Sir Walter enjoying

From The Second Book of the Catch Club - No 22

Henry Purcell
(1659 - 1695)

Sir Walter enjoying his damzel one night, he
tickled and pleas'd her to so great a height, that she could not con-
tain t'wards the end of the matter, but in rapture cry'd out: 'O
tickled and pleas'd her to so great a height, that she could not con-
tain t'wards the end of the mat-
er, but in rapture cry'd out: 'O
joying his damzel one night, he tickled and pleas'd her to_
sweet sir Walter, o sweet sir Walter, o sweet sir Walter, o sweet sir
so great a height, that she could not contain t'wards the end of the
switter, switter, switter, switter
matter, but in rapture cry'd out: 'O sweet
night, he tickled and pleas'd her to so great a
Wal-ter, o sweet sir Wal-ter, o sweet sir, sweet sir

height, that she could not con-tain t’wards the end of the

Wal-ter, o swit-ter, swat-ter, swit-ter swat-ter, swit-ter swat-ter,

mat-ter, but in rap-ture cry’d out: ‘O

swit-ter swat-ter, swit-ter swat-ter.’

sweet sir Wal-ter, o sweet sir Wal-ter, o

sweet sir Wal-ter, o sweet sir, sweet sir Wal-ter, o swit-ter, swat-ter, swit-ter

swat-ter, swit-ter swat-ter, swit-ter swat-ter, swit-ter swat-ter.’