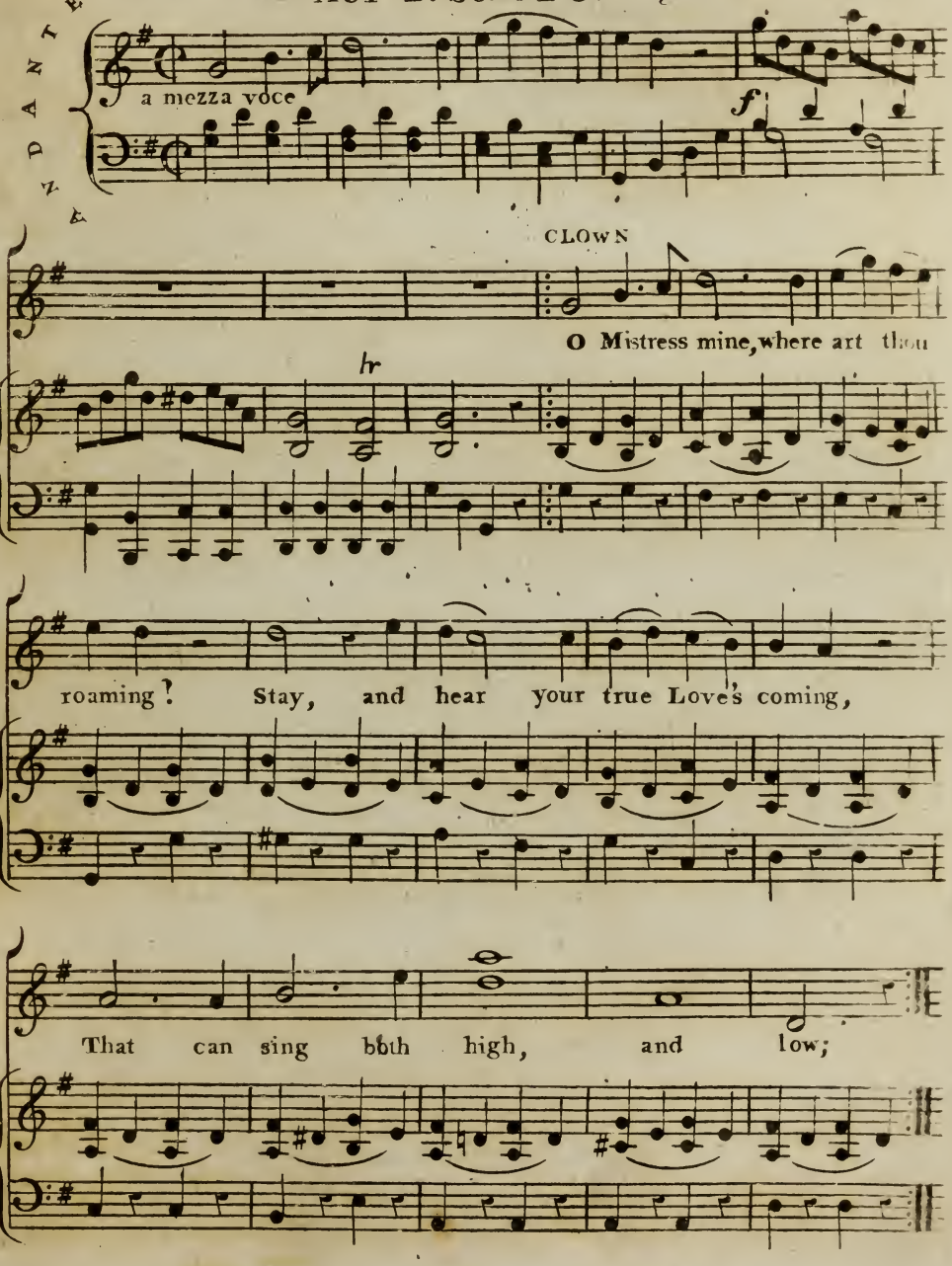
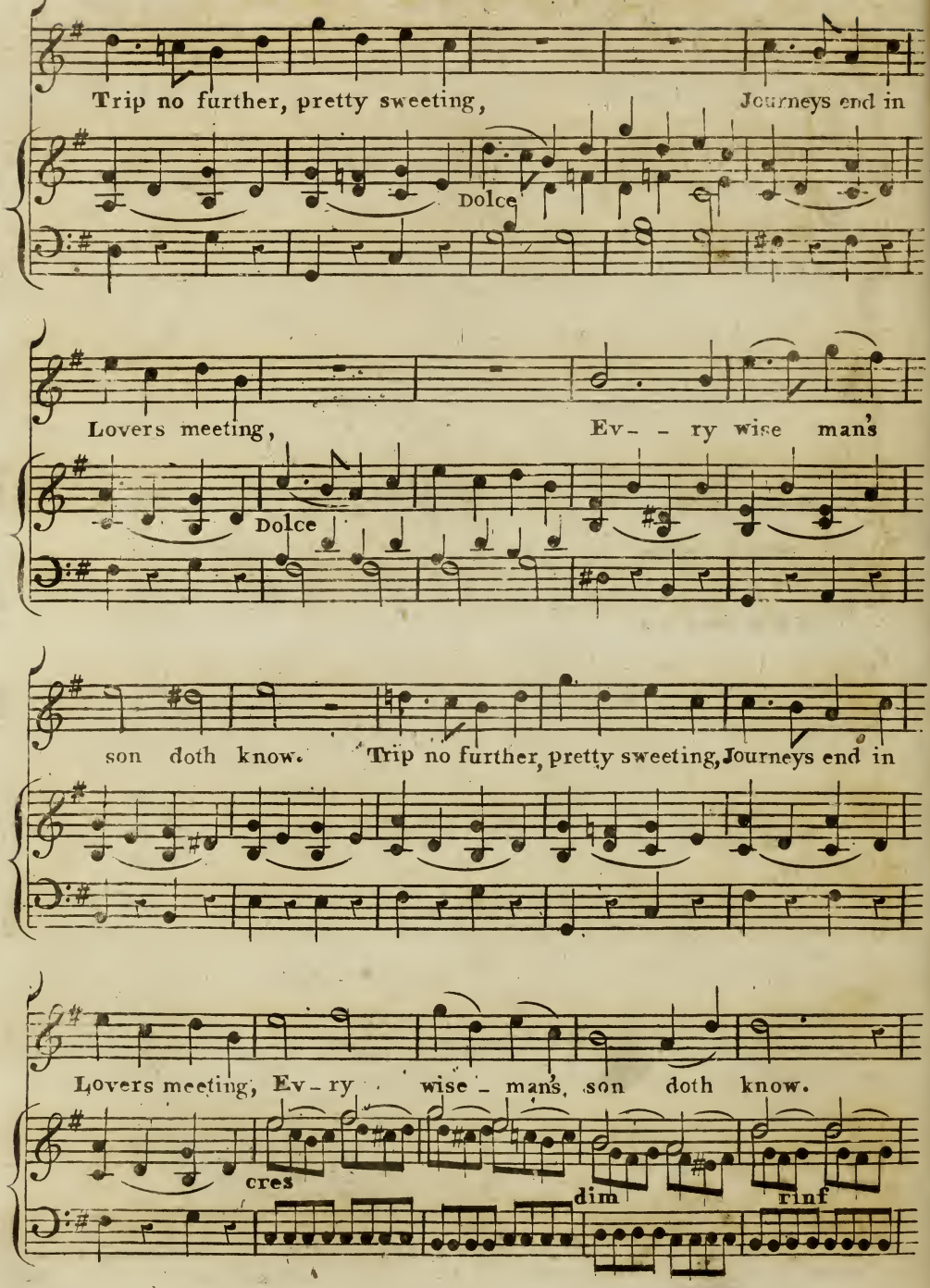
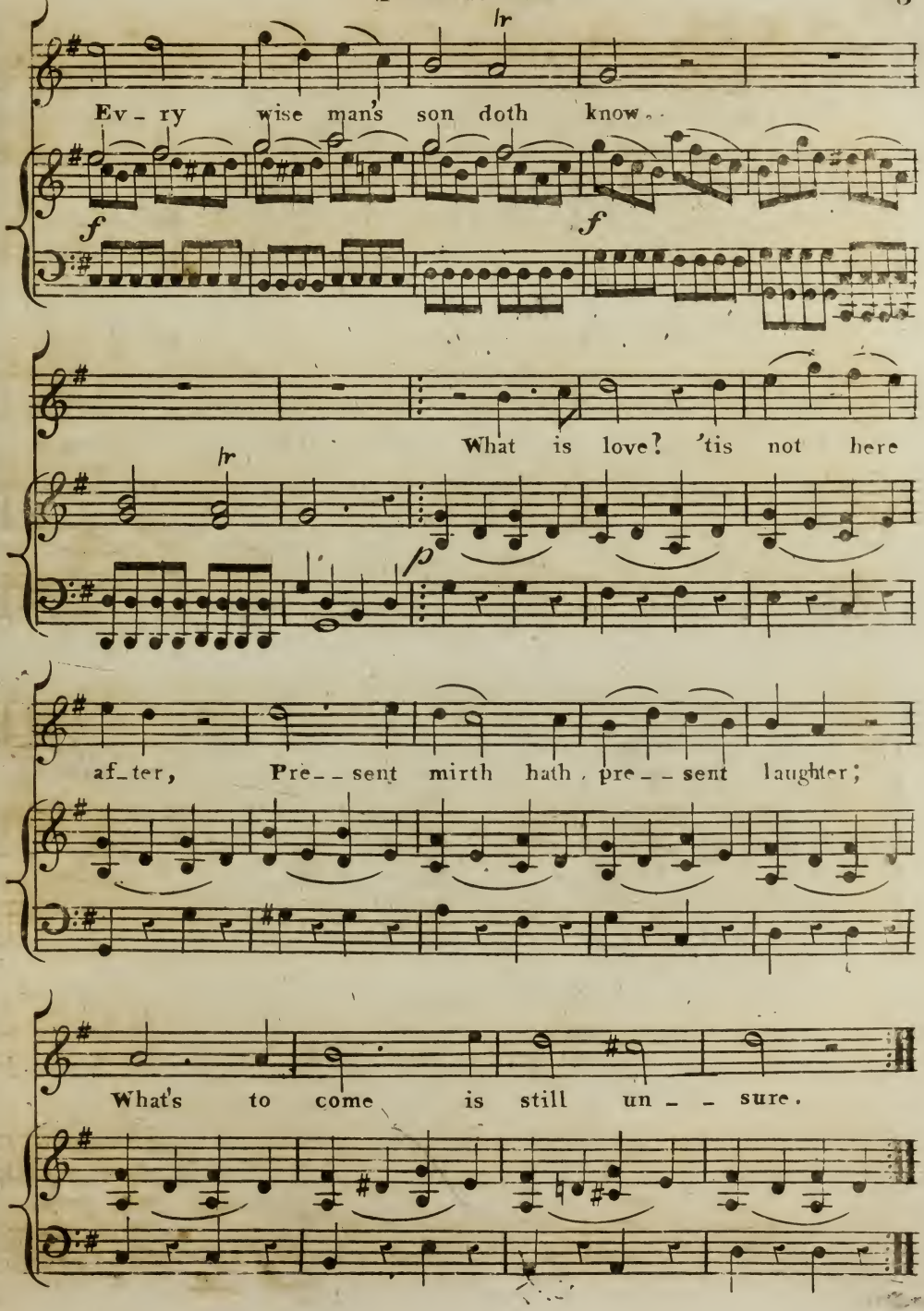
# O MISTRESS MINE.

