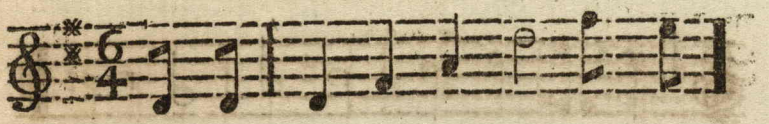
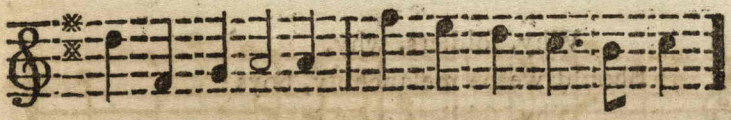
SONG LXVIII.

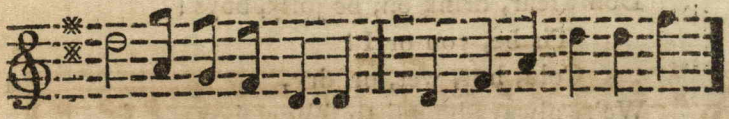
TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.



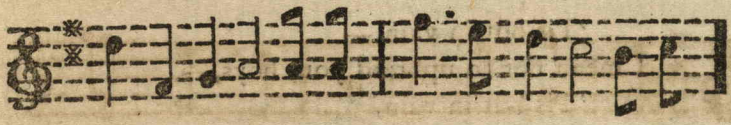
To Anacreon in heav'n, where he



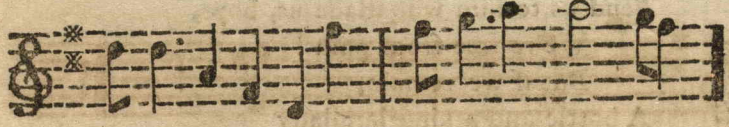
ſat in full glee, a few ſons of harmony



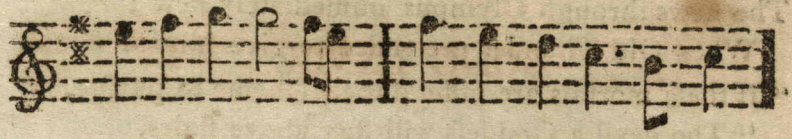
ſent a petition that he their inſpirer and



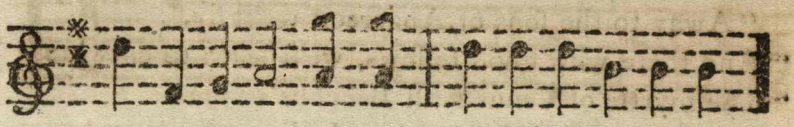
patron would be ; when this anſwer arriv'd from the



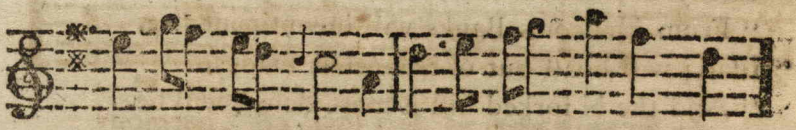
jolly old Grecian—Voice, fiddle, and flute, no



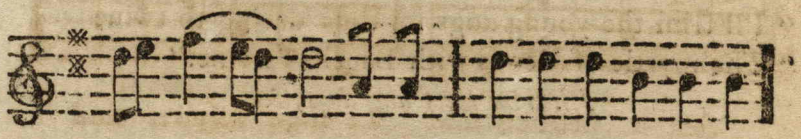
longer be mute, I'll lend you my name, and in-



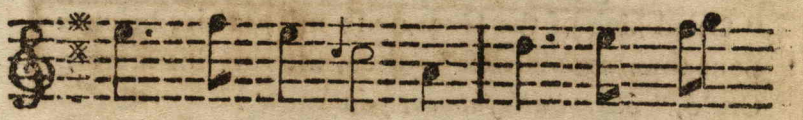
ſpire you to boot ; and beſides, I'll inſtruct you like



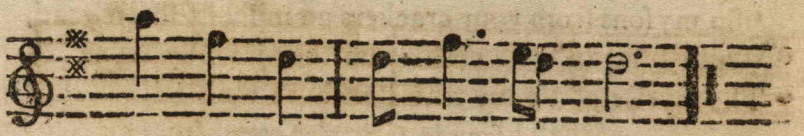
me to entwine the myrtle of Venus with



Bacchus's vine. And beſides I'll inſtruct you like



me to entwine the myrtle of



Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;
When Old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs—
" If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſcheme to purſue,
" The devil a Goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.
" Hark ! already they cry,
" In tranſports of joy,
" Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly,
" And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
And there with good fellows, &c.

" The yellow-hair'd God, and his nine fuſty maids,
" From Helicon's Banks will incontinent flee,
" Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,
" And the bi-forked hill a mere deſert will be.
" My thunder, no fear on't,
" Shall ſoon do it's errand'
" And dam'me ! I'll ſwinge the ringleaders, I warrant,
" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
I'll trim the young dogs, &c.

Apollo roſe up ; and ſaid, " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrell,
" Good king of the Gods, with my vot'ries below :
" Your thunder is uſeleſs"—then, ſhewing his laurel,
Cry'd, " *Sic evitable fulmen*, you know !
" Then over each head
" My laurels I'll ſpread ;
"So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread,
" Whilſt ſnug in their club room they jovially twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
Whilſt ſnug in their club-room, &c.

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—
" The tide of full harmony still shall be his,
" But the song, & the catch, & the laugh shall be mine.
" Then Jove, be not jealous
" Of these honest fellows."
Cry'd Jove," We relent, since the truth now you tell us;
" And swear, by Old Styx, that they long shall entwine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
And swear by Old Styx, &c.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand:
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;
'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd:
You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove,
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.