

No. 93

A 3 Voices by Mr I Hilton

Come fol-low fol-low fol-low fol-low fol-low me.

whi-ther-hall I fol-low fol-low whi-ther-hall I fol-low fol-low thee,

To the gal-low gal-low gal-low to the gal-low gal-low Tree.

bass
shawm
No 95

A 3 Voices by Mr J. Hilton

Down in a Dungeon deep, I heard a fear - - full fear - - full noise, the

Pa- - fo- - ners could not sleep where were such roar - - ing Boys they cry'd a - -

loud fone To - ba - - co, and facko facko. quickly quickly quickly quickly quickly boys.

(noise)
sleep
noise
sacks

No. 124

A 3 Voice An old Epitaph by Mr Henr. Purcell.

Under this stone lies Gabriel John, in the year of our Lord, one thousand and one.

Cover his head with turf or stone, tis all one, tis all one, with turf or stone, tis all one.

Pray for the Soul of gen-de John, if you please you may or let - it a - lone, tis all one.

Sings
Hinn?

No. 157

A 3 Voice

By Mr H. Purcell

Tis too late for a Coach and too soon to real home, we have freedom to fagger when the town is our own,

Let's whipl it a way and whip Six-pences round, till the drawers are rounder'd and the Hoghead does founnd,

The Galls trays with you Tom fave your Tide pull a way, one min-ute of Midnight is worth a whole Day.