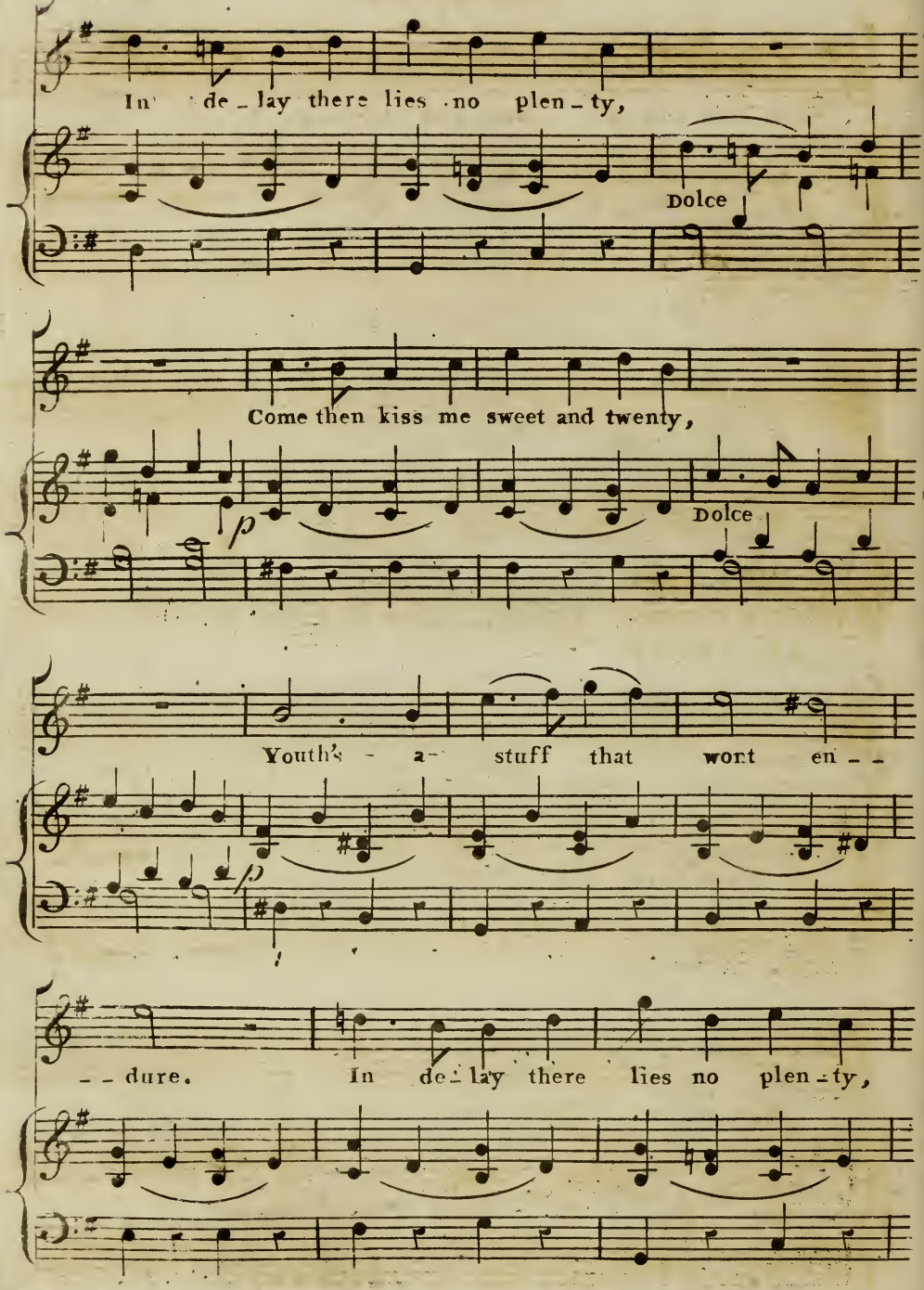
Composed & Arranged by W.m Addison.

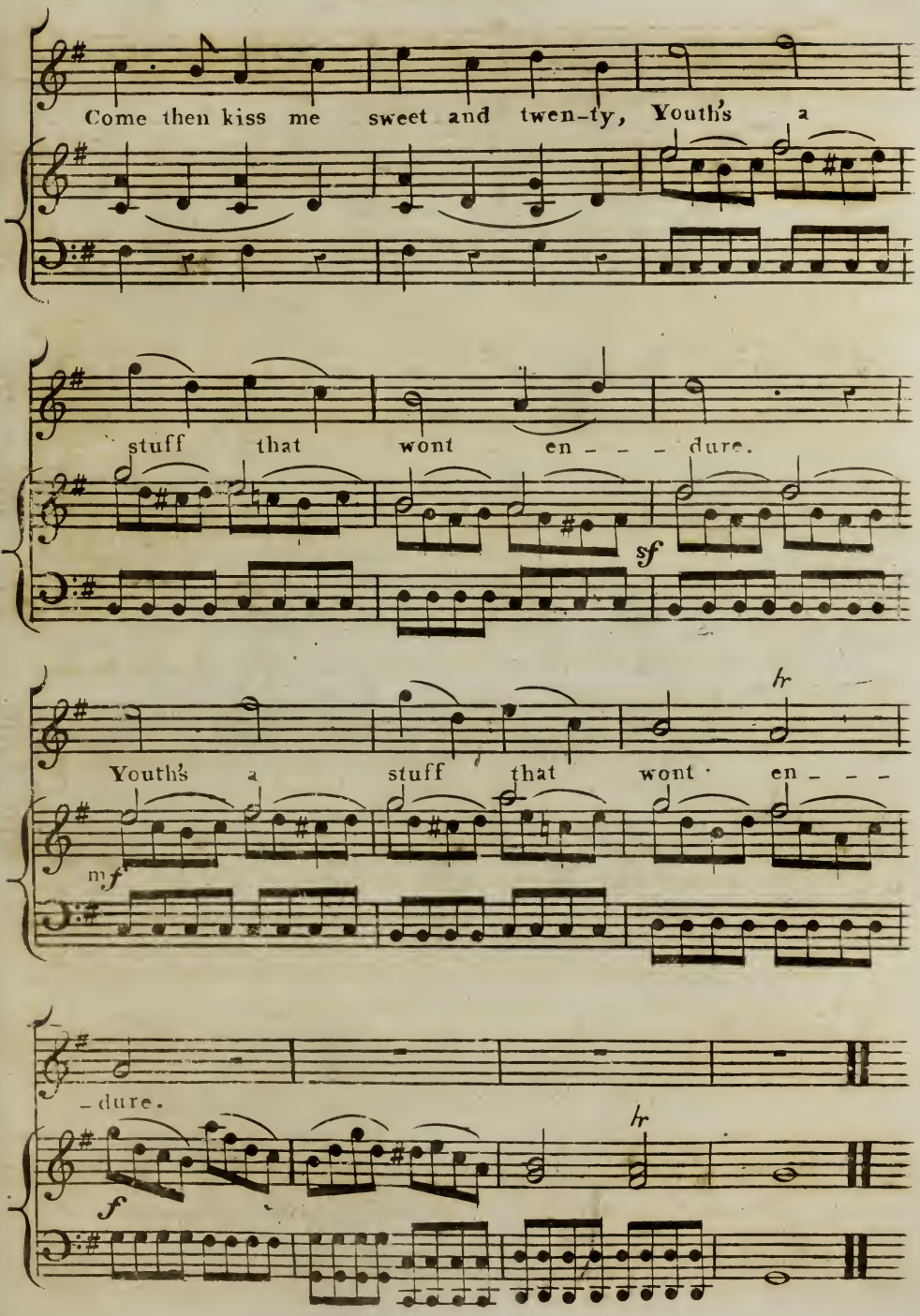
## Act 2. Scene 3.




