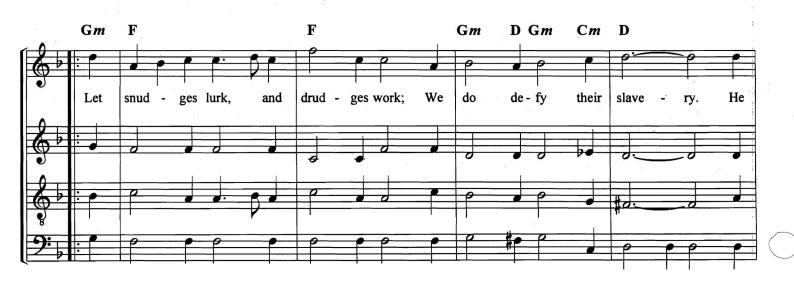
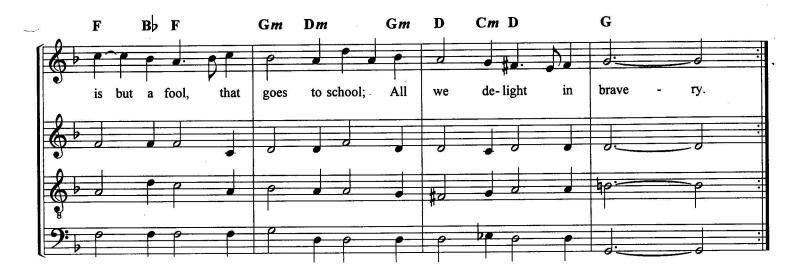
## Heart's Ease Cast care away

From the English Dancing Master, 1651 Publ. by John Playford (1623-1686) Lyrics from Misogonus, II, ii









What doth't avail, far hence to sail,
And lead our life in toiling?
Or, to what end, should we here spend,
Our lives in irksome moiling?
It is the best, to live at rest,
And take't as God doth send it;
To haunt each wake, and mirth to make,
And with good fellows spend it.

Nothing is worse, than a full purse, To niggards and to pinchers. They always spare, and live in care; There's no man loves such flinchers. The merry man, with cup and can, Lives longer than doth twenty. The miser's wealth, doth hurt his health; Examples we have plenty. 'Tsa beastly thing, to lie musing,
With pensiveness and sorrow.
For who can tell, that he shall swell
Live here until the morrow?
We will therefore, forevermore,
While this our life is lasting,
Eat, drink, and sleep, and lemans keep;
Its popery to use fasting.

In cards and dice, our comfort lies,
In sporting and in dancing.
Our minds to please, and live at ease,
And sometimes to use prancing.
With Bess and Nell, we love to dwell,
In kissing and in haking.
But whoop ho holly, with trolly lolly,
To them we'll now be walking.