bum- pers ad- vance: Suc- cess to old Eng- land, con- fu- sion to France!