Trip no further, pretty sweeting, Journeys end in
Dolce
Lovers meeting, Ev- - ry wise man's
Dolce
son doth know. Trip no further, pretty sweeting, Journeys end in
Lovers meeting, Ev-ry wise - man's, son doth know.
cres
dim
rinf


lr
Ev - ry wise man's son doth know.
f
f
What is love? 'tis not here
lr
p
af-ter, Pre - - sent mirth hath pre - - sent laughter;
What's to come is still un - - sure.

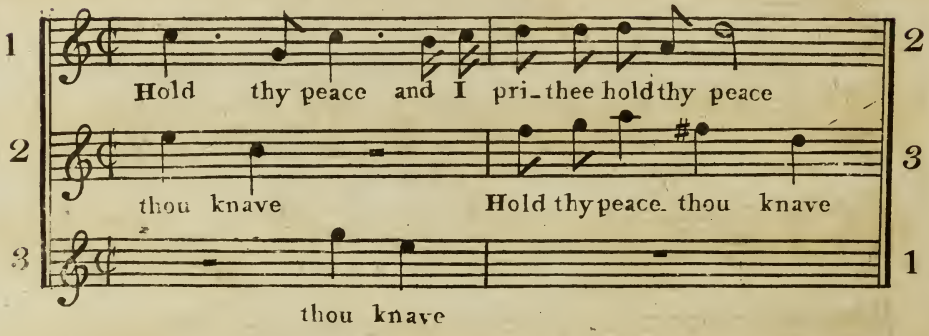

In de-lay there lies no plen-ty,
Dolce
Come then kiss me sweet and twenty,
p
Dolce
Youth's - a- stuff that wont en- -
p
- - dure. In de-lay there lies no plen-ty,


Come then kiss me sweet and twen-ty, Youth's a
stuff that wont en - - - dure.
sf
hr
Youth's a stuff that wont en - - -
mf
- dure.
f
hr

CLOWN. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
SIR ANDREW. Good, i'faith. Come begin.

## CATCH

SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, AND CLOWN.




The following account of this Catch, is given in Sir Jn: Hawkins's History of Music.

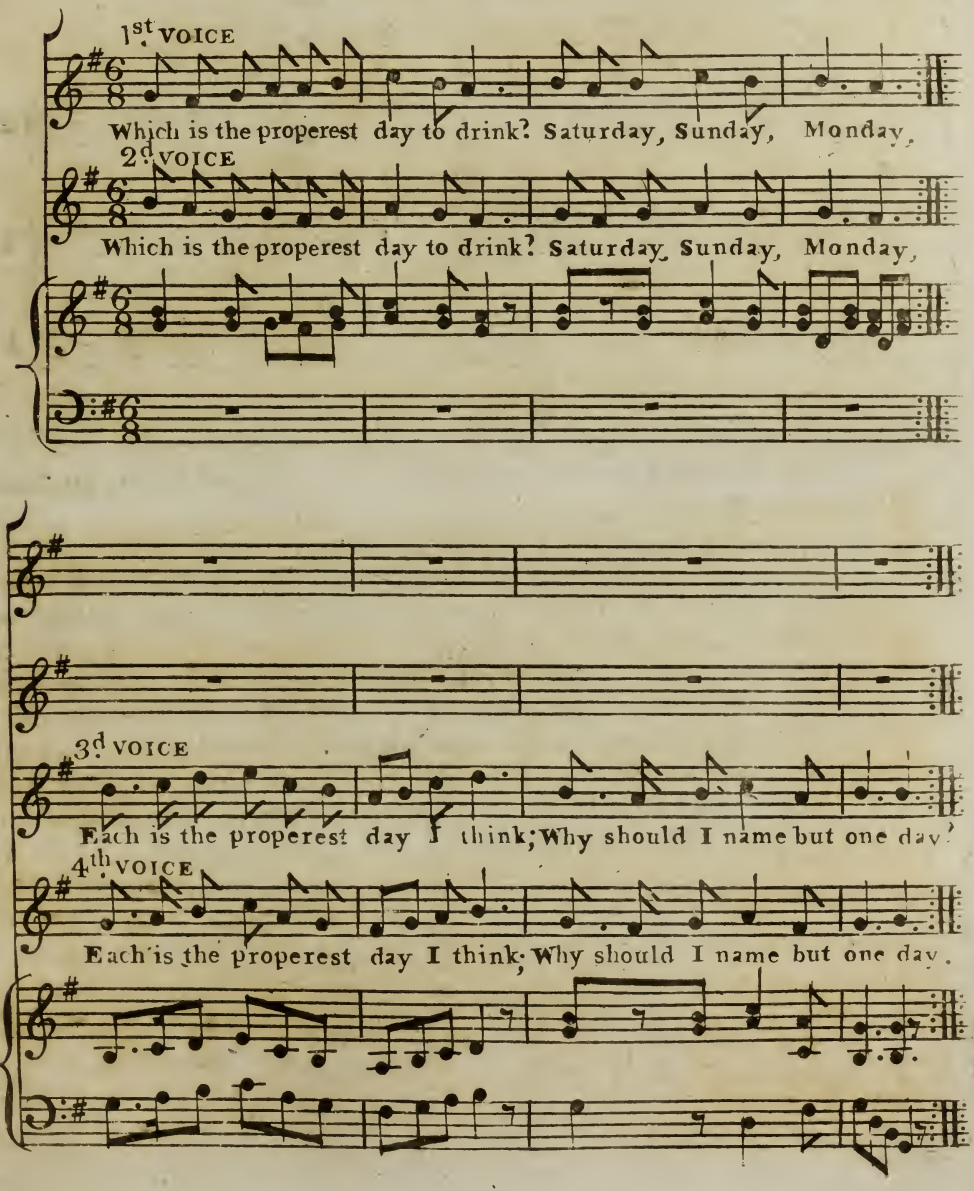
HOLD THY PEACE, to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, & Clown. from the hint given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the Singers call the other Knave in turn; and for this the Clown means to apologize to the Knight, when he says that he shall be constraind to call him knave. I have here subjoined the very Catch with the musical Notes to which it was Sung in the time of Shakespear and at the original Performance of this Comedy: The evidence of its authority is as fol. lows: There is extant a Book entitled Eammelia Musickes Miscellanie or Mixed Varietie of Pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. each in one: of this Book there are at least two Editions the second Printed in. 1618. — in 1609 a Second part of this Work was Published with the Title of Deuteromelia. and in this book is contain'd the Catch above given.

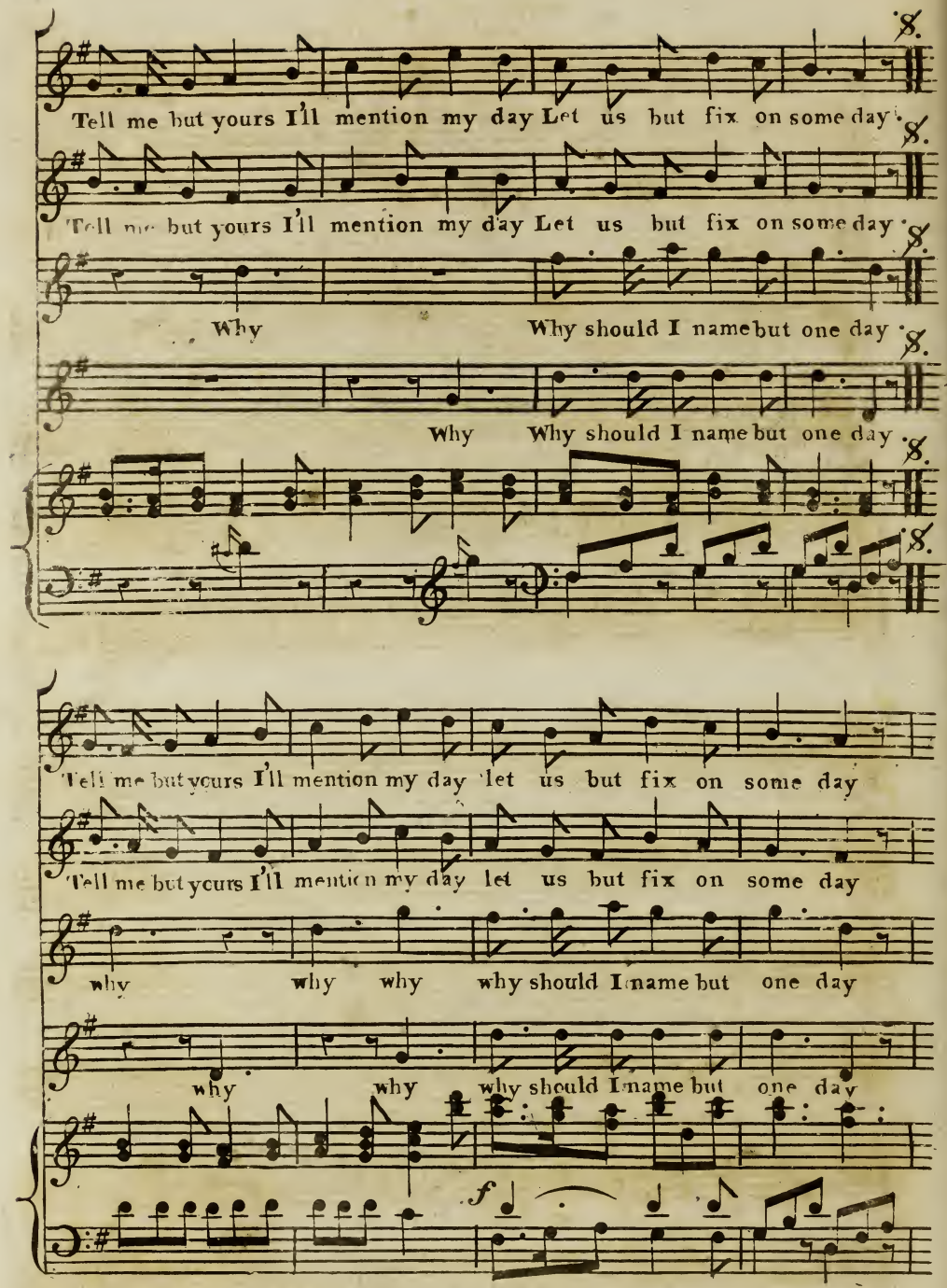
The annexed Piece. (Which is the Properest Day to Drink.) is at present performed in the place of the Catch before mentioned.

