

Be thou but mine, with rosy health,  
Let dear content be by;  
The rest I'll leave the sons of wealth,  
Without a single sigh.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sang the youth, whose breast was ho-  
nour's throne,  
Whose mind simplicity had made her own;  
Till, far asfield, the tinkling village bells  
Call'd sportive echo from her grots and cells.  
They left the grove, unto the dance they sped;  
Revel'd till eve, and the next morn were wed.

AIR.

Now love and fond wishes concur  
To make them the talk of the plain;  
The maids take example from her,  
And the shepherds all copy the swain.

Where e'er such examples are shown,  
Who of wedlock can ever repent;  
Where constancy governs the throne,  
The subjects are sure of content.

RECITATIVE.

To seek no more, let lovers learn from hence,  
Till hymen wills, than Love and Innocence.

SONG 564.

LOVE, thou'rt the best of human joys,  
Our chiefest happiness below!  
All other pleasures are but toys;  
Music without thee is but noise,  
Beauty but an empty show.

Heav'n, that knew best what man cou'd move,  
And raise his thoughts above the brute;  
Said, Let him be, and let him love.  
That only must his soul improve,  
Howe'er philosophers dispute.

SONG 565.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

SWEETEST health, of rosy hue,  
Brightest daughter of the sky,  
Haste, and bid those skies adieu,  
And to Cornelia's bosom fly!  
Haste thee, nymph, ah! haste along,  
Come and listen to my song:  
'Tis for you I tune my lay;  
Fairest virgin, haste away.

Wherefore, goddess, hast thou fled,  
Whence so sweetly thou didst rest;  
In so calm, so soft a bed,  
With content, thy sister, blest.  
Come, ah! come, and with thee bring  
Drops from Lethe's soothing spring;  
Balm from Tempe's fragrant vales,  
Nectar which the gods regales.

Goddesses come! and on her breast  
Shed thy healing influence;

Let no cares that spot molest,  
Drive all pain and sorrow thence.  
Why delay'st thou, goddess, say?  
Virtue calls thee, come away;  
Fly'st thou from that heav'nly cell,  
Where virtue's self delights to dwell?

Haste thee, fairest, pry'thee haste,  
Nor to quit the heaven fear;  
Hie thee to Cornelia's breast,  
Thou wilt make a heaven there.

SONG 566.

ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

Written by RALPH TOMLINSON, Esq.

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 ye my name, and inspire ye to boot;  
And, besides, I'll instruct ye, like me, to intwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew;  
When old Thunder pretended to give him-  
self 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,

A fig for Parnassus! to Kowley's we'll fly;  
And there, my good fellows, we'll learn to  
intwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine sussy  
maids,

To the hill of old Lud will incontinent flee,  
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.

My thunder, no fear on't,

Will 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.

Apollo rose up; and said, Pry'thee ne'er quarrel,  
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries  
below:

Your thunder is useless—then, shewing his  
laurel,

Cry'd, *Sic evitabile 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.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,  
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—  
The full tide of harmony still shall be his,  
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh  
shall be mine:

Then, Jove, be not jealous  
Of these honest fellows.

Cry'd Jove, We relent, since the truth you  
now tell us;  
And swear, by Old Styx, that they long shall  
intwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

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 intwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

## SONG 567.

OH, Hymen, propitious, receive in thy train  
A pair uneduc'd by the selfish and vain!  
Whom neither ambition nor int'rest draws,  
But love, cordial subject, submits to thy laws!

Our souls for the sweets of thy union prepare,  
And grant us thy blisses, unblended with care:  
Let mutual compliance endear all our days,  
And friendship grow stronger as passion decays.

## SONG 568.

## THE SHEPHERD COMFORTED.

AS Cynthia late, within the grove,  
Benoon'd his too successful love,  
And eas'd (retir'd) his secret pain,  
The god of love, who wander'd near,  
Chanc'd his complaint to overhear,  
And thus address'd the swain:

Rise, silly shepherd, rise, (he cry'd;)  
It seems you're easily deny'd,  
Because the charming nymph is coy:  
The tongue may learn to speak with art;  
But would you know the fair-one's heart,  
Consult it in her eye!

'Tis in that mirror of her soul,  
The secrets of her bosom roll,  
Reveal'd, without disguise, to view;  
For, Cynthia, take it for a truth,  
You only are the favour'd youth;  
And Lydia loves but you!

No more my altars then upbraid,  
Nor thus invoke my needles aid!  
Since faithful I have done my part:  
Thy own perform with like address,  
She soon shall yield, thy arms to bless,  
And give thee all her heart!

So spoke, sincere, the friendly god,  
When straight along the flow'ry road,  
The nymph with languid beauty mov'd;  
The swain with joy the moment seiz'd,  
She heard his tender vows well pleas'd,  
And all his wish approv'd.

With grateful pride, and glad some air,  
To Hymen's shrine he led the fair!  
And made the lasting bliss secure.  
Let maids no more false coldness feign,  
Let faithful swains no more complain,  
But boldly ask a cure!

## SONG 569.

Written by Mr. NICHOLS.

SWEET Flora, revisit our isle,  
Come quickly, and lead up the May,  
For, ah! how I suffer the while  
Soft Zephyrus and thou art away.  
Now howls the North wind round my cot;  
My cot by the stream's frozen side:  
Ah! left I grow sick of my lot,  
Bid the rigorous season subside.

From the elder-tree melt the pale snow,  
'Tis time she had put forth her green;  
Again bid the rivulet flow,  
And with primroses brighten the scene:  
New robe the tall king of the grove;  
Bid the birch and the poplar look gay;  
Bid the eglantine form an alcove,  
And dog-roses blush on the spray.

Again bid the hawthorn-tree charm,  
That the bee may replenish her hive;  
That the finch may be shelter'd from harm,  
And her nestlings in safety survive.  
Bid the hornbeam it's foliage untwine,  
To harbour the innocent dove,  
Where (safe from the rustick's design)  
She may rear her calm offspring of love.

Bid Zephyr diffuse his soft gale,  
That my sheep on the hare-bells may feed;  
Wake the violet that sleeps in the vale,  
With the cowslips which droop in the mead.  
Let the furze yield it's blossoms of gold;  
Bid the tansy perfume the still glade;  
Let the wild thyme it's flow'rets unfold,  
And sweet-briar spring in the shade.

Bid the clover in fragrantcy yield;  
Bid the mower refurbish his scythe;  
Bid the pea-blossoms garnish the field,  
That my Phebe may gather a tyche,  
Of the fairest that blew on the plain,  
Of the sweetest that spring in the grove,  
To wreath, gentle goddess, thy fane,  
For thou art the mother of love.

## SONG 570.

FAR swifter than light my love flies,  
In quest of a happier clime,  
See yonder he steers through the skies,  
And smiles on the wreck of old time.