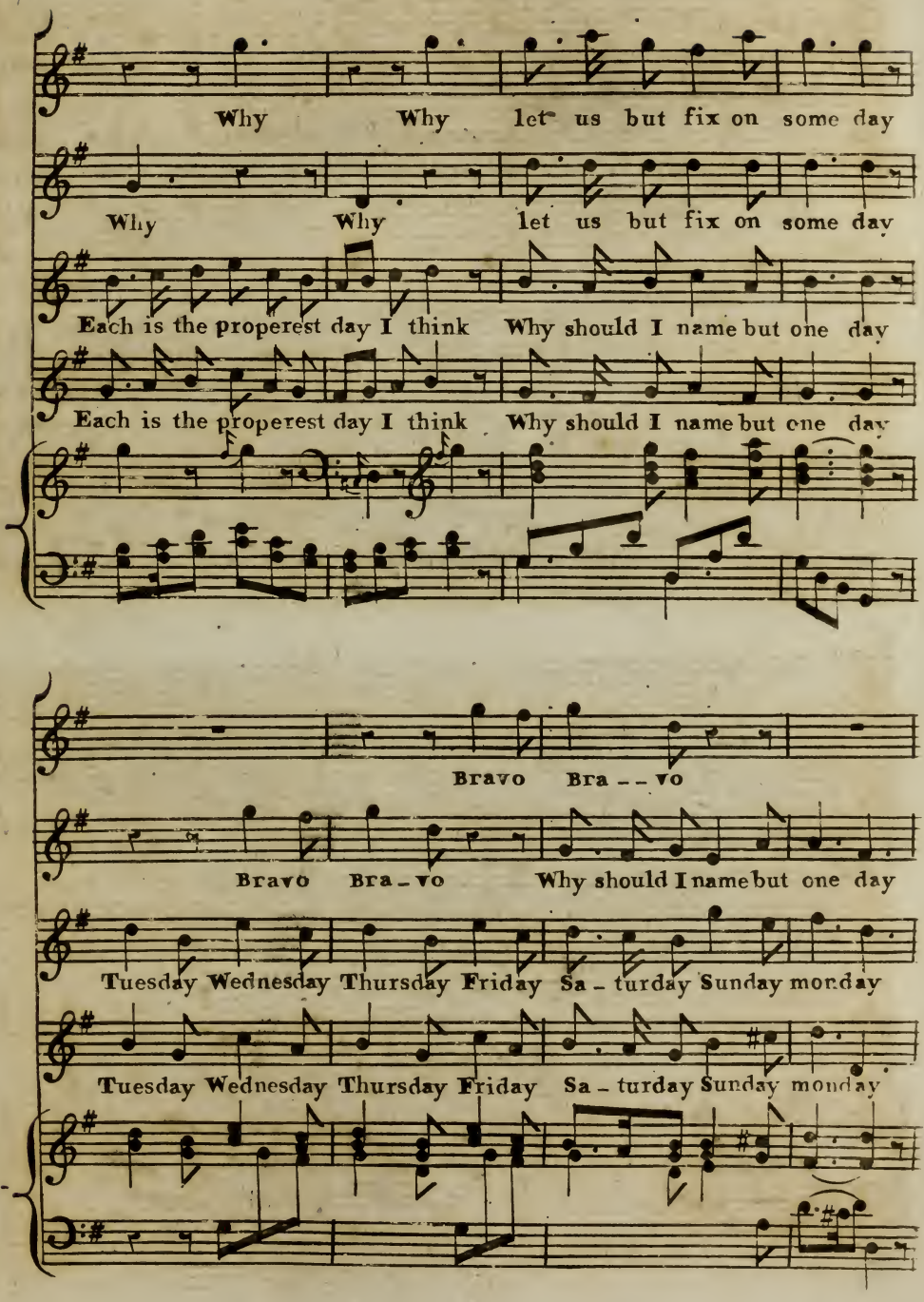
# WHICH IS THE PROPEREST DAY TO DRINK!

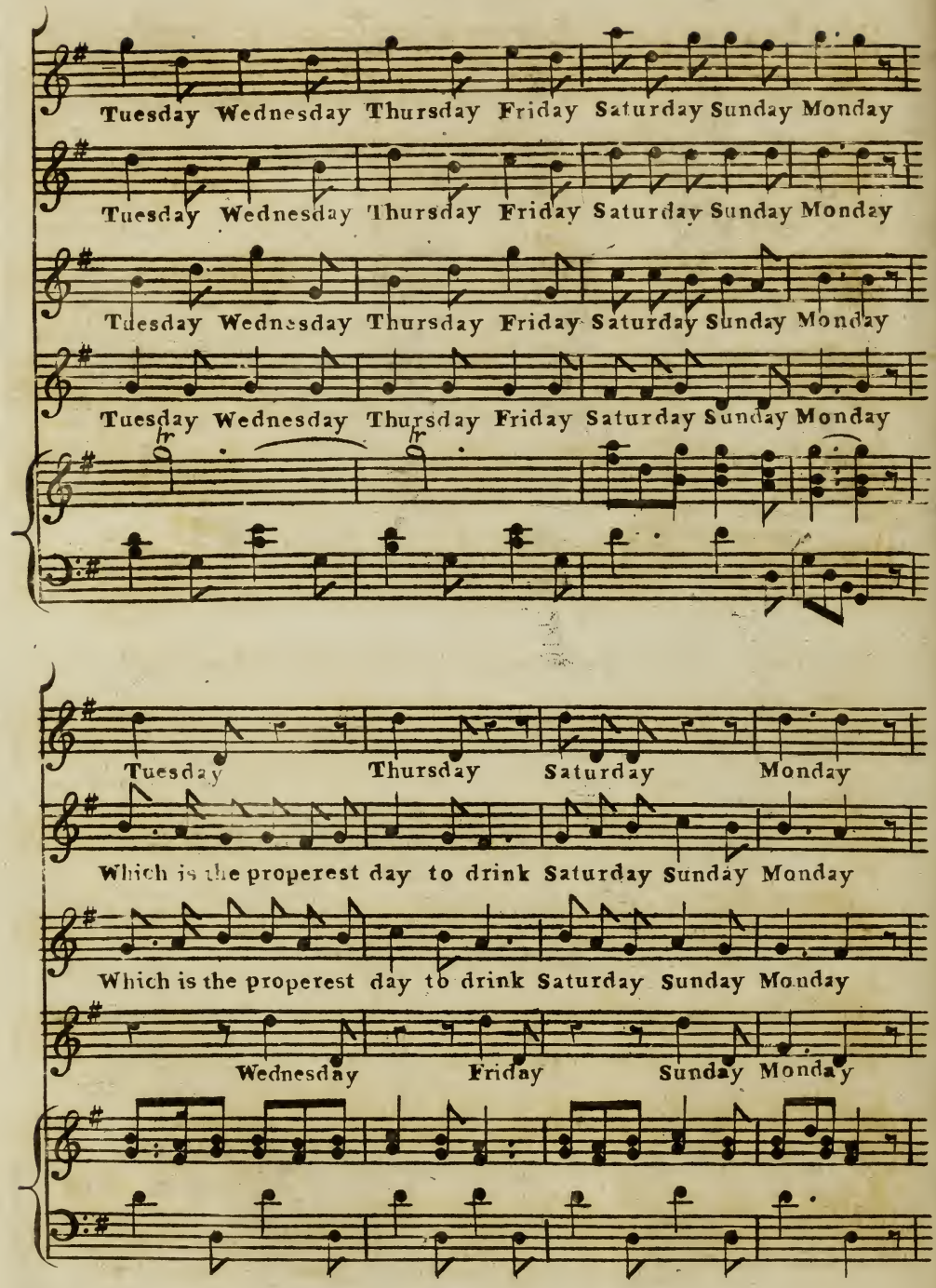
## CATCH

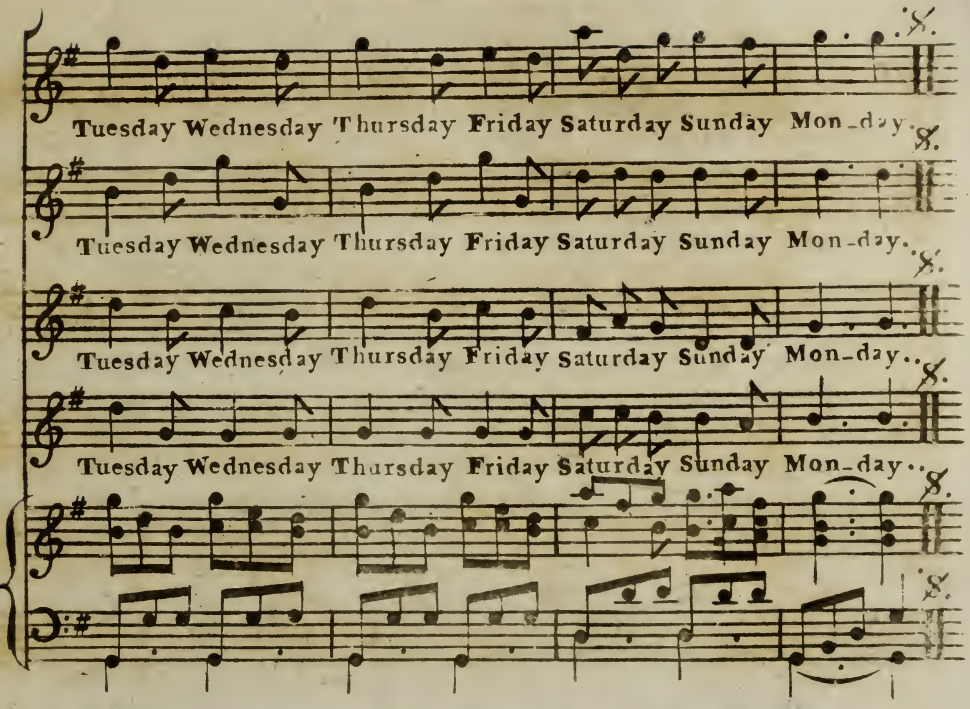
Composed by Dr. Arne —— o —— Arranged by Mr. Addison



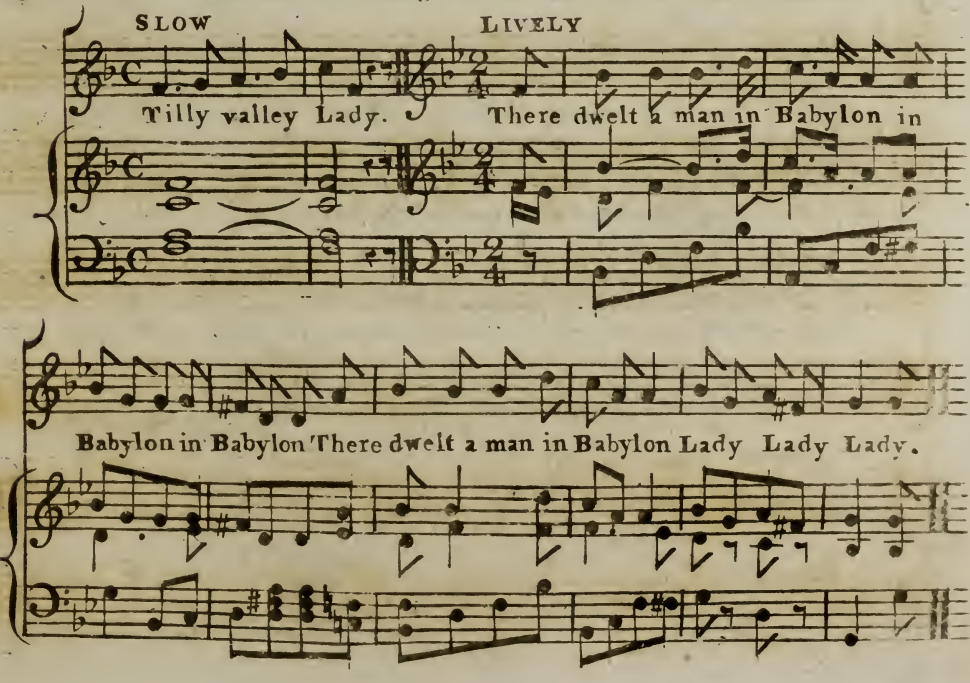

Tell me but yours I'll mention my day Let us but fix on some day
Tell me but yours I'll mention my day Let us but fix on some day
Why Why should I name but one day
Why Why should I name but one day
Tell me but yours I'll mention my day let us but fix on some day
Tell me but yours I'll mention my day let us but fix on some day
why why why why should I name but one day
why why why should I name but one day
f


Why Why let us but fix on some day
Why Why let us but fix on some day
Each is the properest day I think Why should I name but one day
Each is the properest day I think Why should I name but one day
Bravo Bra - - vo
Bravo Bra - vo Why should I name but one day
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Sa - turday Sunday monday
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Sa - turday Sunday monday

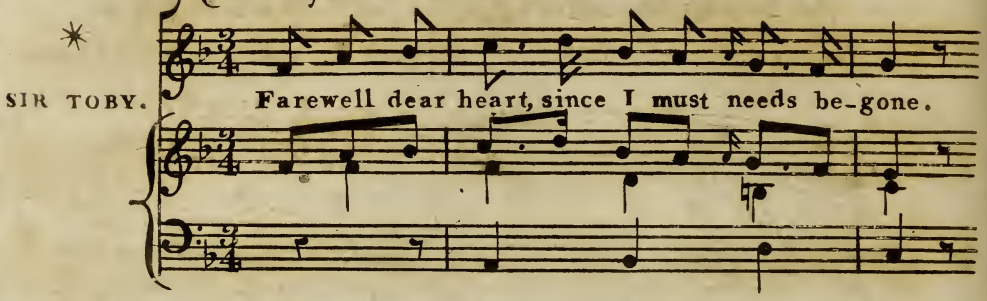

Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday Monday
Tuesday Thursday Saturday Monday
Which is the properest day to drink Saturday Sunday Monday
Which is the properest day to drink Saturday Sunday Monday
Wednesday Friday Sunday Monday



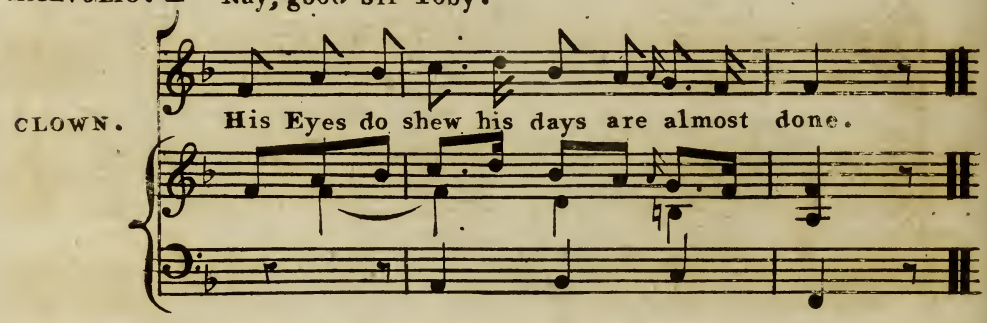

SIR TOBY. Am not I consanguineous? am not I of her blood?



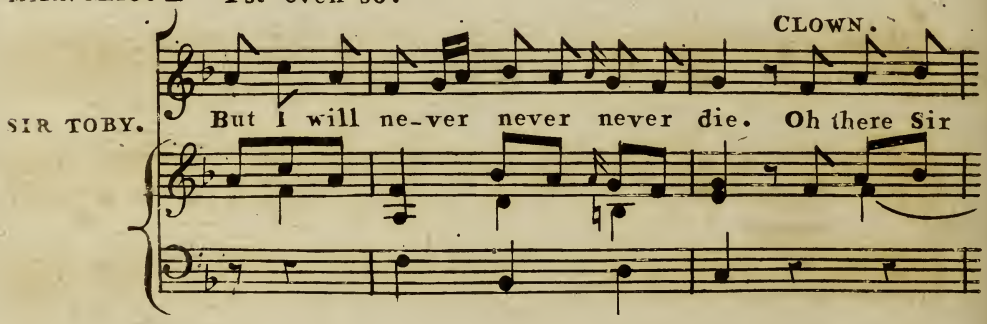
MALVOLIO. — An it would please you take leave of her, she is willing to bid you farewell.

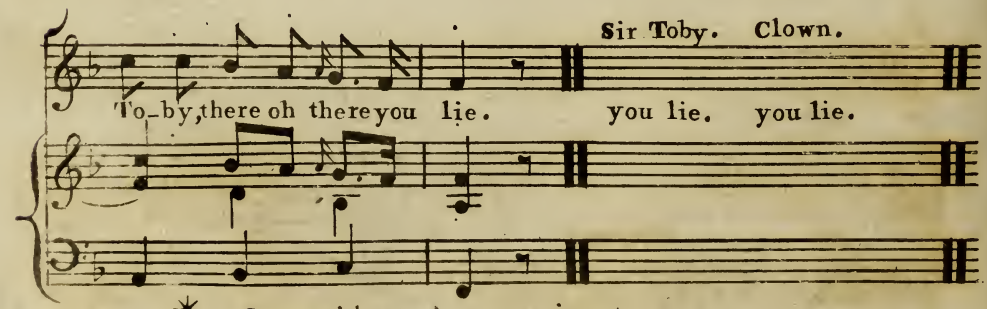



MALVOLIO. — Nay, good Sir Toby.




MALVOLIO. — I'st even so?



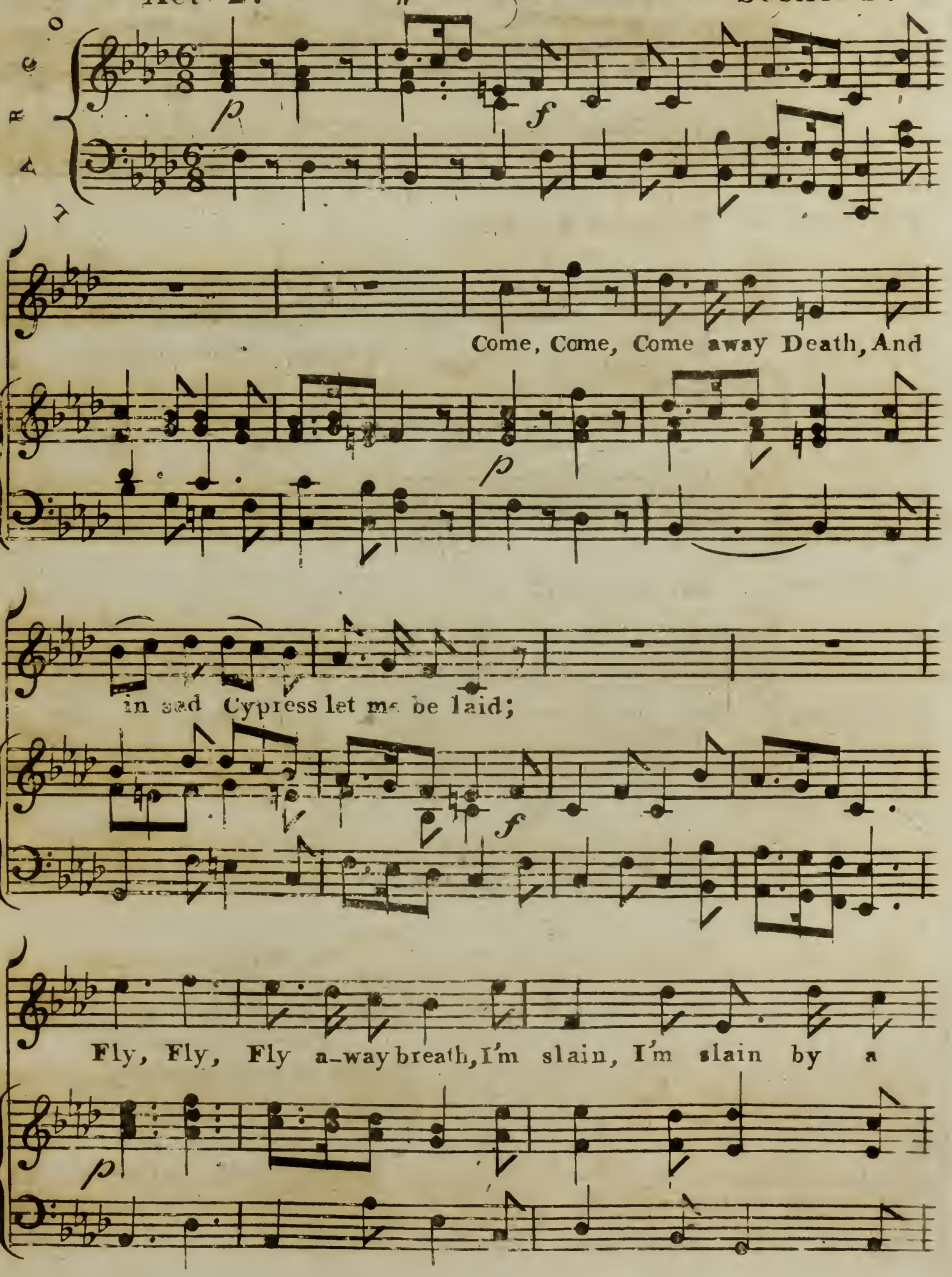



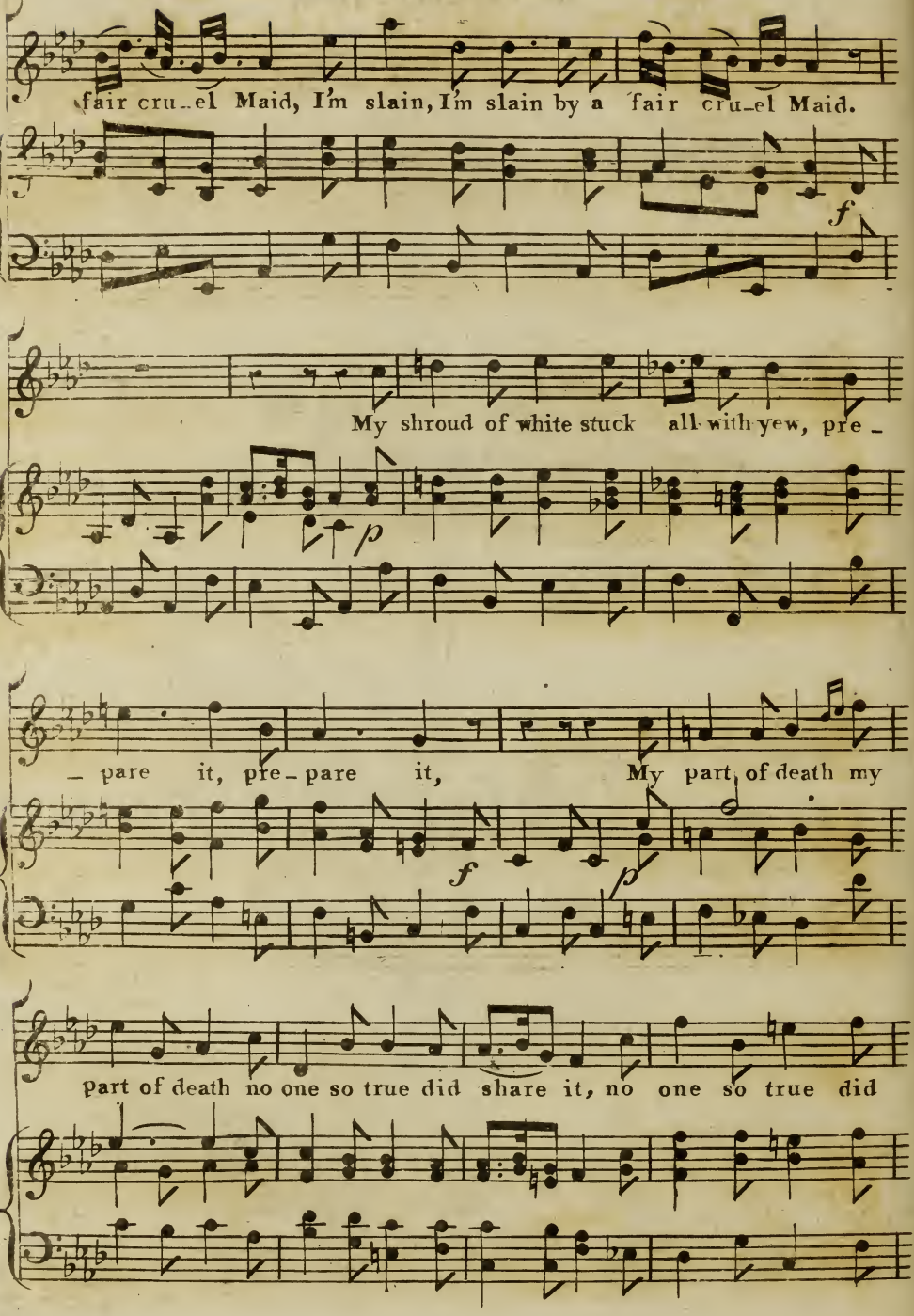

✶ Sung without Accompaniment.

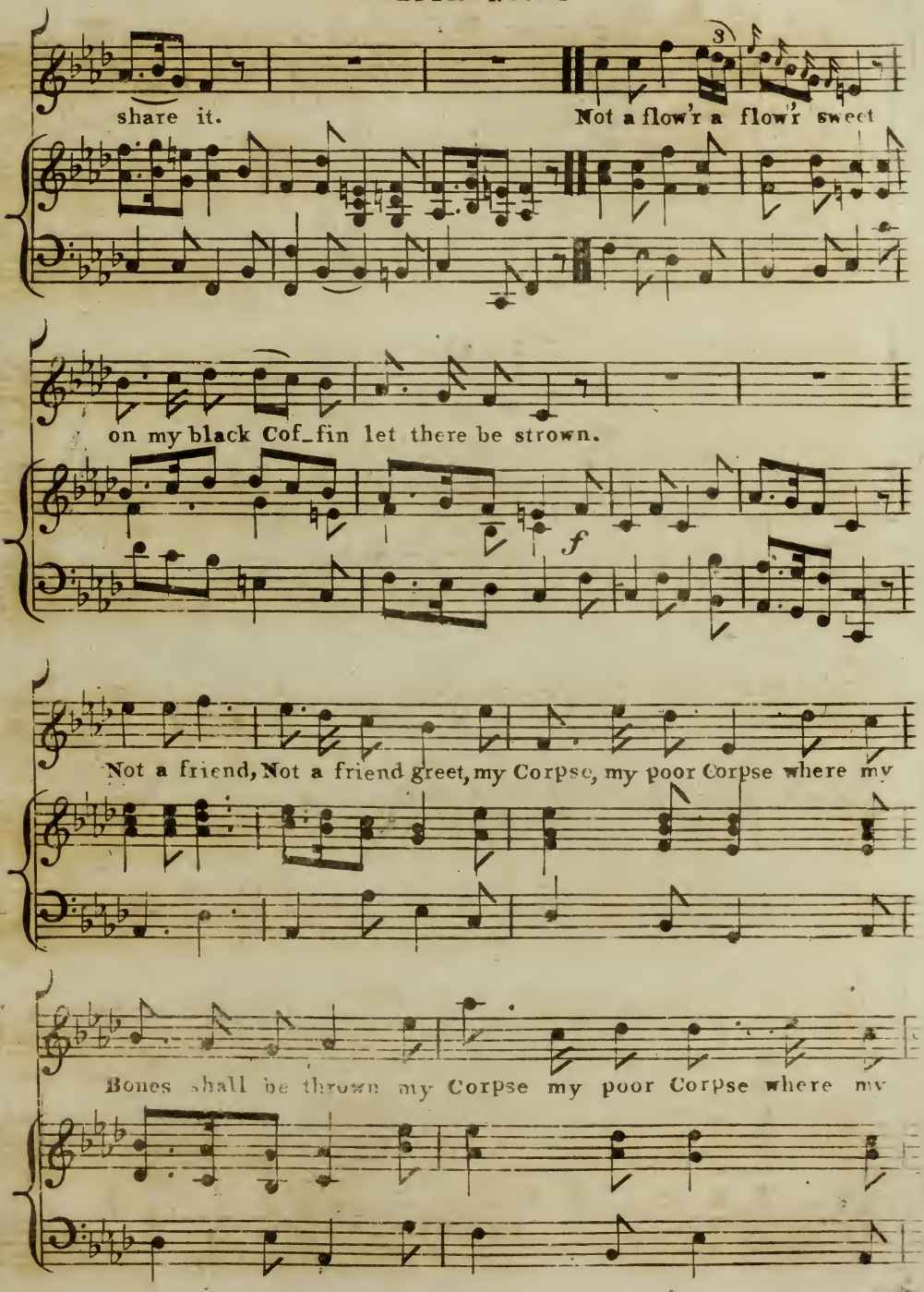
# COME AWAY DEATH.

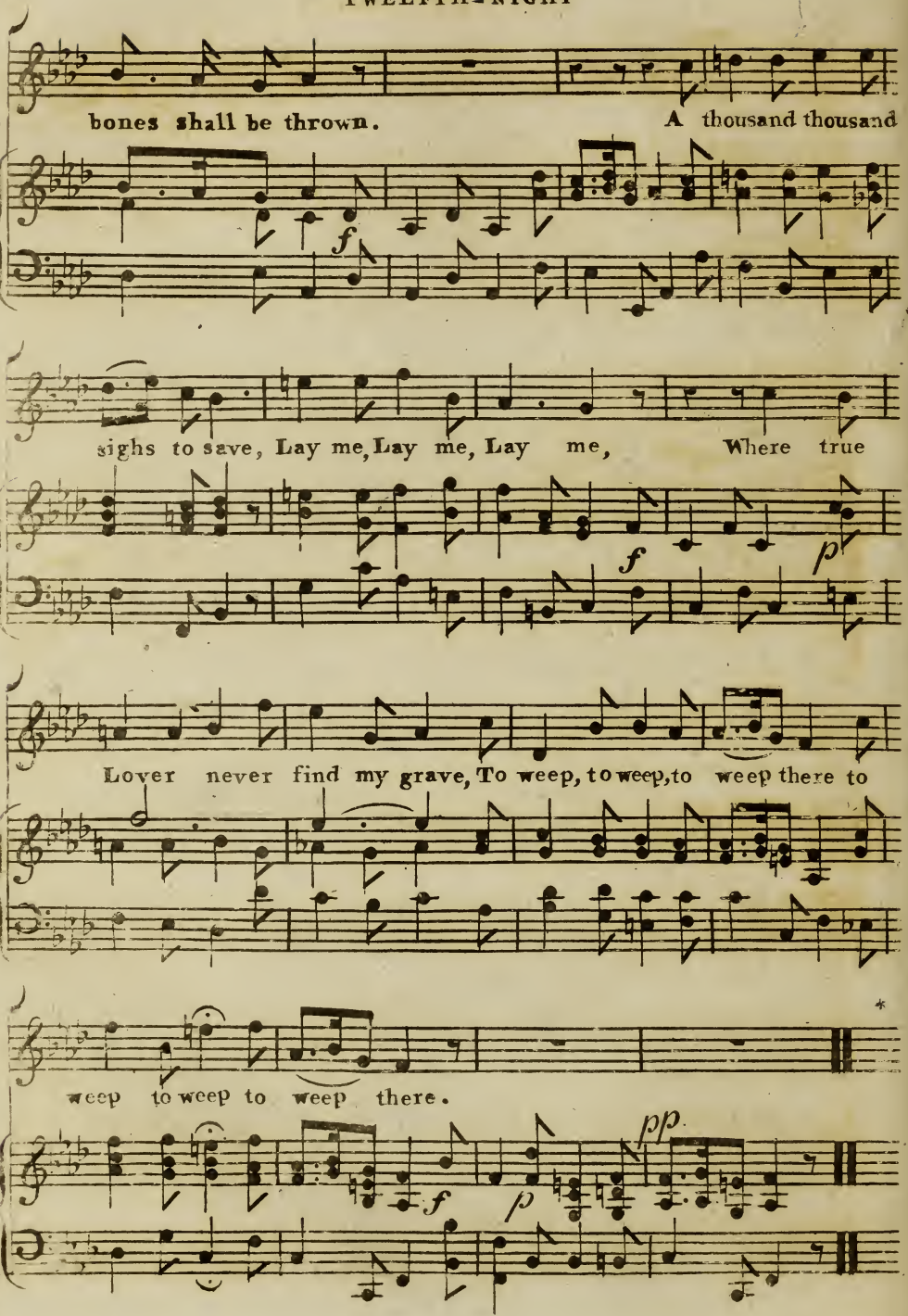
Composed by Dr. Arne. Arranged by Mr. Addison.

Act 2. Scene 4.




fair cru-el Maid, I'm slain, I'm slain by a fair cru-el Maid.
f
My shroud of white stuck all with yew, pre-
p
-pare it, pre-pare it, My part of death my
f
p
part of death no one so true did share it, no one so true did

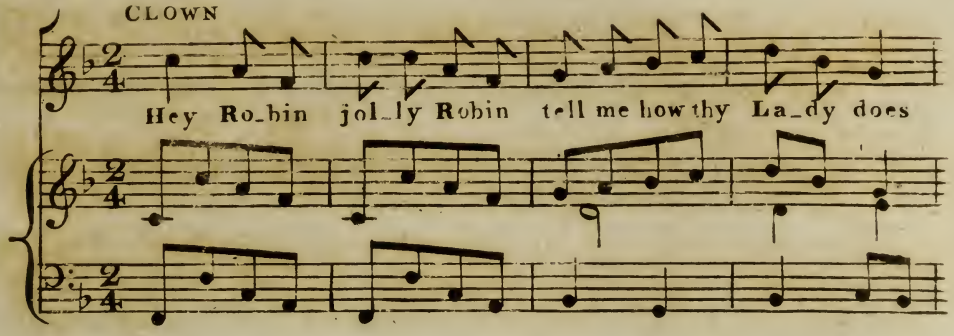

share it.
Not a flow'r a flow'r sweet
on my black Cof_fin let there be strown.
f
Not a friend, Not a friend greet, my Corpse, my poor Corpse where my
Bones shall be thrown my Corpse my poor Corpse where my

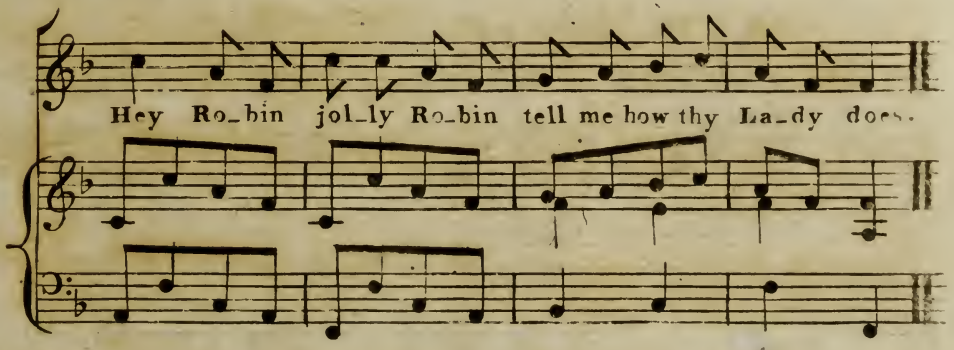

bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand
f
sighs to save, Lay me, Lay me, Lay me,
Where true
f
p
Lover never find my grave, To weep, to weep, to weep there to
weep to weep to weep there.
pp
f
p

## ACT. 4.

### SCENE. 3.

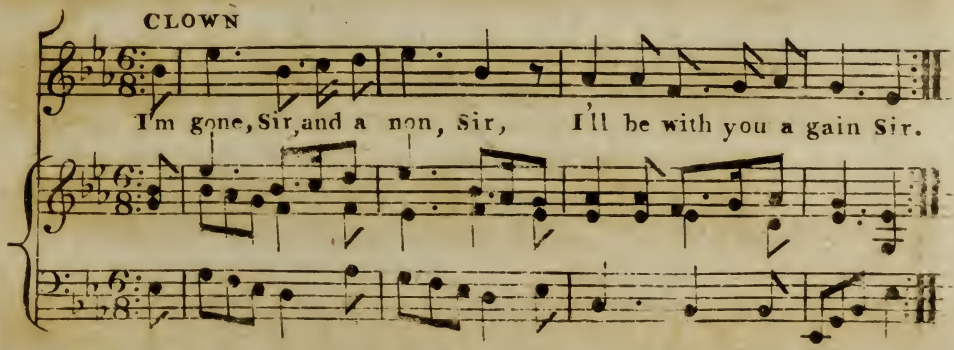
CLOWN



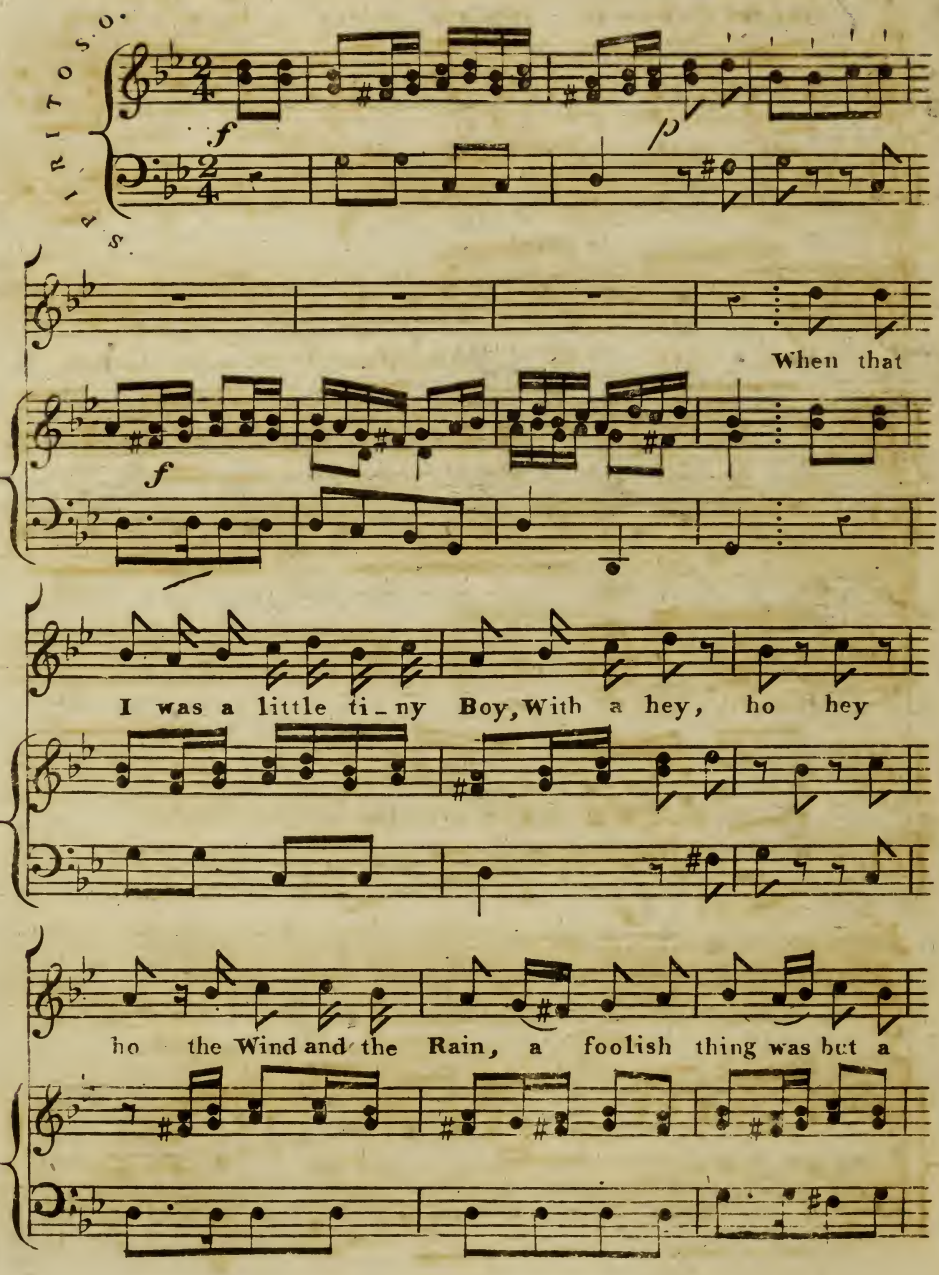



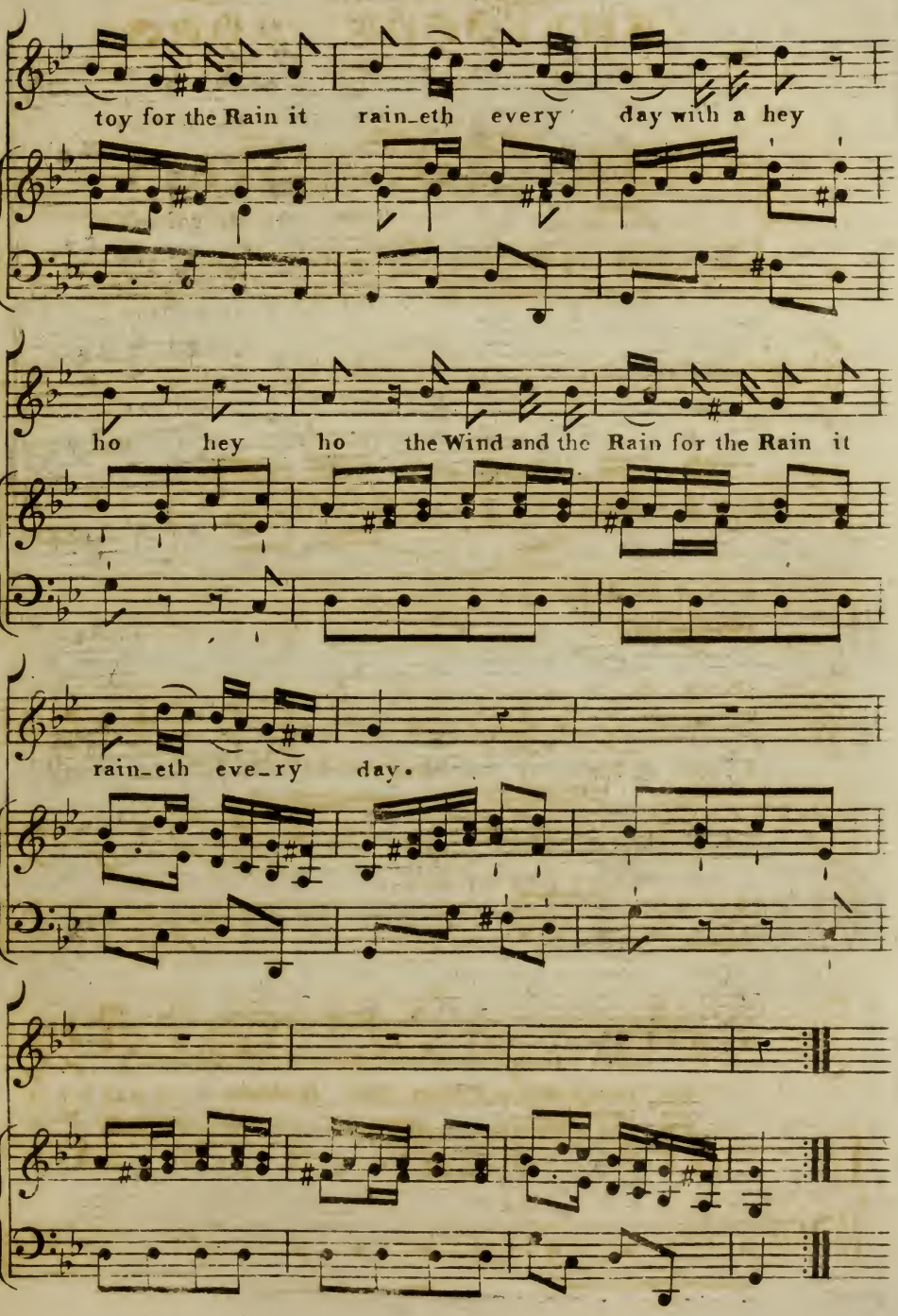

MALVOLIO. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:
I pr'ythee, be gone.

CLOWN



# EPILOGUE SONG




toy for the Rain it rain-eth every day with a hey
ho hey ho the Wind and the Rain for the Rain it
rain-eth eve-ry day.

2

But when I came to Man's estate,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
'Gainst Knave and Thief Men shut their Gate,
For the Rain it raineth every day.
With a hey ho &c.

3

And when I came alass! to wive,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
By swaggering I could never thrive,
For the Rain it raineth every day.
With a hey ho &c.

4

But when I came unto my bed,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
By toss-potts I had drunken head,
For the Rain it raineth every day.
With a hey ho &c.

5

A great while ago the world begun,
With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain,
But thats all one, our Play is done
And we'll strive to please you every day,
With a hey ho &c.